This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com

B 701,398

1837
ARTES VERITAS SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AP
4
.N295

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. LXXIV

SEPTEMBER 1919 TO FEBRUARY 1920

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W. 1

[*All rights reserved*]

PRINTED AT
THE COMPLETE PRESS
WEST NORWOOD
LONDON, S.E.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

GENERAL LIBRARY
SEP 26 1919
UNIV. OF MICH.

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

September 1919

Episodes of the Month

Alternatives for the Allies in Russia By A. N. BRIANTCHANINOFF
President of the Russian National Committee in London

The Staff Officer By MAJOR ORLO WILLIAMS, M.C.

The Real Meaning of Nationalization By THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

"Clarissa Harlowe" By H. C. BIRON

The Rummage Sale By REV. ALEXANDER MACRAE

What Every German Doesn't Know By L. J. MAXSE

The Control of Syphilis By CAPTAIN E. BROWN, R.A.M.C.

The Passing of the District Officer By KHYBER

Hindenburg's March into London By D. THOMAS CURTIN

The Merchant Service By L. COPE CORNFORD

Australia after the War By AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT

Folios appear on Ad. Page 9

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR AT
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission to Canada at the special rate of 1½d.

Price 3s. net

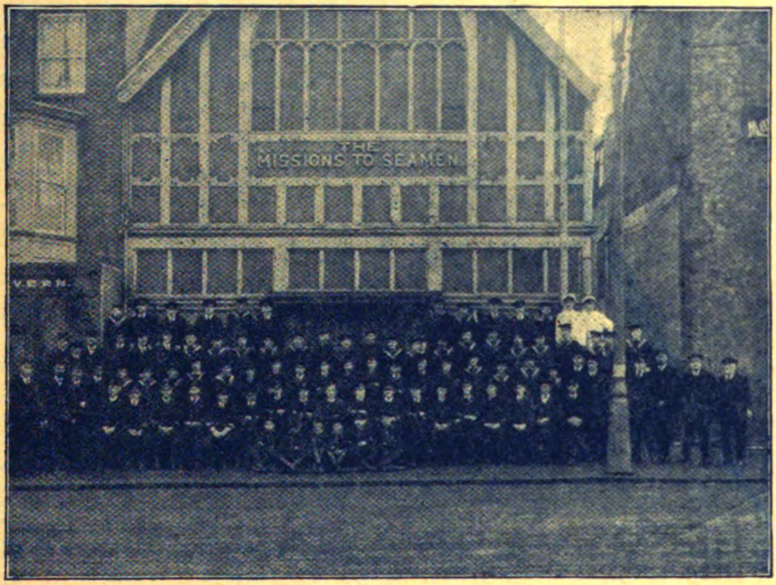
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

Founded 1856

IN the hour of our peril it was the self-sacrifice and devotion of our seamen which, by God's Mercy, Saved us from Starvation and made possible our Glorious Victory.

Now that the danger has passed we have the chance of proving our gratitude.

Funds are urgently needed to maintain the work in the 124 ports all over the world at present occupied by the Mission, and to make much needed extensions, especially in the great Continental ports, *e.g.* Antwerp, Rotterdam, Dunkerque, Ostend, Marseilles, etc.



MEN OF SUBMARINE DEPÔT OUTSIDE THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN INSTITUTE, GREAT YARMOUTH

ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT LOWRY, K.C.B., after visiting the great Commercial Ports in England and Ireland, said:

"The work which The Missions to Seamen is doing exceeds the work of all the other societies put together"

Please send a Gift as a

THANKOFFERING FOR VICTORY AND PEACE

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., Secretary
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

CONTENTS OF VOL. LXXIV

AUTHOR		PAGE
Acworth, W. M.	The Problem of Railway Reconstruction	256
Airey, P.	Arbitration *in Extremis*: An Australian Study	704
A. K.	A Diary of the Russian Revolution	524
An Occasional Correspondent	Australia after the War	135
Bagot, Richard	England and Italy	198
Bagot, Lady	The Aftermath	644
Bannerman, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alexander, Bart.	Business and Government	856
Biron, H. C.	"Clarissa Harlowe"	71
„ „	A Famous Magistrate	669
Briantchaninoff, A. N.	Alternatives for the Allies in Russia	39
„ „	The Acid Test	344
Brown, Captain E., R.A.M.C.	The Control of Syphilis	105
„ „ „	British Spas	220
Buchanan, Sir George	Amateur Administration	352
Clynes, The Rt. Hon. J. R., M.P.	Labour and a Capital Levy	788
Commander, R.N.	Megalomania in Defence	181
Convoy	The Convoy System: Advantages and Disadvantages	396
Cornford, L. Cope	The Merchant Service	127
„ „	Lord Charles Beresford	275
„ „	The Indiscretions of the Admirals	562
Correspondence	The American Standpoint, by Miss Harriet Gaylord and Others	710
Curtin, D. Thomas	Hindenburg's March into London	117
Edmond, James (Editor of the *Sydney Bulletin*)	An Australian Plea for Emancipation from Ireland	423
Episodes of the Month		1, 141, 285, 429, 573, 717
Ewart, Wilfrid	A Pilgrimage	514
Fetherstonhaugh, Captain A. E.	"The Assyrians Came Down"	357
Gardner, R. R.	The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire (the Fifty Guineas Public Schools Prize Essay)	770
Gleichen, Major-General Lord Edward, D.S.O.	Moslems and the Tangle in the Middle East	477
Hart, Heber L., K.C., LL.D.	The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire (the Hundred Guineas Prize Essay)	757

362353

AUTHOR		PAGE
HISTORIAN	Cromwell Myths	495
HOTBLACK, MAJOR F. E., D.S.O., M.C.	Tanks—and the National Genius	697
HUEFFER, OLIVER MADOX	British Delusions concerning Americans	840
JERRED, MISS G. MARY	The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire (the Twenty Guineas Girls' Prize Essay)	779
J. F. AND K. D.	The Strike at Close Quarters	404
JONES, E. ALFRED	The Duke of Cumberland's Collection of Old English Plate	679
KEMP, REAR-ADMIRAL	A Reminiscence of Russia	629
KHYBER	The Passing of the District Officer	112
LEAGUE OF NATIONS: PARTICULARS OF PRIZE ESSAYS		340
LYTTON, HON. NEVILLE	"Heritage"	547
MACRAE, REV. ALEXANDER	The Rummage Sale	82
,, ,,	The Call to Arms in a Country Parish	686
MAHON, E. K.	A Military Appreciation of Bolshevik Russia	265
MAURICE, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK, K.C.M.G.	The "Unnecessary" Battle of Le Cateau (with Plan)	324
,, ,,	The Nivelle Affaire	817
MAXSE, L. J.	What Every German Doesn't Know	93
,, ,,	After Amateur Strategy—Amateur Diplomacy	225
,, ,,	Behind the Scenes of the Peace Conference	410
NEWMARKET	A Great Match	830
NOEL, E. B.	The Literature of Tennis	366
NORTHUMBERLAND, THE DUKE OF	The Real Meaning of Nationalization	57
PARSONS, MISS RACHEL M.	Engineering for Women	549
PITT, MISS FRANCES	Timidity and Tameness in Wild Creatures	211
,, ,,	The Rise and Spread of the Rat	503
PRESTON, LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. R. M.	The Relief of Damascus (with a Sketch Map)	236
PRIZE ESSAYS, OUR		571
Q. E. D.	Are the Irish Celts an Inferior Race?	797
RED PASSPORT	Old Diplomacy and New Manners	483
ROBERTS, W.	Art and Book Sales during and after the War	375
SELBORNE, THE COUNTESS OF	The Labourer's Cottage	273
SELLERS, MISS EDITH	Grievance in the Village	846
STEPHEN, SIR HARRY	India	621
STUTFIELD, HUGH E. M.	Romanism and Militarism	468
VIGILANS	Germany's Designs in the Baltic Lands	613
VILLIERS, G. H.	Mr. Beckford in Portugal	808
WAKELING, T. G.	The Soul of the East End	486
WALLIS, H. R., C.M.G.	The War in Uganda	556
WILLIAMS, MAJOR ORLO, M.C.	The Staff Officer	46
,, ,,	The Evacuation of the Dardanelles	652
WILLSON, LIEUT.-COLONEL BECKLES, D.S.O.	A St. George's Day Fiasco	637
WILSON, PRESIDENT	"Minding Other People's Business"	188
,, ,,	"I am a Covenanter"	388

THE
NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 489. SEPTEMBER 1919

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Russia

It is impossible for civilized Europe to ignore Russia, because to ignore Russia involves driving that mighty Power into the arms of Kultur and fighting the Great War all over again in circumstances that would render the triumph of Pan-Germanism as certain as Pan-Germans erroneously believed it to be five years ago. For Great Britain, for France, for Italy, for every Ally who has been bled white in defending itself against Germany—for the United States—this is a matter of life and death. The Peace Conference stands condemned by its ineptitude on the Russian question, which corresponds to the ignorance that inspired and dominated its proceedings generally. For this the British Prime Minister and the American President are primarily to blame, not from malice, but from innocence. Mr. Lloyd George knows nothing of Continental history, and glories in his nescience—actually boasting in the House of Commons that he had never heard of Teschen, while his conduct towards Poland and Belgium proves him to be unable or unwilling to learn. The White House is a long way from Fiume, and though a reader and a student, President Wilson's grip of European affairs is weakened by his excessive attachment to preconceived theories such as "self-determination," to which he demands meticulous adherence, no matter at what cost to the communities concerned, and threatened to go home and break up the Peace Conference unless impossible, because unpractical, solutions were adopted. We must not blame the President, nor is it our business to do so. He is not our President. It is extraordinarily difficult for any American—absorbed in the cross-currents of domestic politics—to appreciate the complicated problems of our Old World, which it takes a lifetime to begin to apprehend.

Chaos not infrequently comes from those logical and symmetrical solutions which commend themselves to uninformed strangers. Nor had the President any one in his entourage to whom he was prepared to listen and who was qualified to keep him straight. Mr. Lloyd George was better off, through commanding the services of men of acknowledged competence in European affairs, but, unfortunately, our Prime Minister despises capacity as he despises character, preferring to surround himself with ignorance and flattery. Only sycophants could get a hearing in the Rue Nitot. In the result he is only told what he wishes to know, and as he is as bad a judge of things as of men, his prospect of attaining any sound conclusion is hazardous. To make matters worse, at the Peace Conference Mr. Lloyd George associated himself with the transatlantic view on nine questions out of ten, and would have said " ditto " on the tenth but for his fear of British public opinion, which became restive as we saw Kaiser Wilson replacing Kaiser Wilhelm.

The " Acid Test "

THIS is what we mean when we complain that the Peace Conference was inspired and dominated by Ignorance. The British and American Plenipotentiaries necessarily ruled the roost. They, unfortunately, allowed themselves to be guided by their own untutored emotionalism. Their policy stands condemned not merely by the prejudice of partisans but by their own criterion. Russia was described by President Wilson in one of his most pontifical pronouncements as supplying the " acid test " for Allied and Associated statesmanship. Many of us hoped, as the President does not lightly forget his Fourteen Points, that Europe would at least derive some benefit from his sagacious guidance on a vital question which we feared was beyond the ken of the Lloyd Georges, the Smuts, the Balfours, the Bonar Laws, and other British Representatives prominent in Paris. The President would surely realize the folly and the tragedy of leaving Russia to stew in her own juice when she most needed a helping hand, as of treating so great a Power with so long a memory as though she did not exist. We vividly remember an old-time legend of Russian-American friendship, which has done rather more than its duty in past years in stoking up American sentiment against England. Russia was alleged to have sent a fleet to American waters at a critical moment of the American Civil War in the early sixties, when Great Britain and France were suspected of contemplating some action favourable to the Southern cause and hostile to the North. This episode, however apocryphal, was a regular feature of American journalism, and " the friendship of Russia " was a favourite topic on July 4. President Wilson came to Europe as an advocate of that unfortunate country, and though we feared his influence on many questions, we thought that, at any rate, as regards this he would be sound, and would help to keep the Conference straight and restore Russia to her rightful place.

"Bloody Baboonery"

HERE we have had a bitter disillusionment. The " acid test " was forgotten. So far from helping Russia, President Wilson did the opposite, with the result that to-day no foreigner is more distrusted throughout the length and breadth of that mighty and afflicted community than he, unless it be Mr. Lloyd George. Whether aught but their own stupendous ignorance has governed these two great men we cannot opine. Throughout the Peace Conference both have acted as though the state of Russia were a matter of complete indifference, as though it were immaterial to the rest of the world that Bolshevism should be raging like a prairie fire and threaten to overrun Russia's neighbours, spreading thereafter to the rest of Europe. It was even worse, because Mr. Lloyd George in particular and Dr. Wilson to some extent seemed to cherish some sneaking sympathy with the " bloody baboonery " of Lenin and Trotsky, as it was aptly termed by the British War Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, who has made some effort to stem the folly by which Downing Street is flooded. Englishmen and Englishwomen were shocked and humiliated to learn accidentally that no sooner had the Coalition Government secured its mammoth majority last December against our Bolsheviks than the Prime Minister was secretly pressing the French Government to honour the Russian Soviet by an invitation to the Peace Conference! Then we had the Prinkipo fiasco, fathered by Mr. Wilson but believed to have originated with Mr. Lloyd George, who was so anxious to get into touch with Bolshevism somewhere that the moment that prize scoundrel Bela Cohen and his gang seized power in Budapest the British Premier insisted, in the teeth of all sound advice, on dispatching General Smuts on a special mission to the Soviet Government in the Hungarian capital. An equally mischievous American Mission found its way to Russia and brought back mysterious proposals from the "bloody baboonery" to Paris. Neither the American nor the British Government would give adequate support to anti-Bolshevist Russia, who was discouraged and disgusted by this cavalier and cynical treatment, against which two members of the British Government—but only two so far as we know—Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill, protested and succeeded in giving some moral and material support to Admiral Kolchak and General Denikin. The Russian policy of the Allies constitutes one of the ugliest chapters in international history, and one for which Europe is likely to pay dearly hereafter.

Good Faith

ENCOURAGED by Coalition cowardice, all the friends of Germany who worked for the desertion of France in August 1914, but kept quiet during the war, and could not prevent the victory of the Allies in 1918, have emerged to resume their old rôle in 1919. We see the pre-war Potsdam Party, from Whigs to Syndicalists, mobilized as one man to prevent any assistance being given to prevent Russia remaining Bolshevik. The single Power who stands to gain from this catastrophe to civilization is Germany, because between the Bolshevik who was set in motion by the Boche and the Boche who set him in motion there is close and cordial co-operation. Not that it matters to Germany whether the Bolshevik wins for the time being or loses in the long run, provided the Allies put themselves wrong with anti-Bolshevik Russia, as they are doing, and as is so clearly set forth in the severe and critical article in which an indignant Russian writer endeavours to bring home to the readers of this Review the appalling consequences of Coalition policy, which consists of Wobble and Scuttle. Though with a Chameleon at the head of affairs no one can forecast which, if any, line will be ultimately adopted, so until the die has been cast and the Scuttle consummated we shall continue to hope for some turn of the wheel that may spare us the degradation with which we are now threatened. It is not a question of whether Admiral Kolchak is retreating and General Denikin advancing or vice versa, and as to which, if either, we should support by arms or otherwise. The problem is infinitely greater than any momentary fluctuations of any single campaign in this limitless country. It is a question of good faith and good name—whether England stands by a friendly nation in its hour of agony in memory of the incalculable service Russia rendered the Allies from 1914 to 1916 and for the sake of the future peace of the world, which will be assured if Russia and England remain great and friendly nations, as it would be jeopardized if either of them collapsed or became hostile to the other. Russia will recover from Bolshevism because no nation can go permanently mad. The question that concerns us is whether we or Germany help to restore her to health, making her either an ally of Civilization or of Kultur. The future of the Old World depends on this. We should be amazed that professed partisans of peace should be promoting a German-Russian alliance by treating Russia as a pariah among nations were our Pacifists not always working in one way or another, in peace and in war, to manufacture the maximum of enemies for England. Should their policy prevail they will succeed in leaving us without a single friend in any camp in Russia.

Scratch the I.J.

THERE can be little doubt but that the International Jew—who when scratched is generally found to be a German—is an active factor both in our recent German and Russian policy. Never was the International Jew a greater power in Downing Street than to-day. He was never far from our Prime Minister's elbow in Paris. The French were amazed at the manner in which Jew after Jew was enlisted by the British Government in most questions that arose, and almost always with the effect of attenuating some Allied claim on the enemy. So far the International Jew, who is much too indulgently treated by the Press—partly because of his precautions in establishing Press connexions—has enjoyed the benefit of both worlds. He is usually an indifferent Jew in that he has no faith and so escapes all the obligations of religion, but he begins to whine and poses as an injured innocent the moment his *political conduct* is attacked, denouncing every critic as "Anti-Semite." As we have explained a hundred times, we have absolutely no prejudice whatsoever against Jews *qua* Jews, and no word will ever be found in these pages that could possibly wound any Jew on his spiritual side. But, quite frankly, we are "agin" the International Jew and we strongly resent his unwholesome ascendancy over our Government, whatever Party is in power. As was said on a famous occasion at Cambridge in bygone days by a famous Irishman, "I wish to God that German-American Jew would return to the various countries he came from." At the present moment the I.J. is concentrating on several objects: (1) helping the Boche everywhere; (2) helping the Bolshevik everywhere; (3) damaging Poland by circulating sensational accounts of imaginary Pogroms; (4) obstructing Czecho-Slovakia, which is a thorn in the side of Germany; (5) abusing Rumania for the capital crime of knocking out a Bolshevik Government at Budapest. When we remember that it was only the other day that "the Principal Allied and Associated Powers" were dancing attendance on the unspeakable Bela Cohen and that now he is a prisoner, some of his colleagues have committed suicide (e.g. Szamuely), and a Rumanian army occupies Budapest, we can measure the service rendered by King Ferdinand to his pusillanimous allies, and can appreciate the rancour he has aroused among International Jews and all politicians and journals under their thumb. The I.J. is manipulating the Peace Conference into threatening Rumania for doing what France wished to do long since, and would have done but for Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson. We offer our unreserved congratulations to the Rumanians on their brilliant and successful *coup*, and if we might presume to offer one word of advice to Bukarest it would be that Rumania should settle primarily Rumanian questions in accordance with vital Rumanian interests as judged by their sagacious Sovereign and his experienced statesmen. They should not allow themselves to be bluffed by any mouth-organs in Paris. Rumania has rendered conspicuous service to Europe by her deadly blow at the Bolshevik, which reacts on the Boche, and therefore incurs the animosity of the International Jew and all pseudo-Bolsheviks elsewhere.

As no satisfactory solution could be found for the empty British Embassy in Washington a temporary expedient has been adopted.

Viscount Grey

Viscount Grey of Falloden, the ex-Foreign Minister, has allowed himself to be persuaded to undertake another Special Mission to the United States, making the fourth in the last three years. It is a public-spirited and self-sacrificing act on his part, as he is one of the very few politicians who really prefer country to town and has a genuine dislike of crowds, limelight, and advertisement. Every one knows that he would infinitely prefer the quiet and solitude of Northumberland among his birds and beasts than resume the wearisome and repulsive trammels of official existence. Nor is Washington a specially attractive spot to any British representative just now. There is nothing to be done there, and Lord Grey has always hated gush, of which an inordinate amount is expected of the British Ambassador in Washington as of the American Ambassador in London, both of whom habitually talk as though our two countries saw eye to eye with one another on all questions, whereas they differ on at least four out of five. Viscount Grey has doubtless been appealed to as " the only man who can straighten out Anglo-American relations," and his appointment has provoked a chorus of approval on both sides of the Atlantic. We sincerely hope his Mission may succeed, because we are seriously perturbed by the appalling mess which League of Nations agitators have made of Anglo-American relations. But he will only succeed in proportion as he attempts little, as there is nothing practical to be done with a community so hopelessly and absurdly suspicious of Great Britain as American politicians are or pretend to be. Harm accrues from artificial attempts by well-meaning busybodies either in London or in New York to overcome prejudice by any form of " Propaganda," in the name of which every conceivable folly is perpetrated.

That Blessed League

THIS blessed League of Nations has not a little to answer for. As our readers know, it arouses infinitesimal interest in Great Britain, and only provokes a smile or laugh when mentioned in public before almost any audience. It is admittedly a favourite topic with Front-Benchers and conventional leader-writers because it lends itself to the sort of stuff of which our Talking Men and our Writing Men keep an unlimited amount on tap. The rest of us looked on at what we regarded as an amiable futility, and when we read the rubbish that was talked and written first about the Draft Covenant, and then about the Revised Covenant of the League of Nations, we consoled ourselves with the thought that our Right Honourables had found a subject on which for once they could do little harm, and we allowed them to blow off steam without serious protest. We were wrong. So far from being innocuous, this so-called League of Nations is already an apple of discord, and though conceived by its chief British backers as being calculated to promote Anglo-American cordiality by affording "the two great English-speaking nations" endless opportunities of international co-operation, it is precisely to Anglo-American relations that most harm is threatened. This may sound paradoxical. Unfortunately, it is only too true, as would be generally recognized by Englishmen were they apprised of the extraordinary situation that has arisen in the United States—mainly, it must be admitted, through the tactlessness of President Wilson, but partly owing to the thoughtlessness of eminent ignoramuses on this side of the Atlantic. It is common knowledge that Europe would never have heard of the League of Nations but for the initiative, the insistence, and persistence of President Wilson, to whom it became a veritable obsession, a sort of King Charles's head, to be introduced on every possible and impossible occasion. He brought it up, indeed forced it on the Paris Peace Conference, and ruined its deliberations by compelling the delegates to abandon their appointed task of imposing permanent peace on Germany in order to pursue this will-o'-the-wisp. No one else believed in the League of Nations—not a single European statesman of any competence or of any degree of knowledge of the world in which we live regarded it as other than an American fad and an unmitigated nuisance. But as the United States was practically untouched by the war, and as the League of Nations was regarded in Paris as the one and only issue that interested the American people, President Wilson was humoured, and the League was allowed precedence and was tacked on to the Peace Treaty.

Unluckily, Great Britain zealously seconded President Wilson's efforts and helped him to pervert the Conference from its proper purpose. On the League of Nations Commission the British Vote, which had been entrusted to Lord Robert Cecil (though not a member of the Government) and General Smuts, whom we decline to regard as a British statesman with British interests at heart, was at the disposal of President Wilson even to the point of supporting his preposterous proposal that Geneva rather than Brussels should be the future capital of the League. We are prepared to assume that British obsequiousness was animated by lofty intentions, but the results proved disastrous, another unhappy feature of the affair being General Smuts's brochure upholding the League of Nations, which is nowadays represented by its American opponents, who have been sadly mishandled by President Wilson, as originating in this country and as being substantially "a British conspiracy to entangle America in European affairs." To many of our readers this seems so grotesque that they will not understand what is meant; nor should we unless we had followed the course of this strange controversy in Washington. British correspondents in the United States have not kept this country intelligently informed of the bitter conflict, of which the Senate is the centre, which rages over the League of Nations, which has not been debated in the British Parliament because it is not seriously regarded. It is a painful fact, but one that we cannot afford to ignore, that American politicians of all Parties should be unable to resist playing up to the gallery, or what they believe to be the gallery. The phenomenon is not unknown elsewhere; indeed, it is the common failing, the hall-mark, of practical politicians. It so happens that "the gallery" in the United States, containing the noisiest section of the community, is, as it always has been, anti-British. The League of Nations is mainly attacked, it is only seriously attacked, because Great Britain is supposed to have inspired it and to want it. Otherwise the opposition would peter out and the Covenant be adopted as a matter of course, as it is meaningless. It would be generally admitted that whatever nonsense may have been talked or written about it on occasional British platforms or in British newspapers,

"A British Conspiracy"

the League of Nations, to use a transatlantic phrase, "cuts no ice" on this side. Britons don't care a brass farthing or a red cent about it, and if the United States Senate, in its wisdom, chose to cut the Covenant out of the Peace Treaty none of us would turn a hair, however foolish some of the signatories of the Treaty might look.

"A Popish Plot"

WHETHER the Senate will ratify the Treaty as it stands, swallowing this unlucky Covenant, or reject the whole thing, or separate the two, or "ratify with reservations," we cannot pretend to say, but we note that among minor features of the anti-League of Nations campaign—which, beginning as an anti-Wilson campaign, has ended as an anti-British campaign—is the exploitation of the appointment of a British official as First Secretary-General of the League. We protested at the blunder of foisting Mr. Balfour's Private Secretary, Sir Eric Drummond, on this post, as we realized the misunderstanding to which it would give rise. To the suspicious American—and most Americans are highly suspicious of John Bull, whom they credit with being a subtle Machiavelli—the selection of Sir Eric Drummond confirmed the idea that the League of Nations was a British manœuvre. Although our Foreign Office may be unaware of the fact (and Mr. Balfour is notoriously the most innocent of men), "a Foreign Office official" —regarded in this country as a guileless individual upon whom foreigners habitually practise—to the middle Western States of America suggests a sinister personage skilled in all the tricks of Old World diplomacy, who upon every occasion will get "six to four" the better of the unsophisticated American. It was egregious under the circumstances to make any British official Secretary-General of the League; nor were matters improved by Sir Eric Drummond being a Roman Catholic, as Nonconformist America is thereby encouraged to view the League of Nations as a "Popish plot," and it has been denounced in the Senate as giving the Vatican a veto on American policy. We trust we have made it plain that we should waste no tears even if the Senate—some of whose members represent every current suspicion and pander to every foolish prejudice—cut the Covenant out of the Treaty, as in our opinion the League of Nations is far more likely to produce a pandemonium than a millennium. Were our public men well advised they would leave the subject severely alone, but both Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Lloyd George threaten us with autumn campaigns on behalf of the League. They can only supply more grist to the American Anglophobe mill, though possibly good might come out of evil as they may succeed in killing the Covenant in the Senate, where anything may happen in a year preceding a Presidential Election, when every emotion—especially Anglophobia—is kept at boiling-point by one or other political Party, and sometimes by both. Viscount Grey undertakes a truly thankless task, which will be rendered infinitely arduous by unthinking, ill-informed utterances and articles on this side, especially the crazy propaganda with which a certain Press is deluging its readers in an effort to stampede us into "a settlement of the Irish question in order to please the Americans." What nation was ever permanently propitiated by foreign toadyism? What have foreign toadies ever gained by toadyism beyond the kicks they so richly deserve?

A Revelation

THE period of recriminations has opened in Germany. May it continue, as we are learning things we ought to know concerning German government if we did not know them already. The latest revelations are of peculiar interest to the readers of this Review because they disclose an intrigue which we exposed at the time. Herr Erzberger has made the latest addition to our knowledge. He is German Finance Minister under the new regime, and was an active marplot under the auspices of the old regime, and an avowed annexationist so long as he thought Germany likely to win. He is universally distrusted even in Germany, where low cunning is generally admired. He should never be believed any more than any other German, unless supported by corroborative evidence, as in this case. To-day his pose is that of a Moderate who fought against the Military Party for a reasonable Peace from 1917 onwards, though we cannot recall his strenuous protest against the "Peace" of Brest-Litovsk or Bukarest. For present political purposes, he informed the German Assembly at the end of July that the British Government—not the Old Gang of Wait-and-Sees, but the present heaven-born Lloyd George-Bonar Law Coalition—

actually made an " overture " to the Berlin Government, of which Von Kühlmann was then Foreign Secretary, through the medium of the Vatican. Our readers can form their own opinion of this incident, in which Lord Robert Cecil appears to have been the active and Mr. Balfour the passive agent, though as Prime Minister Mr. Lloyd George is primarily responsible for this perilous move, against which the French Government protested the moment it heard that Britain was seeking information from Germany upon one point only—namely, Belgium—the irresistible inference being that if a " reassuring " reply were received on this question the British Government would be prepared for *pourparlers* with unbeaten Germany. At the time we denounced this plain violation of the Pact of London, and if our readers were occasionally surprised at our vehement distrust of Lloyd George Government it was because we knew of these manœuvres, through the Pope, which might have succeeded but for our never-failing asset the Pan-Germans, who prevented Downing Street from getting the soothing syrup that was solicited. Imagine what the position would have been had the German Government under one Kühlmann's auspices answered, " We shall be only too delighted to clear out of Belgium to-morrow and to restore that unhappy country intact." This would have committed Germany to nothing, it would have been another scrap of paper, but our demoralized War Cabinet might have broken up the Entente. Public opinion in this country, as so often before and since, might ultimately have righted things, but meanwhile there would have been a dangerous diplomatic crisis. No wonder the Germans are enraged at the idiocy of their rulers! But what of ours? We should particularly like to have Lord Milner's account of this episode. He was a member of the War Cabinet who remained in the dark until the deed had been done. Who inspired the original telegram from Mr. Balfour to Count de Salis on August 21, 1917?

Another "Nasty Jar"

THIS is not the only " nasty jar " for the sycophants of the Prime Minister, who in Parliament and elsewhere agitate for perpetual recognition of " the man who won the war." When they know a little more they will realize that the war was won despite Mr. Lloyd George, who was constantly taking the wrong turning, and unless restrained by colleagues or controlled by circumstances—mainly fear of public opinion—would more than once have become entangled in premature peace *pourparlers*, which could only have enured to the advantage of the enemy, and in all probability would have conducted this country to "death, disaster, and damnation." The "Stockholm Conference" of 1917 is alluded to in the article "What Every German Doesn't Know," which went to press before the most recent revelations. It is there stated, as previously mentioned in the *National Review*, that Mr. Lloyd George favoured this dangerous manœuvre before Mr. Arthur Henderson did. We heard at the time that so far as Britain was concerned "Stockholm" was concerted between Mr. Lloyd George and "my friend" Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Mr. Henderson dots the i's and crosses the t's, giving in the course of his by-electoral campaign in Widnes details at which previously it was only possible to hint. The episode is not new to the readers of the *National Review*, but it is now related at first hand by a man who has no interest in concealing or perverting the facts. Mr. Henderson, who be it remembered was an original member of the Lloyd George-Bonar Law War Cabinet, and therefore lived in the odour of sanctity, says, "When I went to Russia I was opposed to what is known as the Stockholm Conference, and my chief, Mr. Lloyd George, was in favour of it." The Downing Street Press should put that in their pipe and smoke it. We await with interest the explanations of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Evening Standard*, and other journals in town and country who regard the whole duty of man as consisting in proclaiming "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The Stockholm Conference was rank Defeatism from the British point of view. It was suggested to Mr. Lloyd George, we believe, by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. If correct, this sufficiently stamps the proposition, which nevertheless it was rumoured the Leicester Defeatist was allowed to discuss at the Foreign Office, where doubtless he met kindred spirits. That Mr. Henderson afterwards relapsed as the result of his luckless "Mission" to Russia, and became a convert to Stockholm, and thereafter drifted into Pacifism, does not affect the present issue, which concerns the good faith and loyalty to the national and Allied cause of Mr. Lloyd George.

Solving a Mystery

THE painful revelations of Herr Erzberger and Mr. Henderson help to explain a mystery of British policy—namely, the timorousness of His Majesty's Ministers *vis-à-vis* Germany. They generally and invariably act as though they were afraid of the Germans, as though Germans knew something which they are anxious to conceal. In a word, our Government discourages us by behaving as though it might be blackmailed by Germany. This accounts for the popular legend of "a Hidden Hand" exercising unwholesome influence in the interests of the enemy. Undesirable aliens, mostly of Teutonic origin and of Hebrew extraction, habitually form questionable friendships with prominent British politicians with whom "on view" they have little in common. These intimacies prevail whatever Party is in power or whoever be Prime Minister. We cannot help fearing that these cosmopolitans, whose homes may be in this country but whose hearts are elsewhere, may occasionally inveigle our clever but unsophisticated statesmen into transactions that place them to some extent in enemy power, if only because vanity or heedlessness causes them to abstain from making a clean breast of their follies. There has for many years past been "a garrison" of wealthy Germans in London whose mission it was to establish as intimate relations as possible with the heads of political Parties and to cultivate "coming men." They did their work uncommonly well from the Fatherland's point of view, and only failed thanks to the Pan-Germans, who relied entirely on force, despising guile, not realizing that when it comes to fighting the British and the French are Germany's superiors—as the Americans would have been in another year or two—but that in a political contest of craft and cunning the Allies would not have a dog's chance. Had Von Kühlmann been accorded a free hand by the Great General Staff in 1917 he might, with the aid of his confederates in London, have retrieved a situation that was bound to be lost on "the stricken field." To put it quite plainly, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Balfour would be no match diplomatically for Herr von Bethmann-Hollwegs and Von Kühlmanns, who enjoyed the advantage of being bound by no rules. On the other hand, a struggle between Hindenburg and Ludendorff versus Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson (as in 1917), as between the Grand

Fleet and the High Canal Fleet, would certainly end in our favour. Mercifully the political terrain was rejected by Germany in favour of the naval and military terrain, and every Downing Street effort to transfer the struggle to diplomacy providentially failed.

Ludendorff's Confession

OUR unorthodox view—which our readers may remember we have persisted in throughout the war, steadily refusing to bow down before the gods or demigods of the Great General Staff—receives striking confirmation from General Ludendorff, of all men. His account of the war is published serially abroad and is about to appear in book form. But only selected snippets are allowed to appear in Germany, as is intelligible, because he makes it sun-clear that the German Army was fairly and squarely beaten in the field. He gives us the time and place, and no one in touch with last year's campaign will be surprised to hear that August 8 was the glorious day in British military annals—the fatal day for Germany. Let us hear what Ludendorff has to say. He was at the centre of events and in a better position to judge than any one else. Nor has he allowed himself to be tempted to falsify the military facts, as his narrative condemns his own strategy and goes far to shatter the wonderful legend that had been so assiduously propagated that it imposed on many intelligent foreign soldiers, who regarded Ludendorff as a super-Napoleon, whereas he was merely a first-rate organizer and capable tactician, singularly destitute of originality and with little grip of the Great War as a whole. General Rawlinson in distant Archangel will be specially interested in the passage in which General Ludendorff, so to speak, "touches the spot," paying a tribute to the 4th Army (commanded by General Rawlinson), which from such a quarter is conclusive. In his own words, "August 8 (1918) was the black day of the German Army in the history of this war. . . . Early on August 8, in a dense fog that had been rendered still thicker by artificial means, the British, mainly with the Australian and Canadian Divisions, and French attacked between Albert and Moreuil with strong squadrons of Tanks, but for the rest in no great superiority. They broke between the Somme and the Luce stream deep into our front. The divisions in line at that point allowed themselves to be completely overwhelmed." Such was the terrible effect of this attack that

Ludendorff declares, "I was deeply confounded," adding, "August 8 made things clear for both Army commands, both for the German and for the enemy; both for me and, according to his own account in the *Daily Mail*, also for General Foch." This was the turning-point that ended with the Armistice. Hereafter it should be as impossible for German soldiers to pretend that their army was unbeaten as for British politicians to pretend that it was they who won the war. The contest between "Westerners" and "Easterners" is equally settled. Like all wars, great and small, this war was decided by decisive force at the decisive point—Amateur Strategists to the contrary notwithstanding.

At Last

AT last, after unconscionable delay provoking public scandal, there has been public recognition by Government and Parliament of the incomparable services of our Fighting Men. No thanks, however, to the Politicians, who, if they had had their way, would have thrown the Thanks to Navy, Army, Air Service, Mercantile Marine, and other real winners of the war over the Recess. There is, unfortunately, every reason to believe that small-minded men in and around Downing Street cherish a certain jealousy, however insane, of military distinction, and resent sharing the glory of victory—which they regard as exclusively their own—with mere soldiers and sailors. There is, moreover, a special grievance among prominent politicians against our greatest soldier for triumphantly surviving all the intrigues of which he was the object ever since the present Coalition was formed in December 1916. Should the relations between G.H.Q. and the War Cabinet during this period ever transpire, they will be found more instructive than edifying. By all the rules of the game the Commander-in-Chief should have been "downed" by Ministers, against whom on paper he had not a dog's chance. After successfully ejecting Sir William Robertson from being Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the intriguers confidently counted on "outing" the Commander-in-Chief. Nevertheless Sir Douglas Haig won by sheer simplicity and strength of character. He adopted the unassailable position that if he was the wrong man in the wrong place, and unworthy of the confidence of the Government, he would be told so frankly, directly, and openly, but he ignored all intrigues and innuendoes, and refused to take hints from third parties that it might be convenient to the Cabinet if he resigned, on the score of ill-health or otherwise. Though a modest man, Sir Douglas could not but be aware that he enjoyed to an exceptional degree the confidence of the great Army he commanded, and he felt it to be his duty to remain until he was requested to go, just as it was the Government's duty to relieve him of his command if for any reason they distrusted him.

Gentlemen All

The tricks played on him were many and various, from newspaper attacks semi-officially inspired to efforts to make his position impossible with the French, all of which were defeated by the mutual loyalty of the equally great gentlemen at the head of the French Army—the Joffres, the Nivelles, the Pétains, and the Fochs. It constitutes an ugly chapter in political history—politics is a singularly dirty trade—but a brilliant and delightful chapter in military and Allied history, which ought to be told for the encouragement of soldiers in difficulties and the discouragement of unworthy politicians. Sir Douglas performed the double feat of beating the formidable foe in front of him and the equally formidable foe behind. Throughout this ordeal he was sustained by the knowledge that he commanded the confidence of the nation at home no less than of the Army in the field. Now he has his reward, and holds a unique place in the respect and regard of Britons everywhere, who suffer so much at the hands of men who are "out for themselves" that they immensely admire a great public servant inspired by a single-minded devotion to his noble calling and to his less fortunate companions in arms. In the past the back-stairs detraction of Sir Douglas Haig aroused some anxiety lest it react on the Front, but to-day we can smile at all petty pinpricks of 1917 and 1918 even when they took the form of stabs in the back. Civilians derive no less satisfaction than soldiers from seeing Sir Douglas Haig "come into his own." The more we learn of the tremendous events of the last five years the higher will be his reputation.

Organizers of Victory

The preparation and organization of victory on land so far as the British were concerned was primarily due to four soldiers—General Wilson, Director of Military Operations before the war (now Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, C.I.G.S.), who effected liaison with the French Army and developed the British Expeditionary Force; Lord Kitchener, who was the first to see the size of the Great War and to plan accordingly, besides saving us from the paralysing presence of Lord Haldane in Whitehall; Sir William Robertson, who continued Lord Kitchener's work and whose self-sacrificing steadfastness prevented the New Armies from being frittered away in Side Shows by Amateur Strategists; and Sir Douglas Haig, who led them to victory at the decisive point, winning the war on August 8, 1918, as General Ludendorff recognizes.

Honours

THE delicate task of distributing naval and military honours and grants was, on the whole, judiciously performed, though even here politicians could not refrain from manifesting themselves, with the result that criticism was provoked where it should have found nothing to feed on. On August 6 it was announced:

The King has been pleased to approve that the following honours be conferred upon the high officers of the Navy, Army, and Air Force mentioned, in recognition of the great services they have rendered to the country during the war:

NAVY	
Admiral of the Fleet Sir DAVID BEATTY, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.	Earldom.
Admiral Sir CHARLES E. MADDEN, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O.	Baronetcy.
Vice-Admiral Sir ROGER J. B. KEYES, K.C.B.	Baronetcy.
Rear-Admiral Sir JOHN DE ROBECK, K.C.B.	Baronetcy.
Commodore Sir REGINALD Y. TYRWHITT, K.C.B.	Baronetcy.
ARMY	
Field-Marshal Sir DOUGLAS HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., etc.	Earldom.
Field-Marshal Sir E. ALLENBY, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.	Viscounty.
Field-Marshal Sir H. PLUMER, G.C.B., G.C.M.G, G.C.V.O.	Barony.
General Sir H. RAWLINSON, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., etc.	Barony.
General the Hon. Sir J. BYNG, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O.	Barony.
General Sir H. HORNE, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.	Barony.
Field-Marshal Sir HENRY WILSON, K.C.B., D.S.O.	Baronetcy.
General Sir W. ROBERTSON, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., D S.O.	Baronetcy.
General Sir W. BIRDWOOD, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.	Baronetcy.
Lieut.-Col. Sir MAURICE HANKEY, K.C.B.	G.C.B.
AIR	
Air Vice-Marshal Sir H. TRENCHARD, K.C.B., D.S.O.	Baronetcy.

Grants

ON the previous day the Prime Minister had delivered a Message from the King to the House of Commons recommending grants amounting to £585,000 to nineteen chief commanders of his naval, military, and air forces. The Speaker read this communication as follows:

His Majesty, taking into consideration the eminent services rendered during the late war by those officers who commanded and directed his forces by sea, on land, and in the air, and being desirous, in recognition of such services, to confer upon them some signal mark of his favour, recommends to his faithful Commons that he should be enabled to grant to:

	£
Admiral of the Fleet Sir David Beatty	100,000
Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Jellicoe	50,000
Admiral Sir Charles Madden	10,000
Rear-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee	10,000
Rear-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes	10,000
Vice-Admiral Sir John de Robeck	10,000
Commodore Sir R. Tyrwhitt	10,000
Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig	100,000
Field-Marshal Viscount French	50,000
Field-Marshal Sir E. Allenby	50,000
Field-Marshal Sir Herbert Plumer	30,000
Field-Marshal Sir H. Wilson	10,000
General Sir H. Rawlinson	30,000
General Sir Julian Byng	30,000
General Sir H. Horne	30,000
General Sir William Robertson	10,000
General Sir William Birdwood	10,000
Lieut.-Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey	25,000
Air Vice-Marshal Sir H. M. Trenchard	10,000

The House resolved, at the instance of Mr. Lloyd George, to consider the Royal Message in Committee.

These Honours and Grants are among the few popular acts of the Coalition this year, and outside Labour circles no one was heard to object that they erred on the side of extravagance except in one instance, on which, as was inevitable, there was a chorus of disapproval.

A Bad Precedent

THE Prime Minister's action in attaching to a list of grants to leaders in the field the sum of £25,000 for a purely political officer who has not fought anywhere is regarded as a bad precedent. Sir Maurice Hankey was before the war Secretary of that painfully futile body the Imperial Defence Committee, whose members remained blind to everything which stared them in the face. On its demise he became Secretary of the War Cabinet—in whose despite the war was won—and was prominent at the Peace Conference, of which this country has little reason to be proud. We know nothing against Sir Maurice Hankey save that he is highly regarded by politicians, but as heavily burdened taxpayers in an impoverished land we demur to his receiving £25,000 while soldiers in command of large independent and victorious armies, such as General Marshall and General Milne, are forgotten. If Ministers once begin voting subsidies to their clerks and secretaries there will be no end to it. If Sir Maurice Hankey has earned £25,000, surely Sir William Sutherland, to say nothing of Mr. Philip Kerr, is worth something. Colonel Guinness is to be congratulated on his timely protest against what we can only describe as an abuse of Ministerial power.

Thanks

THANKS to the forces were moved in both Houses of Parliament on August 6—by Lord Curzon in the House of Lords, and by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons. In each case the terms were identical, being expressed, as the occasion demanded, in an abundant Resolution, conveying "the thanks of this House," in the first instance "to the officers, petty officers, warrant officers, and men of the Navy and of the Royal Marines for their sleepless watch over the seas, and for the courage, resource, and devotion with which, during four years of constant peril, they have maintained the blockade of the enemy's coast, convoyed armies drawn from the most distant lands, and defended the commerce of the civilized world against the craft and subtlety of a lawless foe"; also "to the officers, non-commissioned officers, warrant officers, and men of the Armies in the field for the matchless valour and endurance with which, amidst circumstances of unexampled hardship, they have sustained the shock of war in many climes, for the good-humour, clemency, and patience of their bearing, and for the undaunted spirit which has carried them through four years of strenuous toil to a complete and splendid victory." The "thanks of this House" were also accorded "to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Air Force for their brilliant daring and conspicuous services over sea and land"; to "the gallant troops of the Dominions Overseas, from India, and from the Colonies and Protectorates for the promptitude with which they responded to the call of justice and freedom, and for the noble part that they have played in conjunction with their comrades of the British Isles in securing the triumph of right over wrong"; also "to those subjects of His Majesty who, inspired by the greatness of the issue, voyaged from foreign lands to offer their lives in the service of their country . . .; to the members of the Royal Army Medical Corps and of the Indian Medical Service for the skilful discharge of their humane office, and for the unprecedented success which attended their unremitting labours to preserve the armed forces of the Crown from the ravages of disease . . .; to the women of the Medical and other auxiliary Services for their devotion in tending the sick and wounded, and for other duties faithfully and bravely discharged"; likewise "to the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine for the fine and fearless seamanship by which our people have been preserved from want and our cause from disaster." Finally, "this House doth acknowledge with deep submission and reverence the heroism of those who have fallen in the service of their country, and tenders its sympathies to their relatives in the hour of their sorrow and their pride."

The Victors

In moving this Vote of Thanks, Lord Curzon, in an elaborate speech, pointed out that it had for centuries been the custom for both Houses of Parliament at the conclusion of a great national struggle to offer their congratulations and thanks "to those brave men who have upheld the honour, maintained the welfare, and added to the glory of the nation." It was a praiseworthy as well as a time-honoured practice, "for, although we are essentially a peace-loving people, and although assuredly we did nothing, either by policy or by action, to provoke this particular war, yet when the lists are arrayed, it is upon the valour of our soldiers and sailors, upon the skill of the generals and admirals who led them, far more than upon any diplomacy of statesmen, that we rely." It is reassuring to hear as much from the Treasury Bench, as the attitude of our rulers has been generally calculated to convey the impression that soldiers and sailors were relatively "small beer" as compared with politicians, and that the latter were the real winners of the war, and as such entitled to all the honours and most of the kudos. Lord Curzon pointed out, however, that the thanks of Parliament "are given exclusively to those who have risked so much, who have in the majority of cases risked and in many cases laid down their lives, and to whose courage and genius we owe it that the victory which we celebrate has been won." This form of tribute was more valued by its recipients "than the loudest acclamations that they may get from the populace or the highest honours which it is in the power of Governments or the Crown to bestow." There is, however, no reason why Crown and Government should not endeavour to pay honour where honour is due, if only for the sake of preventing the whole Honours system from becoming dishonoured by forming part of a more or less corrupt market. The speaker reminded his audience that the year that ended with the Armistice last November "was, perhaps, the most dramatic twelve months that had ever passed in the history of the world. It opened, as your Lordships will remember, with reverses that seemed almost to threaten the possible victory of our cause, but it ended with a victory so complete that there is nothing comparable to it in history. It was a victory that has altered the entire course of the history of the world, that has reconstructed the map of the world, and that has left us with a future differing in all essentials . . . from any victory by which it has been preceded."

No Ordinary War

THE character and value of the services they were commemorating could best be measured by contemplating the struggle we had survived. It was a commonplace to say that "this has been no ordinary war." It was not one upon which oblivion would presently "lay its chilly hand, and which will speedily pass into the limbo of the forgotten, to be explored only by the military student or to be annotated by the historian of the future." It was a war waged during four years "with unparalleled intensity, without a respite, without any intervals of repose, without any of those retreats into winter quarters which we used to read of in histories of the Peninsular and other campaigns." It was not a war waged in a single theatre or in a single continent, but on every continent except that of America, and, "unable to fight in their own continent, the Americans had to come over to conduct the struggle in ours. It has been fought upon every sea. One of the most memorable incidents in the early stages of the war occurred in the seas that surround the Australian Continent. Two of the most famous engagements—that of Coronel and the Falkland Islands—were fought in the waters that lay either side of the Horn. It has not been a war—as many have been—of two countries or of two peoples; it has been a war in which scores of countries and countless people have been engaged." A larger number of men had been under arms in this one war than in all the accumulated wars of the past century, and though the orator hesitated to estimate the number of men directly or indirectly engaged in fighting, according to the Official Report, he said, "something like twenty million human beings in different parts of the world have laid down their lives." It had been no less famous on account of the revolution in the science and practice of warfare, in the new principles of strategy and tactics, as in the devilish instruments and agencies that had wrought all this fearful devastation and inconceivable damage. "It is the first great war that had been fought both in the air and under the seas. I cannot help thinking that when history records its impartial verdict of these scenes, it will also say that it was a war notable for the calculated and inconceivable savagery of one of the combatants, who had not even the excuse of the mediæval barbarians for his crimes, because he claimed himself to be the finest creature of Providence, the finished product of culture and civilization, and the predestined master of the world." All these aspects of the war but served to throw into startling relief "and to invest with an exceptional lustre the services of those who fought and won."

Nation in Arms

We should also remember that it was the first war in our history waged, not by professional soldiers appointed and paid for the purpose, but by the whole nation; there was not a class or section of the community, any trade or occupation, in which all had not been imbued with the same ardour and the same faith in our cause. There was another sharp distinction between this and previous wars, some fairly recent, when there had been sharp differences of opinion as to their policy or conduct. This time there had been no discordant note. "The feeble twitterings of the Pacifist had been drowned in the great chorus of national approval, and although we have been told by a famous man that this country hates Coalitions—and I am not certain that sometimes it is not true—yet the measure of the national agreement has been typified by the fact that for four years and a quarter you have had a Government administering the country which is composed of representatives of all Parties in the State." There was another test of the general concord—namely, the readiness with which, after a year and a half of war, compulsory service was accepted in this country, not because our people had abjured the voluntary system or liked compulsory service for its own sake, but "it was because they recognized and accepted it as an overwhelming necessity in this case. I believe myself that the country was converted and convinced in this respect before Parliament." This is perfectly true; indeed, it may be said that throughout the war the country has taken a sounder and a stronger view than either House of Parliament or the Government, and though there has practically never been any leadership of the people by the politicians, the latter have continually found themselves compelled to "toe the line" under pressure of the former, but for which at critical phases our Invertebrates might have thrown up the sponge or lost the war. Lord Curzon emphasized another feature of the great struggle. Apart from the relatively small number of those who defended this country from aerial attack, all the British fighting was done on foreign soil. "There has been wanting to him [the British soldier] the stimulus of the knowledge that the frontiers of his country have been violated; that the territories of his people had been overrun; that his home had been broken up; that his family had been taken off into slavery, even if it had not suffered a worse fate. Such had not been the case of our Allies." The Belgians, for instance, fighting in the little corner of their country that was left to them, could see daily the smoking debris of the territories from which they had been evicted. Frenchmen, within a few miles of their Front, could see the ruins of their fairest fields and the destruction of their richest factories. The Italians beheld the enemy from the towers of Venice. "Our soldiers had no such incentive. They were fighting throughout in foreign lands, amid a foreign people speaking a different tongue from their own. Now it was the trenches of France and Flanders; anon it was the murderous slopes of Gallipoli; yet again, it was the hills of Palestine, or, it might be, the banks of the Tigris." In all those distant places, in every variety of climate, suffering every privation, "our men fought with as much ardour as though they were fighting in, behind, and for the shores of Great Britain. I have sometimes wondered in my own mind, though I have hardly dared to confess the sentiment, whether the gallant troops of our Allies would have fought with equal spirit, so cheerfully and for so long a time as they did, had they been engaged in the Highlands of Scotland or on the marches of the Welsh Border." We need be neither afraid of asking nor of answering this question, as it is answered by every competent Allied observer—namely, that no troops in

The property of the late Admiral Maxse

650 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

"DUNLEY HILL"

NEAR DORKING, SURREY

In one of the quietest and most beautiful parts of the County, yet only 25 miles from London. A really excellent house for week-end entertaiment.

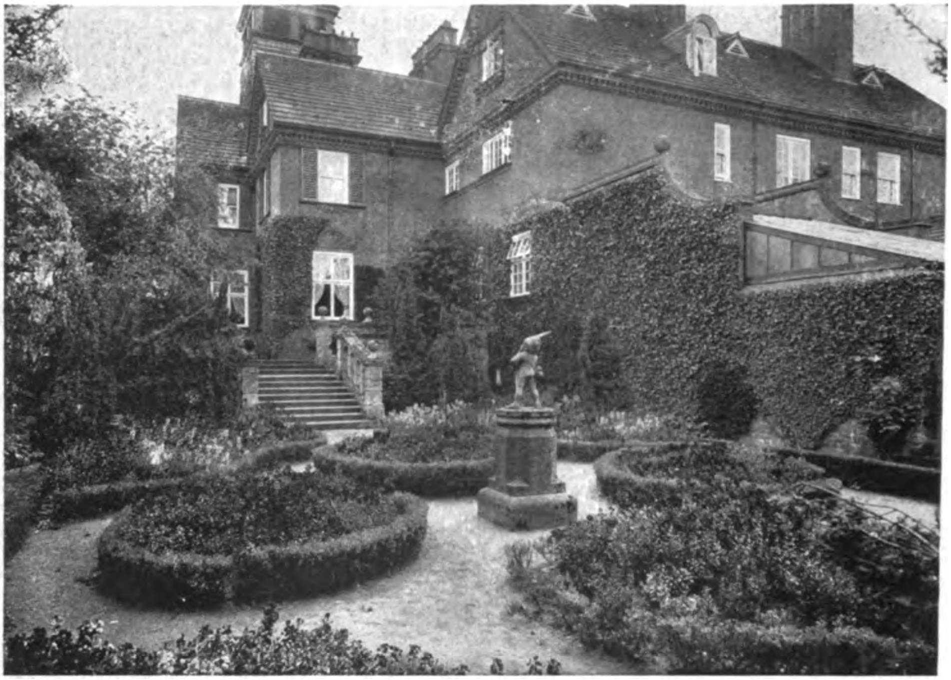
Total Area 350 Acres—might be divided

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION

IN OCTOBER, UNLESS PREVIOUSLY DISPOSED OF

ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS, WITH PLAN, OF

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
20 HANOVER SQUARE LONDON, W.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW



THE DUTCH GARDEN

THE RESIDENCE

contains lofty Entrance Hall, Inner Hall, 5 Reception Rooms, 16 Bed and Dressing Rooms, 2 Bathrooms, and ample Domestic Offices. There is a Lift from the Basement to the First Floor.

* * *

AMPLE SUPPLY OF WATER

HEATED BY HOT WATER COILS

THE BEECH AVENUE

THE

GARDENS & GROUNDS

are quite a feature of the Property and well planted with a variety of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs. Small Dutch Garden. Magnificent Lawn for several Tennis Courts. Squash Racquet Court.

* * *

EXCELLENT FARM BUILDINGS

THE DISTANT VIEW

THE

SURROUNDING COUNTRY

is most beautiful. Magnificent old woods and glades provide delightful walks. For its size the Property provides excellent Partridge Shooting.

Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
20 Hanover Square, London, W.

the world could maintain their *moral* as the British do at all times and in all circumstances, however far from home.

The Navy

In referring to the Navy Lord Curzon declared it was unnecessary to recall the great exploits of the last four years—"Beatty's famous dash into the Heligoland Bight. his frustrated victory on the Dogger Bank, Jellicoe's and Beatty's great naval Battle of Jutland, De Robeck's landing in the Dardanelles," Craddock's "heroic disaster" at Coronel, Sturdee's "swift retribution at the Falkland Islands, the glorious and immortal exploits of Zeebrugge and Ostend. The heroes of these combats are mentioned in the message which will shortly come before us from His Majesty the King. One of them, Lord Jellicoe, has already a seat in your Lordship's House; the other, Sir David Beatty, will shortly follow him." The speaker preferred to look at the services of the Navy, not from the individual, but from the widest point of view. There had never been "so supreme a manifestation of what is meant by sea-power in the history of the world." No such tremendous result had ever flowed from the command of the sea, which had meant everything to us and our Allies. "From the beginning of the war the merchant fleet of these world-conquerors was doomed either to capture or to internment in a neutral port, or to lie helplessly and uselessly in its own harbours. With one exception, the fighting navy of Germany feared to meet in action the British Fleet, and that experiment was never repeated. Not a single transport containing German troops ever crossed the sea. Not a single German soldier landed on our coast, except as a prisoner; . . . not a single German warship came in sight of our shores except to fire a few shells upon unoffending and, as a rule, sleeping seaside towns, and only came in order to scuttle away the moment there was a chance either of an engagement or of pursuit. Germany had to look on in helpless impotence while the whole of her colonial empire was wrested from her. Not a regiment, not a squadron, not a platoon, not a gun could be moved from Germany to rescue any one of these possessions, upon which hundreds of millions of pounds had been spent." Moreover, "a degree of immunity unparalleled in the history of naval warfare against hostile vessels navigating the surface of the ocean was given to the merchantmen of our Allies, and if the submarine menace could not be wholly guarded against, it was one which, as time went on, we had learnt to master and which we managed to defeat." During the five years of war the British Fleet had transported no fewer than 20,000,000 of men to and fro with a loss from enemy action of only 4500.

Unadvertised Services

THERE were three less-advertised naval services than these, which were widely known. The first was the ceaseless watch over 440,000 square miles of the North Sea by day and night in fair weather and foul, in fog and mist, during four and a half years. The patrol-boats, destroyers, and mine-sweepers thus engaged were only twelve in number in 1914; when the Armistice was concluded they were no less than 3700. "I ask your assent when I say that this was one of the greatest and most sustained and most heroic feats of endurance in the history of naval warfare." The second of the unadvertised services was the sentinel-watch of the Grand Fleet in Scapa Flow, "a post of incessant and almost incalculable danger." Had Germany possessed a Jellicoe or Beatty that most vulnerable position would have been attacked by night. The third feature was the development of the system of convoys, by which entire fleets of merchantmen were escorted over thousands of miles of ocean and guarded against the dangers of the deep, without which the American Expeditionary Force could not possibly have reached France. Such, briefly, was the service of the British Navy. "It is an incomparable record. It includes, of course, the services of the Mercantile Marine, which have been frequently acknowledged in this House, and to which the citizens of London paid their great tribute in the procession which we witnessed from these windows two days ago." All that need be said of the Mercantile Marine was that "not once in the war did a crew or any individual member of a crew that had once been torpedoed refuse to join another vessel and continue to fight when the chance came of doing so. That gives you some idea of the spirit and daring with which that body discharged their account." Lord Curzon declared "it seems almost laughable" to try and do justice to the feats of the Army in a paragraph, and it would be equally impossible to comprise them within the limits of a speech. The story of their battles would be immortal for all time. "I cannot talk to-day about Mons, about Ypres, about the Marne and the Somme, about the slopes of Achi Baba, and about the beleaguered garrison of Kut. I cannot recall to-day the wonderful feats of Lord French and Sir Douglas Haig and the other Commands. I cannot talk to you of Palestine or give you a bird's-eye view of what I believe, on the whole, is the most artistically conceived and executed little campaign that has ever been waged. Still less can I repeat the countless tales of bravery everywhere, that seemed to have transcended human experience and human powers. The record of the Victoria Cross, many hundreds of which have been pinned on the bosom of those who won them, tell their own tale."

The 100,000 and the 4,000,000

THERE was one feature of the British Army to which allusion must be made—namely, the unvarying chivalry, humanity, and high bearing of the British soldier, to whose good humour and clemency the Resolution referred. "In the face of the awful provocation which they experienced, with every incentive to inflict a speedy and bloody retribution on the enemy, the British soldier and sailor . . . rarely lost his temper and never lost his head. They exhibited an example of self-restraint, moderation, and mercy in face of the brutal and pitiless attacks of the enemy which has never been equalled, and which has cast an imperishable lustre, not merely on the British Army and Navy, but on the British name." In this war over five million men had been recruited from the British Isles, the largest proportion from England. The self-effacing Englishman is too apt to forget this elementary fact and to credit all British fighting either to Welshmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, or other miscellaneous nationalities. The cry is taken up by hostile propagandists abroad, until even at last ill-informed Allies inquired, "When are Englishmen going to begin fighting ?" Of the 5,000,000 who enlisted, 720,000 had been killed and 3,000,000 wounded. Just as the old Expeditionary Force of 100,000 men, which left our shores in the first week of August 1914, was the finest we had ever produced, "we are told, on the indisputable evidence of all military critics, that the Army, approximating to 4,000,000 men, which remained at the conclusion of the Armistice, was by far the most efficient fighting force this country or any country has ever beheld." Six of the generals engaged in winning the Great War were about to join the House of Lords, where they would be welcome. Lord French was already there; he was the head of the Old Contemptibles. "His was the glory of the Marne and of Ypres; his the splendour that can never fade." Soon they would see on those Benches his successor, Sir Douglas Haig, "a model, if I may say so, of what a British Commander should be—a man devoted to his profession, never thinking of himself, with a mind open to the broadest conceptions as well as to the narrowest details of war; always equable, courteous, resolute, and calm. No Commander ever so well typified the qualities of the soldiers he led, and no Commander in this war could have worked so loyally with the great Field-Marshal who was placed above him." Our country was indeed fortunate in commanding such service at such a time, and it is gratifying that at long last our Government should appreciate their value.

Dominions

LORD CURZON paid eloquent tribute to the wonderful effort of Greater Britain and the Empire at large. This was not the first time the Dominions had fought abroad. For at least half a century the Indian Army had campaigned everywhere; Canada, New Zealand, and Australia had sent contingents to North and South Africa. But now for the first time they had converted themselves into great armed camps, enduring in some cases compulsory service, and crossing the sea in thousands year by year, performing prodigies in the field and leaving much of their best manhood in foreign graves. The deeds of Dominion troops in France, Gallipoli, and elsewhere "are already a national epic which will be enshrined in the glories of our race." The 460,000 soldiers who came from Canada, the 400,000 from Australia, the 112,000 from New Zealand, and the 76,000 from South Africa meant much more than their numbers, for they constituted "a moral asset which it was impossible to estimate or overestimate, and which left an indelible impression on the conscience of the world." India also had raised 1,300,000 native troops, of whom 1,000,000 crossed the sea, arriving in France "in the nick of time," and bearing the brunt of the fighting "in a trying climate on a critical occasion." Nor must we forget the Crown Colonies and Protectorates in East and West Africa, the West Indies, the Straits Settlements, from the Pacific Islands to Cyprus, and from Bermuda to Wei-hai-wei. Where they could not find fighting troops they found carriers and labour battalions, and when the white colonists could not send contingents they contributed money and defrayed various local services. No less was the effort of the subjects of the King in foreign lands, who responded to the call of the blood and voluntarily came home in great numbers to offer themselves in our cause.

The Dead

COMING to individuals who would receive special recognition, Lord Curzon mentioned General Trenchard, who embodied "the fighting force and spirit" of our aerial army, which was now honoured in his person. In August 1914 the two branches into which it was then divided—the Royal Air Force and the Royal Naval Air Force—comprised one thousand officers and men with one hundred machines. To-day the Royal Air Force contained many tens of thousands of men and corresponding machines. The aerial combats would require a Homer: "an Iliad would be only too short to do justice" to them. There had been no more admirable page, "not merely in the history of the war, but in the records of the British race." The orator also paid tribute to the unremitting skill and devotion of the surgeons, doctors, and nurses "on the battlefield, behind the lines, in the clearing-stations, in the hospitals," facing "agony in all its phases, living constantly in the antechambers of death, they pursued their merciful and blessed tasks." The dead included 15 peers and 150 sons of peers, "in many cases the hopes and heirs of their lines"—losses that were typical of those endured throughout the community. Whole families had perished.

> We read of fathers and mothers giving two, three, and four sons to the war, and there is not a village, scarcely a hamlet, in this country which does not mourn those they have lost. The simple wooden crosses mark their graves in distant lands, and everywhere you see sculptured memorials and tablets to keep their memory green.
>
> The thanks of Parliament
>
> are not heard in the grave, and they can give little comfort to the living. But, my Lords, in their hearts those who have lost must be conscious of a great exultation. Any one of us in whose family was one who died at Waterloo, and who sees in the church where he worships, either on the walls or on a tombstone in the churchyard,

the record of that sacrifice, thrills even to this day with honourable pride at the recollection. It becomes a family treasure and an immortal possession. So will it be with those who have lost their dear ones in this struggle. The record of their sacrifices and the memory of their daring will guide [*sic*, gild ?] the family annals for centuries to come, and later generations, as they see the memorial, will say of him who fell in this war, "He died on the field of honour; he lives for ever in the field of fame."

Foch

THERE was yet another Thanks voted by the Houses of Parliament at the same time as the Thanks to the British Fighting Services. Keen satisfaction was aroused by the announcement that Marshal Foch would receive this unwonted honour. His military genius is held in no less regard by the British Army and the British nation than in his own country. Just as our soldiers were proud to serve under the supreme direction of the modern Bayard, the Thanks of Parliament are all the more appreciated by being associated with a like compliment to Marshal Foch. We are grateful to our Government—usually so inappreciative of military ability—for affording Parliament this further opportunity of expressing the feelings of the community, even though it be whispered by cynics that it was inspired less by a desire to pay tribute to a great foreign soldier than by a wish to try and take the gilt off the British gingerbread by reminding the world afresh that the inspiration in last year's glory was French. But if there was any such unworthy origin to the arrangement of the vote of Thanks, the marplots defeated themselves. Lord Curzon's encomium on Marshal Foch is echoed and re-echoed throughout the British Empire. It only serves to enhance the greatness of Sir Douglas Haig, to whom unity of command was primarily due, and without whose unstinted and unselfish co-operation it could only have been a failure. There is no virtue *per se* in the office of Generalissimo. Its success depended on two men, Foch and Haig, as is proved by its failure in other directions.

THE Thanks of the British Parliament to Marshal Foch took the form of the following motion:

Military Genius

That this House accords its profound sense of admiration and gratitude for the supreme services render to the British nation by Field-Marshal Foch, Marshal of France, as Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, in which great position he displayed a military genius worthy of the foremost captains of history.

This was a novel and unprecedented motion, according to Lord Curzon, and "it will be impertinent for me here, a mere civilian, to eulogize the merits or services of this great soldier." Marshal Foch was, according to those who knew him best and had worked most with him in the war, "clear-minded, foresighted in conception, swift in decision, alert in action." In him character and intellect were blended in harmonious proportion. "No one ever heard Marshal Foch say a superfluous word, rarely has he been convicted of taking a rash or ill-considered step. At the critical moment he stepped into the breach. When he was appointed Generalissimo he was not found wanting." He skilfully chose the moment to attack. "A great commander and a gallant gentleman" would be history's verdict "upon the latest addition to the Field-Marshals of Great Britain." Needless to say, the House of Lords carried the various motions of Thanks *nemine contradicente*, and in the case of Marshal Foch, on the suggestion of Lord Curzon, voted it standing.

In the Commons

As we have dealt at such length with the proceedings in the House of Lords, we need only briefly refer to the simultaneous action of the Commons, where the Thanks were moved by the Prime Minister on one of his rare appearances. Mr. Lloyd George's disappearance from Parliament would not be resented were he useful elsewhere, but he is believed to produce chaos everywhere, and his followers have, therefore, no compensation for his prolonged absences. On August 6 he spoke frequently, in the first place proposing the Vote of Thanks to the Forces, which was carried *nem. con.*, then formally moving the Thanks to Marshal Foch, which was equally honoured. Afterwards Mr. Lloyd George in Supply moved the Grants enumerated on a previous page, pointing out that the Duke of Wellington had received two pensions of £4000 a year for three lives as well as a sum of £500,000 after the Battle of Waterloo. Lord Wolseley was voted £25,000 for the Ashanti campaign and £30,000 after Egypt, Lord Roberts £12,500 for the Afghan Campaign and £100,000 for the Boer War, Lord Kitchener £30,000 for the Sudan campaign and £50,000 for the Boer War. There was no comparison between previous wars and the present war, and if present grants were relatively less it was owing to the gigantic burdens we now bore. The "greatest difficulty" was in choosing, and it cannot be said that the Prime Minister made out any case for Sir Maurice Hankey's honorarium, though he devoted more speech to his services than to those of Sir Douglas Haig, Lord French, and Sir William Robertson. He was generous to General Allenby, who by common consent is a splendid soldier, though his popularity in Downing Street is not improbably due to his having commanded a Side Show—thus getting away from "the West," which is anathema maranatha to Amateur Strategists, who would have cleared the whole British Army out of France if they had had their way. Sir Henry Wilson is also approved by the Prime Minister, which was not always his fate with Prime Ministers, as we learn from Lord French's disclosure that Mr. Asquith prevented General Wilson from becoming Chief of the Staff to General French! It is satisfactory to note that General Trenchard, who was at one time regarded askance by Ministers, is once more smiled upon. The Air Force owes an immense deal to him, though not, we hope, the fantastic and somewhat ridiculous titles with which its chiefs are henceforward to be plastered. The Labour Party offered some opposition, and one or two carpers "took the floor," but after rejecting a motion to reduce the grants to an aggregate of £200,000 by 288 votes to 66, the original motion was carried by 272 to 54. We have yet to meet in the flesh any one who considers that Sir William Robertson has been generously treated. His services could not be overpraised nor overpaid.

From Triumph to Gloom

THE Session which opened so triumphantly for the Government after its sensational victory at the polls "petered out" last month in general gloom and unrest. It is no longer regarded as treason to hold the Prime Minister responsible for Ministerial mismanagement. But his colleagues are not blameless, nor are the rank and file of the Coalition entirely innocent. In truth, Mr. Lloyd George, who is weak rather than strong, has had his head turned by flattery. He has lost his chief asset—namely, his sense of humour, and become so self-opinionated that people differ from him at their peril. This is all very well, but his opinions are so fluid that his being "agin," say, coal nationalization on Monday is no guarantee that he will remain "agin" it on Tuesday, nor any security that he may not have arrived at some wholly different solution on Wednesday. Colleagues cannot keep pace with his vagaries, though his extraordinary facility in bamboozling the House of Commons enables him to take endless liberties, confident that "it will be all right on the night." He has certainly had brilliant parliamentary triumphs this Session, as when he rushed over from Paris last April and "spoofed" his followers with the fable that he would make Germany pay, and challenging any one to contrast his election pledges with the decisions of the Peace Conference. Only an audience desiring to be deceived could swallow such rubbish. Mr. Lloyd George was even allowed to score another "triumph" when he subsequently presented the Peace Treaty to Parliament and suggested that there would be some "relief of taxation" when we received our German Indemnity. Ministers have steadily set their faces against our getting a mark of war costs. More than that, they have done their utmost to keep down the claims of our Allies ostensibly for our benefit, but really in order to prevent Germany from being "crippled." That we should be crippled, or even ruined, apparently leaves a Coalition Cabinet calm. Their indifference to British interests is at last beginning to come home and largely explains their unpopularity as manifested at successive by-elections, which Tapers and Tadpoles explain away by the bogy of "Bolshevism." If there be any widespread Bolshevism in Britain it is mainly due to a corrupt and cowardly regime whose only idea of politics is to multiply offices and "honours" for politicians, to shirk every question until the twelfth hour, and then to debit all difficulties to "Bolshevism." The Prime Minister's last appearance in the House of Commons, on the eve of the Recess, was his least successful, as he took three hours of laboured oratory to conceal the vacuity of Ministerial policy, and coupled a declaration against the nationalization of the coal industry with a statement that the mineral-owners would be expropriated after being debited with the cost of rehousing the miners. No meaner proposition was ever made by a Ministry, and we note that it has not even mollified the miners, who had been encouraged by Sankey Commissions, etc., to expect nationalization.

Manœuvres

It is only natural that at such a time, in such a situation as that now confronting us, many aspiring politicians should be manœuvring for position. They are beginning to realize that the days of the Lloyd George-Bonar Law Coalition are numbered. They consequently recognize that Mr. Lloyd George is less gifted for the Premiership than they had hitherto imagined, and they are resolved that when the crash comes and the ship sinks they will not be on board. So far Mr. Bonar Law shows no signs of the prevailing unrest. He is content to say ditto to his wayward chief, and to sacrifice whatever principles Coalition exigencies may demand. But if Mr. Lloyd George remembers the crisis at the fall of the Asquith-Bonar Law Cabinet, and his own advent to 10 Downing Street, he may not be completely reassured by his colleague's present docility. Then, as now, Mr. Bonar Law was the loyal and unmurmuring first lieutenant of the Premier. He regarded Mr. Asquith with boundless admiration as an intellectual giant who towered head and shoulders above all other Front-Benchers. Nor had the Unionist Leader any misgivings as to the Wait-and-See management of the war, which was after his own heart. Moreover, he viewed Mr. Lloyd George, who had long since disclosed his discontent with Asquithianism, with undisguised contempt. Nothing was further from Mr. Bonar Law's thoughts in November 1916 than to eject Mr. Asquith in favour of the present Prime Minister. Nevertheless the trick was done in the early days of December, and Mr. Bonar Law played a leading part in the transformation. It was represented to him that his Leadership of the Unionist Party would be endangered should he adhere to Mr. Asquith, and immensely to the latter's surprise he suddenly received an ultimatum from his Unionist colleagues—with whom he was unconscious of any differences—stating that unless he relinquished the Premiership Mr. Bonar Law and Co. would leave the Cabinet.

Alternatives

This bolt from the blue was the immediate cause of Mr. Asquith's resignation, though we shall misread that event unless we realize that it was tendered on the advice of colleagues who were so convinced of their own indispensableness as to be confident of returning to power within a few days, because no other Government was "thinkable." That there was no alternative to the "Old Gang" was the Old Gang's rooted conviction. There are those who think that history may repeat itself, and that we are approaching the moment when Mr. Bonar Law will understand that the Unionist Party can no longer be dragged at the heels of Mr. Lloyd George. Then one of two things will happen. Mr. Bonar Law will break up the Government, and Mr. Lloyd George will go out into the wilderness as "a wild man," and a so-called "Unionist" Government will be formed under Mr. Bonar Law—who as an intensely ambitious man may feel that he has played second fiddle long enough—or Mr. Lloyd George may elect to remain Prime Minister on Mr. Bonar Law's terms, and "Unionists" will monopolize all the important offices and secure all the political patronage throughout the country. Coalition Liberals would in that case revert to "Liberalism." We do not prophesy, as we do not know. Indeed, we have no idea as to the probable upshot. Conceivably Mr. Lloyd George will take the bull by the horns and dissolve. We only note that active and ambitious politicians regard the time as ripe for promoting their own fortunes, which is what politics chiefly consists of nowadays. We read of "Centre Parties" and other combinations that are widely advertised in the Press, but outside the National Party and the National Democratic Parties we observe few movements primarily inspired by public interests and a regard for the well-being of the country. That is why the public are discouraged and disgusted. They have no confidence in the Coalition, which neither has confidence in itself nor in the people. How could such a body inspire respect, seeing that it has no self-respect and is prepared to eat any amount of dirt to remain in possession of the loaves and fishes? Equally depressing are the alternatives that present themselves. More than one of Mr. Lloyd George's colleagues are prepared to take his place without holding out any promise that they would be any improvement. They are "back numbers," and are all hopelessly tarred with the same brush. Were eloquence or ineptitude any substitute for statesmanship the Treasury Bench would be rich in potential Prime Ministers. What we need is character, courage, and capacity, combined with unselfish and unstinted public spirit. That is what we miss in our public men, some of whom mean well while some don't. Few and far between are those who both mean well and do well.

"The Coming Man"

The Front Opposition Bench presents a truly pitiable spectacle, nor would matters be bettered by any reinforcement from the outer world of the Old Gang, who have already been tried and found wanting. The Labour Party is equally disappointing, and a Labour Government would allow itself to be manipulated by extremists, who though unable to get a popular mandate from any constituency are apparently able to terrorize those who do. We learn from the *Times* that there is a movement " to the Left " amongst the Unionist rank and file in the House of Commons, and that Lord Robert Cecil is at its head. We have no means of knowing whether this be true, but we note that the *Daily News*, the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Nation*—which at one time expended themselves in sneering and jeering at all " Cecils "—are nowadays vociferous in praising Lord Robert, whom they hail as " the Coming Man." Some praise is worse than any amount of blame. If we are to have Whig Government, let us have it from Whigs. There has been more than enough Conservative camouflage, and if it be a question of collecting votes, practical politicians should always remember that Radical demagogues can always beat Conservative demagogues, and that patriotism, which is the backbone of Unionism, needs more sustaining and stimulating diet than the League of Nations, Free Imports, and " Feed the Germans." We do not say that this is Lord Robert Cecil's creed, but his enthusiastic backers in the Radical Press treat him almost as one of themselves, and as a cosmopolitan who would give us a foreign policy hardly distinguishable from that of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Every one likes Lord Robert Cecil and wishes him well, but if he be half as sentimental as his Radical admirers opine, he can hardly be surprised if those who are not of the Manchester School, and who detest all it stands for, await further and better particulars of the policy and programme he is expected to place before the constituencies this autumn before " going Nap " on him.

Example

As example is incomparably more efficacious that precept, we cannot help wishing that instead of endless exhortations to economy—which they so rarely practise—His Majesty's Ministers had exhibited in their own persons that frugality which has become an urgent national need.

They have in truth missed another golden opportunity. They confess to spending between four and five million pounds per day. They realize that bankruptcy stares us in the face. Nothing could have been more effective than for the Prime Minister and his colleagues, the moment they discovered we were on the high road to ruin, to propose a self-denying ordinance limiting Ministerial salaries to £2000 a year during the present stress, say until Germany has paid us what she owes us and which the Coalition Government are pledged to recover at the earliest possible moment. It would have involved no great sacrifice on the part of Ministers during the brief interval until we receive our indemnity, but it would have had a most salutary effect by convincing the community that our rulers realized the stern necessity for economy. Other classes would have been quick to respond. Unfortunately, His Majesty's Ministers have done exactly the opposite. Not one Ministerial salary has been reduced, but it is calmly proposed to raise those of £2000 to £5000—a shameless raid on the public purse that has only been postponed by the anger it aroused, which even manifested itself in this tame House of Commons. Ministers nevertheless wonder that they are disregarded, and marvel at miners who seek to avoid paying income tax.

The Lords

THE House of Lords has shown some signs of life. Lord Salisbury and the Independent Unionist Peers have been active and vigilant, and have succeeded in leaving some mark on the amorphous legislation of the Government. One peer has made a real impression on the public, and is regarded as possessing the qualities desiderated in British statesmanship. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain once said to the present writer anent the usual Ministerial reshuffle, " I would sooner try a man who might fail than one who had failed." That is what many of us feel about " dud " Government and the alternative " duds " with which we are threatened on the happy day when the Man of Chaos leaves Downing Street. That is why we welcome every sign of intelligent independence, and hail every exhibition of leadership. It is why the Duke of Northumberland has achieved so striking a position in so short a time. If he can only keep clear of Coalitions and resist all foreign appointments—however attractive—he should play a conspicuous part in restoring sanity to Conservative councils, and in reminding us that statesmanship does not merely consist of truckling to the wrong mob. It cannot, however, be said that the House of Lords, as a whole, is rising to the occasion or fulfilling the functions of a serious Second Chamber. If Peers do not think their House is worth attending, it becomes questionable whether it is worth preserving in its present form. The absentee Peer is the ally of rotten Government.

Anxiety

THE approaching autumn and winter are regarded with keen anxiety by thoughtful people. There is little daylight on the horizon. There is an oppressive combination of things and men. The problems confronting the world are calculated to daunt the stoutest heart and to tax the highest statesmanship. There is general shortage of essentials of existence coupled with transport difficulties on sea and land that are positively paralysing. The lack of raw materials hampers production when it is most needed, but the heaviest handicap on the recovery of mankind is a steadily growing aversion to labour except on terms that spell bankruptcy. Even these phenomena, however disturbing, would not alarm us. They are the inevitable or natural aftermath after the convulsion of the last five years. Still graver is the absence of political and constructive guidance at a moment every nation stands in need of social and economic leadership. France is so fortunate as to possess one indomitable veteran who can both see and do. Many Americans trust President Wilson to pull them through; many do not. Poland possesses one inspiring personality. Greece commands the services of a statesman of real repute. Italy may be intelligently guided and undoubtedly possesses a remarkable power of recovery. Belgium is happy in her Monarch. There are bright spots here and there, and we simply cannot afford to despair of the Republic after coming through the greatest war in history with flying colours. But we are concerned as we look at the ruin Germany has deliberately wrought East and West, nor are we reassured as we watch our own utterly irresponsible statesmanship at home and abroad living from hand to mouth. We console ourselves with the reflection that the good sense of our people will save us, but that can only be if we resolutely reject the idea that we deserve either the Government we have got or the alternatives that threaten to take its place. We must cleanse the Augean stables at Westminster and in Whitehall.

ALTERNATIVES FOR THE ALLIES IN RUSSIA

THE sad news from the Archangel and Ural Fronts is of exceptional gravity. It influences the whole future of Europe, not only because temporary checks and retreats retard the coming of the true peace, which without a settlement of Russian affairs it is impossible to attain, but also because it definitely confirms news received from private sources in Moscow and Berlin. This is no time for the concealment of facts, dictated by a policy of reciprocal civility. The true feeling of friendship and brotherhood which united Russia and her Allies during the war is now more than ever necessary. The curtain has been rung up on the fourth act of the tragedy of "The Birth of a New Europe," and the general European situation forces us to hide nothing from our friends lest our warning come too late! The truth is seldom pleasant, especially to those who well deserve a rest after the unprecedented nervous tension they have lately endured. This makes the duty of plain speech even more painful. Nevertheless, we feel bound to speak out.

Russia is in danger of turning away from the Allies, not only materially, but psychologically, which is far more serious. Odessa has left a most painful recollection. Will Archangel now complete the picture of disillusionment and utter disappointment of Russians in the Allies' international decency ? Every one is liable to make mistakes. Therefore it will not be merely on the mistakes committed by the Allies in their inconsequent conduct towards Russia that they will be judged by Russian public opinion, but rather on the fact that in Russia these Allied Governments are supposed to be independent of German intrigues and to represent Allied public opnion, supposed, too, to be independent of any alien mischievous influence. If the Odessa affair had been followed by an inquiry in tune with M. de Chappedeleine's brilliant speech in the Chamber of Deputies in June, and a trial and judgment had been the lot of those who had betrayed the Russians, confident in the good faith and in the strength of victorious France, Russian opinion would then have seen the proof of the good intentions of the French nation as a whole, and a pledge of future steadfastness and the bond of brotherhood. But to many newspaper readers it seemed that French interest was confined to the fact that some red flags had been flown from the masts of French ships. No one seemed to have the slightest sympathy with Russia as a friendly entity, and with the way the unhappy victims of the sudden retreat from Odessa were treated. This psychological disaster, inflicted by Odessa Frenchmen on France's fair prestige and good reputation in Russia, may not lightly be forgotten!

The same may be said of Archangel. If, in consequence of the retreat of the British troops at a time when, for general reasons of enforcing peace throughout Europe, it is necessary to show a strong hand, the Russians are abandoned to be demoralized or massacred, and the northern provinces left to be desolated, what can Russians there think of the value of British statesmanship and friendship? Will they not be left with the idea that Great Britain is ruled by Little-Englanders who have lost the characteristics of the great Englishmen who have conferred the benefit of British civilization on the greater part of the world because of their firmness in defending British prestige? And would not the handling of the Cromie case be compared with the case of the Jew Pacifico, in defence of some of whose dirty financial transactions a British shell is still in the wall of the Acropolis? Let no one indulge in illusions about the importance of Denikin's success, which has been nullified by the retreat on the Ural Front—a retreat of a permanent nature, since the bridges have been blown up and the roads destroyed. The assistance given by Great Britain in the south has produced a most favourable impression upon the local population, but it is doubtful if this will influence the minds of those now leaving their native land near the Ural in an endless trail of caravans, according to the graphic description of the *Times*' correspondent. Can they help thinking that Kolchak would have been long ago in Moscow, and Russia pacified, if the diplomacy of the Allies had not been guided by the International "Hidden Hand," acting for the benefit of Germany (now camouflaged as International Socialism), and preventing the Allied General Headquarters from providing Kolchak at once with all the necessary war material lying ready for disposal ever since the conclusion of the Armistice?

The plain truth for many Russians is this: Terrible as the Germans are as enemies, stopping at nothing to achieve their own ends, they are also valuable allies, and did not hesitate to detach a contingent of 300,000 men from their main front at a critical moment, to safeguard order and prosperity in Little Russia and in the territories occupied by them in 1917–18; while the Allies, with the best intentions in the world, and guided in their hearts—if not always in their deeds—by far higher principles of civilization, are so blindly driven by certain people of their governing class, specially interested in conciliating the C.G.T., the Triple Alliance, and kindred organizations, that they find themselves everywhere, like defunct Austria, "Too late by an idea, by an army, by a year!"

The truth underlying the military successes of the Bolsheviks to those who know the reactionary evolution of Bolshevism at Moscow, does not only comprise the probability of German gunners behind the Bolshevik guns and of German officers at the Bronstein—Trotsky—G.H.Q., but is much more profound in its immediate consequences for the Allies. It means nothing less than that the Allies, through their indecision and their absurd policy of recognizing certain frontier provinces of Russia, which are known to be non-durable as States, but which are, nevertheless, declared to be independent, are going to create in the Bolshevik army the sentiment of a Russian national self-consciousness. Thus the Allies are responsible for rousing a national enthusiasm for a single and united Russia in the Bolshevist army, reactionary in its spirit and practice, which enthusiasm would be impossible were the Allies' policy faithful to the rôle of Russia's friends and trustees. *De facto* one can say that the Allies' policy alone has created the effectiveness of the Red armies. Nobody will be astonished at the fact that the incompetent and politically dishonest leaders of Labour are sympathetic to Bolshevism, not wishing to understand that it means in reality the most hideous form of Prussianism and reaction; but how should the Russian man in the street understand educated English Liberals, with all the proofs at their disposal, playing the game of the new form of Prussian militarism in Russia ?

The newspapers attest that the fighting spirit of the Bolshevik troops has distinctly improved during the last two months, i.e. precisely since the time when the Allies partially "recognized" Kolchak on the condition of partitioning Russia. Kolchak has not accepted these proposals for partition, but owing to his dependence upon the Allies he was unable to send his refusal with that intense national pride which animates all true Russians, as it should animate all true Englishmen in case of a foreign friendly ultimatum to recognize the independence of Ireland, or true Frenchmen in the case of Savoy or Corsica. The Bolsheviks, masters in the art of propaganda, have immediately taken advantage of the Allies' mistakes (the last of a series) to inspire their troops with the watchword "Russia for the Russians." They spread the rumour that there were foreign ex-Allied exploiters refusing to democratic Russia those "territorial rights emphatically recognized by them even during the Tsarist regime. The feeling was stirred up that such foreign exploiters should be crushed. The intruders who speculate upon Russia's present weakness, believing that she will become reconciled to be cut off from the seas, for which the Russian people have struggled for centuries, to the loss of the Caucasus, Bessarabia, Lithuania, the Baltic Provinces, Little Russia—why not White Russia too ?—

such friends must be driven from Russian soil." Simultaneously the Germans, always active and insidious, lose no time in offering through the medium of 100,000 Russians cajoled in Berlin, a formal alliance, with restitution of pre-war frontiers in Europe and a Russian protectorate over the whole of Asia Minor, with the one condition—that Germany shall have the right to construct and to exploit the railways in the Russian protectorates.

In view of these proofs of the "ferocious egotism" of the Allies in all that appertains to Russia, it can surprise nobody to learn that Russians, who are by no means dense, and who combine idealism with a practical turn of mind, feel the same necessity for the adoption of a policy of "national egotism," and that they demand of their leaders a policy, not of sentiment and abstract formulæ, but of real and patent advantage for the immediate benefit of the State.

Bolshevism at Moscow has become a matter of pure etiquette; in reality, according to the confession of the Bolshevik leaders themselves, Russia is lost to Communism, and a terrible reaction is as inevitable as a natural phenomenon. All the elements of this reaction are ripe at Moscow. All that remains for the achievement of the Bocho-Bolshevist far-seeing plan now is to sign an alliance between Germany and the Russian reactionaries, in order to put an end to the painful part of the comedy and to obtain the supply of men and material necessary for Russia's requirements. The Allies' attitude towards anti-Bolshevism is preparing the ground for a compact between the nationalist Germanophile reactionaries of Moscow and the nationalist Liberals of the borders hitherto Ententophiles. This can be brought about, on the one hand, by the guarantee of an amnesty to the Bolshevik *nouveaux riches*; and, on the other, by the passing over to Germanophilism of the Ententophiles who despair of ever seeing the Entente fulfil its obligations of humanity towards Russia. Such an agreement would certainly be to the external and internal detriment of the Entente, and would benefit Germany, who, by an alliance with Russia, would be enabled to recover in five years' time and to have her revenge on France without the action of a single Russian soldier to save Paris and Calais as in 1914. The threat of enslavement to Germany, by which the Allies think to retain Russia in the wake of their policy—a Russia who is no longer their ally since she was excluded from the Peace of Paris and absent from the festivities—is a menace which many Russians fear less than a new edition of an incompetent Government of the Lvoff-Kerensky type, followed by new Socialistic experiments which the Allies might be inclined to impose upon Russia's rulers as an object-lesson to their Smillies and Cachins.

The truth must be faced as it is! Thanks in no small degree to the Allies, Russia has sunk to a lower level than Turkey before the war. She cannot rise without the aid of foreign organizations. The Germans are excellent organizers; they know Russia, and they love her as a rough, would-be husband loves the beauty whom he courts; they will not impose upon her a Socialistic policy; they will not "save the revolution" through the medium of undesirables, but they will try to put Russia on her feet, technically, as soon as possible, for the mutual benefit of both countries, at a cost which will be less than the expense of the "Socialistic experiments" which the Allies would perpetrate and perpetuate. The International Jew is at the root of this scheme, and therefore it has every chance of success. All its organs throughout the world would be ordered to praise the splendid achievements of German penetration into Russia. We cannot have sentimentality in politics. It is a well-known fact that Russians sympathize with French *entrain*, wit, and charm, and love Paris, and that the English, who have shown up best during the war, are gentlemen, and would be allies when once they have understood what is to be done, whom the Russians would whole-heartedly value. But, since the Allies have allowed themselves to be led by the "Hidden Hand," an influence which they themselves quite clearly realize, but which, for personal reasons, they leave unchecked, so that their Russian policy is nothing but a series of blunders, reverses, and disasters, Russia dare not reject a solid plank thrown out to her by her enemy Germany, having as the only alternative the vague hope that the Allied Dreadnought may, in the thirteenth hour, finally decide to launch a boat to see her drowning.

Such, at the present moment, is the reasoning of many Russians of all shades of political opinion, and it will become paramount and universal should Archangel be evacuated, and if the noble and faithful idealist-democrat Kolchak is exposed to the enemies of order in the rear, enemies encouraged by the Kerenskys, Avksentiefs, and other petty politicians, to whom the Allies have offered hospitality, and whom they have even pampered to a certain extent for fear of offending their own social pro-Bolsheviks, and in the vain hope that democratic Russia will be for this duly grateful to them.

What is to be done? One of two alternatives. The first is to bow before the International pro-German organization which, not having succeeded in stultifying the war, has accomplished the ruin of the true peace, and which is planning to give to Germany the mandate to rebuild Russia, restoring International finance at Russia's expense, by which means Russia alone will be made to defray all the cost of the war otherwise to fall on the shoulders of the German partners of the "Yellow Internationale." The other alternative is, inspired by the great ideal of the war of Right above Might, to reinstate the Russian ally by publicly proclaiming her as such, and giving her all the necessary help in return for what she did in 1914 and 1916, when she saved the Cause—first, during France's peril; and, later, when Italy was going to be crushed. In that crisis Russia did not count her gains and losses, but took the risks without flinching and with generous gallantry. She showed herself at that time truly worthy of being a member of the League of Nations for the defence of Right—not so the Allies, whose selfishness towards her now prevents peace from becoming a reality. The first of these hypotheses—let us be frank—is the more probable, as without an heroic effort, attended by personal risks to many successful politicians, it will be impossible to shake off the "Hidden Hand," and this will involve the withdrawal of the Allied military contingents from Russia, and entail a German mediation between the reactionary Prussophile Bolsheviks and Kolchak for a peace on the basis of German influence, with the immediate transfer of Bolshevik activity from Moscow to Paris and London via Stockholm. Social revolution in the Allied countries during the coming winter might result from this neutral policy of their Governments.

The second hypothesis would comprise the exposure of the entire activity of the "Hidden Hand," the cleansing of the Allied Governments of all elements favourable to this secret force, a declaration of war against Bolshevism wherever and whenever it may be found, and a formal alliance with the democratic Government of Kolchak, involving assistance without reserve or condition. Endurance in the epic fight which anti-Bolshevists in Russia carry on alone for the good of the whole of humanity has reached its limit. The Allies must not treat their patience and goodwill lightly. Is it possible that the Allied nations, keenly alive to the problems confronting them and the much-desired peace, are really incapable of counteracting internal Bocho-Bolshevik intrigue, which, playing on the wickedness and selfishness of certain ruling personalities and corrupting their Governments, undermines the foundations, not only of a real peace, but the very existence of the Allies as independent self-respecting and respected nations? For what will become, first of all, of France if a *querelle d'Allemand* is thrust on her, and if Russia remains neutral, America being at war with Japan, and England fighting for India, Egypt, and Mesopotamia? And what would afterwards be the fate of the British Empire as a whole? Victory implies moral and social responsibilities which are not less difficult to bear for lazy or tired States than defeats for proud nations. And in some respects victories are much more dangerous than defeats. The Allies are now in a more critical position than France was in

1872, because they are not the victims, but the responsible authorities for order and peace in Europe, Russia included.

The historic hour has come. Let true statesmen at last appear on the European stage! Without them the war for equilibrium, which is by no means won, will be definitely lost to the Allied cause. Let the great victorious generals forsake silence, and let them demonstrate to those whom they have led to victory how the work of moral reconstruction and political honesty should be carried out behind the front which is defending the cause of right, lest, after all, their victory become a mirage. This, in fact, is the secret aim of all pro-Bolshevists and Bochophile Socialists in the Entente's political heart. Friends and former Allies, do not deceive yourselves; you have not too much time!

A. N. BRIANTCHANINOFF

THE STAFF OFFICER

While the war was still being fought I pointed out in an anonymous article which appeared in the *Times* some of the popular misconceptions about "the gilded staff." In a light vein the article contrasted the undue idealization—mostly before the war—of the staff officer in fiction with the more modern habit of girding at "brass hats" and complaining that they got none of the kicks and all the halfpence, a view reflected in Ulysses' speech in *Troilus and Cressida*, where he exclaims:

> They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
> Count wisdom as no member of the war;
> Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
> But that of hand: the still and mental parts
> That do contrive how many hands shall strike
> When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
> Of their observant toil, the enemy's weight—
> Why this hath not a finger's dignity:
> They call this bedwork, mappery, closet war.

It was also pointed out that, not only among the public at home, but in the Army itself, profound ignorance existed regarding the work of the staff, its varieties and divisions, the qualities required by it, and its burden on the individual.

It is, I think, worth while to look at the matter from a more serious point of view, not in the least to make an apology, but in order to enlighten ignorance and clear up bases of prejudice. I may say, perhaps, that I write simply as one of the many thousands of men who are looking back on experiences of the last five years and reflecting on them in the new leisure of civilian life, not in any sense as a self-constituted spokesman of any section of the Army. Military service taught us all a great deal that we did not know before and taught it thoroughly, so that opinions expressed after such an apprenticeship can hardly be called presumptuous. One thing which it taught us above all others was how little we knew of the value and virtue of the regimental officer. To express adequately the admiration which is his due without being fulsome would tax the powers of a great orator: as a nation we can never be too proud of the men of whom Colonel Bramble and Uncle Toby are the type. The unselfishness of their devotion and the simple grandeur of their conception of duty are among the few things of ideal value which stand out brightly against a horrible background. But the staff officer, save for occasional lip-service, has, in popular estimation, come badly out of the war. His very name commonly provoked a contemptuous laugh, and the writers of humorous paragraphs, with what appeared to me incredible folly, spared no pains to stir up bad blood between the regimental soldier and the staff. That there were many, far too many, reasons for friction cannot be denied, but they were rather due to mortal failings than to inherent defects in the organization. They were also due to ignorance and to an illogical belief that for a soldier to serve elsewhere than in a fighting unit was, in some sense, to be falling short of the ideals symbolized by his uniform. This ignorance and prejudice were as rife in the Army as at home: even the Regular Army suffered from it, and still does. Quite recently a senior Regular officer of a distinguished regiment, holding the appointment of brigade major, spoke to me contemptuously of his employment, as if he had been set to sweep a crossing. "Anyhow," he said, "I should hate to be farther away from the troops than that," implying by his tone that any officer on the staff of a higher formation was a poor creature. For his personal preference there may be every respect, but if all officers had been equally prejudiced our generals would have been badly served. One other instance: a weekly paper which makes a feature of airing military grievances, obviously through the pen of a Regular or ex-Regular soldier, contained a year or two ago an indignant paragraph asking why the headquarters of corps were necessary. An army, the writer said, could easily deal direct with divisions, and, of course, corps commands were only created to enable useless generals to live in comfortable châteaux. To anybody who knows staff work the idea of a single army staff coping with the administration and higher command of ten or twelve divisions is only ludicrous, but that such foolishness should see the light and mislead the public at a vital time shows how far we are from being a military nation.

Popular ignorance and prejudice, whether in the Service or out of it, are contrary to the interests of the Army. It is a bad thing that discord between staff and regimental officers should be accentuated merely to raise a guffaw or for the sake of "copy," which ventilation of "a grouse" against authority notoriously furnishes. Discord is fatal to a fighting force, and excellent a purgative as humour may be, it is questionable whether its free exercise in the matter of these vital relations does not produce as much harm as good. Also, no thinking soldier could possibly wish that in a regular army the prestige of the staff officer, whatever may be thought about his privileges, should be diminished. No lesson of the war is more obvious and, we may hope, has been more thoroughly learned than that comprehensive and accurate staff work is the absolutely indispensable basis of successful operations, and that a force with the finest troops and the most courageous leaders can only pull its weight and conserve its energy if directed by scientific thinking and a co-ordinative faculty which is only born of study and experience of staff work. Speaking broadly, the misconceptions concerning staff officers can be traced to three main causes: ignorance of a staff officer's functions; general prejudice against a soldier who does not handle weapons in the face of the enemy and a failure to appreciate the value to an army of able staff work; and personal prejudice due to friction between individuals and to a sense that the staff officer is unduly privileged in many ways at the expense of the fighting soldier.

It is impossible here to enter at length into the functions of staff officers, departmental officers, and officers attached to the staff. The *Staff Manual* is not easy to come by, but a perusal of *Field Service Regulations*, Part II, will give a wealth of information to those who wish to get it. Nor is it really necessary to rebut the charge that staff officers are mere idlers and obstructionists, doing nothing but delay and confuse straightforward matters in a tangle of files. The Staff in its divisions of general staff (divided into "operations" and "intelligence"), adjutant-general's staff, and quartermaster-general's staff, both co-ordinates the data on which the policy in every branch of military activity is based, and, through the powers delegated to it by the commander, sees that the policy is carried out. This delegated power is what gives even a junior officer of the Staff his authority, misuse of which is a crime: he is the voice of his commander. All branches of the Staff have officers attached for certain duties, by far the largest number being in the intelligence branch. These officers have no delegated power and no authority beyond the strict scope of their duties. The departmental officers, finally, are those responsible for carrying out the commander's policy so far as their own specific branch is concerned, be it supply, transport, ordnance, remounts, labour, forestry, gas warfare, or other kindred service. These departmental officers, strictly speaking, do not give orders except within the special hierarchy of their own department, for they are under one of the branches of the Staff, which is the proper channel for issuing orders. This system, which is clearly laid down in *Field Service Regulations* and generally understood by responsible officers, works extremely well when it is carefully observed. Interstaff and interdepartmental friction is usually the result of some overstepping of the limits.

All these officers—Staff, attached, and departmental—amount in modern armies to unavoidably large numbers. The public lumps them all together under the name of "the Staff," little knowing the great difference in importance, capacity, and qualification that exists inside the mass. The duties, for instance, of a G.S.O., 1st Grade, Operations, and of an A.A.G. at the base have absolutely nothing in common, except that both are onerous and exacting. The unfortunate thing is that, especially in the early stages of the war, a great many useless but influential people were allowed to masquerade as Staff officers, a great many more were able to put on khaki and high rank to fill purely administrative posts in this country, and also in too many cases those invested with a little military authority indulged in unnecessary airs and quite inexcusable rudeness. No administrative organization since Lucifer rebelled has existed without exciting grievances. The staff represents the organization, the units and individual soldiers naturally make it the mark of their grievances. It may seem ungrateful for the soldier to rail at the organization which performs for the Army all, and more than all, the functions of Messrs. Cook and the Army and Navy Stores combined: unfortunately, staff officers are human beings who often make mistakes, and just as a householder will take it as an unpardonable crime if the Army and Navy Stores delivers a leg of mutton at the wrong address, so the regimental soldier will fulminate against the staff for a similar mistake. Also, like the householder, the regimental soldier seldom is grateful to the staff when things go well. Of such things no good staff officer complains, for they are natural and inevitable; but he is justified in a little irritation when staff work is lightly dismissed as useless, simply because he has seen the appalling confusion which ensues when it is badly done. A good staff system saves in every way—lives, ammunition, temper, money, and reputation. The British system of staff organization has, as a matter of fact, come out of the war with flying colours. For some months past it has been subjected to exhaustive criticism in every theatre of war and in the War Office; scores of competent witnesses have expressed their opinions on it and made suggestions for reform. I have read these reports myself. The verdict has been unanimously favourable, and the testimony that our system conduces to smooth and efficient administration is overwhelming. Certain reforms are necessary, and will no doubt be made, but one thing is certain—which may surprise the scoffers—that any reforms will be based on the assumption that the work of the staff is of greater rather than less importance, and that staff officers want more rather than less careful selection, differentiation, and training.

This last point has, in fact, never yet been fully realized in the British Army. The very greatness of our magnificent regimental tradition militates against it, and is responsible for that tone of rather humorous contempt with which a certain class of Regular officer is apt to refer to the staff. Also, of course, at all events before the war, regimental soldiering was much pleasanter than work on the staff. I have been assured by Regular officers that the inducement to grind for the Staff College was for more increased pay than professional advancement. To be a first-class regimental officer in a British regiment was such a fine ideal in itself that it is not surprising that very many officers felt no need to look beyond it. Since the war, however, such a narrow view is no longer tenable. It is now more generally realized how many different kinds of talent can be absorbed in an army, and what different capacities are required for the different functions of command, direction, administration, and maintenance of large forces. Other things being equal, the better regimental officer a man is, the better staff officer will he be; but those other things are by no means so often equal as may be supposed. There are fine leaders of men who are too impatient to master technical detail, too woolly-headed to devise a comprehensive plan, and—let me say it without blinking—too ill-educated to write down on paper clearly and concisely what they mean. Such men cannot make good staff officers, and the harm they may do in high positions on the staff is incalculable. On the other hand, there are first-class staff officers who are thinkers rather than leaders; I have known some of them personally. To have had these men in the positions they held has been an immense benefit to a force. In working out plans of campaign, in securing important intelligence and arguing correctly from it, and in conceiving and carrying out wide measures of organization affecting a whole force, they have lightened immeasurably the burden laid on a supreme commander whose task, first and foremost, is leadership. These possibilities are now beginning to be recognized. Before the war it was too common a theory in the Army that one officer was, roughly speaking, as good as another, and that, given certain loose standards of ability, all officers within those standards could be interchanged from function to function without any detriment to the efficiency of the whole. The war has shown this to be false and wasteful. In military, as in every other activity, the individual bent counts for a great deal: give it play, and efficiency increases; thwart it, and half its virtue is wasted. An intelligence officer wants an entirely different brain from a D.A.Q.M.G., and a man who really shines as an A.A.G. at G.H.Q. will not shine equally as the G.S.O. 1 of a division. This fact as applied to staff officers has never yet been *officially* recognized in the Army, but it must force its way to recognition now with an enlarged curriculum at the Staff College and an instructional staff of men who had an opportunity to study staff work such as no British officers can have had before their time. It will come to be recognized that staff officers want early training, that a far larger reserve of staff officers will be needed in war, that it is wasteful to restrict the opportunities for staff training given to the technical arms which get the pick of the school army classes, and that attachment as learners will do most young officers good. Officers as a whole will then understand both the value and the burden of staff work—the burden of incessant grinding for somebody else's consumption, with less comradeship, less excitement, and, above all, with never "a show of one's own."

Now for the complaints. Those due to unfortunate personal experiences are unanswerable and must be left for time to obliterate. They are, after all, complaints against individuals, not against a system, and it may be taken for certain that where, by want of sympathy, unpleasant demeanour, or stupidity, a staff officer has caused just offence, he was, so far, a bad staff officer, since tact, sympathy, and politeness are the primary moral qualities of a good one. I might perhaps say, however, that the tax on the temper of a staff officer working against time, switching his brain feverishly from one question to another, is often severe, and that visitors are occasionally oblivious to the amount of his time that they are consuming. I have also noticed that rudeness is a failing, not of classes, but of individuals, and that the demeanour, for instance, of regimental officers (chiefly temporary) towards R.T.O.'s and embarkation officers is, to say the least of it, often wanting in urbanity. But that is by the way: there are complaints of a far more general nature against the staff or against its privileges.

Regimental officers will generally assert that the staff officer does not know their peculiar difficulties, that he frames orders without considering the burden which they entail on those who carry them out, and that he neither takes part in the risks of the operation for which he is responsible, nor pays the penalty of failure, nor suffers the losses and privations which his own want of foresight has brought about. He lives, they say, in luxury and safety, regarding the fighting troops in a cold, impersonal manner as just masses to be moved about from place to place, whose comfort is subordinated to the convenience of his own arrangements. He gets, according to them, all the good appointments and commands; he is immeasurably better treated in the way of leave, rewards, and decorations; he wears conspicuous insignia which are an invidious distinction; and he draws higher pay for working in security than the regimental officer for suffering every horror and risking his life.

For all of these complaints there is a great deal to be said, except on the score of want of sympathy, for that complaint is only made against a bad staff officer. Orders may be burdensome to carry out, but they are the commander's orders, and there is a limit to the consideration which can be given to the human element in planning an operation. The best that good commanders and staff officers can do is to avoid imposing unnecessary burdens, and to mitigate to the best of their ability conditions which they know will be intolerable whatever they may do. They try to find out the peculiar difficulties, and when they seem to be oblivious of them, it is usually because they are faced with still greater difficulties that do not come within the very restricted view of the fighting unit. That the troops pay for the blunders of the staff is true: it cannot be avoided, nor can it be forgotten by the staff officer. The only remedy is to have such highly trained staff officers that few blunders are made. Equally undeniable are the greater safety and comfort of a staff officer's life in war. There is no good staff officer who does not feel himself more or less of an *embusqué* in proportion to his distance from the front line. This inequality of conditions is also unavoidable, for a staff can only work successfully in comparative security with adequate communications both forward and backward. Nevertheless, it would be a foolish policy for a staff to be encouraged to encounter danger unnecessarily only for the sake of soothing its own amour-propre and conciliating the less enlightened public opinion. Moreover, a staff cannot work well if it is always changing. The French, I believe, had at the beginning of the war a strict rule that after a certain number of months spent on a staff every staff officer was to be sent to the front. As the war progressed they found, so I am told, that the rigid application of this system only spelt waste and inefficiency. Continuity of staff work was hindered and a great many valuable staff officers' lives were thrown away to no purpose, just as the lives of many *p.s.c.* officers in our Indian Army were thoughtlessly wasted at the beginning of the war. An army with an inexhaustible pool of staff officers could, perhaps, afford to apply this rule; but no army will ever have an inexhaustible pool. On this subject the *Staff Manual* contains a sensible passage:

"The greatest help that it is possible for staff officers to give to commanders and troops lies in the efficient performance of their staff duties. They should, therefore, avail themselves of all legitimate means of facilitating and expediting their work, and should not seek out unnecessary hardships and dangers with a view to gaining personal distinction. On the other hand, when hardships and dangers legitimately fall to their lot, it becomes all the more incumbent on them to demonstrate by their example that these have not been avoided on other occasions by unworthy motives."

Also, against this advantage of safety must be placed the undoubted fact that, except in the moments of intense danger and intense discomfort, for joy of life the days of a regimental officer compare very favourably with those of a staff. The regimental officer has got a show of his own to run, a unit of which he can be proud, a number of souls who look up to him for leadership, and the inestimable boon of esprit de corps which lightens every burden. The staff officer, on the other hand, has no command and no show of his own. His daily business is just to take a bit of a burden off the shoulders of the man above him; he has neither the responsibility nor the enthusiasm of command, and esprit de corps becomes for him more an abstract idea than a living fact. The staff of a brigade and a division in open warfare lead a stirring life enough, but farther back, where problems are larger and less personal, the staff officer is often visited with hours of loathing when his work seems to him just desk-drudgery, lifeless and almost valueless. The luxury, too, which is popularly ascribed to the staff officer's existence is very much exaggerated. Admitted that some commanders may keep an opulent table in which some of their staff may share, that a staff quartered in a town can take advantage of the town's amenities, and that a staff is always more sheltered than the troops from exceptionally trying climatic conditions; yet the average regimental mess outside the actual trenches during active operations does better than many staff messes, for the simple reason that a unit can find cooks and other labour without difficulty and that a junior officer can be detailed to give some of his time towards keeping things up to the mark. These things, however, vary in different theatres of war. In France, no doubt, staffs have had luxurious accommodation and, as the saying is, have done themselves well; but I can vouch for the fact that in other theatres of war a unit in the field often "did" itself better than many of the staff messes under canvas. Yet, even when this is said, it does not alter the fact that in war a staff officer has the more comfortable existence: it cannot be helped and he will not deny it. All he can say is that staff work is valuable and that a staff officer can only do the job to which he is put.

The complaint that staff officers secure all good appointments and commands, if ever true, is so no longer. During the last phases of the war, command of a unit was an indispensable preliminary to command of a brigade, for staff and regimental officers alike. In fact, there were counter-complaints among staff officers that they were prevented from returning to regimental duty and certainty of promotion. That the staff officer was unduly favoured in the matter of leave I do not believe, for I have seen figures given by the army in France which disproved any such assertion. The staff officer is harder to replace temporarily than the regimental officer, so that he can only take leave when he can be spared without detriment to the work. For this very reason, the higher the grade of a staff officer, the more intermittent and precarious must his leave become. It was, however, true that a regimental officer took longer to get his leave approved than a staff officer, and that some commanding officers made things very difficult for their subordinates.

With regard to rewards and decorations, I believe the staff officer has had undue advantage, in spite of every effort made in later stages of the war to rectify previous unfairness. During the war few staff officers who have done at all well in an expeditionary force have gone without some decoration, British or foreign, and it is certainly true that many gallant deeds and much good service by regimental officers have gone unrecognized. A great deal of the harm in the distribution of rewards was done in the earlier stages of the war, when the immediate entourage of a supreme commander was certain of recognition, while the systematic sifting of recommendations sent in from lower formations was not so common a practice. Since that time the distribution of decorations has been put on a perfectly fair basis, and the recent restriction of the award of the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross to those officers who have distinguished themselves by gallant conduct in the field have made the privileges of the regimental officer secure. So long as it is common knowledge that gallantry brings its own particular and immediate reward, and that an equitable distribution is made of foreign decorations on a numerical basis, in which a staff has no advantage over a unit, then there is no ground for complaint. During the last year of the war this has certainly been the case, and it is only regrettable that the unfairness which undoubtedly existed in the earlier stages cannot be undone. The distribution of honours and decorations is only another matter in which good and far-seeing staff work is absolutely necessary, for discontent on this score seriously affects the harmony of a whole force.

Another legitimate grievance of the regimental officer has been that, while he ran far greater risk, he earned much less pay than the staff officer of the same average rank and length of service. This is freely admitted by all soldiers and will, I hear, be soon remedied when the new scales of pay for the Regular Army are formulated. It was, of course, natural during peace-time that officers should be induced to study their profession seriously by the prospect of financial advantages. In war the circumstances were altered. The higher rates of pay remained, but a large number of staff appointments came to be filled by Regular and temporary officers who had never been students at the Staff College. Also, under war conditions the balance of amenity, previously on the side of the regimental officer, went over to the side of the staff officer. It therefore became something of an anomaly that, for instance, a lieutenant-colonel commanding a battalion should be paid less than a G.S.O. 1st grade. This grievance will have to be removed. If monetary inducements are needed in peace time to make young officers spend their afternoons in study and face the prospect of leaving the happy home of their own regiments, let these inducements be given in the form of allowances, or in the form of a permanent annual sum to be paid to all officers who have passed the Staff College, whether they are serving in staff appointments or not. In time of war the basic rate of pay for all officers should be equal and adequate. The problem is not an easy one to solve, for the wife and family of married officers obtrude themselves as obstacles to sudden changes in rate of pay, but in the new provisions for officers' pay it is bound to be taken into account.

As regards dress, I am inclined to question whether the scarlet cap-band and patches and the field officer's golden oak-leaves are not too glaring a distinction. If fine feathers make fine birds, it may be asked whether in time of war the staff officer's finery may not seem to claim an unjustifiable superiority in its wearer over the less gorgeous. For the purpose of quick recognition plain distinction is necessary; but since in war the brassard serves this purpose in so many cases, the "brass" hat and red tabs, which are dangerous anywhere near the enemy, seem unnecessary. Some less assuming collar-patch, like the thunderbolt of the French staff officer, and possibly a thin coloured stripe on the breeches, would be a sufficient addition to a staff officer's dress, and would remove that uncomfortable impression of gold and scarlet of which the good staff officer is rather painfully conscious. He feels that it requires great tact to draw attention from the rather pretentious bravery of his costume.

These and other details will, no doubt, be attended to by the Army, which at this moment is reviewing in the light of recent experience its whole staff administration and the manuals which embody it. With possible reforms in matters of detail, with new developments in internal co-ordination, which may be the outcome of this review, it is outside the province of a discursive and general paper to deal. But one thing may be stated as absolutely certain. Notwithstanding the cries of the ignorant and the jealous, and in spite of men or women who take a malicious joy, under pretext of championing the cause of the less distinguished majority, in denigrating the holders of responsible positions—be they Civil Servants or staff officers—the British Army will have no more need to make fundamental reforms in its staff organization than in its theory of war. Both have stood the test of war triumphantly, as all soldiers who are in a position to know agree. The military doctrine, as laid down in *Field Service Regulations*, Part I, has proved unimpeachable in its general lines; the administration, it is not too much to say, has excelled that of all other armies.

It may possibly be well if the staff loses some of its external gilding, and if still more care is taken to avoid unnecessary anomalies between the lots of the staff and the regimental officer. But the staff may be justly proud that its inner light has shone so brightly before men of understanding, both its own countrymen and those of other nations. To live with the members of a harmonious staff, bearing cheerfully one another's burdens, with no thought but to "play for the side," conferring amicably, debating courteously, working unsparingly in the interest of the force, is a great education. The talent of British gentlemen for close co-operation is unlimited. No man who has borne even a humble part in such happily co-ordinated effort could fail to be strengthened for the remainder of his life by such an experience. Humanity is frail, and perfection is not continuous. A jarring personality, a selfish mind, may poison the whole; but there have been many times, as many will bear witness, when the work of a staff has exemplified as brightly and signally as any fighting unit, the high ideal of brotherhood in arms.

ORLO WILLIAMS

THE
REAL MEANING OF NATIONALIZATION*

THE industrial and political problems with which we have to deal are so many and so complicated that it is sometimes difficult to see the wood for the trees.

The cry of Nationalization has suddenly been raised as a panacea for all the evils from which we are suffering. It is important that the public should realize what are the forces behind this movement and what its aims really are.

First and foremost is the force of Syndicalism, represented by many of those who control the Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers, and also by certain other Labour leaders. The Syndicalists, as was shown by the recent Southport Conference, have committed themselves to the policy of Direct Action, with a view to achieving the same aims as those of the Bolsheviks in Russia. Like Russian Bolshevism, Syndicalism is anti-national. Its leaders have utilized the disorganization caused by the war to foment revolution, to organize Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, and to preach treason and sedition.

Here, if you will forgive me, I will digress for one moment to deal with a complaint made by the President of the Miners' Federation at Keswick, that I had treated him unfairly in saying in the House of Lords that he had fomented revolution and preached sedition, and in adding that it was inconsistent with the dignity and honour of this country to make any bargain with him. I have been reproved by at least one organ of the Press for saying this, and have been told that I am increasing the bad feeling between masters and men.

Now, I should like to make it quite clear that I am entirely unconcerned in the disputes between masters and men. I am not a colliery-owner and do not employ a single miner, and so far from taking the side of the owners against the workers, I believe the former are by no means free from blame. I have every respect and sympathy for the miners, all the more as they are being led into a course which must entail ruin for themselves and disaster for their country. Mr. Smillie says that I am defending my own interests as a mineral owner. I can assure him that if I was, I should cheerfully acquiesce in Nationalization at once, as the most likely means of obtaining adequate compensation for my property. I bear him no grudge for suggesting that I am actuated by low motives although I make no such charge against him. I am indeed most anxious to avoid creating any impression that there is a personal quarrel between Mr. Smillie and myself. On the contrary, on the only occasion when I met him, at the Coal Commission, we had a most amicable conversation about landownership and housing, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging the courtesy which he, in marked distinction to some of his colleagues, displayed on that occasion. But Mr. Smillie will remember that I told him then that I knew perfectly well that his real designs were not what they appeared to be on the surface, that he was working for revolution, and that I was going to spare no effort to frustrate those designs. Now, as Mr. Smillie thinks that I cast aspersions on his honour by my remarks in the House of Lords, I take this opportunity of saying that I believe him to be a perfectly honourable man, whose word is as good as his bond, but that does not alter the fact that he is a dangerous revolutionary, who has been and is now fomenting revolution and sedition, and it is utterly inconsistent with the dignity of any self-respecting Government to have any dealings with him whatsoever. He wants to know my reasons for saying this. I have given them before, and Mr. Smillie has not disputed their truth, but I will give them again. At the present time he is trying to bring about a general strike in order to paralyse industry and thus force the Government to accept the Nationalization of the Coal Industry, entirely regardless of the wishes of the majority of the people of this country. In other words, it is an endeavour by force to substitute the will of a small minority of the inhabitants of this country for the will of the majority. But, worse than that—he advocates the adoption of the same course of action for the attainment of political ends, such as the abolition of compulsory service, etc. He knows perfectly well that this can have one result only, the destruction of all Constitutional Government in this country. Such conduct is revolutionary, seditious, and disloyal. But there is even worse than that. During the recent war, in the crisis of this country's fate, in the hour of her greatest danger, he utilized her difficulties to foment revolution and preach sedition, in that—

---

* An Address to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, July 24, 1919.

(1) He did his utmost, a few days before the war, to oppose our entering into the war, and stated that he hoped it would be possible by a general strike all over Europe to stop the war.

(2) After the outbreak of the Russian Revolution he expressed the hope that a similar revolution would follow in all other countries, including this.

(3) He advocated the forcing of the Government to comply with Labour demands, if necessary by doing what the Russian people had done.

(4) He presided at the Leeds Conference on June 3, 1917, when an endeavour was made to organize Workers' and Soldiers' Councils. The real aims of these bodies were clearly indicated in the *Call* and the *Herald*, as being intended to unite the rank and file of the workers and soldiers in a revolutionary movement to end the war and to overthrow the existing social order.

(5) He advocated on several occasions the forcing of a premature peace by Labour agitation. At the above-mentioned Leeds Conference he said that it was well agreed that the Allies could not knock out the Central Powers.

(6) He advocated the formation of a responsible and authoritative body in this country *comparable to the All-Russian Soviet.*

(7) He advocated open revolution by stating that he would urge an audience of working men to " utterly refuse to recognize the Coalition Government and at once form the Soviet Workers' Government."

(8) He advocated open rebellion by stating that he hoped that if three hundred Labour Members were returned to Parliament they would invite the Sinn Feiners to come over and help them.

And now I ask Mr. Smillie does he really pretend that these utterances are not revolutionary, seditious, and disloyal ? Does he really pretend that the man who utters them, however honourable or sincere he may be, is entitled to the trust and confidence of his countrymen, or that it is fitting that the Government should enter into any bargain with him ?

" Sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion." I wonder if it has ever occurred to Mr. Smillie that when English men and women go to church on Sunday and pray that they may be preserved from these evils, it is the things which he has been and is saying and doing that they mean when they use those words, and that it is he above all others whom they have in their minds when they say them. I hope that it gives him encouragement in the course which he is pursuing, I hope it enables him to sleep the sounder at night, to feel that in this great crisis the prayer is going up from millions that this country may be preserved from him and such as him.

I am perfectly aware that Labour leaders are not accustomed to be addressed in this manner. But he should remember that the times have changed. He is not dealing now with a government or with a political Party, but with the British Nation. There is not one standard for a Labour leader and another for you and me. If you and I had done these things, we should not ask our fellow-countrymen to trust us. Why should he ? And now I put it to him as an honourable man, that, having done these things, there is only one course open to him. It is to admit the error of his ways, to urge in mitigation of the just condemnation of his countrymen (as I believe he is entitled to do) that they were due in large measure to muddle-headedness and not to original sin, and to ask forgiveness of his country for the way he has treated her in her hour of need, to drop all this revolutionary nonsense, and to use his great influence with the miners to assist the Government in reorganizing the industry on lines of co-operation and fellowship, instead of on hatred and class war. He is utterly unfitted to lead a revolution. He is neither clever enough nor bad enough to play the rôle of a Lenin or a Trotsky. Let him draw back before it is too late, become a peaceable law-abiding subject of His Majesty, and devote himself to the great work of reconstruction, for which his knowledge of the mining industry, his character and determination so admirably fit him.

And now to return to what I was saying about Syndicalism. Like Russian Bolshevism, again, it is not only anti-national, but anti-Christian. It not only disregards every principle of right and wrong, but is based solely on class war. This is called by the President of the Miners' Federation "the divine gospel of discontent," which consists in the exploiting of every grievance, real and imaginary, and in stirring up the most relentless and implacable hostility between employer and employee, with the object of ruining all private enterprise and, when this result is achieved, of assuming control by the workers themselves of the industries they have ruined. In the words of one of the Executive of the Miners' Federation, "the workers will never cease to agitate until they get complete control."

Like Russian Bolshevism, again, it disregards entirely the welfare of individual workers. Nothing, for instance, has been done by the miners' leaders, as has been done in other industries, to improve the housing conditions in the mining districts. Although they endeavoured at the Coal Commission to excite the pity of the public on this account, it is they who are mainly responsible for the deplorable housing conditions which undoubtedly exist in some districts. They have spent their lives in depreciating the value of housing property, which is one of the principal investments of the working man; and in inducing the miner to squander his savings in useless strikes; and the efforts of landowners and others to initiate schemes by which working men could become the owners of their own houses has met with no encouragement. The reason is obvious: you cannot spread the divine gospel of discontent and at the same time create contentment. You cannot improve the working man's lot and yet rely on labour unrest as a weapon for the achievement of political objects.

In the furtherance of these aims the end is apparently held to justify the means. In spite of the most solemn assurances that their sole object was to obtain the reform of the coal industry by constitutional means, their real objects were disclosed, not only by a scheme which they introduced, involving the confiscation of property, the overthrow of Constitutional government, and the vesting of supreme control of the industry in their own hands, but long before the Commission was over, they were actually advocating a general strike for purely political purposes, nominally designed to assist the Russian Bolsheviks, whom they hail as comrades, but aimed in reality at the destruction of all government in this country.

The reason, no doubt, why the wolf has thus discarded the sheep's clothing is that it is no longer possible to maintain the farce. Instead of Constitutional action, the President of the Miners' Federation now announces his intention of sweeping away every obstacle in his path. He is going—so he tells us—to sweep away first the Liberal Party, then the Tory Party, and then the House of Lords. These orations resemble nothing so much as the Kaiser's harangues to his troops, and they serve as a useful reminder that, having fought and defeated Prussianism abroad, we must now fight and defeat Prussianism at home. British Junkerdom has the same characteristics as that of Prussia. It places the same reliance on brute force and trickery, and it is similarly nourished on hatred. The resemblance is exact in every particular, even down to a " Song of Hate " in the form of a wretched doggerel termed " The International," the same even down to a complete lack of the smallest sense of humour which is found nowhere else except in Germany.

If Syndicalism represents the main force behind Nationalization, Socialism represents the brains behind the movement. The more violent Socialists, the disciples of Karl Marx, have much in common with the Syndicalists in being exponents of the class war ; but the so-called Intellectuals, such as the members of the Fabian Society, who are at present much to the fore, and who have taken a conspicuous part in the Coal Commission, believe in the expropriation of all capital and the nationalization of all industry by what they call constitutional means. All property and industry having been vested in the State, a vast bureaucracy is to be set up, in which the Fabian Society itself will exercise paramount influence. Their ideals represent another form of Prussianism equally repellent to the Englishman. The State is to dominate and regulate every detail of the lives of its citizens. Its worship is carried to such lengths by this school of thought that their whole theory really depends, not on economic principles, but on the belief that so efficient and high-minded will be its administration that it will be served with a zeal and devotion which will enable it to make bricks without straw. To judge by the absurd language used, the State will take the place of religion, morality, and the individual conscience, and, having superseded all these checks on the depravity of mankind, it will reform and "spiritualize" human nature (a phrase actually used) in the shape of the vast armies of Civil Servants whom it will control.

The alliance between these theorists and the Syndicalists is a new development—they hate one another intensely, for a variety of reasons. The working man instinctively distrusts them. In the first place, the spectacle of a number of by no means impecunious bureaucrats attacking the rights of property is hardly calculated to inspire enthusiasm in the breast of the manual labourer; and, in the second place, they have a most irritating habit of patronizing him. This unfortunate habit was shown by an incident during the Coal Commission, when one of the three members of the Fabian Society took a witness severely to task for speaking of an employee as "Thompson," instead of "Mr." Thompson. The not unnatural conclusion of the working man is that he is being toadied in a somewhat obvious fashion, that they are using him for their own purposes, and that they are not nearly so anxious to do him any good as they are to further their own political ends. It is often said that the greatest tragedy in human life is to be misunderstood by those whom you desire to benefit; but it is an even greater tragedy to be thoroughly understood by those whom you wish to utilize in order to enforce your own theories.

The alliance between the Socialists and the Syndicalists on the Coal Commission is a little piece of humbug, which it is desirable the public should understand. Nobody has yet been able to explain satisfactorily why the three members of the Fabian Society were appointed as Commissioners. They know nothing about the coal industry; indeed, Mr. Sidney Webb, with surprising candour, stated in his evidence that it was no disadvantage to be unacquainted with its details, since those who were actually engaged in it displayed a lamentable lack of imagination. He has certainly supplied any lack there may have been in that respect. It was stated when they were first appointed that they were "welcome to the miners' leaders," and no doubt that was the sole reason for their selection. It is not the least of the serious charges which can be brought against the Government in connexion with the Commission that they have by this course lent themselves to the deception of the public, for deception it is. The Fabian Society neither knows nor cares anything about coal; their sole object is to achieve certain political aims and ideals, and the nationalization of coal is merely a step towards the attainment of those aims. The reason they have allied themselves with the Syndicalists is that both are determined to put an end to private enterprise; there their common purpose ends; but for that definite and limited object they are allied. The alliance serves both parties; it confers respectability on the Syndicalists to be associated with a body which has not yet repudiated every principle of right and wrong, and which possesses remarkable skill in the exposition of economic fallacies; while, on the other hand, it enables the Fabians to pose as the friends of the working man. The humour of the business lies in the fact that the Fabians hoped to be the dominant element on the Commission, and to use Mr. Smillie for their own purposes, instead of which it is Mr. Smillie who has used them for his, and, by signing a joint Report with the miners' representatives, they have given the latter a blank cheque, which they are now using as an argument for Direct Action unless their demands are granted. Now direct action is a thing which, above all others, these Fabian gentlemen fear and detest, and there are, in consequence, probably few people in this country who are more dissatisfied with the results of the Coal Commission or more disquieted as to its ultimate effects than these three Fabians.

But the point which I wish to impress upon you is that the real meaning of the Report signed by half of the members of the Commission purporting to be in favour of the nationalization of coal is not a verdict in favour of the nationalization of that industry at all, it is a prejudged verdict in favour of the abolition of all private enterprise and private property, for the furtherance of the political aims of Syndicalists and Socialists.

One of the ulterior motives which the Fabians have in view is clearly shown in the violent attack made by one member of the Commission, Sir Leo Money, on the ownership of minerals. He says this form of ownership is harmful and anti-social, since the person who has invested his money in such property renders no service to the community in return for the income he derives from it. This argument would be more impressive if the Fabians could inform us what service they render to the community in return for the income they derive from their investments. But his real object in attacking this form of property is simply to serve as a lever for an attack on all private property; very much the same argument, indeed, has been applied by Labour Members of Parliament in regard to shareholders of railways. They are in the way of State-ownership of the railways, and must, therefore, be prepared to go to the wall. It is evident that once the principle is established that you must render a service to the community by your investments, the Socialists will have an excellent excuse for expropriating any form of property which happens to be in the way of the realization of their theories. It is all very simple and, from the Socialist point of view, very delightful, and so long as the public fully understands the real reason for their simulated indignation against certain forms of property, no great harm is done.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced by these gentlemen has been in persuading the public that workmen and officials will work equally hard for the State as for the private employer. Now this is a matter which, of course, affects the whole theory of nationalization, not only of coal, but of other industries such as the transport system, which is threatened with the same danger. On this point Lord Haldane was called to give evidence, in the hope that he would throw some light on the problem. By way of doing so, he bore witness to the zeal for public service shown by the officers of the Army with whom he had associated when he had been Minister of War. If Army officers could work for the State, why could not miners and mine officials do so too? I wonder if we may be allowed to press this analogy a little farther, for it suggests interesting comparisons. Will political control of our mines provide us with the same striking results as political control of the Army in pre-war days? Will the same care, forethought, and intelligent anticipation as was displayed in preparing for war with Germany be displayed in the development of the coal industry? Might I suggest that this is another subject which the facile pens of Sir Leo Money and Mr. Sidney Webb might usefully elaborate for the encouragement of the public.

This endeavour to justify State control of industry by pointing to the results of State-control of the Army and Navy is, of all arguments, the most extraordinary. Why, it is notorious that the advice of the military and naval expert has seldom or never prevailed where it has come in conflict with political exigencies, and that if any private enterprise had been run with as little foresight as the fighting services it would have been bankrupt in a week. Read Lord Jellicoe's description of the state of our naval bases on the east coast at the beginning of this war. Do you suppose that if our shipping industry had been conducted with as little foresight this country would not long ago have been reduced to the position of a third-rate Power? What do you suppose would have been the fate of this great port of Liverpool had it displayed as little foresight in the development of its dock accommodation as has been displayed by the Admiralty under political control in providing for the needs of the British Navy?

Lord Haldane admits that our present Civil Service is totally unfitted to control the mining industry, but suggests that in the three years which are to elapse before Nationalization comes into complete effect under the Sankey scheme, a wholly new order of State officials can be formed and trained, who will presumably be what Mr. Sidney Webb calls "spiritualized." Can anything more ridiculous be conceived? Here you have a vast and successful industry built up by men who have devoted their lives to studying it in all its aspects, and they are to be superseded in three years' time by a number of officials whose sole justification is that they will be "spiritualized" by the fact of being in a Government Department and will be welcome to the miners because they will derive no direct profit from the industry.

But Mr. Smillie has not the smallest intention of having any truck with these "spiritualized" gentlemen.

After all, spiritualized or unspiritualized, they remain bureaucrats, and he states emphatically that the miners will not submit to bureaucratic administration. Indeed, so determined is he to avoid any such possibility that he expressly repudiates the only provision in the Sankey Report which could be of the slightest use—namely, that workmen shall refrain from striking until a dispute has been submitted to the Mining Council, while he also protests strongly that that Council should not be composed mainly of "spiritualized" officials as Mr. Justice Sankey recommends, but of unspiritualized miners.

But will Mr. Sidney Webb tell us how these officials are to become "spiritualized"? The reason why such a high standard prevails in the Army and Navy is because these services have infinitely higher standards, traditions, and ideals than have the majority of politicians, and because, speaking generally, these officers are not dependent on political influence for their promotion. But this will not be the case with your new order of officials. They will be entirely dependent on politicians, and you must, therefore, begin by spiritualizing Government Departments and politicians and politics in general.

Does Lord Haldane really think that that Augean stable can be cleaned out in three years?

Anything more unspiritual than they are at present can hardly be imagined. Why, it would take a century at least to instil into Government officials the elementary standards of honesty, duty, and efficiency observed in private business. Yet you are deliberately going to abolish the latter standard in order to substitute the former!

And now we come to the next group which is supporting Nationalization—the Parliamentary Labour Party. They advocate Nationalization mainly because one of their fixed notions is that Capital gets too large a share of profit while Labour gets too little, and State-ownership appears to them to be a means of preventing wealth going into the pockets of the capitalist and of bringing about a more equal distribution of wealth.

They also look forward to a time when a Labour Government will be in power, and the bureaucratic system which is being set up will in that event give them immense power in achieving the Socialistic aims they have in view. They have, however, no clear idea of how to achieve these aims—no knowledge of economic principles and no real leaders.

And last, but not least, comes the immense army of officials who have been created since the war and who see in Nationalization merely an extension *ad infinitum* of Government jobs for themselves and their friends. They possess immense political influence and they are using it for all they are worth.

Such are the forces behind Nationalization and such are their several aims. They are being powerfully assisted by the policy—or lack of policy—of the Government. At the last election the vast majority of the electorate voted for a Coalition Government which would drop Party differences and combine for the great task of Reconstruction. If there was one desire above all others which the electors had in view as a first step towards this goal, it was the removal of State control, which was universally recognized to be synonymous with extravagance, wastefulness, and inefficiency. In spite of all these promises and hopes, we find ourselves, only seven months after the election, faced with the general stagnation of industry; the price of living still rising; a Bill which has passed the House of Commons for the State control of all forms of transport; other Bills passed or passing for the State control of building and electricity; enormous quantities of land going out of cultivation, in spite of agricultural subsidies; the nationalization of the coal industry threatened as the only means of averting a general strike; and the most vital industries of the country being run at a loss of something like two hundred millions a year.

It is a pleasant picture, and Syndicalists and Socialists have every reason to be satisfied with it; the collapse of private enterprise has always been their goal and we are within measurable distance of its attainment at this moment. Oddly enough, however, they do not seem to be quite so pleased with it as one might expect. The breakdown in the coal industry actually appears to perturb the Executive of the Miners' Federation in no slight degree. The truth is that the carrying out of their principles entails the exploiting of the vast majority of the nation by a very small proportion of its citizens, and the nearer they get to this prospect the less they like it.

As a remarkable example of the Government's lack of policy, take the Ways and Communications Bill. The argument appears to be this: Because State control during the war, combined with Labour agitation and the continual forcing up of wages, have disorganized the railways so that they cannot be run by private enterprise, therefore the State should not only continue to control them, but also roads, harbours, and canals as well. If all these public services are co-ordinated, so we are told, they can be made to pay. But how, nobody will tell us. You might have supposed that before asking the country to consent to this scheme, a concrete plan would have been laid before it, showing by facts and figures how it could be economically successful. But no, we are specially told that the Minister has no plan at all. All he has is a mysterious feeling that if you will hand over the whole business to him he will make it a success, and if you will give him a blank cheque, which he will fill up for as many millions as he requires, you need think no more about it for another two years, and when that is over he will come and tell you how the business is working, and if it is not a success, you will have to try some other experiment. Imagine such a principle being applied in any private undertaking! As to the proposal to reconsider the matter in two years' time, this is, of course, nonsense. Once you have riveted the fetters of State control on your transport system, you will have to carry them always. If this Bill goes through in its present form, it spells the nationalization of those industries, which can only be the prelude to the nationalization of everything.

The policy of drift is again shown by the Coal Commission. It was formed simply and solely to tide over a difficulty; its only effect has been to land us in difficulties far worse than the original one. It is a common delusion of politicians that there is a way round every difficulty. There is not. Some have to be faced with courage and resolution. So demoralizing is this absence of all principle, this clutching at straws, that it permeates everything. Take the final Report of Mr. Justice Sankey, to which I have already referred. It may be remembered that in his first Report of March 20 he condemned the present system of working the coal industry in one short fortnight, and stated that some other scheme must be substituted for it. Now, you would have thought that before condemning a system you would have discovered what was wrong with it and who was to blame; but he expressly states in his second Report that he is not able to express any opinion on this subject. He has, however, made a valuable discovery. The alarming fall in output has, he says, convinced him that at present every one is not doing his best. Whoever supposed they were? If a miner can earn between 13s. and 14s. a day by merely going down a pit and doing little or no work when he gets there, he is not likely either to work very hard or to work more than four days in the week. This is extremely simple; it is only human nature; it does not involve a very serious reflection on the miner; probably you and I would do the same in his place. Mr. Justice Sankey then goes on to say: "I am not able to say whether the fact that every one is not doing his best is the fault of the management or of the workers or both. The cause must be investigated." Quite so; but we thought that Sir John Sankey had been appointed to investigate the cause. But if he wishes to know the causes, they are that, human nature being what it is, the majority of men will not do more work than is absolutely necessary; and that those men who have a very high sense of duty or who are ambitious, and who would like to work hard, receive no encouragement to do so. The divine gospel of discontent and the doctrine of the limitation of production form a very effective bar to increased output.

It now remains to consider why this country finds itself in this embarrassing and dangerous situation. It lies, I think, mainly in the deplorable absence of any principle in the policy of the Government towards Labour during the past twelve years. From the passing of the Trade Disputes Act in 1906 to the appointment of the Coal Commission, that policy has consisted in the buying of votes by legislative measures, accompanied by exaggerated promises, appeals to false sentiment, and by attacks on certain forms of property, designed to enlist the support of Labour, not by the redressing of their just grievances and the removal of the root causes of labour unrest, but by appealing to the baser instincts of humanity. Labour has seen through this policy, which has merely inspired contempt for the Government and has led to the just conclusion that, as it was actuated by no principle, it could be induced to surrender to threats and agitation, which are a far more effective means of obtaining what you desire than that of promising or withholding political support. Is it any wonder that the working man has lost all faith in our rulers and turned in despair to leaders like Mr. Smillie and Mr. Williams? They at least are far more successful in satisfying their immediate demands. What are Old Age Pensions or Insurance Acts, what is 9d. for 4d., compared with the extra wage which Mr. Smillie has extorted from the Government? What success has the class-war preached from Whitehall compared with the divine gospel of discontent preached by the so-called leaders of Labour? We have sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind. We have flattered the working man for so long that we dare not now tell him the truth. We have paltered with treason and played with sedition so long that we dare not call those things by their proper names. Imagine what the situation might be now in the labour world had half the energy, half the money, and half the oratory devoted to securing votes or the sale of honours or the creation of unnecessary Government officials been spent on discovering the real reasons for labour unrest, and in exposing the economic fallacies and pernicious doctrines which are its primary causes.

We are now faced with precisely the same position in regard to Labour as that with which we were faced before this war in regard to Germany. We are told by the Government—as we were told then—that it is fatal to tell the truth, because to do so will only be to precipitate the crisis. If we were to warn the country of its danger, Germany, so they said, would declare war. If we are to warn the country of its danger now; if we are to warn the miners and the railwaymen and the transport workers of all the disastrous consequences into which their leaders are trying to hurry them, the dangers we most wish to avert will only be precipitated. If this be true, then this country is lost. But is it true? Do not let us have any illusions about the real issues which are at stake in this question of Nationalization. That movement is based on the supposition that the interests of Capital and Labour are irreconcilable; that so impossible is the position between these warring interests that the State must, at whatever risk, take over the industries. It is a great effort on the part of the internal enemies of this country to utilize our difficulties to disunite and divide us; to break up that new-found solidarity which is the one great benefit conferred on us by the war. Those who are behind it are trying to break up the unity of Labour as well as the unity of the nation. Some of them are trying to capture the trades unions in the interests of "direct action" for political ends; while others are trying to break up the trades union movement altogether because they realize that the great mass of labour represented by trades unionism is opposed to anarchy and the overthrow of existing institutions.

And in face of this situation the Government tell us that "they have an open mind." The country is looking to them to-day to give a lead, and instead they give them "an open mind." The children are asking for bread and are given a stone. No one will deny that their position is very difficult, even dangerous; but the longer they hesitate, the more dangerous it will become. Even the sober element in Labour, despairing of any hope from the Government, is tending to drift more and more towards the Bolsheviks, who at least have a policy and have acquired that influence which comes from appealing to the worst elements in human nature. The time has come to discover whether some of those who purport to be leaders of Labour are or are not its real leaders. The only reason that the Government is not trusted is because it has shown that it can be squeezed on any occasion. If it shows now that it cannot be squeezed, that it believes in firm government, that it will adhere to its principles regardless of any consequences, that it will have no dealings with individuals who are the enemies of society and the enemies of the nation;

and if it appeals in this crisis to the patriotism of the country in general and of Labour in particular, it will receive the most astonishing response from the great mass of Englishmen. But if this policy is to be successful, there is no time to be lost.

It is essential that the Government should at once declare that it is utterly opposed to Nationalization in any form of any industry until this policy has been submitted to the country at a General Election, that it will remove State control as far as possible from industry as the sole means of restoring confidence and reviving trade and commerce, that the only course for the removal of labour unrest is co-operation on the lines of the recent Industrial Conference, and that all its resources and good offices will be devoted to securing that object.

As the Government admit they have no policy in regard to the present crisis in the coal industry, perhaps they will not think it very presumptuous to offer one or two suggestions. One thing is certain. Further surrenders on the lines of last March must entail disaster. Why not issue a statement to the country in general and to the miners in particular showing exactly what the real intentions of the Executive of the Miners' Federation are, that those intentions mean revolution and anarchy, and that for the miners to strike in order to enforce those aims is inconsistent with their character as loyal citizens. Further, that behind all this agitation there are Bolshevik agents who are trying to exploit the miners for their own ends, and Bolshevik money, and that the purpose of these people is to reduce this country to the level of Russia. That this being the case, danger of serious disorder threatens the country in the event of a general strike, that the Government is determined to maintain law and order at all costs; that it therefore appeals in this crisis to all patriotic citizens in general, and to the miners in particular, to support it in doing so. That, by way of showing its determination to enforce this policy, it invites all citizens to enrol themselves in a Civic Guard for the preservation of order in case of emergency, and that it will show its supreme confidence in the loyalty and patriotism of the miners by inviting them to enrol first and giving them the place of honour in this National Citizen Force. Their answer will, I believe, be precisely the same answer as they gave when the Government asked them to enrol to fight another enemy no less dangerous to the security of their country. Until some such action as this is taken there can be no assurance that the fruits of the victory we have just won will not be bartered for a vain illusion or sacrificed to the clamour of treason. Not till then can we set forth on the path of Reconstruction with confidence in the Government and faith in the future of our country.

NORTHUMBERLAND

"CLARISSA HARLOWE"

THE curious will find in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, a tablet with the following inscription: "He enlarged the knowledge of human nature and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." It is signed all over. As Macaulay said on another occasion, "Sam Johnson or the devil." Although we remember a famous refusal to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English epitaph, St. Bride's, Fleet Street, is not Westminster Abbey, nor is Richardson, Goldsmith. Still, no one had a better right than Johnson to provide his friend's epitaph. The sturdy lexicographer's downright admiration for Richardson's novels is one of those stimulating surprises which make his character of such unceasing interest. We can only wonder with Boswell to learn that by comparison Fielding was "a blockhead" and "a barren rascal," and that there is "more knowledge of the heart in one Letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*." But Johnson was always a moralist. In his heart he probably thought with Colonel Newcome, that Tom Jones was rather a low fellow: and though Richardson made the passions move, in his chaste pages Virtue always kept a firm eye on them. In the preface to *Clarissa Harlowe*, Richardson is at pains to point this out:

> But it will be proper to observe, for the sake of such as may apprehend hurt to the morals of youth from the more freely written letters, that the gentlemen, though professed libertines as to the female sex and making it one of their wicked maxims to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either infidels or scoffers.

Seduction tempered by orthodoxy is, it would seem, their lover's creed. And the author points out with pride:

> On the contrary, it will be found in the progress of the work that they may often make such reflections upon each other, and each upon himself and his own actions, as reasonable beings might make who disbelieve not a future state of rewards and punishments and who one day propose to reform.

And one of whom, he points out with triumph, is "actually reforming."

Lovelace himself makes an even more singular plea for consideration. He urges in extenuation in a letter to his friend Mr. Belford that he always wears mourning for his discarded victims when they die. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's excuse for his pious friend Mr. Campbell, who in spite of his piety had not been inside a church for many years, "but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat: this shows he has good principles." Belford, indeed, becomes most edifying as the book progresses—not that this implies any sudden conversion—and is chosen in the end by Clarissa to act as her executor. Under his influence even Lovelace's camp-followers, Mowbray and Tourville, reconsider their position and prepare for an old age of comparative decorum, after taking the precaution to make it tolerable by sinking what remained to them of fortune in annuities—a delightful incident showing the man of business was not altogether lost in the moralist. It is one of those curious touches of realism by which Richardson's books remain alive. Richardson was a mixture, more usual than is often thought, of the bourgeois and the artist. He always preferred to reconcile God and Mammon if he could. In his books every one has plenty of money and lives very well; rank is duly recognized. Virtue, in spite of its commanding force, is none the worse for being suitably rewarded.

A nicer Pamela might not have been so grateful to a master for marriage who through a good many volumes had obviously and very nearly effectively sought her companionship on less exacting terms. But to the author the position presents no difficulty. Pamela was a good girl; she had brought off a good thing and there was an end of it; not merely lucky herself, she serves to show the way to others in like case. Such may be the rewards for virtue in housemaids. But from Pamela to Clarissa was a giant's stride. The artist soul had burst its bourgeois bonds; the writer of *Pamela* was quite capable of ending Miss Harlowe's story happily, to the Richardson of the later work such a blunder was impossible.

Every live author has his following, often devout in inverse ratio to their numerical strength. People have been found, apparently of sound judgment, who claim to like *John Inglesant*. Do or could people read Richardson nowadays? The modern writers of passion—drawn in general, it is said, from the ranks of decayed governesses—presumably supply a considerable demand, but then they do not worry much about virtue; their passions are given a freer hand. Still, no writer has more enthusiastic or devoted admirers than Mr. Henry James, and of his later works, as of Richardson's, it might be said:

> If you were to read him for the story your impatience would be so much fretted you would hang yourself. You must read him for his sentiment and consider the story as only giving occasion for the sentiment.

There is a curious resemblance between the two. One would like to know what that fastidious genius thought of his predecessor's work. The meticulous examination of Clarissa's motives in leaving home and her general conduct in the face of Lovelace's behaviour are exactly in the Henry James manner. It may weary you or may not; many find Henry James's works difficult, but the appeal is direct to any student of human nature, and in the end with both you realize finality: like a great work of art, there is nothing more to be said.

In the three thousand pages of *Clarissa* there is only one *motif* —the attack on Clarissa by Lovelace. Every incident is subordinate to this, and yet you can hardly find a word which has not some direct bearing on the actual crisis. This taking one situation and showing how it affects a certain group of characters brought in touch with it is Henry James's considered method of literary expression. In both, in the scientific sense of the word, the subject is exhausted. The reader is left with the sense of completeness: a problem successfully solved.

One of James's longest novels was devoted to the simple issue of whether a particular lady kept the furniture and appointments of a particular house. *What Maisie Knew* is only a study from the inside of the *ménage à trois*. One wonders he did not employ the letter form more; it would have been exactly suited to that atmosphere of pervading subtlety in which his people move. In one respect the older writer has the advantage. Analytical as his books are, he is never obscure. Mr. James's style is apt to become a series of hints mainly about nothing. At times he seems to be trying to take mental snapshots in a twilight of ideas on plates he has omitted to change.

Clarissa is very long, probably the longest novel in the world. Written in a series of 537 letters, the tragedy fills eight volumes containing three thousand pages odd. The work was originally presented in seven volumes, but the indomitable author, feeling he had not done full justice to his subject, added another. Even that is followed by a conclusion of twenty-two pages and a further postscript of eighteen. The mere headings to the various chapters would make a tolerably long novel, and are composed with a stimulating ingenuity.

> An account of his ipecacuanha plot—Instructs Dorcas how to act—Surprise and terror—Monosyllables and trisyllables to what likened—Politeness lives not in a storm—Proclamation crisis—The lady now, he sees, loves him—Her generous tenderness for him—He has now credit for a new score—Defies Mrs. Townsend.

And again:

> The lady frightened out of her bed by dreadful cries of fire—She awes him into decency—On an extorted promise of forgiveness he leaves her—Repenting, he returns, but finds her door fastened—What a triumph has her sex obtained by her virtue! but how will she see him the next morning, as he has made her promise!—Exults in the puzzle he has given her.

No sensational novelist of the bookstalls could be more provocative. An unscrupulous reader of the book "for the story," instead of hanging himself, might confine his attention to these arresting summaries.

The letter form is defended by the author as being more suited to "instantaneous descriptions and reflections," and also "much more lively and affecting" in representing the style of those writing in the height of a present distress. All his novels were composed in this manner; it certainly adds directness and actuality. For a long narrative the method has the disadvantage of involving a great deal of repetition, as the same incidents are described by the different writers.

In a humorous work like *Humphrey Clinker* this may be an advantage; it gives the author an admirable opportunity for comic effect and development of character by showing how differently the same situation affects the different actors. But in a serious narrative the method becomes undoubtedly tedious. In the one case the humour is helped by the letters; in the other the story develops in spite of them, and develops very slowly. But in those Georgian days the people wanted long novels; there was no hurry. It was a time of long evenings in country houses when there was no bridge and even whist was longer.

Macaulay, one of Richardson's warmest admirers, admits you have to be "infected by *Clarissa*." Then, if the inoculation took all was well. "If you have once thoroughly entered in *Clarissa* and are infected by it, you can't leave it." He gives a specific instance:

> When I was in India I passed one hot season in the hills, and there were the Governor-General and the Secretary of Government and the Commander-in-Chief and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me, and as soon as they began to read the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book, the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears. . . .

The process of infection varies with different constitutions: some will always be immune. It must be confessed that the story, until Clarissa leaves home, seems rather hesitating. Sir Walter Scott was strongly of opinion that the earlier letters should be abridged. It is not until after the escape that Lovelace's letters to Belford become frequent. They undoubtedly relieve the monotony of Clarissa's. Richardson is very ingenious in avoiding the usual pitfall of writers who use the epistolary method. He manages, on the whole, to keep the letters short within the bounds of plausibility. Clarissa's may at times seem unduly long and numerous. An impatient reader may wish she would make up her mind quicker, but then Richardson is not for the impatient.

When the occasion demands it no one can be more terse than Richardson. When Lovelace triumphs his note of savage exultation is terrific: "And now, Belford, I can no further. The affair is over. Clarissa lives and I am your humble servant, R. LOVE-

LACE." That eccentric genius Haydon writes of this letter in his autobiography:

> Except by *Clarissa Harlowe* I was never moved by a work of genius as by *Othello*. I read seventeen hours a day at *Clarissa*, and held the book so long upleaning on my elbows in an armchair that I stopped the circulation and could not move. When Lovelace writes, "Dear Belton, it is all over and Clarissa lives," I got up in a fury and wept like an infant and cursed and d——d Lovelace till exhausted. This is the triumph of genius over the imagination and heart of its readers.

A fine appreciation, if based on an incorrect quotation.

The character of Clarissa is probably the most amazing picture of a real woman in literature. How far her creator understood her is a fascinating problem. It is fairly clear that the Clarissa of her full development is not the heroine he originally intended to draw. She gets out of hand and insists on becoming human. Whether the artist was too much for the bourgeois, or Clarissa was too much for both, is a matter of doubt.

With all the great writers of creative fiction their characters are apt to assume an independent existence and insist on going their own way. Thackeray complains of this more than once. Balzac's characters, to use a vulgarism of the moment, go on anyhow on the least provocation. He makes one of his characters say:

> Janus cri le mythe de la critique et le symbole du génie. Qui de nous pourrait prononcer entre Clarissa et Lovelace, entre Hector et Achille ? Quel est le héros d'Homère qu'elle fut l'intention de Richardson ?

The conventional view of Clarissa is that of the ideal woman, the sport of circumstances, the victim of an unscrupulous villain. This undoubtedly was Richardson's original conception. But from this cold perfection something much more interesting and much more vital evolves. The real tragedy of Clarissa's story is not her betrayal by Lovelace but her dual nature. With her strange sense of family duty and her rigid standard of personal conduct, she had another side. Her very austerity was protective. She was conscious of a smouldering temperament. Physically she is attracted by Lovelace, at first unconsciously, while his character and reputation repel her. She is young, slightly priggish, very emotional, with a tendency to hysteria: intellectually purity itself. Like so many of her kind, she relies unduly on her strength of character to extract herself from dangerous situations. The first step has no fears for her; she feels she can always draw back. She has a pride in putting her principles to the proof. And yet she confided in Miss Howe, in a moment of self-intuition, that "preaching and practising required quite different talents, which when united in the same person made a saint."

Was Clarissa a saint or was she a woman? About the answer there can be no doubt to a real student of her story. She was an instinctive saint betrayed by a temperament. Then comes the more interesting problem: Did Richardson realize this? My own view is, he paid the penalty of a real creation. Clarissa's temperament to him was like Frankenstein's monster; it got out of hand. At times, I fancy, Richardson's feelings must have been rather those of the mother when it sees the ducklings taking to the water. It will be remembered that Lovelace was introduced to the family as a suitor for Arabella. Arabella, described even by the kindly Clarissa as having "a fat, high-fed face," refuses Lovelace, who, much to her chagrin, takes no for an answer and transfers his attentions to the more attractive Clarissa. The brother Harlowe is a bitter enemy. Arabella joins forces with him, poisons the mind of the Harlowe family against Lovelace, and endeavours to force Clarissa into a marriage with the odious Mr. Solmes. How admirably Richardson presents Solmes to us: "His pockets are continually crammed with keys—and if it be wine, he always fetches it himself." What author in so few words ever better depicted a detestable personality? From that moment we are all against him. This plays into Lovelace's hands. Clarissa begins by allowing herself to be drawn into a secret correspondence. She persuades herself that it was in order to restrain his fiery nature from resenting "the indignities he received and were daily offered him." The duel between Lovelace and her brother makes the excuse plausible. Shrewd Anna Howe has a clearer vision and warns her.

> You are pleased to say—and upon your word too!—that your regards (a mighty quaint word for affection) are not so much engaged as some of your friends suppose to another person. How much, my dear? Shall I infer? Some of your friends suppose a great deal. You seem to own a little. . . .
>
> For a beginning Love is acted by a subtle spirit, and oftentimes discovers itself to a bystander when the person possessed (why should I not call it possessed?) knows not it has such a demon; and, further, you say what preferable favour you may have for him to any other person is owing more to the usage he has received and for your sake borne than to any personal consideration. This is generously said; it is in character. But oh, my friend, depend upon it: you are in danger.

She was, but her more dangerous enemy was not Lovelace, but herself. Anna Howe, for all Lovelace's boasts, would have been assailed in vain. Clarissa's assumed sense of virtue led her into risks the nature of which she had not anticipated. In the crisis she hesitates and hardly realizes why. She feels the sport of some impulse foreign, at any rate, to her experience, if not to her nature. The demon is at work. Her dual personality is at war with itself. Can she reconcile precept and practice? Is she the saint of that unique combination? She does not play with fire, but she risks it. She places herself in a false situation which she thinks she has force to meet. She provokes a siege the garrison could have sustained except for treachery from within. If this is the true Clarissa all the difficulties in the book disappear. It explains not merely her beginning, which is intelligible on other grounds, the clandestine correspondence but continuing it. Except upon this basis it is impossible to understand her meeting Lovelace at the gate. She believes she can confront him with security. When she meets him she has no intention of leaving, so she thinks. His device is a very shallow one, yet it turns the scale; and before she quite realizes what she is doing she has gone. How does Lovelace describe it?

> Her emotions were more sweetly feminine after the first moments, for then the fire of her starry eyes began to sink into a less dazzling langour. She trembled: nor knew she how to support the agitations of a heart she had never found so ungovernable.

Then comes the reaction. She admits her rashness, and, as she says, "What moves me more is that he has as great a confidence in my weakness as I had in my own strength." This is the history of their lives. On the one side rashness, founded on principles admirable in themselves but in practice confused and crumbling. Her confident inexperience matched against the tactician of too many victories—the confidence of vicious experience. From that moment her fate is sealed: it is as inevitable as a Greek tragedy.

The incidents at Mrs. Sinclair's house have often been criticized as impossible. How, it is asked, was Lovelace able to keep in imprisonment a young lady of Clarissa's condition in the world? The answer is very simple. Clarissa chose her lodging herself. It never occurs to her that she is walking into a trap set by Lovelace. The arrangement suits her mood. For a time reconciliation with her family is hopeless. At the same time, she does not wish to commit herself finally to marry Lovelace by taking refuge with his family. She is at once attracted by the man and repelled by the libertine. In her distraction she is not unwilling to stay where she is, marking time until the return of Colonel Morden may place her in a position of independence and safety. Having placed herself in a false position, she still is confident in her defensive. It is not until the incident of the fire that she realizes, not merely her lover's intentions, but her own danger in a crisis. For the first time this weakness reveals itself. Off her guard, against her judgment and inclination she is betrayed into showing feeling for the man. Faced with his most outrageous advances she appeals to him as "dear Lovelace," a point the libertine does not fail to note. Then comes the aftermath. In horror at a danger greater than Lovelace dreamed of, she escapes to Hampstead. He gets her back into his power by the basest of stratagems; yet this device would have failed if Lovelace the man had been as repugnant to her as she thought. Even then somewhere in her mind an idea of reconciliation must have been lurking, or why did she play into his hands by consenting to put herself at last under the care of his pseudo-relations?

Unless this be the true reading of Clarissa's character, many of her letters are mere hysteria. Why such distress at a rupture with a family who treated her so ill? Why all this horror and remorse from a victim so innocent unless she felt there was something in her nature that, if not in any sense responsible for the tragedy, yet had helped to make it possible? It will be remembered Lovelace drugs her, but it is doubtful whether she becomes unconscious. In a terrible letter she writes: "I remember I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I said I would be his—indeed I would be his—to obtain his mercy"—just as her earlier appeal had been to "dear Lovelace." It is this haunting suspicion that makes her write to her mother—a mother who, with all her faults, was an affectionate mother—so remarkable a letter.

> Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honoured mamma (for on my knees I write this letter), I do most humbly beg your blessing: say but in so many words (I ask you not, madam, to call me your daughter), "Lost, unhappy wretch, I forgive you! and may God bless you!" That is all.

This is not the intelligible language of an immaculate saint; rather the morbid and overstrained expression of a self realized too late. She never forgives herself. It is the explanation of all her subsequent conduct. The humiliation makes any suggestion of marriage impossible. It is this that breaks her heart. She can forgive herself as little as Lovelace.

Richardson, who in almost every other relation of life was the embodiment of the complete bourgeois, could be the supreme artist on occasion. He saw the tragedy and saw it inevitable. Only a real artist could have resisted the pressure brought to bear. He complains:

> But how I have suffered by this from the cavils of some, from the prayers of others, from the entreaties of many more to make what is called a happy ending! Mr. Lyttelton, the late Mr. Thomson [the distinguished poet of *The Seasons*], Mr. Cibber, and Mr. Fielding have been among these.

It is interesting to note that Fielding, who ridiculed Pamela, respected Clarissa. *Joseph Andrews* may have had its effect on *Clarissa Harlowe.* But Richardson knew that a happy ending was impossible, and Clarissa dies. For a happy ending the whole story would have to be recast as a comedy. Lovelace, tired of his pursuit of Clarissa, should turn to Miss Howe for consolation. Anna, always bored with Hickman, should marry Lovelace. She would be quite equal to keeping him in order, and poetic justice would be satisfied with the disrating of the dashing Lothario to the henpecked husband. Hickman would console himself with Clarissa, to whom his serious nature and excellent principles would make a special appeal.

Richardson would have done it very well. It is a great mistake to think he had no humour. Miss Howe's letters are full of fun. Even when poor Clarissa is dying—and she takes a very long time about it, almost two volumes!—the gloom is relieved by the introduction of Mr. Brand. He is a clergyman worthy of Miss Austen; in fact, he has a strong family resemblance to the excellent Mr. Collins. All his letters are excellent and display a real sense of comedy. But in the story of Clarissa, written as it is, no compromise would be sincere. It was artistic sincerity that made his works so popular in France. Diderot would not even admit that he was tedious. He defends him from this charge by the true defence for all time of Realism.

> "They are commonplace," say you, "this is what we see every day." You are wrong; it is what happens every day before your eyes without your ever perceiving it. . . . It is upon this multitude of little things that illusion depends: it is very difficult to imagine them; it is harder still to reproduce them.

Whatever may be said against Richardson, he was the first and one of the greatest—some say the greatest—of realists. His knowledge of the female heart was founded on experience. As a young man he used to write the love-letters for his female acquaintance, which was considerable.

> Young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others.

This may explain his women, and even the humour and charm of delightful Miss Howe. If only Clarissa could have taken her advice—married Lovelace and looked after the settlements! Her personality is one of the most attractive women in all fiction. The devotion of so human a girl to Clarissa was largely due to her perception of the real warmth of affection underlying her superficial austerity. All through she sees the danger. She is the only person in the book who understands the real Clarissa. Her warnings are in vain. Clarissa, though she fears her own nature, never realizes it till too late; it took another woman to do it.

Richardson's success with Lovelace is more remarkable. It was not an easy task. The conventional lady-killer of romance is apt to be a dull fellow; but with Lovelace one feels the attraction. With all his villainy, he is not wholly bad; he strikes one as rather the spoilt child of his *bonnes fortunes*. The career of frightfulness against the sex in consequence of an early disappointment smacks of melodrama, and some of his stratagems seem rather far-fetched—as, for instance, the plan for revenge on Miss Howe, in which a yacht, the Isle of Wight, and a widowed aunt are combined in rich confusion. Nor is it easy to believe that any human being, even with a turn for intrigue and a substantial grievance against a "Quality jilt," would devote the time and trouble Lovelace does to his amours, and, what is even more astonishing, find a company of boon companions never tired of assisting him. His final crime was no part of his original design; it is a gradual development, as inevitable to a man of Lovelace's temperament faced with the circumstances as Clarissa's fate to her. He drifts, if only too willingly, into villainy, as Clarissa drifts to disaster. The real moral that the author points is to show how far a man not wholly bad may be carried once he adventures on the slippery slope of passion. The effort to reconcile his action with some decent scheme of conduct makes Lovelace even worse than if he had been frankly amoral. He resents Belford's lack of sympathy, and is always trying to win him back. "I am *not* the savage which you and my worst enemies think me," he protests. No rake was ever more firmly persuaded that he was a good fellow at bottom. His last phase is only provoked after discovering Miss Howe's scheme to rescue Clarissa with the assistance of Mrs. Townsend and the English Navy. There is a touch of pique in it. His remorse is genuine, as also his desire to make such amends as he can by marrying Clarissa. Indeed, marriage was always part of his scheme. The idea was ever present in his mind that he puts in one of his letters:

> But with all this dear creature's resentment against me, I cannot for my heart think but she will get all over and consent to enter the pale with me . . . There is now but one man in the world whom she can have, and that is me.

Marriage is to put it all right. He writes:

> What force have evil habits on the human mind! When we enter on a devious course we think we shall have it in our power when we will to return to the right path. . . . How am I hurried away? Canst thou tell me by what? Oh, desire of youth and desire of intrigue, how do you mislead me! How often do we end in occasions for the deepest remorse what we begin in wantonness.
>
> Such considerations as these they are that support me against all apprehension of bugbear consequences.

Here the man is obviously sincere. This was the train of thought that made such a crime as his possible in a man of a naturally generous mind—that and the innate idea that all such questions of sex are merely an entertaining game in which the stakes could be limited and defined. Richardson's defence of him has this substance. He is immoral, but not amoral. His letters show him an admirable sophist: he makes the worse appear the better cause, and half persuades himself and is anxious to persuade himself. Originally he is quite prepared to marry Clarissa. The opposition of the family and Clarissa's horror of his reputation arouse his pride. Then he is an artist in dalliance; he prefers, as he says, the chase to the prize. When he tricks her into a quasi-elopement the practised libertine cannot shut his eyes to the possibilities of the situation. The very character of Clarissa makes the position one of engaging interest. His conscience is always satisfied with the reflection that he will marry her in the end. He even takes credit for his readiness to enter into an obligation so naturally distasteful to himself. His remorse is genuine, he is sincerely anxious to make such amends as he can; but with all his knowledge of women, he never understands Clarissa. The horror and remorse of such an innocent victim to him are unintelligible. To him she has always proved inaccessible. His vile triumph, he complains, was but partial, a mere physical success. To the end he never realizes that her agony of mind is due to the fact that there were moments when to one side of her nature the man in Lovelace made a direct appeal. Her tragedy was less emotional than he had ever imagined. Just as to a man of Lovelace's character the original innocence of Clarissa was unintelligible, so is her later development. He writes to Belford:

> What a happy man had I been with such an excellence could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to leave her father's house! But then I have often reflected, how had I known that about blossoming beauty who would carry on a private correspondence and run such risks with a notorious wild fellow was not prompted by inclination?

He is astounded at her horror of what he calls "a mere notional violation." "Why should her heart be broken?" he writes in indignant protest. "She really makes too much of it, takes it too much to heart." "Dear over-nice soul," he calls her. He cannot understand that it is because the inclination was there that she can never forgive herself or him. It is a perverse nightmare to the voluptuary who regards his own way as a matter of course. For long he refuses to admit the possibility of her death.

> It comes as a surprise and terrible shock. Ever since the fatal 7th of this month I have been lost to myself and all the joys of life. . . . When, oh! when shall I know a joyful hour?

is a cry from the heart of the sentimentalist faced with cruel fact. However he lived, it may be said in his favour he died like a gentleman. "The luck is yours," he cried to Colonel Morden on receiving the fatal pass. "Let this expiate," are his last words.

So ends the great book. A great book, not merely in a geometrical sense. It surely fulfils the test of the distinguished writer who has been mentioned already in connexion with Richardson, Mr. Henry James:

> The success of a work of art to my mind may be measured by the degree to which it produces a certain illusion: that illusion makes it appear to us for the time that we have lived another life, that we have had a miraculous enlargement of experience.

A curious echo of Johnson's epitaph. For once "a lapidary inscription" might have been on oath.

H. C. BIRON

THE RUMMAGE SALE

THE pride of our parish is its peal of bells—the ancient bells to which our fathers have listened for centuries, as they pealed forth to successive generations their mellow notes from the grey tower of our ancient Norman church. We love our bells, and no wonder. Just think of all the sacred memories we associate with them—christenings, weddings, and various other events and occasions in the lives of our parishioners. Our old-age pensioners can remember the joyous pealing of our bells when news arrived of the fall of Sebastopol, and when the present century is drawing to its close there will, no doubt, be old men still alive who will remember the long and merry peal they rang out, while our young people were dancing round their bonfire on the village green, at the close of the great day on which news of victory and peace reached us last November. Yes, the music of our bells runs through the whole life of each individual parishioner, ringing out and ringing in year after year of his life, until at last they toll a slow and solemn knell to inform his fellow-parishioners that his spirit has taken its flight, and that the place that knew him so long shall know him no more. How often, on a calm summer evening or clear frosty winter night, as I emerged from the wood at the top of the half-way down on my way from the railway station, have I been welcomed home by the bells bursting upon me in a flood of full-toned melodious music. How pleasant then to listen to their familiar tones ringing out in perfect rhythm, and all so redolent, so to speak, of my home and the glad welcome awaiting me there on my arrival. Yes, we are proud of our bells, and no wonder!

Brightly shone the welcome springtide sun, and joyously pealed the bells their glad message of the resurrection and the life, as I made my way to the church on Easter Sunday morning, when one of the bells suddenly stopped. Then there were a few gasping peals out of time, and they all stopped. It was not a triumphant clanging of all the bells together, such as they usually finish up with, but a feeble discomfited dying out of each bell on its own account. The explanation turned out to be that one of the ropes had broken, and then another almost at the same instant, and there we were—Easter Sunday, and no more joyous pealing of our bells. Such a thing had never before happened in the recollection of our oldest inhabitant.

It was found, on examination, that the bell-ropes were quite worn out, and that new ones had to be provided before there could be any more bell-ringing. Now bell-ropes were expensive articles even before the war, and it goes without saying that they are much more expensive now. Besides, our parish is both small and poor, and every source of money-raising has been literally " bled white " during the war. So what were we to do ? Without our bells we should soon sink down into utter insignificance among all the neighbouring parishes.

" What a pity it is about the bell-ropes," I said to Mr. Churchwarden Fred Fudge, the first time I met him ; " and here we are without any money to buy new ones."

" Ah, yes, sir," he replied. " It's a bad thing to be without money. We ain't none of us no good without money. That's what I often says to my Will. Will, my boy, I says to him, never you refuse money from nobody, and save whenever you can. A penny is a penny, and it don't make no difference if it comes from a lord or from a beggar. When you've got twelve pennies, you've got a shilling, and when you've got twenty shillings, you've got a pound. It's like this 'ere, sir, go where money is if you can ; and so when I goes to market, well, if I ain't got no money myself, I like to be seen with 'em as has." Mr. Churchwarden Fred Fudge is a very prosperous farmer, and is said to be " coining money " as fast as he can rake it in, but he did not jump at the opportunity of helping us to get new bell-ropes.

After various proposals and suggestions had been made, it was at last decided on the advice of the Rector's wife to hold a " Rummage Sale." Yes, the very thing ! It would prove a double benefit. The labourers and their wives would be able to get all sorts of valuable and useful things almost for nothing, and the bells would be provided with new ropes. The proposal was enthusiastically taken up by the whole parish, and before long a committee of women was busy at work collecting materials. There was soon a fine accumulation of what might almost be described as " rag and bone " merchandise in the parish room at the Rectory, but it was not all rubbish by any means. There were good articles of clothing and footwear that the Rector's boy and girl had outgrown, and there were a few household articles given by some of the farmers' wives, whose war profits were enabling them to provide better and more showy ones for their own use. But our chief hopes lay in the spring-cleaning that was going on at The Hall, for the forthcoming marriage of the Squire's daughter. Now everything done at The Hall was regularly reported by one of the servants to Mrs. Fudge, the churchwarden's wife, who dearly loves to keep up the gossip of the parish.

" Oh, Mrs. Fudge," said this gossiping servant one day, " you have no idea what lovely things our lady is sending to the Rummage Sale. There's a pair of the Squire's boots as good as new, what she didn't like, because they was always creaking, and there's a pair of nice high brown boots of her own, and the lovely mauve costume, you know, what she sometimes wore, and it as good as new."

"But what's the good of them things for the labourers' wives?" replied Mrs. Fudge. "Such fine things ain't for the likes of them, and, besides, they ain't got the money that ought to be asked for such as them things. We want to get money out of the Sale, and I must see that the Rector's wife puts a big price on them."

The truth is that Mrs. Fudge had made up her mind to get the mauve costume for herself.

"And there's also one of the Squire's grey tweed suits," continued the servant, "the trousers turned up, and such a beautiful crease down the leg that you couldn't believe he ever wore them."

"Well, I don't think it right," replied Mrs. Fudge, "as a labourer should swank about in a suit like that. Let them keep to clothes as suits them."

And so she resolved to get this suit for her husband. How well they would both look going to church or market—her husband dressed the same as the Squire, and herself the same as the Squire's wife, and for the next few days she indulged in dreams of all this borrowed glory.

In due course the Rummage Sale was announced, and great were the expectations that it called forth. There were to be bargains better than anything ever seen at the yearly fair of the neighbouring village. Tea was to be provided at a popular price, and a lady-artist friend of the Rector's wife promised to come and draw "lightning portraits" at sixpence each. The Sale was to be held on the Rectory lawn, everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the only anxiety was the weather. At last the great day arrived—a day of June at its very best, a perfect day, and at three o'clock the Rectory gate was opened for the admission of customers at a penny each, children a ha'penny each, and babies in arms free—big and heavy babies some of them were, too, who were very promptly set down on their own legs as soon as they passed through the gate. The women turned up in great force, most of them neat and trim and bright, with bulging purses in their hands. What exclamations of delight there were as they beheld the lawn newly mown and trimmed for the occasion, with many roses and other flowers in full bloom, while underneath a stately tree at one end was a counter of trestle tables, behind which stood three smartly dressed saleswomen with their stores of valuable wares. First come first served, and there was soon a rush to have the first choosings.

Mrs. Fudge was there among the commonalty, whose looks and winks clearly showed that they thought it mean of a farmer's wife to try to come between them and their hoped-for bargains. After all, she had been a hardworking laundry-woman herself not so many years before, and her outlook on life had not become "high class" just yet. Anyhow, she meant to have the mauve costume, and no such costume was to be seen. "Ah!" she thought, "they are keeping the good things until they've got rid of all the rubbish"; but no. She waited long and patiently, and at last, with a forced smile to cover her expression of disappointment, she was on the point of going away when a grey tweed suit was produced by one of the saleswomen.

"It ain't so stylish after all," thought Mrs. Fudge, "and I don't see no crease down the leg of them trousers, neither." However, she bought it, consoling herself with the thought that, though she had failed to get the mauve costume for herself, she had managed to get the grey tweed suit for her husband. The mysterious non-appearance of the mauve costume she has probably not been able to solve to this very day. As a matter of fact, the Squire's wife, before sending her contributions to the Sale, allowed her maid to choose something for herself, and, without saying a word to anybody, she quietly chose the mauve costume, which, therefore, never came to the Sale at all.

And so the business of the day went on, haggling and bargaining, the saleswomen extolling the value of their goods, the customers trying to beat down the prices. Meantime, tea was being served at a very popular price under the management of the Rector's wife, who had made up her mind to give them as good a tea as possible at the price. They felt that there was no effort "to have them" over the tea, which was really very good, and for which they felt very grateful. They were all in very good humour, and felt more and more confidence in making their purchases. The liberality with which the tea was supplied probably proved a source of gain in the end.

Meantime, the lady artist had taken up her position in the shade of one of the trees, and began her work by drawing a "lightning portrait" of the Rector, which she pinned up on the next tree as an advertisement. Soon there was a small but critical crowd of women standing round it.

"That's the Rector," said one. "Ain't it like him?"

"Yes," said another, "that there young woman under the tree, she done it."

"Go on," said another, who had just joined the group. "You think you're a-pulling of my leg, don't you?"

"No," was the answer, "it's the truth I'm a-telling you on. I see her a-doing of it, and she don't charge only sixpence. I'm a-going to get mine done. You come with me, Polly."

"All right," replied Polly. "I will if you like."

"You go first, Pol, and I'll follow you."

"I don't mind if I do," answered Polly.

And so Polly posed for her profile, in the midst of an interested group, who silently and intently watched the progress of the portrait as the artist quickly dashed it off with a few bold and easy lines.

"I say, Pol," said one, as the finished portrait was being examined and criticized. "She's made you look better than what you are."

"I know she ain't," was Polly's ready mechanical reply.

"Your hat is done to a tee, Pol," said another.

"Ain't your hair natural like, Pol?" said yet another; and Polly's hand went up mechanically to feel her back hair, while she listened to the comments in silence, and contemplated the portrait with evident satisfaction.

"You never knowed before, Pol, you was so good-looking, did you?" and so the happy good-humoured persiflage went on.

While the art critics were busy over Polly's portrait, the artist beckoned to one of the group and asked her to have hers done. "You know," said the artist, "you have such a good profile that I should like to draw it."

Mrs. Oakley, for that was her name, blushingly consented, and sat down with her baby in her arms to show her profile. By this time some of the men, having arranged to finish work early for the occasion, were beginning to drop in, and among them Mrs. Oakley's husband, who arrived while his wife was posing for her portrait. With what breathless interest he watched his wife's beautiful profile growing into a perfect likeness at the magic touch of the artist's pencil.

"There," said the artist, as she handed Mrs. Oakley her portrait. "Your profile makes quite a beautiful picture."

When the proud husband saw the completed portrait in his own hands, the only expression he could find for his admiration was, "Well, I'm blowed if that ain't well drawed!"

After Mrs. Oakley and her husband had gazed at the portrait for some time, the latter took the first available opportunity of approaching the artist.

"Begging you pardon, lady," he said, with an amiable smile, "but that was my missus what you said had the beautiful profile. Might I be so bold as to ask you the exact meaning of that there word?"

"It only means the side view of the face," replied the artist,

" and your wife has a very fine face, whichever way you look at it. I am sure you must be very proud of her."

" I thank you very kindly, lady," he answered. " She's a wonderful good girl, and I hope you don't mind me troubling you." With these words he moved away as politely and mannerly as he could, and sidled up to his wife.

" She's a nice lady," he said, " that there young woman what draws the pictures, and she's wonderful clever, but what I says is as she couldn't make you a pretty picture unless you was pretty yourself, and that's the truth what I'm a-telling you, for there be'nt e'er a one on 'em as can come up to you," and with these words he looked at her with an expression on his strong but kindly face which told, more clearly than words, that the one thing he longed for more than anything else was to kiss her and the baby.

" I say, Tom," she whispered, " don't talk like that or they'll hear you."

" Well, what if they do ? " he answered. " It's only the truth I'm a-saying, but I want to know if there is anything here you would like me to buy, for yourself or the baby. I've got all my wages here, and if it's anything as I can buy, you shall have it, if we have to live on ' tick ' for the next fortnight."

" No, Tom, there ain't nothing as I want, but only that there fluffy toy dog ; it would be so nice for baby to play with, and it's only threepence." The toy dog was purchased accordingly.

" But, Tom," she continued, " they've brought out a lovely grey tweed suit as good as new, with the trousers turned up and creased down the front. I should just like to see you in that suit. I do believe it would fit you."

" Oh, my girl," he answered, " them fine things ain't for the likes o' me. That suit would do for the master. I look best in corduroys."

" I ain't going to waste no more time a-talking with you, Tom. Here, you take the baby and give me your purse."

He quickly and good-naturedly did as he was told, whereupon she made her way into the midst of the group of purchasers, and soon returned with the coveted grey suit.

" There," she said, " literally quivering with excited delight. " I've got it for you, and I do believe it will fit you. It's one of the Squire's, and you are about his size of a man. It's as good as new, and she told me it would cost £4 before the war."

" Why," replied Tom. " I heard master saying they were asking £7 for a new suit last time he was in town, and I am sure there was not enough of money in my purse to pay for that there suit."

" How much do you think I paid for it, Tom ? Give a guess."

"I can't give no guess, for I don't know nothing about it," answered Tom.

"Well," continued his wife, "she was asking a £1 for it, but she let me have it for 17s. 6d."

Tom was simply struck dumb with admiration of his wife's business capacity. "Seventeen-and-six," he said, "for a suit as was good enough for the Squire, and it as good as new. I always knowed what a clever girl you was, but this fairly stuns me. I shall feel shy o' putting it on, but I'm a-going to do it, if only to please you."

"Now, Tom," continued his wife, "you have a nice hat and necktie and collars already, and there's a pair o' boots as I want to get for you. I dare say they'll go cheap, and if you can't wear them I can easily sell them to some one as can." The Squire's creaking boots were accordingly bought for 2s. 6d., and in due course Tom Oakley and his wife made their way home, with the baby sound asleep in its mother's arms, and Tom carrying the purchases. Tom was rightly proud of his clever wife, while she was busy conjuring up delightful visions of what her husband would look like when he went to church in the Squire's grey tweed suit. She did not know that Tom's master's wife, Mrs. Fudge, had been coveting that same suit for her own husband. When they got home their purchases were found to be in every way a perfect fit.

"But what I don't like," said Tom, when his wife's delight was beginning to calm down, "is that you ain't got nothing for yourself."

"Never mind," said his wife, "I've been having all the nice things from you ever since we began to walk out together, and I want you to have something now. Besides, the dress my mistress gave me when we was married is as good as new, and, as I ain't had it on for nigh a year, it will seem new when I put it on, and I've got a new ribbon for my hat, so I'll be all right. But I say, Tom, what have you done with my picture?" Whereupon Tom produced the picture, unrolled it, and abandoned himself to the contemplation of it.

"Yes," he said, "that there young woman was right, you have a lovely profile, my girl, and no mistake. I'm a-going to have this 'ere picture framed and put up on the wall, so as I can look at it as often as I please. Yes, it's wonderful well drawed!"

But to return to the Sale. It was Whit-week, and the sale was honoured by the presence of some natives of the parish who were home on holiday. There was Muriel Siggins on her first visit home after eighteen months of domestic service in London.

"Well, I never," said a kindly old dame. "That's you, Muriel, is it? And what a fine girl you are to be sure. Your father and mother will be pleased to see you."

Muriel was stylishly dressed, and when she observed, in what seemed to the bystanders to be a "put on" manner and very superior English, that the Rummage Sale was a very decent show, one of them, who did not approve of grand airs and fine words, remarked in a stage whisper, "Oh, Lor', hark at somebody's jaw cracking." This was rather rough on poor Muriel, for some young people very easily change their manner of speech, and of any change that might have taken place in her case, Muriel herself was probably quite unconscious.

Another visitor was Jim Grubb, who, disliking work on the land, had made his way to London two or three years before, and obtained work at a dust-destroying place. He posed as a youth of superior intelligence and believed in Bolshevism. He was unable to understand how any young man of spirit could be content to slave away on the land for the benefit of squires and farmers, who care so little for "us working chaps that they send their dirty old things for us to buy at a Rummage Sale like this 'ere." But his remarks touched the pride of some of his hearers.

"Ah, yes," said one of the young fellows he was addressing, "you're a big toff, ain't you, as if we didn't happen to know as how them togs what you are a-swanking in was hired to come home like a gentleman, with a walking-stick and all. Us country chaps ain't green enough to make food for a Cockney donkey, and we ain't a-going to be had by the likes of you."

"Well, did you ever?" remarked one of the women who overheard this conversation. "Here's Jim Grubb, and him a Bolshie. Don't you come here with any of your Bolshie tricks. We don't want no Bolshies here, so the sooner you cut your stick and go back to where you come from, the better." The social atmosphere of the place was evidently not favourable for a Bolshevik propaganda, and so Jim Grubb prudently dropped the subject.

While the tea was on and the talk at its height, a woman joined the company of some of her friends at one of the tables, remarking, in a subdued tone of voice, that they were selling some of Nellie Newell's things. Nellie was a bright and happy young woman of the village, who had recently died, after a brief married life of only two years, leaving a baby a few months old, while her husband was serving in Palestine. Her untimely death had made a profound impression in the village, where she was a great favourite.

"Did you hear when they was silent all of a sudden at the counter? Well, that was when they saw Nellie's things—her cape, like—you know, what she had on when her baby was christened."

"Ah, poor Nell," said another, "she's now laying in this 'ere yard, and she'll never see neither her baby or her husband no more, and him such a good husband too. It gave me a turn like, when I see her cape there. She said when her husband went away she would never see him no more, but I thought she meant as how he might be killed like, but now she's dead and he's alive, leastways he was when last they hear from him, and him a bomadier too."

"Wouldn't she be proud of him being made a bomadier if she was alive ?"

"That she would, but she never knowed it; she was dead and buried afore the letter comed what said as he was a bomadier."

"Well, she might be proud, he's the only bomadier as I knows on from this parish. We have a sergeant and some corporals, but Dick Newell is our only bomadier."

"It's hard luck on poor Dick too, and he would be such a good husband. He was a boy as would never sit down and see his mother do anything as he could do for her, and he would be the same to his wife. But ain't it that as always happens, the good husbands lose their wives and the bad ones don't ?"

"Yes, you are right there, and him a bomadier too, but there ain't nothing as is sure in this world."

Human nature is a complex mixture of many and often inscrutable feelings, and shows little of its real character in a conventional society gathering, such as a garden party at Buckingham Palace or even at Fulham Palace, but it is something quite different at a rummage sale on the lawn of a country rectory, where there are neither great ones nor strangers nor conventional restraints, and people give free expression to what they think and feel. The display of the feelings on such an occasion, with its native wit and rustic humour, is full of human interest. The rummage sale has its pathos also, as well as its humours, when articles fallen from some high position, but still silently reminiscent of a grandeur that has passed away, make their appearance; but, above all, when they bring back to us memories of some one who once wore them proudly in our midst but has now passed beyond the reach of all the empty shows and fleeting vanities of this life. And the pathos of it all will sometimes ripen into a rich and mellow beauty, for though human nature may sometimes show itself in ugly mood, yet there are few things more beautiful than this same human nature at its best among the primitive people of an old-world rural English parish. And so the day passed with its mingled humour and pathos, and everybody went home pleased with their tea and their purchases, and ready to merge the enjoyment of the day into the sweet refreshing repose of a happy dreamless night.

The summer sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, the calm air was laden with the perfume of flowers and vocal with the song of birds on Sunday morning, as Mr. Fred Fudge, in a grey tweed, and Mrs. Fudge, minus the mauve costume, made their way to church, closely followed by two observant but ill-mannered choir-boys.

Said one of them to his companion in a fairly audible whisper which, however, he never expected to be overheard, "That's Master Wilmott's cloes what Master Fudge is a-wearing." Whereupon Mrs. Fudge, who overheard the remark, turned suddenly round and withered the cheeky urchin with a glance.

When they arrived at the church door who should happen to be standing near by but Master Wilmott himself. Mrs. Fudge walked straight into the church, but her husband remained outside to discuss with Mr. Wilmott the chances of an early rain and the prospects of the hay crop. But they had no sooner exchanged greetings than Mr. Wilmott, after having carefully eyed his neighbour, observed, "Why, Fred, that's my suit you've got on. If I knew it looked so good I should not have parted with it. It fits you very well indeed."

"No," replied Mr. Fudge, "I happen to be able to say as how it ain't yourn, though you might have one like it, but if you must know, I may tell you it's one of the Squire's what my wife bought at the Rummage Sale. Being that cloes is so dear now as one can't afford to buy 'em, she bought this 'ere suit to help the Sale, and it so happens as it fits me, so I puts it on."

"If you look into the inside breast pocket of the jacket, I expect you will find my name there, put in by the tailor," replied Mr. Wilmott, who loves a joke, "but it fits you so well that I don't think I have ever seen you look so much of a gentleman before."

Now Mrs. Fudge's great ambition is that her family and herself should be at least as grand as the Wilmotts, who are people of some refinement, and respected accordingly, so that she could not but feel deeply annoyed at the thought that her husband was wearing Mr. Wilmott's cast-off clothes in the face of the whole parish. Mrs. Fudge's particular ambition is well known, and the incident provided for the gossips of the parish a day or two of harmless gaiety. Mr. Wilmott's grey tweed suit was never again seen in the parish. In fact, its fate became as great a mystery as that of the mauve costume.

In the evening Tom Oakley and his wife, with her baby in her arms, put in, as usual, their appearance at the church. Tom was dressed in a high-class grey tweed suit and Homburg hat. The trousers were turned up and well creased down the front, and though his boots creaked as he walked up the churchyard, there was neither sly winking nor stage-whispering on the part of observant youths, for though Tom is only a common labourer, he carries with him an air of native dignity which commands ready respect.

Next morning I happened to meet the Squire, who in the course of some small talk, told me he was looking out for a bailiff for one of his farms.

"Why not try Tom Oakley," I replied. "He is a good reliable man, and can exercise authority, which some very good workmen can't. His wife, too, can help with such book-keeping as may be necessary, and she is evidently out to make a man of him."

Tom is now a bailiff in the service of the Squire. Under the tuition of his clever wife his rustic speech is already showing marks of refinement, and one day he will be one of our Squire's farmers, for even in rural England there are still chances for an honest, industrious labourer who has had the fortune to have found a good and clever wife, for of such a wife it may very truly be said that "whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth a favour of the Lord."

It remains only to say that our Rummage Sale realized enough not only to provide new ropes and a general overhauling of the bells, but also a new supply of hymn-books for the whole choir. And what a merry peal our bells rang out the first Sunday morning the new ropes were in use, and what a dazzle-show there was in the belfry as the fresh and brilliant red, white, and blue "sallies" of the ropes danced up and down in the favourable light of the forenoon sun. How proud we all feel now once more of our bells, from the oldest inhabitant to the youngest schoolchild, and what a great thing and happy bond of brotherly union it is for any parish to have something of which all alike can feel justly proud. We may argue and quarrel, and lose our tempers over points of ritual, unemployment wages, and the merits and demerits of the Labour candidate whom our constituency so ignominously rejected at the last General Election, but when it is a question concerning the efficiency and the honour of our bells and bell-ringers, we are always a united and happy family. Long may our bells continue their joyous message of goodwill and peace among us.

Alexander Macrae

WHAT EVERY GERMAN DOESN'T KNOW

GERMANS are nowadays washing a considerable amount of dirty linen in public. If not an edifying, it is at least a salutary process. As the late Lord Salisbury once observed to a colleague who protested against this proceeding: "I would sooner wash my dirty linen than wear it." Germans are born liars, so we need not believe anything any of them say about one another in frantic efforts to save their own skins. It is a battle royal between various adherents of the old regime, most of whom are anxious to protect the ex-Kaiser, either at the expense of his political or his military advisers, as between whom it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. The suggestion that the Great German General Staff was the repository of all military wisdom, while Berlin government was the embodiment of statecraft, will hardly hold water for a second. Each vied in making the maxima of mistakes in strategy and policy, so that one scarcely knows whether to marvel more at the futile duplicity of a Bethmann-Hollweg, a Hertling, a Michaelis, or a Von Kühlmann, or at the amazing vagaries in the field of a Hindenburg or a Ludendorff.

Time and again victory on land appeared to be within the compass of Germany, had there been any man in authority of average judgment and moderate competence, but invariably the opportunity was thrown away by a perverse preference for doing the wrong thing. In truth Germans fail in judgment no less than in character. That is why they lost a war that over and over again appeared to be theirs, provided they could resign themselves to heeding the voice of common sense.

It is always easy to be wise after the event, which is among the cheaper forms of intellectual exercise, and one towards which we feel under no temptation to succumb. We are here concerned with the actual anxieties as they arose during the war, when onlookers in London dreaded some move by the enemy that would have been infinitely more menacing to the Allied cause than that which was eventually made. As foreign soldiers still make a fetish of the Great German General Staff, which they regard as the Sovereign Pontiff of War, it is for them to account for its tragic failure with all the cards in its hand, and such cards as no soldiers had held since the days of Napoleon. Recent revelations demonstrate that whereas in other countries the military chiefs usually had the utmost difficulty in getting a hearing from the controlling politicians—thus General Leonard Wood's judgment was even more discounted in Washington than was Lord Roberts's in old days in London, while General Joffre was not always handsomely treated in Paris—the Great German General Staff, whether under a Von Moltke, a

Falkenhayn, or a Hindenburg, had the last say in peace and the only say in war. Not only were the German soldiery supreme and unchallenged in strategy, but on questions of policy their view prevailed four times out of five.

From August 1914 onwards the Great German General Staff was the *de facto* Government of Germany, who only declared war because the military chiefs deemed, with Bernhardi, that the Fatherland's hour had sounded, the moment being propitious for another promenade to Paris. Thereupon the entire community—financiers, professors, parsons, merchants, manufacturers, Junkers, Jews, shopkeepers, Socialists, classes and masses alike—went war mad, cocksure that their invincible army would be able, within the stipulated time, to deliver the promised goods in the shape of unlimited booty. It was a piratical raid on neighbouring nations inspired by greed and lust. Prussia believed she knew how to make war pay, having frequently succeeded in doing so, and Prussianized Germany was of one mind as to the psychological moment for "the Frightful Adventure." Europe would be rapidly overrun as a prelude to the conquest of the world.

On paper—the Germans are great on paper—it was a dead certainty hailed with delirious joy. Let us make no mistake on that score, because if we do we shall only repeat our blunder which, next to the crime of Germany, is most responsible for the nightmare of the last five years as for the ruin that now stares many countries in the face.

There was no effort by any section of the sixty million German people to prevent a war which appealed no less to the predatory instincts of the Social Democrats than to those of the Centrum—their rivals in popular favour. All were breast-high for the enterprise, so long as they felt confident of victory. The Socialists instantly became busy for the Fatherland, their immediate duty being to humbug foreign Socialists into the delusion that there was a strong Peace Party in Germany at a time when all Germans, men, women, and children, were frantic for war. German Socialists were no less keen to attack defenceless Belgium than the Imperial Chancellor himself, who, let us never forget, secured an unbroken vote for the war credits from the Social Democracy of the Reichstag after his sensational confession of the crime against Belgium. We are, therefore, not in the least interested in the present comic controversy at Weimar concerning war guilt between equally guilty personages, as, for instance, the Erzbergers, the Scheidemanns, the Pan-Germans, and the Military Party. Morally, they are all in the same boat. None shouted more vociferously than Socialists, Radicals, and Catholics so long as they thought the Fatherland was winning. None protested against the horrors which mark off this war from all other wars and make Germany a pariah for all time. Misgivings only arose when the picnic failed to come off, and some of the craftier politicians began to think of the possible necessity of cutting some of their losses, only to find, however, that their chronic abjectness towards the General Staff had reduced them to impotence by transferring all power to the military clique. By this time Hindenburg and His Eminence Grise, Ludendorff, constituted a dictatorship over sea and air as well as on land, to say nothing of the waters under the earth. By 1917 the soldiers settled every question that arose, and when a Chancellor dared to differ from them he was sent about his business.

German politicians stand condemned by their cowardice in tolerating this usurpation of their functions, just as the military stand condemned by their fatuity in the field from the First to the Second Battle of the Marne. Of outstanding blunders these only need be noted here for the behoof of admirers of the Great General Staff:

(1) Allowing Great Britain to develop a great army within range of the German guns.
(2) Leaving England alone when she was defenceless in 1914–15.
(3) Attacking the French Army at Verdun in February 1916, when the British Army was still short of munitions.
(4) Ignoring Italy after Caporetto when a few German Divisions would have settled the fate of Rome.
(5) Dividing the attacks of March 1918 and May 1918 between two allied armies instead of delivering both against one.

There were other *gaffes* indicating the inferiority of the German military brain to the French or the British. Grievously hampered by their politicians as they were, the Allied Chiefs never came within sight of such follies, though occasionally, when Amateur Strategists got the bit between their teeth, the Allied cause was endangered. But for the tenacity and self-sacrifice of men like Sir William Robertson, a war which could only be won in the West might long since have been lost in the East under the pressure of War Cabinets, innocent of all knowledge of war and singularly susceptible to the lure of "little packets." British military blunders must assuredly be debited to British politicians. How could these be expected to understand a war which they had always regarded as "unthinkable"? But German military blunders were exclusively military, in that they were perpetrated by soldiers who dominated the politician even in his political sphere, whereas our politicians were in a position to interfere in purely military operations, and frequently did so—never with success. Whereas Allied armies would have had every excuse for losing the war, because they were not masters in their own house, no such defence can be made for the German General Staff, who, until they lost their heads and their nerves last year and threw up the sponge, were arbiters of Germany's destiny, having complete control of her entire resources, to say nothing of the Confederate Powers of the Dual Monarchy, Turkey, and Bulgaria. It is useless for their apologists to plead "they came very near victory." So they did—on land—more than once. But in war, success alone counts. A miss is as good as a mile, especially to a non-moral nation of *Realpolitikers* like Germany, who worship materialism and whose only god is Results. There are no spiritual consolations for her failure in the field, or for the painful collapse of Hindenburg-Ludendorff, through whose hands all the trumps had passed.

As the Germans are so inquisitive and appear to be keen in pursuing the facts with a view to apportioning responsibilities, there can be no harm in telling them a few things they do not know.

While the Fatherland suffered from the swelled heads of the invincible army, Britain was heavily handicapped by the perennial panics of her politicians. Downing Street was frequently a hotbed of Defeatism. German politicians proved themselves to be "a very poor crowd"—they were the lackeys of the generals. British politicians had every reason to be brave because though thoroughly incompetent they ruled a brave and steadfast people, who never for a single second, even in the darkest hour, contemplated defeat or compromise. There was no Defeatism in any section of our people except the Revolutionaries, who desired disaster for the grist it would bring to their mill. But Defeat was rarely absent from the minds of responsible statesmen, who, speaking generally, combined an outward show of facile optimism with fits of pessimism which aroused profound anxiety in every one who was aware of the deplorable atmosphere in which these great, wise, and eminent men moved and lived and had their being. The danger during the Asquith-Bonar Law Coalition was lest we drift over the abyss through some fatal act of some colleague whom the Prime Minister would have been too indifferent or too lazy to restrain until too late. It was this which made the circulation of such a document as the Lansdowne Memorandum in the autumn of 1916 so disquieting, and rendered urgent that change of Government in December of that year. There were assiduous and determined Defeatists among the Twenty-two, who had plainly shown their hand on the occasion of Mr. Lloyd George's famous and timely "Knock-out" interview. It was known that directly President Wilson was confirmed in the White House on a Pacifist Platform, peace proposals would issue from Washington, which could not fail to embarrass the Allies, and would become dangerous unless firmly dealt with. Lord Lansdowne was eagerly awaiting American offers of mediation. Sir Edward Grey conveyed the impression that he was overcome by the long strain of the war and that he had lost heart. As he could never say "No" to the United States on any question, it was unsafe for him and Lord Lansdowne, with Messrs. Runciman, McKenna and Co., to remain, so to speak, "on the ground" when the President's Proposition reached Downing Street. An answer would have been returned that would probably have landed us in *pourparlers* with unbeaten Germany under American auspices, and which would inevitably have destroyed the Entente by convincing our Allies that British statesmanship was throwing up the sponge, and that there was, therefore, no alternative for French statesmanship or Italian statesmanship but to do likewise, and make the best terms they could with the enemy at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Asquith, to do him justice, was never a Defeatist, but he had to go because Defeatism had reached the danger-point inside his Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George reigned in his stead. The first action of the incoming Prime Minister was triumphant. The answer returned to the Washington request for terms was irreproachable in form and unimpeachable in substance. Within a few weeks, instead of President Wilson patching up a German Peace, the United States was forced into the war on the side of the Allies by that unfailing British asset, the German General Staff, which saved every situation from 1914 to 1918.

Mr. Lloyd George's robust reply to American mediation was, in effect, his first and last great effort. He appeared to have exhausted his usefulness in extruding Mr. Asquith, and thereafter settled down, as was noted at the time by one of his chief colleagues, into becoming another Asquith, though he had certain peculiarities which differentiated the two men—not always in favour of the younger. The new Prime Minister, who had been full of grit and grip as his predecessor's first lieutenant, became "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and developed tendencies that made him peculiarly susceptible to German intrigue had the intriguers realized the transmutation of Mr. Lloyd George by the process of moving from one house in Downing Street to another. He was not always gloomy. He had his "ups" as well as his "downs," but as an impatient man, without any memory, and a perilous lack of responsibility, he was liable to commit himself to some person or to some manœuvre in a manner calculated to put us wrong with our Allies. Not being a student, the Prime Minister relied exclusively on the knowledge of others, and being an indifferent judge of men, surrounded himself with ignoramuses, who put him wrong on four questions out of five, not from malice, but merely because they knew no better.

Like most men, Mr. Lloyd George imagined, at the close of 1916, that the war was only an affair of a few more months, and that it must end in the course of 1917 through the combined offensive against Germany then being planned and organized East and West. Nor was he discouraged by the Russian Revolution of March 1917, though Downing Street was completely surprised —Lord Milner's Mission to Russia having reported otherwise. The downfall of the Tsarist regime was hailed in Downing Street as a happy omen for the Allied cause, as we were encouraged to expect a display of demonic energy by Revolutionary Russia such as signalized the French Revolution Armies, and when our Press, in its enthusiasm, christened Kerensky " the Russian Lloyd George," all was assumed to be well. The Russian Revolution, as will be remembered, was followed by, as it promoted, the entry of the United States into the war, so there was no reason for the judicious to be disappointed, though, as Russia gradually turned to anarchy and the United States was seen to be totally unprepared, the end of the war receded, and 1917, instead of being big with victory, became an anxious and critical time, marked by some political uncertainty in France and considerable war-weariness, heavy and continuous British fighting with corresponding losses, and in the autumn a grave Italian disaster, to say nothing of other incidents calculated to separate sheep from goats. The submarine threatened our vitals, and cowed all but the stout-hearted.

Mr. Lloyd George became depressed, and in his dismay he, as usual, took the worst advice, resuming that unfortunate connexion with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald which survives all vicissitudes and was operating only the other day in Paris, where the defeated Defeatist of Leicester suddenly appeared on a British passport in company with Mr. Lansbury and other "wild men." When consulted about the war in 1917 by our despondent Prime Minister, who had expected the enemy to collapse as he took possession of Downing Street, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, as always, advised that, by hook or by crook, we get into personal touch with " our German friends." Mr. Lloyd George acquiesced, and temporarily became a partisan and advocate of the Stockholm Conference of International Socialists, which he was prepared to encourage British delegates to attend. This transparent booby-trap had been concerted by the " tame " or " Kaiser " Socialists, of whom Herr Scheidemann was the leader. It was too obvious even to impose on the simple-minded Labour Member of the War Cabinet, Mr. Arthur Henderson, who recently disclosed the fact that Mr. Lloyd George favoured this project at a time when Mr. Henderson opposed it, i.e. before the latter's " Special Mission " to Russia turned his head and converted him once again into a cat's-paw of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Mr. Henderson so comported himself in Petrograd as to convey the impression that he expected to become British Ambassador accredited to the new Revolutionary regime. But for various reasons that was not to be, and Mr. Henderson—who had had an admirable war record until that moment—returned home thoroughly disgruntled, and after curious passages of arms with the Prime Minister, who had meanwhile realized the perils of the Stockholm Conference—and was now in full cry against it—the Labour leader eventually found himself "on the mat" outside the War Cabinet, where his place was taken by Mr. Barnes.

However, that is another story which need not concern us here, save in so far as it throws a strange sidelight on one of several panics to which Downing Street succumbed during the most critical phase of the war. Patience is not among our present Prime Minister's many virtues. He expects quick returns from spasmodic effort. He imagined that the Russian Revolution would be speedily followed by the appearance of a Russian army in Berlin, now that "a great and free people had cast off the paralysing trammels of autocracy." He expected the American declaration of war to be the prelude to the arrival of at least a million American troops in France, to say nothing of several tens of thousands of American aeroplanes, which would flatten out the German armies. When he hit on the ingenious idea of putting the British Army in France under a new and relatively untried French General, he anticipated a sensational victory. The subsequent *dénouement* had a lowering effect on Mr. Lloyd George's vitality, which was not improved by the dismal accounts of the situation in France, which superficial tourists who couldn't even talk French brought back from flying visits to Paris; these were embodied in official memoranda that threatened the War Cabinet with a Caillaux Cabinet in the autumn of 1917, which would make a separate peace with Germany.

Mr. Lloyd George made no attempt to conceal his pessimism, which he communicated to all and sundry, his dismal forebodings being shared by most of his colleagues, who suffered from chronic "cold feet" from July 1917 to July 1918. Throughout this trying period the nation kept its nerve, but the *moral* of Ministers was at zero, and though our Premier is too mercurial to remain consistent, his heart was often in his boots, and had the enemy known how to exploit a situation so perilous to the Allies we might any day have awakened to learn that Downing Street had taken some fatal step equally advantageous to Germany as ruinous to the Entente. The worst phase was between July and November 1917, when M. Clemenceau providentially came into power and saved our country as well as his own by his resolute resistance to that Amateur Diplomacy which had become no less dear to Mr. Lloyd George than Amateur Strategy, and equally menacing to the Allied cause.

Let us frankly recognize that over and over again we owed our escape to our enemies. This is the salient fact which every German does not know. At many moments Downing Street would have jumped at any plausible Peace proposal—anything that could be represented by the Eye-washers to the Eye-washed as "a German concession." Some Ministers were, metaphorically, running after Germany all the time, and would have done so openly but for their wholesome fear of public opinion, which had taken their platform promises of "Peace with Victory" seriously. Mr. Lloyd George was by no means alone in attacks of "the blues"; among his most important and influential colleagues were permanent and incurable pessimists, who were so penetrated with a sense of the superiority of German supermen that they regarded it as almost *contra natura* that "the amateurish and inefficient British Army" should challenge the demi-gods of the Great General Staff. This awe of Boche strategy, of Boche tactics, of Boche organization, of Boche discipline, and Boche patriotism made "Easterners" of more than one statesman who should have known better. As it was "impossible" and "hopeless" in their view to defeat the German Army on its own chosen ground in the West, our proper policy, according to these pundits, was "to score as many points as possible elsewhere," so that we might have something to bargain with at the final settlement.

We need not believe anything that any German says unless it be corroborated, but we are bound to note the grave imputation made by Herr von Wedel (former German Ambassador in Vienna). He asserts that General Smuts informed Count Mensdorff (former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London), during that untoward "Mission" to Switzerland early in 1918 (whither Mr. Lloyd George dispatched him despite French and Italian remonstrance), in answer to Count Mensdorff's question whether it was still believed by Great Britain that the German Army could be beaten: "*No. We do not believe that we can beat Germany in a military sense, but the moment for discussion with Germany has not yet come.*" We should not be surprised if General Smuts thus committed himself, much as we regret it. He was credited with regarding Germany as unbeatable—though he publicly informed the British that she was already beaten and knew it. What, however, is to be said of a Member of the British War Cabinet who, at the height of a great war, informs the ally of our chief enemy that Britain did not expect to win in the field. If this is not "encouraging the King's enemies," what is it? It is surely high time that the British Government cleared up the mystery enveloping this deplorable episode. What was General Smuts doing in Switzerland? Who were his companions? Who did they see? What did they say? Where is their report?

Is there any substance in the rumour that General Smuts, in his wisdom and with that profound knowledge of European affairs which has made him Mr. Lloyd George's constant counsellor, offered Silesia to Austria if the latter would separate herself from Germany? What did Count Mensdorff reply? Was there any inquiry as to who would deliver the goods? Some of us protested at the time against these childish excursions in Secret Diplomacy. Ministers must make a clean breast of their various international intrigues. The longer they put it off the worse will become their plight.

That we had more than one hairbreadth escape of diplomatic catastrophe has long been known to serious students of public affairs. Among "near shaves" was that of August 1917, which Herr Erzberger, the present German Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently revealed to an astonished world. It is no news to the readers of this Review, as we dealt with it at the time as far as was politic and patriotic. We used it as an illustration of the danger of violating the Pact of London, which bound Great Britain and her Allies to diplomatize together and precluded separate diplomacy. We warned Ministers against any round-the-corner business, as also against the endless traps that would be set for them by the cunning German Foreign Minister, Herr von Kühlmann, whose long residence in London and close observation of our politicians should have made him a formidable antagonist, who would know how to take full advantage of the idiosyncrasies of Downing Street, with which he must be familiar. Mere Englishmen are, however, beneath contempt. They are never worth listening to, nor are they entitled to any information from their Government. Germans are more successful, and already Herr Erzberger has succeeded in screwing a White Paper out of the War Cabinet containing one of the most jealously guarded secrets in the annals of British diplomacy.

On a single point, and probably for the first time, we find ourselves in agreement with Herr Erzberger, who regards the British Government as taking the initiative in August 1917 in making an overture to Germany via the Vatican. The ground had doubtlessly been well baited by Herr von Kühlmann and his confederates in Rome, but undoubtedly during one of its periodic panics Downing Street sought to open *pourparlers*, and but for the Great General Staff, the Fatherland Party, and the other saviours of Civilization, Berlin might have returned a reply that would have enabled our panic-mongers to pursue the subject until everything had been sacrificed for which we were supposed to be fighting. The Entente would have vanished into thin air, and Europe would have lain at the mercy of Pan-Germany, who would have dictated terms instead of receiving them.

Luckily for us, just as Pan-Germany overreached itself by overweening arrogance, so our Invertebrates defeated themselves by their cowardice, which convinced the Pan-Germans by this very "overture" that as Great Britain was obviously beaten the British Government were not worth humouring by any show of concession. The British White Paper naturally endeavours to attenuate a lamentable affair, but facts are stubborn things, and there is no disguising them when they speak for themselves. Our "overture" was doubtless inspired by the ever-growing funk caused by Russia's relapse into anarchy, by America's failure to make any show in the field, and the terrible toll of British shipping taken by the U-boats, which were then far from being "in hand." Downing Street would have jumped at almost anything, and, as the White Paper makes clear, had the enemy even made a show of moderation towards Belgium, "negotiations" would have begun, and the harm would have been done before the public were so much as aware of the intrigue. The suggestion that we were acting in conjunction with France—in accordance with the Pact of London—is inaccurate, though not unnaturally, when the French Government learnt to their astonishment what we were doing, M. Ribot desired to be associated with us, presumably to keep *Perfide Albion* under surveillance.

It was the Papal Peace Note of August 1, 1917, that offered Mr. Lloyd George the opening for which he had long been itching. It was published in London in the middle of August, semi-official dust being thrown in the eyes of the British people—whose soundness caused them to be mistrusted by their rotten rulers—by the suggestion that there would be no reply to the Papacy, which was popularly regarded as the cat's-paw of the Central Powers. Meanwhile, privately and secretly, behind the back of important Members of the War Cabinet, the British Minister to the Holy See, Count de Salis, received instructions from Mr. Balfour (August 21) to invite the Vatican to sound the German Government upon its Belgium policy, the inference being—no other was permissible—that could Downing Street be reassured on this single issue, the chief obstacle to *pourparlers* would be removed. That this unhappy step, which Mr. Balfour consented—on Papist or Pacifist prompting—to take, was not initiated in conjunction with France is clear from another document in the White Paper, which informs us that on the following day Lord Robert Cecil sent this telegram to the British Ambassador in Paris:

> M. de Fleuriau came to see me this afternoon. He told me that he had had a message from M. Ribot expressing regret that he had not been consulted before our recent instructions were sent to Count de Salis in Rome.
>
> M. de Fleuriau added, however, that the French Government were very anxious to associate themselves in the *démarche* that Count de Salis was directed to make.

> I said that I would see that Count de Salis was told to take an opportunity of informing the Vatican that the French Government entirely agreed in the views he was to express on our behalf.

A day later Lord R. Cecil wired to Count de Salis:

> Mr. Balfour's telegram of August 21: Pope's Peace Note. Please inform Cardinal Secretary of State that the French Government have informed me that they desire to associate themselves with the views therein expressed.

It was not surprising that the French Government should act thus on finding that we were already committed, but no patriotic Frenchman could regard an inquiry confined to the enemy's attitude towards Belgium with any other feeling than apprehension. There is, however, no justification for a French newspaper attack on Count de Salis for exceeding his instructions; the fault lay with the latter. The effect on the pro-German Vatican is recorded in Count de Salis's reply of August 23:

> Your telegram of August 21. I had an interview with Cardinal Gasparri to-day and made a communication in the sense of your above-mentioned telegram. In reply His Eminence said that Germany had already announced her intention to restore to Belgium her independence, and, on my objecting to this statement, he called the resolution in favour of peace without annexations which had been voted by the Reichstag to witness. I answered that that Assembly did not rule Germany, and that we possessed no authentic text of the resolution in question.

The slipperiness of the slope on which British diplomacy had now embarked is indicated by this subsequent communication (August 24) from our representative at the Vatican to Lord Robert Cecil:

> This morning I communicated to the Cardinal Secretary of State your telegram of August 23, in which you informed me that the French desired to be associated in the views set forth in your telegram of August 21. His Eminence requests me to transmit to you the following reply: "The Secretary of State reserves to himself to answer telegram after having received from the German Government official declaration relative to Belgium, which he has asked them for."

Count de Salis added:

> I was desirous of avoiding any statement which might seem to give encouragement to any kind of discussions with the German Government—a course to which, however, I did not consider I could properly offer any direct objection—and therefore, on his inquiring my views, I replied that a declaration on the question of Belgium appeared to be desirable. He should remember that this point was only one of many at issue between the belligerent Powers; it was, however, one of especial importance to us.

There is always some gratuitous enigma in these intrigues. In this case it is a date. The reader will have noted the dates of the telegrams in our White Paper (August 21 onwards, 1917). But the document read to the Weimar Assembly by Herr Erzberger was a letter from the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Eugene Pacilli, to the then Imperial Chancellor (Dr. Michaelis), which, as published, is dated "August 13, 1917." It opens thus:

> I have the honour herewith to transmit to you a copy of a telegram which His

> Excellency the King of England's Minister at the Vatican has handed to the Cardinal Secretary of State. The French Government gives its assent to the statement made in the aforementioned telegram, and His Eminence earnestly desires actively to continue his efforts for the speedy attainment of a just and lasting peace, such as the Imperial Government has shown such conciliatory readiness to accept.

Our telegrams, as we have seen, were dated several days after the Papal Nuncio's letter, so there is some discrepancy somewhere, as usual.

The impression made on the Papal Nuncio by the British overture may be gathered from his appeal for a suitable response from the German Government so that the way might be paved for "negotiations" under Papal auspices:

> Your Excellency's attention is particularly drawn to the point in the telegram relative to Belgium with a view to obtaining, first, a positive declaration regarding the Imperial Government's intentions with regard to Belgium's complete independence, and compensation for damage caused in Belgium during the war; and, secondly, a definite statement of the guarantees for political, economic, and military independence which Germany desires. If these declarations have a satisfactory effect, His Eminence thinks that an important step will have been taken towards the further development of negotiations. As a matter of fact, the Minister of Great Britain aforementioned has already informed his Government that the Holy See will reply to communications made in the above-mentioned telegram as soon as it has received the Imperial Government's reply. It may just be permitted me for my part to give expression to my firm conviction that by using your influence in All-Highest quarters on behalf of the Papal proposal and for this peace work, your Excellency will gain the eternal thanks of the Fatherland and of the whole of humanity, if a conciliatory reply be obtained *which can open up a prospect of peace negotiations* [my italics].

Once more our greatest, if not our only, asset intervened to save us from another pit dug by Downing Street for the Entente. The German Government, *alias* the Great General Staff, did not even condescend to answer Britain's humble question, and our "not too brave" Government was momentarily choked off its intrigue by timely exposure and indignation. Who originally set Mr. Balfour in motion? Was any Member of the War Cabinet, apart from the Prime Minister, privy to the British telegram of August 21 of which the Papal Nuncio had "intelligent anticipation" on August 13?

L. J. MAXSE

THE CONTROL OF SYPHILIS

ALL great wars, all widespread pilgrimages, are accompanied and followed by a marked increase in the volume of venereal disease that has come to be regarded almost as an inevitable product of civilization.

The Crusades, the discovery of America, and the Napoleonic wars all provided examples of such an increase: indeed, when the followers of Columbus on his several voyages returned to Europe it was so marked as to give rise to the belief that the malady had actually been introduced into the Old World from the New—a belief held by many until quite recent times; and in the fifteenth century it was variously known either as the "Spanish" or the "Italian" malady, according to the nationality of the speaker, each disclaiming the doubtful honour of its introduction.

The Great War has proved no exception to the general rule and has surpassed in the volume of fresh infection all previous upheavals to such an extent that the Anglo-Saxon mind, which, with its Puritan cast, has steadily refused to see sexual matters as they really exist, has been compelled, though very unwillingly, to admit that there is such a thing as venereal disease, and for the first time in our history the word "syphilis" has been admitted to the columns of the daily Press.

This increase is, unhappily, inevitable when millions of men are taken from their homes for long and indefinite periods. When they are divorced from the society of their wives and families, and are living in the rudest and most vigorous health, there will be some who will listen to the lure of the siren, no matter how sternly the moralist may condemn them and no matter what amount of healthy recreation and innocent amusement may be provided for them. We are up against the stern, naked facts of human nature, and it would be well for all to recognize it.

Recreation, institutes, concerts, games—all these, good as they are, are simply palliatives of the great scourge; they diminish but do not abolish it. Aldershot is honeycombed with institutes for soldiers, but during the years of war the average *daily* number in the venereal division has been somewhere in the neighbourhood of five hundred men. This vast increase in the volume of disease, disastrous though it is for the victims, for their families, and for the race, may yet prove to be a blessing in disguise if it forces public opinion to acknowledge the existence of venereal disease and to take such steps as are practicable and desirable to control or, if possible, abolish it. For syphilis is in truth a deadly scourge, one so relentless that for centuries both the laity and the medical profession have regarded it as an incurable disease. A malady that enfeebled the health, that attacked practically every organ in the body, that disfigured the skin, that was often the forerunner of paralysis and softening of the brain, that sometimes burst forth with uncontrollable violence after ten or fifteen years of apparent cure, that almost inevitably descended to the next generation, might well be regarded as incurable.

Moreover, its " treatment," until Jonathan Hutchinson in this country and Fournier in France placed it on a rational basis, was sometimes worse than the actual disease and added no little to its terrors. Mercury was pushed to heroic extremes until the gums rotted and the teeth fell out or, in the polite euphemism of that day, " the gums were touched." Many an unexpected and unexplained suicide has been due to contracting this malady, and no one but the family doctor has known the secret. Happily, this is largely ancient history to-day. We do not believe the disease to be incurable; we know that it is not *necessarily* transmitted to the next generation; we know how to control it at least, if not to cure it absolutely; we no longer salivate our patients with mercury.

But when all this is said, syphilis still remains one of the most serious diseases that can be acquired by man, not only in a physical sense but morally, on account of the very uncertainty of a relapse at some remote period, and its disappearance would be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred on mankind.

I am fully aware that I am here treading on delicate and even dangerous ground, but I would urge those who may disagree with that last statement to read a little further. For syphilis may be acquired in perfectly innocent ways. By drinking out of a contaminated cup or vessel (teacups that are chipped are especially dangerous in this respect), by the smoking of another's pipe, by kissing, by surgeons and accoucheurs in the discharge of their duties, by wet-nurses, and by innocent wives the malady has been acquired in no inconsiderable number of cases, and the malady is relentlessly impartial in its virulence. It makes no distinction between those who acquire it innocently and the reverse. In addition to all these there is the vast army of congenital syphilitics, the unhappy beings in whose case " the sins of the fathers have descended upon the children." When we are considering whether we ought to try and abolish this scourge, let us never lose sight of these unhappy sufferers who are far more numerous than the world imagines.

Let us now review very briefly the steps that have been taken in the past and the steps that are being taken in the present to minimize the scourge. We shall then be in a position to make some suggestions for the future. The first steps in the way of control were those initiated by Napoleon III. At his instigation the system of periodical examination of suspects was instituted, with its accompaniment, the *maison tolérée.* This system was adopted in its twofold aspect by most European nations, but only very partially in its first aspect by Britain. It certainly led to a reduction in the number of cases, but the volume that still remained was so considerable as to raise the question whether the repellent aspect of the system (together with its occasional tragic mistakes) did not outweigh the advantage of a somewhat modest reduction in the number of cases. It was certainly far from being a brilliant success. The *maison tolérée* has never existed in Britain, but the C.D. Acts, which provided for the examination of suspected persons, were in force in garrison towns in the Empire until 1884, when a wave of public indignation swept them out of existence. There is not the least probability of their re-introduction in this country, nor would public opinion sanction the existence of the *maison tolérée.* Let us dismiss this method from the discussion. Nevertheless, we cannot ignore the fact that the volume of disease in the British Army since 1884 (for it was the Army that was mainly affected by these Acts) has been considerably greater than that in Continental armies, and that in India it had caused considerable anxiety to the military authorities.

The methods that have been employed in Britain to minimize the scourge have been those of a moral and physical nature. These have consisted first of games, athletic exercises, sports, recreation, innocent amusements, and the formation of the many institutes with which every military centre is dotted. Not one word could be said by any one against these. They have improved the health and physique of the soldier and they have brightened his life and provided him with various forms of recreation and amusement to which otherwise he would have been a stranger. But obviously they have not been enough. The two hundred thousand cases that were stated to have been under treatment recently are a sufficient answer to this. The second and more recent method has been the giving at regular periods of short addresses on the social evil and its penalties by medical officers to all units under their charge. These addresses consist of instruction, advice, and warning; and though the object is undoubtedly to impress on the soldier the virtue and value of restraint, in practice it is the warning that is found to be the most effective weapon. The result is somewhat similar to that produced by witnessing a performance of *Damaged Goods.* It is a case of " wind up." Moreover, though the instruction may be urgently needed and highly salutary, it does seem somewhat illogical to warn a man of a deadly peril and then in the next breath tell him how to encounter it with impunity. What one says in effect is this: " You should not do certain things because they are sinful and dangerous; but [as an afterthought] if you will do them, I will show you how to do them with comparative safety." Personally, I do not see how the weak point of offering sound moral and physical advice with one hand and a preventive method with the other can be easily overcome.

During the last dozen years the progress of medical science has placed in our hands weapons we never before possessed which, were they fully utilized, really enable us to cope effectively with syphilis. A brief word about these weapons must be said to enable the reader to appreciate their value. Syphilis is a contagious disease, and from the earliest days of bacteriology has been regarded as due to a germ, but that germ remained undiscovered for many long years. It was eventually identified as the *Spirochæta pallida*; and its discovery marked the beginning of an epoch in venereal disease. The second vital discovery was that of salvarsan, or 606 (so called from its being the 606th experiment), by Ehrlich. Let the reader endeavour to appreciate the value of salvarsan, not merely as a curative agent but also as a new factor in controlling the dissemination of the malady by diminishing to an extraordinary degree the period during which the disease is in a communicable state. The third discovery—which, taken together with the other two, placed the treatment and control of syphilis on an entirely new footing—was the introduction of the Wasserman or "blood" test, which provides an infallible means of showing whether the patient is syphilitic or not at the time the test is made. By means of salvarsan and the blood test combined the communicable stage has been reduced from a long and indefinite period to a minimum of a few weeks, a period to which a definite date can be put.

In the old days, when mercury was the sole method of treatment, months and sometimes years had to elapse before the outward manifestations subsided and the patient could be regarded as no longer a source of danger to others; moreover, when these manifestations had disappeared it was impossible to state the exact moment when the possibility of transmitting infection had ceased. One could only make a rough guess and allow a wide margin of safety. How vastly different is the situation to-day, when it is the ordinary course of events for *all outward evidences to disappear in a few days and for the blood to give a "negative reaction" at the end of a six or seven weeks' course.* It means that a definite period, and that a short one, can be put to the communicable career of syphilis—a point of enormous value. The reader must understand, however, that this has nothing to do with the transmission of the malady to the patient's offspring and gives him no permission to marry, nor is it necessarily the final and absolute cure of the disease. A year's mercurial course is still indicated as an additional measure of safety, and the blood after remaining "negative" may again become "positive" and demand a second course of salvarsan, but the Wasserman reaction can be and is repeated at regular intervals, so that the exact state of affairs is always disclosed. Guesswork has given way to precision.

I have laboured these points somewhat because they are not only of the highest value in the way of individual treatment, but also because they provide a means whereby the malady could be controlled and reduced to an insignificant minimum did we dare to adopt it. Outside the Services there are two distinct and opposing schools of thought as to how the question should be dealt with. There is one school that would bring the knowledge and accessibility of preventive methods within the reach of all. If, as a writer declared in the *Times*, an event occurs at 11 P.M., what is the difference between using a *certain* preventive treatment at 10.45 P.M. or a *possible* means of warding off the effect at 11.15 P.M.? From the medical aspect there is a very considerable difference and from the moral aspect there is all the difference in the world. That brings us to the second school of thought, those whose attitude is the following one. The question of venereal disease is not merely one for the physician; it is a moral as well as a physical one. Disease exists as a deterrent, and the fear of contracting it is one of the main factors in preventing sin. Make it perfectly safe to sin and the floodgates of immorality will be released.

I trust I am stating the case fairly. In the first place, let us examine the argument that the existence of venereal disease is one of the main checks on immorality, putting aside the inevitable thought that merely to abstain from sin from motives inspired by fear and prudence is not, perhaps, a very lofty form of morality. *Does* the fear of consequences act as a check? It is obviously not a complete one by any manner of means, but is it at all largely operative? Each one must form his own conclusions on this point from his knowledge of his fellow-men; personally I do not think it does operate very largely. Moreover, there is in alcohol an agent that destroys to a large extent the value of the fear of consequences as a deterrent to vice. But, pushed to its ultimate conclusion, the argument comes to this: that the contraction of disease should be the *inevitable* result of all irregular intercourse, for it is notorious that the boy in his teens is as likely to fall a victim as the most hardened elderly roué.

But there is a much wider application of the argument that is worth a little consideration. Suppose for a moment that by some method as yet undiscovered, but not beyond the bounds of possibility, venereal disease could be abolished *in toto*, should we be wrong to avail ourselves of it? Would it be sinful? Those who are opposed to the general use of preventives such as are offered, but not always employed, in the Navy, must of necessity maintain that it would be. To them the tens of thousands of *innocent* sufferers raise an unavailing cry of pity. They will not sanction their employment, nor could they sanction the disappearance of venereal disease from the world; but they do strongly support "*early* treatment." Why? Is this not a trifle illogical? With *early* treatment, as we now know it, half a dozen injections of salvarsan, which act as an excellent tonic, are often the sole inconvenience a man ever suffers, the beginning and end of the whole affair.

Should the sinner be allowed to get off so easily? Surely, to admit him to the privileges and advantages of *early* treatment is going a long way in the direction of a preventive; it is only a question of degree. A long, costly, tedious, and exhausting course of mercury ought to be his fate if he is to be really punished.

Finally, we come to the question of what might be done to control the incidence of syphilis, seeing that all other methods—the *maison tolérée,* physical recreation and innocent amusements, and the employment of fear—have signally failed. Could syphilis be abolished? Could it ever be reduced to an insignificant minimum? It must clearly be understood in what is to follow that these are in the nature of suggestions, to be read in the light of what has already been said of the modern methods of treating the malady by means of salvarsan and the Wasserman test. There are some who advocate the compulsory notification of venereal disease in the hope that this method would reduce its incidence, and there are many others who oppose it on the grounds that notification would lead to concealment and therefore to loss of the invaluable early treatment. There is a good deal to be said on both sides and only actual experience would put it to the test. But suppose that in addition to compulsory notification there was added compulsory isolation and treatment until the malady was no longer transmissible as revealed by the Wasserman test? Infectious fevers, which are caught in all innocence, are already compulsorily isolated and treated until they are no longer infectious; that is an infringement of the liberty of the subject. Is there any reason why venereal disease, which is not usually contracted innocently, should not be isolated and treated in the same compulsory way? As a matter of fact, there is none, yet this method, if effectively carried out, does offer the prospect of reducing in a few years' time the volume of syphilis to insignificant proportions.

For every case, if seen and notified and isolated at once, would cease to be a focus of infection, and by eliminating all the foci of infection the volume of disease would fall enormously. It would mean for every case a period of a few weeks' isolation and treatment and the subsequent supervision at intervals by means of the Wasserman test. In time there would be no transmissible disease abroad. It is true there are objections, and very serious ones too, but the goal aimed at is commensurate with the effort. The temporary hardships and inconveniences of some to-day must be weighed against the future physical welfare of the race. For such a system to be successful it would have to be employed with drastic impartiality. None, no matter how highly placed, could be allowed to escape. Concealment and the existence of irregular practitioners would have to be punished with something more than a fine, for the welfare of humanity would be in the balance; no half measures would have the least chance of success. And the danger of bribery would have to be met by making it "infamous" conduct for a doctor to suppress his knowledge of the case. That opinion is not yet ripe for such measures must be fully admitted; but it is only by a dissemination of their existence and possibilities that the question of the control of syphilis can be brought into the sphere of practical politics.

E. Brown

THE PASSING OF THE DISTRICT OFFICER

> "*The Civil Servant in India is not very different from the Civil Servant in England.*"—The Secretary of State for India.

On the late Lord Macaulay's principle that a broken head at home is more interesting to the British public than three pitched battles in India, it would probably follow that one coal-miner or co-respondent is more exciting than a round dozen of Indian District Officers; so that possibly in the above dictum Mr. Montagu has told it all that it wants to know. Yet there are occasional symptoms of a vague, superficial curiosity which goes a little farther even than this, and would like to be informed wherein the Civil Servant in India is "different"—though, indeed, "not very different"—from the Civil Servant in England, whom, of course, thanks to the Juniuses of the day, we all know so well.

"But first," it will be asked, "what is a District Officer? Dilly we know and Dally we know, but who is this?" The answer is simple. He is the Ruler of India. There are some Civil Servants who are not District Officers, Lieutenant-Governors, High Court and Sessions Judges, Commissioners, Heads of Departments, besides smaller fry, but they hardly count. Where they are not running their own side shows they exist to help him, or to interfere with him, as the case may be. But he is, in post-war jargon, the pivotal man. Without him the Lieutenant-Governor were a *roi fainéant*, the Director-General of Statistics would have to evolve a good part of them out of his inner consciousness, the High Court would find such a lack of criminal cases that their civil work would be astonishingly up to date; even the Accountant-General's occupation would be partly gone. They could not get on very well without him. But he could get on very well without them; is it not written in the chronicles of the Indian Mutiny? There was even in those days one forceful District Officer who went so far, in the absence of any safe method of communication with a Commissioner of Currency, as to act on the principle "Every District Officer his own Bradbury." The notes which he put in circulation were a complete success so long as the "sweet unrest" lasted. But there came a day of reckoning when the Government could get at him. They found themselves compelled to animadvert with grave disapproval upon this unauthorized proceeding, and degraded the Man of the Moment into a District and Sessions Judge.

The District Officer—also called, in the older provinces, the Collector, in the newer, the Deputy-Commissioner—is the head of the District, which is about the size of a good-sized English county, with a population of a million or so in the more populous parts of India. As Collector (or Deputy-Commissioner) he is responsible for the main sources of Government revenue, notably land revenue and excise, including the licensing of shops. He sometimes has to settle what the land revenue is to be. He is a Court for land litigation. He has an immense staff under him, stretching down to the village accountant, whose duty it is to inscribe in a portentous series of books the names of the owner, part-owner, sub-owner, tenant, part-tenant, sub-tenant of, and crop grown (and whether it was a success or not) in every rod, pole, or perch of cultivated land in his dominions. As Magistrate he is head of all the other magistrates, and responsible for the maintenance of public order and bringing criminals to justice. He is Chairman of the District Board—a sort of County Council, which manages most of the schools, the cattle-pounds, most of the roads, the ferries, and so on; and the members leave it mostly to him. He is—or was till quite recently—Chairman of the municipalities, who have much the same power as Town Councils in England. As Manager of the Court of Wards he is estate-agent and guardian for some of the nobility and gentry of the district who cannot manage their properties. If there is famine, he manages the relief operations; if there is plague, he evacuates the villages; if there is cholera, he disinfects the wells. He sees that the babies are vaccinated. He recommends for titles. He entertains the Distinguished Traveller. He is a returning officer at elections. He is consulted by Government about a variety of things. The officers of the nearest military station inquire from him about sport—and can he get them an elephant?

The comparison with the Home Civil Servant will not be complete without some account of a District Officer's day, though this is trespassing on ground already traversed by a master-hand—that of the late Mr. G. W. Steevens. Take a day in camp. He is up at six and away before seven, for he has a march to-day. It is cold, so he takes the first mile or two on foot with the headmen and the village accountant to accompany him. He draws them out—not that they need it much, as they talk frankly enough to him. Their life, he knows, is "a long-drawn question between a crop and a crop"; Burke in his most majestic periods never uttered words of deeper sympathy than those. "What do they think of the new Government seed?" he asks. "Are any Government advances wanted for wells?" "Do the boys' parents like the new schoolmaster?" "Is there much crime at present?" Soon a glance at his watch shows him it is time for his horse; he mounts and exchanges a salaam, and canters on along the unmetalled road. Those young trees at the roadside, by the by, are all browsed down by goats. The road repairs are not finished yet. He must send a slip to the arboriculture supervisor and another to the works sub-overseer when he gets to camp. Hullo! That liquor shop is on the road. This is against regulations, as a paternal Government has taken thought in India to keep its subjects out of temptation. He must see that it is moved to a more secluded spot when the licence is renewed. Presently he meets a subordinate official just outside a large village. He remembers what it is: plague has broken out and we are trying to get the village evacuated into shelters of brushwood, which are ready for the inhabitants. They won't move; he must try his hand on them. He tells them what has happened in other villages—some where the people moved out of their houses, others where they did not. It is no good. A Mohammedan butcher, a somewhat truculent-looking fanatic, says: "If we die, we die. Let us die in our homes! All is fate." The Englishman is still mounted. With a light pressure of the right heel he brings his horse's quarters round till the near hind hock grazes the Mussulman's sleeve, making him give a sudden bound to a place of safety. "If we are kicked, we are kicked," says the District Officer dreamily. "All is fate!" This disposes of the butcher. "But," says a mild Hindu, "we cannot get our women to move." "Give me the name of that woman that I may make her village-headman." It is a long business; but before he rides off the District Officer has done enough to show that he means to get his own way, and has left the minor official with some hope of continuing the good work to the desired conclusion. Sure enough, about three in the afternoon the move out of the infected houses into the cool mango-grove has begun.

Meanwhile our Cuthbert hastens on—at something like a gallop now, as he is beginning to think of the crowd of visitors which will be keeping him from his breakfast at the end of the stage. But he has not gone far when half a dozen figures rush out in front of him as if he were being run away with. What is this? Only that he *must* stop. The village accountant has entered this field absolutely wrong in his books, and it belongs to a religious trust for the upkeep of the local mosque; and a Hindu money-lender is trying to get hold of the land; and never since the first days of the British Raj, when the wolf and the lamb could drink out of the same stream, was there such a ——. He takes a note and passes on. It is growing hot now. He reaches the end of the stage. The tent which he sent on in the night is ready pitched, and half a dozen gentlemen ready to talk to him. One is the squire of the place, an important gentleman, armed to the teeth, with two seedy retainers in his train likewise armed. After a talk about the harvest and such matters the Squire hopes that the

Sahib will visit his hospital—and there is a bit of a backwater near his village where one can always pick up a duck or two. Yes, the Sahib will be pleased to inspect the hospital to-morrow, and he will stroll down to the river in the evening. It is half-past ten before he has finished his callers—all of whom must be seen separately—and gets to his lonely breakfast, where his light reading is the gazetteer or an agricultural journal. After breakfast he has the police-station, school, and pound to inspect; then back to camp, where he takes his petitions for the day and hears a case or two. He has some orders, too, to give (on hurried "slips" which he passes to his camp clerk) on things seen during his morning ride. Then he has fresh visitors—two shy boys, piloted by a Court of Wards official. These are his wards; when they grow up they will be lords of one of the biggest estates in the district. He asks them how they like school, and amuses himself with their broken English—the only time he hears his own language in the day. Then the official produces the estate books; and for some time the two are hard at it, going into the accounts and discussing the merits of the new irrigation pump put in last year. It is now almost four o'clock, and tea and the post from headquarters come in together, so he gets a newspaper to read during that repast—a somewhat solid one as he has dispensed with lunch. After this he sallies out to get a duck or two at the backwater aforesaid, but he is doing something for Government all the time, except for the bare moment when he lifts his gun and drops his bird. The river is one of those that provides the speculative element in life to those whose lot it is to till the alluvial plains. Every year at the rainy season it comes down like a broad sea, several miles wide; by November it is a stream a few dozen yards wide meandering between tamarisk-thickets and fields. But it is always a toss-up where the deep stream will be. On this depend a number of complicated matters connected with rights over the land. It is important that the map should be correct, and as he strides on in quest of mallard the District Officer calls up the village accountant and checks it from time to time. The Squire is there too, to show him where the boundary has been affected or where the land has been cut away by the river or improved by alluvium. Returning by a different road at dusk, the District Officer plunges into his papers from his English office, and after an hour with them is ready for dinner, which almost ends the day for him.

This is a cold-weather day. In the hot season he is kept mainly at headquarters. His life is different—though, again, "not very different." He has about as many visitors, fewer inspections, rather more court work, meetings of boards and committees, invasions of high officials, and a little more trouble with reports and returns. It is an odd circumstance that the few persons who take some sort of sympathetic interest in the District Officer appear to conceive him as incessantly writing reports. He very seldom writes a report. A small proportion of his time is taken up with reading, correcting and otherwise making his own, reports drawn up for his approval by his subordinates.

It has been thought worth while to give this rough portrait of the District Officer for two reasons. First, that he is such a rarity. Think! He is only to be found in one part of the globe, and then there is only one of him to an area the size of Berkshire; or it may be Yorkshire, or even South Wales. He is a shy bird. He spreads his plumage in the desert. He does not show up much in places like Simla. Even the variety of him that is found in places like Lahore or Lucknow, where the travelling M.P. is rushed out in a car twenty miles along the main road and shown a village school, some plough-bullocks working, and a Hindu temple, is a trifle—may one say?—sophisticated. The other species, whom travellers usually see, is hardly more representative. This is the Purveyor of Big Game, the fortunate being who rules a country where desolate villages are separated from one another by immense tracts of jungle. You get wild life with him; but it is a bit too wild if your object is really to know something of India, a country where there are thousands and thousands of square miles populated as closely as Surrey.

Secondly, the portrait is taken in *articulo mortis*. For in a few years more the District Officer will have ceased to be. His place is to be taken by that noisy, though indefinite, abstraction, "responsible government." The world is impoverished whenever any sort of creature becomes prehistoric, and this he very soon will be.

The average Cabinet Minister has never heard of him. If he did he would mark him off as an anachronism, or, in Downing Street slang, a "back number" or "also ran."

KHYBER

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON

[*A timely consideration of one of Germany's most popular war books—a book which accurately reflected the thoughts of the average German when he believed that Germany was winning.*]

THERE was popular in Germany in the midst of the war a widely read book which harmonized with the general spirit of the people as I found that spirit. It was called *Hindenburg's March into London*. "A German world-empire will be built upon the ruins of the British Empire," was the fond prediction to me in October 1914, of an important Berlin merchant, who prophesied in the spirit of his environment. Belgium and France were but stepping-stones. To clutch England's throat in the City was the longed-for goal.

When dream-maps were the vogue in Germany, the most sought was one entitled "The Invasion Map of England." In the second summer of the war, when the armies of Russia were being battered eastward the leitmotiv of conversation became, "With the Russians shall we soon be done, and then—and then with our victorious Eastern army transferred to those in the West we can conquer France and England in a few short months." Mention of England introduced, in turn, the beloved topic of indemnities. "Just see what Brussels and Lille are paying! *Ach Gott*, what will London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and a score of other fat cities yield!" Even from Finance Minister Helfferich came the officially soothing oracle: "We do not desire to increase by taxation the heavy burden which war throws upon our people. Germany's enemies deserve to drag the leaden weight through the centuries to come."

In such an atmosphere did *Hindenburg's March into London* become the volume of the hour. If it errs at all as a reflector of the German thought of a considerable portion of the war it errs on the side of moderation. In the opening chapter "Old England" is very unfavourably compared with "Young Germany." The former, decrepit, could not turn her eyes away from the young German Michael,

> as he built guns diligently and with surpassing skill, speedily developed engineering and weaving as good as the British, and made it his task to overtake his mistress in all departments in which Germany had been the pupil of Britain. He had assiduous talent in working, experimenting, investigating, and inventing, had drawers full of patents, and wanted to know things better than any one else in chemistry and medicine. Unfortunately, however, the young fellow was still very far from worldly-wise, and allowed everybody to peep into his laboratory and workshops, so that even countries of prey such as Japan might imitate many things.

This last is an example of a certain trait which I found highly developed in warring Germany—namely, vociferously to accuse the other fellow of what he accuses you. Sometimes, indeed, the Germans have anticipated the other fellow's accusations, as in the case of poisonous gas, the use of which the Wolff Telegraph Bureau designedly and falsely attributed to the British ten days before Von Falkenhayn sprang it as a surprise in the Second Battle of Ypres.

Using Germany as a laboratory I earnestly sought to ascertain how much was self-delusion, how much was sheer hypocrisy, in the asseverations of national virtues and innocence of wishing war which I heard on every hand. When people conjure themselves into the state of mind shown in the following quotation they have laid a first-rate foundation for blaming their enemies for all their woes, and continuing to blame them even after being forced to admit defeat:

> In his relations with his European neighbours he [the German] was of an honesty which has now grown quite old-fashioned. He paid so little attention in his diplomacy to craftiness and ingratiating methods that he often watched with a sigh how Albion got the better of him in diplomatic world-business. This honesty was an inheritance from the old, worthy, unsuspicious German Michael.
>
> Greatly to his detriment, young Michael had no idea of adopting the new methods of diplomacy, but looked upon himself as unfortunately unfitted for diplomatic flirting, *renounced the creation of a lying Press abroad in his favour* [my italics], and missed the opportunity for many relations which can only be opened in drawing-rooms when smoking a good cigar.
>
> Full of worth, simplicity, and blissful trustfulness, he thought that with honest work he would do more in the world than by coquetting and skirmishing. Smiling proudly, he disregarded the petty, though useful, English statesmen's craft; unfortunately, he did not count wire-pulling and the tricks of intrigue as being the work of diplomacy. With his large blue eyes he walked a straight road through the world and worked bravely onwards. His art and his science gained him fame, his industry accumulated money, and his trade conquered country after country.

Throughout the Fatherland I invariably found that the fundamental cause of the war was the envy of the rest of the world toward Germany. Thus the whitewasher continues:

> To the Briton the doings of the young fellow became more and more distasteful. Old England wanted to have rest and enjoy the rich patrimony of her fathers, and now she naturally felt herself threatened when this go-ahead young fellow came along. Young Michael became especially distasteful to the schoolmistress of Europe when he began to build big shipyards and create for himself a serviceable fleet.
>
> Even without an equal fleet young Germany had one for commerce, and ran undaunted around the whole globe in order to look for customers for its industry. Even without a strong fleet its merchant navy was in all corners of the world and earned more money than it might have expected. [In which the writer unwittingly pays compliment to Great Britain in the engrossing subject of the freedom of the seas.]

The author then develops the favourite German folk-tale of how England organized a ring of jealous enemies into the Isolation Society which decreed war upon Germany and conducted this war in full violation of international law.

But they could not bend the neck of the fair German youth! Young Michael in the second year of the war possessed the same laughing confidence of victory as on the first day of mobilization. Meantime the young fellow had developed. Heavens, what elbows he had! The left in Flanders and the right on the Black Sea. With legs wide spread he stood in Central Europe and pushed his iron-mounted soldier's boots every day a bit farther into the enemy country. He let the furious English pack yelp on, and he only spit now and again over the channel. Hurrah for the Zeppelins and the valiant German airmen!

The distress of Germany's enemies was great. The Isolation Society was confronted with the most terrible collapse a group of speculators had ever experienced, and the fault for the loss of thousands of millions was ascribed to the man whose name was pronounced with a shiver and yet secretly with solemn reverence—

Hindenburg!

Would this uncanny military genius, after settling Russia, take a holiday—or would he lead his armies to the West? Might Hindenburg be the stormer before the gates of London? Such ideas shook people's nerves on the other side of the Channel.

At this point Hindenburg's chronicler becomes a dreamer of that wonderful dream in which his countrymen would see Britain prostrate before Teuton power. Hindenburg orders ten thousand special trains to roll Westward from the East.

The advance in the West will now be impetuous. The anticipation of crowning the proud German work by decisive deeds burns like tropical fire in the soldiers' stout hearts. *The will to decide the fate of the world fills them all to the last man.*

The enthusiasm with which the grey-clad soldiers are greeted on their passage exceeds even the jubilation of the August days of 1914. For now joyous confidence is accompanied by the satisfaction of success. Waves of jubilation roll alongside the trains throughout the country. The troops need not this time keep secret the fact that they are going from one frontier to the other. The whole world may know now. Hurrah! The Eastern Army is on the march. On the chalk cliffs of Dover the German cry of jubilation will resound. Hindenburg's million is on the road with seven-league boots!

Some of the *en route* scenes depicted are worthy of note, particularly the references to the tissue of lies upon which Britain's cause was founded. Says the author:

Even wreaths are now declined with thanks by the lionized Bavarians, for in their small travelling warehouses they have already created a department for flowers. A corporal of the Light Horse, who, however, cannot refuse a lovely giver, says: "Throw it in, for Heaven's sake! I tell you we have had flowers enough to make a garland from Zeebrugge to Grey's Ministry of Lies. And we still have got to settle our account over there."

Our troops are a merry people. They do not talk about the storm of battle. They only want "to get a peep at the Englishmen at close quarters."

On one car merry Landwehr men, who have known London on their travels, have hung puppet figures. One puppet represents an Englishman with considerably developed jaws; right and left of him hang Indians, Congo niggers, Gurkhars, Kafirs, and cannibals. Above them are the words:

> "ALL-BRITISH SHOPPING WEEK
>
> "A Patriotic Week in which a Good Britain will buy only Goods of British Origin."
>
> Now they are off. They only want to run over to London to insure Germany with the London Political Society against burglary for all time. They only want to clear the General Post Office of the four thousand telegraphists, of the manipulators of lies who have brought the whole thing on.

The writer dwells upon the triumphant satisfaction felt by the troops as they contemplate the uninjured aspect of their own country and compare it with the devastation of other lands. I have heard German troops make such comparisons myself, and I have been with French troops, too, when in the autumn of 1918 they passed through mile after mile of devastation in the land they loved on their way to enter the land whose people had caused the devastation They, too, make comparisons, and the comparisons make them bitter when they think of the terms of peace.

> What the valiant men feel as they pass over the Rhine is deeper than all words. A golden consciousness of happiness is within them, and the determination to fall with might and main upon those who deprived Germany and the world of peace by wanton intrigue.

In view of the present Hohenzollern impotence, the following regulation sycophantic tribute is of interest:

> Between Aachen and Brussels Kaiser Wilhelm holds the greatest review of troops of all times. The conquerors of the Tsar's army march once more before their Kaiser before going to the last decisive battles at the Front. Full of pride, the German hosts once more feel the keen blue eyes of the mightiest prince of the earth resting upon them. They greet him whom in love and blind hate the thoughts of the entire world surround, who was for twenty-five years guardian of the peace of the world, who now stands at the centre-point of the greatest war in the world's history, and will perhaps live on through the thousands of years to come as the greatest German in the history of Germany.
>
> And side by side with the Kaiser the troops of the East see their Hindenburg again. He is the soldier after the heart of the god of war. He is the general with mildly beaming eyes, which, however, at times shine with a keen glint of steel which recalls Moltke.

Hindenburg's super-admirer then describes how the German armies under their inspired idol spring with relief from the monotony of trench warfare to a campaign of movement in which they prove overwhelmingly victorious because of superior staff genius, motor batteries, and bravery and indomitable will. Even while advancing to battle the jolly good fellows must have their little joke. Says one Landsturmer to another:

> "In the Dardanelles we saw the shabby sordidness in money matters of the English For the head of a German-Turk delivered dead or alive they have offered six pounds. Our Kaiser is more liberal. For a certain head he has offered the order Pour le Mérite."

"Which head?"
"The bridge-head of Calais!"

The bridge-head falls. Hindenburg occupies the Channel ports and prepares the grand invasion. On countless occasions I have heard the German people refer to Hindenburg as a "second Napoleon." Had his chronicler wished to develop the comparison he might have portrayed his hero standing, like Napoleon, at Boulogne, straining his eyes across the narrow strip of water to the filmy, cloud-like goal of his dreams, and, standing thus, reflect upon the fact of Britain's Fleet.

Nearly every one with whom I talked in Germany insisted that the British Navy was hiding, afraid to venture out to give battle to the German ships. The Battle of Jutland increased rather than diminished the popular belief in German naval superiority. Apparently the author did not share in this belief, for he disposed of British vessels by artifice.

> A giant swarm of Zeppelins, of whose size even German soldiers did not venture to dream, travelled one foggy morning to the coast of Britain and sought out the British Navy. Thousands of bombs accomplished the work of destruction. Immediately the bombing ceased a gigantic fleet of submarines broke into the harbour and completed the work.
>
> England had her Sedan. She was now to experience her Paris!
>
> Now shudder, Albion!

In the third chapter, "Crossing the Channel," we read:

> For eight days new giant Krupp guns had felt their way over to Dover and Folkestone, and had destroyed everything living on the south coast of England, reducing all the work of human hands to nothing. The three waterways from Zeebrugge, Dunkirk, and Calais to England had been secured east and west by a steel wall of torpedo-boats, mines, and submarines. Finally the Kaiser sent his cousin the promised little surprise, and two army corps stood on the shores of the island.
>
> The whole of England is aroused in wild and curious hate against the Germans She calls for assistance, but no one crowds to a sinking ship. True, she has assembled a number of foreign battalions and coloured people from all parts of the world in order to repel the invasion, but they will no longer succeed in bringing in foreign reserves. Now for the first time in centuries England is thrown on her own resources. Now she will show what she can do when she gets no foreign team to draw her State wagon. The need over there is great just now.
>
> All night long the cranes rattle at the new German moorages in Northern France. Boxes and cases, items of equipment, many thousands of necessary things, lie heaped up on the wharves—requirements for man, animal, and guns. One freight-train after another traverses Flanders, and the treasures which they bring are lowered into the holds in Zeebrugge and Calais.
>
> In the district of Dunkirk there is scarcely a house or a shed in which German troops do not pass the night. From here during this night happy dreams wander home by way of England, for the last thought of this outward journey to hard decisive battles is peace—a world peace.
>
> Failures do not hold back the German; they only bring pride in his diligence. Behind the Cross of the Dead is the Will to Conquer!
>
> When the anchors are raised the German soldier becomes aware that he is living

through a great and memorable moment of the world's history. Now he is penetrating into the sanctuary of the British. Now for the tables of the traffickers and the money-changers, who still offered the doves of peace for sale in the markets of the world when they thought that they had already completed the work of isolation, and the Russian war Party had already given the signal. Now the All-Holiest of the British Empire is in danger, the treasures between Threadneedle Street and Princes Street.

The engines throb; the ship seeks its way through the night. Enormous fires farther back inland write upon the nightly sky that the European continent, thanks to England's zealous exertions for many years, has become a sea of blood. It contains, however, two uninjured and blooming oases—the German Empire and the Danube country.

On board, the men in field-grey write picture postcards. Writes one:

"DEAR SWEETHEART,—We are at last in the Channel. *Gott strafe* England!"

Another says:

"DEAREST GUSTEL,—Hurrah! Now we are at them! We are just going over to give the English business offices a good fumigation and kill the envy germs."

As each unit lands a parson reads the text, no doubt officially selected:

> The Lord will be with thee and will not withdraw His hand from thee, nor abandon thee, until thou hast accomplished everything.

Through the next five chapters Hindenburg batters his way through the south of England to the gates of London. The whine in the first paragraph of chapter four is especially worthy of reproduction, for it is the whine I heard nearly everywhere in Germany when Belgium was mentioned:

> The south-eastern counties of England present a harrowing picture. The German armies, after hard battles in the hopfields of Kent, while marching through the beautiful county of Sussex have had to face a "sharpshooter" warfare exceeding in its atrocities even the performances of Belgian blackguards. The German commanders have been compelled to take stern measures of reprisal. They will be a warning to English craft and cunning. The heart of England will not be instructed even by the fate of Belgium. We will repeat the lesson of Louvain upon the shooters from behind hedges if need be!

But all is not hard work for Hindenburg's valiant lads. They now and then find time for merry little pranks. While resting opposite a huge bill-board one battalion could read: "Beecham's Pills are the best. Beecham's Pills cure." A company clerk, however, climbed up and corrected this to "German Pills are the best. German Pills cure." Even in their jests the invading Germans reveal their virtues, as evidenced by Reservist Watzlit's story of a British airman:

> I was on patrol duty on a silent meadow [Watzlit explained] when an English airman descended near me. After I had taken him prisoner he showed his wholly mistaken notion of the German character by trying to bribe me with fifty thousand marks in bright gold [which the airman was no doubt using for ballast].
>
> But I took him by the collar [said Watzlit] and told him that it is the custom in Germany to pay gold into the Reichsbank, and that the nearest office of the Reichsbank is the prison camp at Döberitz. I then added that I would get him a ticket to Döberitz so that he could pay in his gold himself.

During the entire march through England Teutonic virtues stood out with the clearness of the hedges marking the countryside. Hindenburg's crusaders, ever mindful of their duty to the Fatherland and that such duty had always precedence over pleasure, steadfastly refused to be lured by the smiles of fair women into eating poisoned food and indulging in other practices detrimental to their health. In Germany I used to hear harrowing tales of poor German soldiers—armed to the teeth and part of the then most powerful military machine in the world—being treacherously put off their guard and attacked by women and children. The grotesque weirdness of all this was of course obvious to everybody save some fifty odd million devotees to officially canned ideas.

In his chapter on "Heroes," the narrator of the hoped-for invasion says:

> Lieutenant Haussmann then asked that a room be shown him. There, with sharpened senses, he collects further observations as to what is proceeding in this house. The Belgian rascals of the August days of 1914 were only willing pupils of English instigators; now our brave troops have to deal with the masters of the game of intrigue. Keep your eyes open, you fair young Pomeranian country squire. Do not fall into the trap.
>
> Lieutenant Haussmann, towards evening, had another conversation with Lady Margery, who can talk so charmingly and engagingly. It would be nicer for him to spend his time chatting to her. In truth, in this long and indescribably hard war the hour comes for many a field soldier in which the sight of a fair maiden offers him more pleasure than the greatest victory after a hot field battle could afford him.
>
> He struggles awhile with the devil whispering temptation within him. But the service to which he belongs, his sense of duty, is clear and sharp; he conquers and remains a hero. As a true German he remains on the watch.

And thus the Germans with their virtues intact advance to the final battle on the edge of London. Great stress is constantly laid upon the regulation German propaganda fabrication that the *English* save themselves while others fight their battles. The following bit of description is characteristic:

> Divisions of coloured troops overrun the German trenches between Edenbridge and Penshurst over a front of nearly six miles.
>
> This is the signal for the enemy. Now the regiments of white Englishmen may advance. Very politely, however, even now they allow Canadians and the French Foreign Legion to go first.

At last the Germans get the longed-for chance to butcher the English as they butchered the Hereros. Of course they are justified.

> A black scoundrel, apparently dead, suddenly rises and cuts down from behind a German captain of the Guards. At this the fury of the German soldiers knows no bounds. Now they show no mercy; every one lying there receives a stroke which settles him; not only those who treacherously sham death, but those long dead are roughly handled. Horror is in supreme command.
>
> Once more the express order is given to take no prisoners. Whoever sets mad

dogs on human beings is no longer protected by the rules of war. With bestial, snarling scum the German soldier observes only the laws of the hunt of beasts of prey. The troops can no longer obey the command to kill, for no more prisoners remain to be taken. The net contrived by Hindenburg and Ludendorff has become a cage of death.

England has now received its Tannenberg; nay, even more; it has had its battle in the Teutoburg Forest, in which out of every hundred a hundred were slain.

At last the war is practically over with the British request for terms of armistice. The Prussian Guards are on the hills of Waldingham, from which they see London with the naked eye. A general halt is called and hurrahs ring out, but before advancing the men write short cards home: "no diffuse messages to-day, only four fateful words, *God has punished England.*"

Meanwhile the scene shifts to the German capital, and we get an idea of what would have happened if things had only gone according to plan.

At half-past eleven Wolff's Bureau issues the information that the gigantic armada of all available German airships has overwhelmed the City of London with bombs, and that salvos of our 42's have been thrown into the town. The Tower and two bridges over the Thames are in ruins.

Berlin shouts with joy. During the night the streets become a many-coloured fairyland of flags. The waves of enthusiasm are surging high. The multitude increases by leaps and bounds. Whole suburbs seem to migrate to the central parts of the town by means of night trains, for no inhabitant of Berlin would like to hear an hour later than necessary the news of what is happening on the Thames.

The church clocks strike midnight as new specials are issued: *The Lord Mayor of London has surrendered the keys of the Mansion House to Hindenburg, and has begged him to spare the town!*

London before the occupation of the troops! Hindenburg London's Overlord! This information is the signal for a delirium of delight surpassing Germany's joy in the days of August 1914 and in the autumn of 1915.

Deutschland, Deutschland über alles! Like a mighty wave it roars in multitudinous chorus up to the starlit sky. All are crowding on the Linden. In front of the palace hearts are bubbling over with rapture. There is singing in the streets, and it continues through the Mark Brandenburg and resounds throughout the mighty fortress of Germany founded on a rock.

Another announcement: "In order to save London from the threatened destruction the English Government has accepted Hindenburg's demand that the entire English army, wherever it may be, is to lay down its arms without delay!"

The scene shifts back to England, where

Hindenburg is riding slowly on with a town of seven and a half millions lying at his feet, and thoughtfully he glances at the Canaan of the German dreams of conquest. At last he has succeeded in subduing England's greatest weapon, the lie, which with the cable, the telegraph, the Press, and silver bullets undermined Germany's honour.

Once more a State-owned parson says:

Ideals which have no market value and are not convertible into cash, Albion did not include in the price list of its soul's stocks. England is the land of moral weaklings This town lying at our feet holds within its wall fifteen hundred churches. But far more than fifteen hundred temples have been built to that other god, the golden calf.

Comrades, it is something precious and lofty that God should have chosen you for his instrument.

[This, an echo of course of the All-Highest's address to his Eastern Army in the first winter of the war, when he said :

Be convinced that you are the Chosen People !
The Spirit of God has descended upon me, for I am the German Emperor !
I am the Instrument of the Most High !
I am His Sword and Spokesman !
Misery and death to all those who oppose my Will !
Misery and death to all those who do not believe in my Mission !
Misery and death to Cowards—all enemies of the German people shall be annihilated.
God has decreed their destruction; God commands you through my mouth to carry out His Will !]

The streets and squares round London Bridge Station are a huge military camp. Hurrah ! Hindenburg has entered the station grounds. At nine o'clock sharp he mounts his horse, while the battalions unfurl the flags. To the strains of the "Entry into Paris March" of 1814 the troops proceed to London Bridge. From this bridge the soldiers look at the riggings of the cargo boats which have escaped with difficulty from a dangerous fate and have come to the docks to repair the wounds inflicted upon them in the Channel by the German U-boats.

Gentlemen and foppish mongrels, righteous and unrighteous, all clench their fists in their pockets against the Germans. Let them hate us if they like, provided they fear us !

In the Bank of England they will mourn for the Golden Fleece, which has gone to America. In this banking house, once the richest treasure in the world, the receivers in bankruptcy of the Isolation Company will have to make up accounts during a whole generation, with a gigantic army of clerks.

A young officer makes a sign to a newsboy and buys from him a copy of the *Times*. It has a mourning border. The leading article says : "We do not mourn because we have come to grief in this war which has been prepared for decades by Germany, but we mourn because the civilization of the whole world now lies on its death-bed."

When the troops enter the Strand the adjutant calls the attention of Major Sigwart, who is riding close to him, to the fact that here, in a by-street, Tsar Peter the Great had lived when he went to Holland and England to learn the shipbuilding trade as a simple dockyard workman. It would have been a fine parallel, thought the major, if the King of England had one day enlisted as a recruit in a Potsdam by-street to study German military science. If King Edward had done so, this world-war would surely have been spared us.

If we remember the last act of Germany's much vaunted fleet, the description of the entrance into Trafalgar Square takes on an added touch of interest.

To the joyous strains of the German naval song the troops come to Trafalgar Square. The four bronze lions at the foot of Nelson's Column have mourning veils over their manes. To-day they lie, not as crouching for a spring, but as lame with terror. Two Berlin soldiers are speaking of Nelson, the popular British hero. One says : "To win so easily a sea battle—it is surely an extravagant adventure." "Yes, Karl," says the other, "but, you see, no German U-boat was present."

As the troops swing down Whitehall to the Houses of Parliament, says Major Sigwart to his Grenadiers :

There is, further, a very curious custom in there. The Lord Chancellor presides over the debates from a woolsack. Queen Elizabeth caused the woolsack to be sent as a chair-cushion to a Lord Chancellor so that the legislators should always be reminded of the prohibition of the export of cotton.

> Then it would be advisable [says one of the Grenadiers] that the Lord Chancellor should sit on an image of Hindenburg so that no further thoughts of a policy of isolation should ever rise in the House of Parliament.
>
> Thus do Hindenburg's conquerors parade in triumph through a London, large areas of which are smouldering ruins. Having decreed that in the future the Lord Mayor shall be deprived of any representative functions, they proceed in triumph to Buckingham Palace, where the World War comes officially to an end.

It is peculiar that while translating the above a letter came to me from an officer in the Second Royal Irish Regiment, with the army of occupation in Germany, a member of the old Expeditionary Force, who has been at it since he faced the onrushing tide of Von Kluck at Mons. The concluding paragraphs read:

> My battalion finished up the war in almost exactly the same place that we started. We captured a village three miles south-east of Mons, where we came across a lot of graves of our 1914 comrades.
>
> We started the attack on the afternoon of the 10th and reached our first objective on the morning of the 11th, just before we heard that the Armistice was signed. There are just about ten left of the old battalion who started the campaign back in August 1914.
>
> There is a battery of artillery which fired its first and last rounds from the same field near Mons. I suppose that we are the only two units which started and finished the war in the same place.

D. THOMAS CURTIN

THE MERCHANT SERVICE

Officers and men of the British Mercantile Marine are giving an example to their countrymen, alike in their determination to secure their just dues justly, and in their resolve to maintain the sea industry by which the country lives. The struggle to rebuild England is based upon these two principles: the right of the men who do the work to a fair share in the profits of the work, and the necessity of maintaining British industry. No man has earned his share more hardly than the British seaman; none better understands that it is first of all necessary to serve the industry by which he lives. During the war the seamen fed the country and supplied the armies of the Allies. There is no case on record of a man refusing to sail because he feared danger, though there are several cases in which men failed to join their ship for other, usually convivial, reasons. Men who had been seven times torpedoed continued to sign on.

During the war pay and wages were increased; the men, for the first time, received reasonable wages; but the officers received no proportionate increase, and are still underpaid, and still lack a pension. It has never been suggested, so far as the present writer is aware, that the shipping industry cannot afford the additional expense involved. It may raise freights, but the proportion of the freight charge, under normal conditions, to the total cost of an article, is inconsiderable. So far, so good. The war has brought a tardy justice to British seamen. But it has done more. All the various branches of the great sea industry are joining together in the common interest. During the war there was constituted by the Ministry of Shipping the National Maritime Board, composed of four panels: the Navigating Officers' panel, the Engineer Officers' panel, the Sailors' and Firemen's panel, and the Cooks' and Stewards' panel; and representatives of the shipowners; thus representing the Merchant Service as a whole, and dealing with the Government as a representative body. Colonel Leslie Wilson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Shipping Controller and Chairman of the National Maritime Board, in introducing the Estimates for the Ministry of Shipping, told the House of Commons that a conference had been held among shipowners, officers, and men, at which it was proposed to replace the National Maritime Board by a Joint Industrial Board, to be called the Seafarers' Joint Council, on the principle of the Whitley scheme. Colonel Wilson said that the Government would gladly consent to the supersession of the National Maritime Board by the Seafarers' Joint Council. There the matter stands.

The Seafarers' Joint Council has been formed, and consists of: the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, which is the officers' guild; the Mercantile Marine Service Association; the Association of Coastwise Masters, Mates, and Engineers; the Marine Engineers' Association; the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, a powerful trade union; the United Kingdom Pilots' Association; the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union; the National Union of Ships' Stewards, Cooks, Butchers, and Bakers; and the Hull Seamen's and Firemen's Union. At present the Seafarers' Joint Council exists together with the National Maritime Board, and one of its objects is to maintain the decisions made by that Board. But apart from matters affecting the welfare of officers and men, the main purpose of the Seafarers' Joint Council is to form "an Industrial Council of Seafarers on the lines of the Whitley Report." It will be observed that so far the shipowners are not represented on the Council, and that so soon as they are represented, but not before, the Council will, in fact, become a Joint Industrial Council for the whole of the sea industry. The constitution of such a body is, in fact, absolutely essential to secure and to maintain the industry of the sea. Until the Joint Industrial Council is established the sea industry is divided against itself. The present writer would humbly suggest that the projected Council should include representatives of the Royal Navy, which is and must remain intimately associated with the civilian sea service.

In the meantime, the creation of the Seafarers' Joint Council has joined together officers and men as they were never joined before, and for the first time the Merchant Service is acting as one body. For instance, a certain firm of shipowners recently informed the officers of a certain ship that they would not receive the benefit of the overtime clause passed by the National Maritime Board. What happened? The Sailors' and Firemen's Union immediately declared that the ship would not get a crew. What happened then? The firm in question yielded at once. Again, another firm refused to grant passenger rates to the officers of a passenger ship, and the same thing happened, with the same result. Of course, these disputes ought never to have arisen; but until the shipowners make common cause with the seafarers, and the Joint Industrial Council is established, there will be such troubles. The principle, indeed, should eventually be extended to joint councils of shipowners, officers, and men in each shipping concern, as the Minister of Labour suggests.

The unity of officers and men in the Merchant Service is a recent development; but it is not a new thing in the Navy; and the Government (and the Treasury) would, perhaps, be surprised to learn that injustice to officers in respect of their pay and allowances is as deeply resented on the Lower Deck as injustice to the men.

The Merchant Service, both officers and men, rejects both Bolshevism and its demand for nationalization. I quote Mr. Havelock Wilson on the subject: "You do not hear of the sailors talking about strikes." (Mr. Wilson is speaking generally, for you do, in fact, sometimes hear sailors talking about strikes.) "The men of the sea are not talking about strikes; we are not talking about nationalization, and I say, God help us if we ever talk about the nationalizing of ships. I think our experiences of the last four years have taught us a lesson. The fellows on shore can paddle their own canoes as they like, but the men of the sea, I think, are firmly convinced that the Government official is no friend of theirs. . . . Among the men of the sea the Bolshevist movement has not taken effect, neither among the sailors nor firemen, and I have not discovered one man of Bolshevik tendency in the whole of the Mercantile Marine."

Seamen, contending directly with the inalterable forces of nature, and depending for the preservation of their lives upon the skill, knowledge, and discipline which alone enable them to survive, do not approve of a system which attempts to conquer nature by disobeying her. If officers and men all have a share in the ownership and profit of the ship, an arrangement common among the fishing community, they still obey the captain and trust to the navigating officer. The Mercantile Marine, having obtained better wages and better conditions, is perfectly aware that these are matters affecting the industry as a whole, and perceives that foreign competition must be taken into account. If America, for instance, were to pay lower wages her shipowners could reduce freights, thus both lowering the standard of wages and interfering with the British carrying trade.

It is for this reason that the British Merchant Service is endeavouring to establish an international standard of wages and conditions. At the recent annual meeting of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, Mr. Havelock Wilson made the following announcement: "Only last week we had one of the most remarkable conferences that has ever been held in the history of the sea, and that was an international conference, at which we had present representatives from the whole of the organizations connected with the maritime affairs of Great Britain—masters, engineers, sailors, cooks, and stewards; and in addition we had the officers from France, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Denmark, and other countries; and one very important resolution was carried. It was that we should send a delegation to the Labour Commission of the Peace Conference now sitting in Paris, to request that the Labour Commission would organize, during the course of this year, an international conference of the representatives of the shipowners and the seamen, so that whatever we might decide upon as a living wage, hours of labour, accommodation, food, and safety regulations, they should be adopted internationally, and enforced by the League of Nations."

Mr. Havelock Wilson remarked that it was of no use to demand better conditions so long as alien ships, working at less cost than British ships, were allowed to enter British ports. Here he indicated one of the effects of war most injurious to the British shipping industry; for under Government control and owing to the exigencies of war, British freights were limited, while neutral freights were, of course, unlimited; British voyages were restricted and British markets were abandoned and lost, while the neutral trader sailed where he would, charged what he liked, and took over British trade. If, by increase of pay, the British shipowner increases the cost of his operations, he may be unable to oust the alien trader and regain the British carrying trade. Mr. Havelock Wilson seems to rely upon the influence of the League of Nations to fix a universal standard of wages and conditions, so that the traders of all nations, being all compelled to pay the same running expenses, cannot undersell one another. But it is very doubtful if the League of Nations can achieve this enterprise. In any case, the League would hardly interfere with the cutting of rates and with other forms of competition. In the meantime, the miners' leaders have done more in five months to ruin the carrying trade of this country than the German or the neutral accomplished in nearly five years.

Nevertheless, in response to the invitation of President Wilson, the International Labour Conference will be held at Washington in October next, according to the terms of the Labour Section of the Treaty of Peace. Each State is to send four delegates, of whom two are to represent the Government of that State, one the employers, and one the workpeople. Each delegate will have the right to vote independently. The Conference is empowered to draft conventions and treaties. Any convention or treaty adopted by a two-thirds majority must be laid before the respective Parliaments of the States represented, and the respective Parliaments are bound to ratify the instrument. This remarkable project, evidently of unusual importance, has been almost ignored by the public and the newspapers. It will be observed that the respective Parliaments of the States represented do, in fact, delegate their powers to their representatives at the Conference; who, without the consent of the Parliaments they represent, may commit the people of the various States to the wildest legislation. It is probable, however, that in the event profound mutual jealousies will neutralize action.

So far as the sea is concerned, the United States, for instance, is making a tremendous effort to increase and to establish her Mercantile Marine. That Service is conducted by the United States Shipping Board, a Government Department, under Director Henry Howard. During the war Director Henry Howard (according to the Boston *Transcript*) determined that American ships shall be entirely manned by Americans. To this end, the Recruiting Service of the United States Shipping Board are advertising for "experienced men to be trained as deck officers and engineers." Free courses in navigation and engineering are offered by the Board in the schools established in the great ports. Men who have had two years' experience, "ocean or coastwise, or equivalent in fisheries, or on lake, bay, or sound," can obtain a third mate's licence, "or higher," in six weeks. Men who have had any kind of engineering experience can gain a third assistant engineer's licence, "or higher," in one month. There are now over three thousand official recruiting stations in the United States. British Merchant Service officers applying for employment in the American Marine are politely rejected. The Imperial Merchant Service Guild, in an article published in its *Gazette*, delicately suggests that a six weeks' course, even after two years' salt- or fresh-water experience, may possibly not serve to make a fine young American fit to take a watch at sea. "We feel it a duty to suggest that where safety of life at sea is concerned it is a matter not for one but for all maritime nations." But America is in a hurry, as usual. Before the war, according to the Boston *Transcript*, "economic conditions were such that our Merchant Marine could not hold its own with the competition of the merchant services of other countries." That is now to be altered.

Before the war the nation most formidably competing with this country was Germany. The German Government subsidized shipping companies, so that British private firms were competing with the financial resources of the whole German Empire. Germany, having lost nearly the whole of her Mercantile Marine in the war, after the perpetration of the most abominable infamies, is now impudently proposing to start again. The Finance Minister, the ineffable Erzberger, addressing the Weimar Assembly on August 12, announced that "we must immediately with all speed create a mercantile fleet, and then help Germans abroad with State advances." It will occur, to British seamen at least, that if Germany can afford to build a mercantile marine and send money to Germans outside Germany, she can afford to pay some of the war costs of this country. Is Germany to be represented at the International Labour Conference to be held at Washington in October? Presumably she is. And is Germany to be represented upon the section of the Conference dealing with the sea?

She will undoubtedly claim such representation, but it is far from certain that the British seafaring delegates will consent to meet the German pirates. For peace or no peace, the Germans are pirates; nor have they as yet expiated their crimes.

The National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, of which Mr. Havelock Wilson is the head, have decreed the ostracism of the Germans on the sea, and if they choose to enforce their will, no Government can prevent them from so doing. International diplomacy may arrange the most elaborate treaties, but the fact remains that there is a blood-feud at sea between Germany and British seamen, together with the seamen of other maritime nations. The sea has its own code of laws, traditions, and customs, written and unwritten, and the penalty for their violation is ostracism. Some perception of the situation seems to have glimmered upon Dr. Helfferich, who, according to the statements contained in his book, supported the Imperial Chancellor in opposing the demand for unrestricted submarine war. Dr. Helfferich records that he told the Main Committee of the Reichstag, "If the card of the unrestricted submarine war is played, and it does not win, then we are lost, then we are lost for centuries to come." But the Main Committee of the Reichstag, a bloodthirsty lot, approved of the demands of the Admiralty Staff, and the Imperial Chancellor and his adviser, Dr. Helfferich, were constrained to acquiesce.

Fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-one officers and men of the British Mercantile Marine lost their lives in the war, and thirty thousand were wounded or disabled. There were, in addition, hundreds of passengers, men, women, and children, murdered by the Boche at sea. Enemy submarines sank in gross tonnage 15,053,786 of the world's shipping, belligerent and neutral alike. Of that amount, this country lost 9,031,828 gross tons, or more than half the total loss. Deducting enemy captures, purchases, and new construction, the net loss of the world's tonnage, excluding British, on October 31 last was 1,811,584; but the British net loss was 3,443,012. The cargoes carried in the ships sunk, amounting to many millions of tons of commodities and foodstuffs, are a dead loss. Germany, however, does not propose to suffer for that monstrous and wicked destruction. She clamours to be fed and supplied by the Allies, and the British Government began to send foodstuffs into Germany soon after the Armistice was concluded, when our own people were being insufficiently supplied. The process is continuing; and German traders are being licensed to enter this country. We may expect to hear at any moment that British capital is being lent to Germany to build German ships.

It was recently stated by Sir W. Watson Rutherford, M.P., that since the Armistice eighty aliens had been placed in command of British ships, at a time when some thirteen thousand British officers of the Merchant Service are being demobilized from war service and require employment. The Imperial Merchant Service Guild and the Parliamentary Committee, consisting of Members of Parliament who try to ensure the welfare of the sea service, have been obliged to plead for the compensation due to the officers and men released from internment in Germany. These most unfortunate persons, who have endured great suffering, are not legally entitled to be paid during their internment. Twelve officers died in captivity; three more reached home, worn out by hardship and illness, and died there.

The Board of Trade scheme of pensions and allowances to widows and orphans of masters and officers is still far from adequate.* The Merchant Service estimates that there are some three hundred more deaths due, directly or indirectly, to enemy action than the 14,661 cases officially recorded. The most of these losses leave widows and children destitute. A deputation from the Seafarers' Joint Council asked the Prime Minister, during the deliberations of the Peace Conference, to exact from the enemy a sum which would provide for the subsistence of the families and dependents of the dead sailors. Mr. Lloyd George definitely promised that Germany should be compelled to pay the full amount. "The Germans must pay for this," said the Prime Minister, "and he must pay this as the first claim; this must come before mere [*sic*] indemnity for war expenses. There are a good many questions as to what his capacity is for paying huge war indemnities, but there is no doubt he can pay, at any rate, compensation for the losses of this kind which he has brought about. This compensation must come first."

Has Germany paid a single penny? What Governments are apt to forget is that while payment is delayed poor people are starving. They have no private income. They depend upon money coming in on Saturday night. And in addition to the families and dependents of the men who have lost their lives, there are some thirty thousand officers and men disabled by wounds or sickness. Very many of these cases receive either a small grant, which does not enable them to live, or, owing to circumstances, they are not eligible for a grant. The Imperial Merchant Service Guild has founded and administers the Captain Fryatt Memorial Fund, for which fifty thousand pounds are required, for the purpose of relieving these cases of distress. America, with an admirable generosity, is raising a fund of ten millions sterling for the same object, as a tribute to the valour of the British Mercantile Marine during the war. Mr. W. H. Appleton, who is organizing the collection of the fund, stated that it was proposed to secure an income of £2 a week per man, for which a capital fund of £60,000,000 is required. Towards that sum America intends to contribute one-sixth.

---

* Compensation is based *on the rates of pay obtaining six months before the war,* when the rates were less than half what they are now, and the cost of living about half what it is now. The average pensions of widows of captains of the Merchant Service who lost their lives owing to enemy action are £107 per year, exclusive of allowances for children, approximately £24 per year for each child. Chief officers' widows, £68 per year, exclusive of allowances for children.

It is far from fitting that the Merchant Service should thus depend upon private beneficence. Officers and men, who were in fact in the first fighting-line, should either be treated on the same basis as the naval seaman and the soldier; or if, as the Prime Minister promised, full reparation and compensation are to be exacted from the enemy, the British Government should advance the full amount at once.

The present writer, before the war, when the country generally ignored the Mercantile Marine, conceived the fantastic idea of the creation of an Imperial Transport Service, a national sea service working in association with the Royal Navy. During the war, when the two Services worked and fought together, there seemed a prospect that the notion might be made practicable. 80,000 Merchant Service officers and men were employed in the Navy. The Merchant Service also contributed to the Navy 20,000 Royal Naval Reserve ratings, and 36,000 Trawler Reserve men; 20,000 mercantile seamen and firemen were working on Government Transport agreements. All shipping was controlled by the Government. Here, in fact, was the Imperial Transport Service in being.

Alas! the intromission of the State into the shipping industry, justifiable or not, was resented by the whole of that industry. Shipowners and seafarers alike reject official control. Alike they demand the management of their affairs, and no doubt but they are right. The experiment of State control was fairly tried; the Government had every chance, and the Government failed. It seems that there is something fatal inherent in the nature of State control. The wise man will deal with things as they are. The idea of State control should be dissociated from the idea of State countenance, support, and help. They are two quite separate things. It is the duty of the Government to do all that the State can do to encourage the sea service and to ensure its welfare and prosperity. That industry is sticking by the country in peace, as it held by the country in war. Of what other industry can we say the same?

L. Cope Cornford

AUSTRALIA AFTER THE WAR

(By an Occasional Correspondent)

"If this is the peace," said a returned Anzac a few days ago, "let's get back to the war." He was not thinking of Russia or Hungary or the German-Polish border, or any of the other restless areas where Bolshevism plus the unashamed Teuton are still raging against the orders of the Big Four. He was merely considering the middle sheet of a Melbourne newspaper, headlined with strikes and rumours of strikes and dotted all over with complaints about Government extravagance and private profiteering, repatriation delays, and arbitration eccentricities. The Acting Prime Minister and the Judge of the Arbitration Court were arguing in a tone of repressed bitterness up and down one column; in another, next door to the festivities welcoming the return of our warships, alleged naval officers ventilated their grievances about delayed promotion; across the page stretched the official announcement of restrictions on the use of gas and electricity, far more drastic than any issued while the war was on. That page was backed with a huge advertisement of an "astounding cheap sale" at which prices averaged 250 per cent. advance on the ordinary prices of 1917.

The seamen have struck on all coastal boats; the wharf-labourers have struck; the builders' labourers have struck. Labour on the great stacks of wheat awaiting export is hopelessly disorganized. The strike of seamen and wharf-labourers has thrown out of work at least fifty thousand innocent people in Melbourne alone. State school-teachers have threatened a stop-work meeting to protest against their low pay; State policemen have invaded the Chief Secretary's office and harangued him against his will; other State employees (Civil Servants, not artisans) are arranging a "public demonstration" of their grievances. One section of coal-miners is out of work and another is working itself into a striking mood. And all this in a country possessing the widest suffrage, the most legislatures (for its size), and the best arbitration system (according to its travelling politicians) in the world.

Even chaos had a cause, and there are reasons for the present state of Australia. The Press has shoals of them. The leading dailies blame the wickedness of the Labour Party; the most influential weeklies curse the Bourbonism of the capitalist. Judge Higgins hints that Mr. Watt is not altogether innocent; and Mr. Watt, with the utmost respect, loads a good deal of the burden on to the shoulders of Mr. Justice Higgins. The public growls at large; housewives grow sarcastic over the stupidity of men; and through the turmoil attentive ears catch the undertone of returned soldiers muttering, "Wait till we're *all* back, and then look out!" But the Australian in his own country is notoriously the meekest and least resentful worm that ever hesitated about turning. He suffers everything, even Messrs. Holman and Ryan, not perhaps gladly, but without a symptom of kicking. And the Anzac, once returned, may find himself merely an Australian again. (If so, Heaven help the country!)

By way of getting at the real reasons, consider first this allocution of Judge Higgins—remembering that for twelve years past he has been attacked by all the organs of the employing class as a hopelessly biased befriender of extreme Labour:

> As I diagnose the position, a few active intelligent men have got hold of the machinery of the union, men who probably have had their minds saturated with writing from outside countries, men who hold the fixed theory that nothing substantial can be gained without extreme courses. . . . No doubt the doubts as to the jurisdiction of the Arbitration Court, the uncertainty as to what the High Court may say as to an award, has something to do with the crisis; but the main cause is to be found in the teachings of oversea theorists. As a result the two extreme parties in the industrial world have become allies—those who push the claims of the workers regardless of the pain inflicted on the community, and those who have bitterly opposed all measures for the relief of the workers.

In this diagnosis three phenomena are touched on, though scarcely explained or shown in true perspective: the muddled mechanism of the Arbitration Court, the recalcitrance of a certain section of employers, and the control of the unions by extremist officials in the grip of alien theories. It may be worth while here to rearrange for English readers, who know little of the background against which Australians see the judge's picture, the essential facts of the situation.

(*a*) For thirty years it has been a standing feature of Australian Labour disturbances that outsiders—recent arrivals from Britain or the United States—have organized and led them. Tom Mann, Ben Tillett, Peter Bowling, A. C. Willis—all these were new-comers a very short time before the strikes with which their names are connected. The genuinely Australian Labour leaders—Chris Watson, Andrew Fisher, W. M. Hughes—have been strike-preventers or strike-enders. Long residence in the country had familiarized them with its conditions and possibilities and taught them to gain their ends without undue disturbance of the community at large. They realized the value of the ordinary man's sympathy and the ordinary man's vote; and they knew too much to be trapped into strikes at inconvenient moments by cunning anti-Labourites, as the Victorian railwaymen were trapped by Thomas Bent in 1903. An exact and searching inquiry into the history of the great coal-miners' strike of 1909, when the comparatively new chum Peter Bowling was similarly trapped by certain coal-owners, and W. M. Hughes had to rescue the misled miners from their impasse and regain for them the sympathy of the public, would illuminate the story of Australian Labour more clearly than any study of legislation or economics yet published.

It so happened that Labour sent its best and soberest representatives to the Federal Parliament, thereby removing them, in most cases, from immediate contact with the unions they had previously controlled. The vacant places were filled, not with secretaries and officials of similar soberness—that type of man remained loyal to the absent leaders—but with young ambitious new-comers, eager to show their own cleverness and to supplant the older, steadier Australians. Those of them who had lately reached the Commonwealth had no time to forget the formulæ of discontent with social conditions that had in their former surroundings to some extent corresponded with the facts. That did not matter: the phrases were stimulating and catchy, and the young unionists who usually formed their audience were on the look-out for excitement, not for accuracy. (It must be understood that union business was generally disposed of at meetings in the evening of a working day, from which the older unionist with a home and a family stayed away, leaving things to be run by the young bachelors with nothing else to do of nights.)

Up to 1914, however, the Federal leaders had with some difficulty kept their grip on the unions, or, at any rate, had been able to reassert themselves in troublous times. The war broke their hold. For one reason, the sounder men, the real strength of Australian unionism (which differed in those days from European or American unionism), went to the war and left the slackers behind; for another, the Labour Ministry, with real patriotism, dropped or postponed many controversial measures and policies and confined its work to war legislation and measures of reform which would not accentuate the Party differences—and this to the young half-trained unionist, taught by his latest mentors that capital was poisonous and any compromise a crime, savoured of treachery to the cause. Again, when Australia, to her shame, repudiated conscription (partly, but not mainly, at the instigation of the half-baked unionists) she advertised herself to the world as a refuge for all English-speaking cowards and pacifists, and the advertisement was speedily answered. A fourth reason must be stated as impartially as possible. The Australian Roman Catholic is mostly Irish, usually more Irish than Catholic. To satisfy him the Vatican takes care to maintain in the Commonwealth at least one militant Irish prelate: once it was Cardinal Moran of Sydney, nowadays it is Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne. This dignitary has chosen to identify himself with everything anti-English: he has called the war "a sordid trade war," he has practised and preached Sinn Feinism, he has patted on the back every one who looked like embarrassing the Government, he has taken to himself the credit of defeating conscription. Thus he has used his local headship of an important Church to foster all the forces tending to disaffection and insurgency. If the Labour machine has been seized by extremists—it would be scarcely libellous to call them Bolshevists, with all the worst implications that attach to the term—Mannixism has not been the least of the impelling causes.

The official Labour Party of to-day, then, is dominated by a mixture of Bolshevism and Sinn Fein. The fact, just now in evidence, that the Moderate section can—at an exceptional crisis and by great efforts—defeat the Extremists in conference by a dozen votes or so out of two hundred does not annul or seriously impair this dominance; for directly the crisis is over the Moderate majority will disappear into ordinary life, while the compact minority will retain its grasp on the offices and the mechanism, and will continue to use them, uninterfered with, for its own purposes. For genuinely reconstructive work, therefore, Labour officially so called is useless, and will long remain so.

(*b*) Not without reason did the *Bulletin* the other day depict the "go slow" Labourite and the fat profiteer walking away hand-in-hand from a deserted factory and a block of vacant building land. If anything could persuade an intelligent citizen to "go Labour" under present conditions, it would be the flaunting arrogance of the war-made rich. Their elder brothers of pre-war days are still with us, the men who wallowed in the profits of German agencies and were four years ago furious with Mr. Hughes for taking any measures that might impair the kindly feeling between Australia (represented by themselves) and their German clients and partners. The Press that voices their views has already put in a protest against the dismemberment of Germany, on the ground that a diminished and enfeebled Germany will not be as good a purchaser of Australian wares as before the war—to such an extent is the German in their eyes the only worth-while purchaser of their wool and metals. It is they too, and their like in London, who have been supporting in the Press of both countries the avowed intention of the pre-war shipping ring to revive the rebate system. "No new feature," said a local defender of the ring a few weeks ago, "has been introduced into the London Shipping Conference since the war." That is exactly what the Australian complains of. It is not his idea that the war should leave things exactly as they used to be. On the contrary, he is looking forward to a complete revaluation of human work and capacities, about which there is more to be said in the future;

and he resents the hasty revival of old abuses even before peace is settled. This by the way: the point insisted on here is that the local *nouveau riche*, and the *vieux riche* too, both (as has always been the case in Australia) duller and less patriotic than their counterparts in the Mother Country, are talking as they used to talk in 1913 and 1903 and 1893, behaving as they used to behave before there was a Labour Party and an Arbitration Court, trying to pull the political strings and pervert the national policy as they have done since Australian politics began. And in the present state of Parties all this merely amounts to driving decent citizens into the arms of Labour ; for something may be done with a Party that has ideas, even wrong ones, but a Party that has no ideas and only greed for an emotion is beyond redemption.

(*c*) The difficulties connected with the mechanism of the Arbitration Court need only be outlined here. They arise mainly from the forced literality of the interpretations put by the High Court on expressions used in the various Arbitration Acts. Thus, it has long been the custom in State Arbitration tribunals to submit to the Court agreements made between employer and employee in certain trades, which when approved by the judge became "common rules." When the Federal Court tried to adopt that useful practice, the High Court pointed out that its powers were confined to adjudications where a dispute existed, and that it could take no notice of agreements. Again, the useful doctrine that the Federal Government may not interfere with State instrumentalities has been extended to cover the case of State businesses (bakeries, clothing factories, etc.), so that employees of a State occupied in trades competing with private businesses cannot be brought by the Court under the wage-scale enforced on private employers. These instances are enough to show how gravely the usefulness of the Arbitration Court as a reconciler has been compromised by technical legal considerations. And a Court whose help may fail the deserving applicant just at the critical moment cannot reasonably be cited as a conclusive argument against strikes.

(*d*) It is difficult to bring simultaneously into focus all these elements in the Australian situation ; but one may perhaps conjure up an impressionist picture of the decent, long-suffering Australian of the normal type, beset on the one hand with artificially high prices and the arrogant contempt of the supplying magnates, on the other with Bolshevist temptations to upset the whole social fabric and make an end of his price-raisers (and of everything else), and deprived, by legal quibbles which he does not understand, of the sure remedy he has been taught to trust. He will not go Bolshevist, that is not in his nature ; but he will go sulky and resentful and suspicious. He will hang back just when his leaders want him to pull; he will look askance at any proposal (regarding Imperial defence schemes, for instance, or Empire unity) that he does not thoroughly comprehend, and will concentrate on purely parochial affairs——

Unless he is given, and given soon, the inspiration of a new policy and a new guidance, issuing from men he can trust without hesitation; unless, that is, the returning Anzacs bring with them a leader and a creed. The only safeguard against Bolshevism is construction: reaction doubles its opportunities. Whatever rings may attempt and politicians may preach, all things *are* new. The mere fact that our fighting armies have been citizen armies, not professionals, cuts away the old basis of the social structure. The men who have fought, bringing back with them the memories and ideas of the men who have died, cannot peaceably fit in again to the old formula "Me that 'ave been what I've been" one of a few might compromise by emigration, but this time they have all "been," so to speak, and compromises are impossible. (This, one thinks, may be truer of England even than of Australia.)

It is becoming obvious that the future of Australia depends on the Anzacs. Signs that they understand this are multiplying. The political movement in New South Wales, headed by Captain Carmichael, is fluttering the old dovecots greatly—witness an angry tirade that has just appeared in the Sydney Press, which begins, "The time has come when the soldiers should thoroughly understand their position. . . . No special praise was due to them . . . an entirely false glamour was thrown over the whole matter;" and goes on, "The idea of upsetting the political life of the country by forming another Party is unthinkable." Captain Carmichael, however, is undisturbed. General Monash, if Press reports are credible, has stated that he will go into politics if he is asked. Bishop Long (who went to Europe to be a front-trench bishop and found himself requisitioned for a front-trench University Chancellor) is preaching sermons, now he is back, on "They desire a better country," which in this case is to be distinctly an earthly one. And Charles Bean, the Australian official war correspondent, whom General White the other day described publicly as "the bravest man in the Australian armies," has put out a little book about the future of Australia that may provide texts for many preachers: *In Your Hands, Australians,* he calls it. Australia lies now in the hands of the young Australian, where the dying Anzacs laid her: "We have to make up our minds, here and now, at the beginning of the struggle whether we are going to work in life for ourselves or for Australia." The sentiment is not new, of course; but the appeal, from such a source at such a time, and backed by the returning soldier-youth of the Commonwealth, vivifies and rejuvenates sentiments that, however old, are also eternal.

NOV 17 191
UNIV. OF MICH

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

October 1919

Episodes of the Month
Megalomania in Defence By COMMANDER R.N.
"Minding Other People's Business" By PRESIDENT WILSON
England and Italy By RICHARD BAGOT
Timidity and Tameness in Wild Creatures By MISS FRANCES PITT
British Spas By CAPTAIN E. BROWN, R.A.F.M.S.
After Amateur Strategy—Amateur Diplomacy By L. J. MAXSE
The Relief of Damascus (with a Sketch Map) By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THE HON. R. M. PRESTON
The Problem of Railway Reconstruction By W. M. ACWORTH
A Military Appreciation of Bolshevik Russia By E. K. MAHON
The Labourer's Cottage By the COUNTESS OF SELBORNE
Lord Charles Beresford By L. COPE CORNFORD

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR AT
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Registered at the G.P.O. for
transmission to Canada at
the special rate of 1½d.

Price 3s. net

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

Founded 1856

IN the hour of our peril it was the self-sacrifice and devotion of our seamen which, by God's Mercy, Saved us from Starvation and made possible our Glorious Victory.

Will you help to *prove* the Nation's gratitude to them by supporting The Missions to Seamen, the greatest agency in the world ministering to the Spiritual and Social needs of our Seamen and Sailor Lads?

125 Ports occupied at Home and Abroad.

Funds are urgently needed for extensions in such Ports as Antwerp, Dunkerque, Marseilles, Buenos Aires, Vancouver.

DISTRIBUTING LITERATURE ON BOARD SHIP
(THE MISSION REQUIRES QUANTITIES OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ETC., FOR THIS PURPOSE)

ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT LOWRY, K.C.B., after visiting the great Commercial Ports in England and Ireland, said:

> **"The work which The Missions to Seamen is doing exceeds the work of all the other societies put together"**

Please send a Gift as a

THANKOFFERING FOR VICTORY AND PEACE

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., Secretary
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 440. OCTOBER 1919

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Across the Atlantic

GREAT BRITAIN has so far been fortunate in one respect. We have escaped that orgy of oratory that afflicts those unhappy communities that surrender to the propaganda of the League of Nations. The Great Republic across the Atlantic is in the throes of it and has borne the brunt of it. Her shoulders are broad enough to endure the burden cast upon them by the whims and vagaries of American politicians, who, having found a topic on which to spread themselves, are doing so with a vengeance. Even the President has felt constrained to leave the seclusion of the White House to go "on the stump," and is flooding Middle West and Far West with argument, exhortation, and appeal on behalf of the Peace Treaty, which is temporarily hung up in the Senate. Nor are the hostile Senators of the Republican Party idle. After entrenching themselves in Washington behind a rampart of formidable amendments, they are preparing to follow Mr. Wilson's example and carry the Fiery Cross east, west, north, and south. We have no idea whatsoever as to how this titanic struggle will end—whether the President will have his way, as the Wilsonian Press of London, inspired by Wilsonian correspondents in U.S.A., has consistently maintained (in that case the Peace Treaty, including the Covenant, would be ratified as it stands); or whether, as others assert, the opponents have completely knocked the bottom out of the League of Nations, which to-day so stinks in the nostrils of "the plain people" from San Francisco to New York that the Senate will insist on drastic amendments invalidating the Treaty and necessitating its reconsideration by its signatories. There is, however, the usual *via media*, which some shrewd observers anticipate: President and Senate will more or less amicably agree that it shall be "ratified with Reservations" which, though not formally embodied in the Treaty, would be "attached" as an American annex. Thus everybody's "face" would be "saved"—and politics everywhere is primarily a face-saving business. Good Democrats would then be able to declare that the President had triumphed in securing the ratification of the Peace Treaty, including the Covenant, from a Republican Senate whose leaders were sworn to reject, destroy, or transform it. They might also argue that though these vaunted "Reservations" might mean much to Americans, they would mean less to Europe, who would only know that after unconscionable delay the Senate—though completely excluded from the negotiation of the Treaty—had succumbed and said "ditto" to the President. On the other hand, equally good Republicans might aver that their "Reservations" had saved the situation because, though not technically incorporated in the Treaty, they would govern its interpretation so far as the United States was concerned by making impossible policies that but for those Reservations would have been possible and probable.

October Oratory

FAR be it from us to decide between such keen controversialists on a purely American question which is none of our business. We are more concerned with the impending outbreak of oratory in England on this same topic. The month of October threatens to overflow with it. We feared our immunity was too good to last, and must resign ourselves to torrents of tosh from Prime Ministers and other Ministers—to say nothing of ex-Ministers yearning to be Prime Ministers, who are all tumbling over one another in the good cause of the League of Nations. But are we sure that it is such a good cause as it claims to be? We beg our readers to look into it for themselves without predilection or prejudice. There would seem to be a certain amount of humbug, not to say hypocrisy, about the League of Nations. It is a topic of orators and journalists rather than among ordinary people. At any rate, one rarely meets any man or woman in the flesh who says, "I believe in the League of Nations," though one meets sceptics by the score. The idea was introduced to Europe as President Wilson's panacea and adopted from politeness to an illustrious visitor and out of respect for the American people, who, we were authoritatively assured, had entered the war, less to defeat Germany and "make the world safe for Democracy" *vis-à-vis* Kultur, than to establish the Millennium through a League of Nations. It was thus presented to Europe and adopted by Europe, not because Europe believed in it, but as the price of American support against a danger that threatened to engulf the Old World. Britain only contributed draftsmanship to the Draft Covenant. The subsequent suggestion that it was a Machiavellian plot born in subtle British brains to "entangle" the United States in an unwelcome alliance is a baseless fabrication without one jot or tittle of foundation. Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts are sentimentalists like President Wilson. They lent their services to give form and substance to Wilsonian ideas. Lord Robert Cecil is not even a member of the British Government. General Smuts was only a temporary member. Neither represented the opinion of any appreciable section of the British people in their views about Leagues of Nations except the usual "cranks" and "Pacifists" who teem on both sides of the Atlantic.

What Danger?

EVERYBODY of any sense in Europe was, however, in favour of the close and continued co-operation of "the Allied and Associated Powers" who had won the War and were making the Peace. The League was represented as a defensive Pact to maintain the Treaty, consisting of and confined to the civilized Powers. As such it was acceptable, and if the Americans preferred to call their co-operation "a League" rather than "an Alliance" so be it. But from the moment it was announced that the League of Nations was to be nothing of the kind, but was to be some bastard kind of "Internationalism" obviously inspired and devised to facilitate our embracing the Boche—when it was found to be advocated by persons and personages equally eager to countenance the Bolshevik—all enthusiasm for it evaporated in civilized Europe. The "League of Nations" in truth became the war-cry of Germans and pro-Germans, of Pacifists and Defeatists, of Sentimentalists whose chief claim to advise their compatriots is their unfailing habit of being in the wrong on every great national issue in peace and war. Every member of our pre-war Potsdam Party, who would have deserted France and Belgium **had they dared** in August 1914, every Minister and ex-Minister who wished to throw up the sponge in 1916, 1917, and 1918, is enthusiastic for the League of Nations. If a cause may be judged by its sponsors, this cause is already condemned. When Englishmen find any policy passionately espoused by the entire "Progressive Press," from *Westminster Gazette* to *Manchester Guardian*, they recall its record from 1912 onwards, and not unnaturally ask themselves, "What danger to the British Empire lurks in this League of Nations?" That question we are at last in a position to answer, thanks to the frank and suggestive address of President Wilson at Indianapolis on September 4, which will be found elsewhere in this number. Its value consists in the fact that it is a heart-to-heart talk by an American President to an American audience. It is not dressed up for the beguilement of foreigners, and is free from that unreality which mars many "international" utterances. The speaker uses those arguments which he thinks most likely to reconcile the people of Indianapolis, and the American people generally, to the League of Nations, which has suffered severely at the hands of the Senate.

League of Busybodies

IN commending the Covenant to Indianapolis, after explaining that it involved no sacrifice or commitment by the United States, President Wilson called attention to "another interesting point that has never been dilated upon in connexion with the League of Nations. I am now treading upon delicate ground, and I must express myself with caution." Many delegations had visited Paris, wishing to be heard by the Peace Conference, "who had real causes to present, and which ought to be presented to the view of the world," but they had to be told that, "unfortunately," they "did not happen to come within the area of settlement." It would be otherwise under the League of Nations, because Article XI—which, "*let me say, is the favourite article in the Treaty so far as I am concerned*" (our italics)—lays down "that every matter which is likely to affect the peace of the world is everybody's business, and that it shall be the friendly right of any nation to call attention in the League to anything that is likely to affect the peace of the world, or the good understanding between nations upon which the peace of the world depends, whether that matter immediately concerns the nation drawing attention to it or not." Such is President Wilson's interpretation of "my favourite article," and in order that no shade of a shadow of a doubt should linger in the mind of any one as to its purport, he thus dotted the i's and crossed the t's:

> **In other words, at present we have to mind our own business. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations we can mind other people's business, and anything that affects the peace of the world, whether we are parties to it or not, can by our delegates be brought to the attention of mankind. There is not an oppressed people in the world which cannot henceforth get a hearing at the forum. And you know, my fellow-citizens, what a hearing will mean if the cause of those people is just.**

This sinister passage abundantly justifies our description of "a League of Busybodies to harass and embarrass Great Britain and the British Dominions." Unless we are much mistaken, it will radically transform British and Colonial opinion of what had been thoughtlessly regarded as an amiable fad.

Millennium or Pandemonium?

In the light of this revelation by the President of the United States as to the main function of the League of Nations in the eyes of its author, we would earnestly appeal to our readers—however weary they may be of all politics and politicians, whom they wish at the bottom of the sea—to arouse themselves before it is too late to the danger that threatens the British Empire. They must take the League of Nations more seriously than they have done hitherto, and regard it with different eyes. It is not, as some of us at one time supposed it would be, a Compact of Civilized States in defence of Civilization. It is to include uncivilized and decivilized States. Nor is it, as optimists imagined, a harmless futility that will eventually lapse into desuetude, like the former European Concert or The Hague Peace Conference, as soon as its impotence is manifest. On the contrary, it is a restless, active, determined organ with an objective of which its British partisans were innocent, as may be gathered from the ingenuous articles in a certain quarterly periodical which, having started to promote constructive Imperialism, is lapsing into wishy-washy "Internationalism." If we may believe President Wilson—and no man has his authority either as regards the inception, the construction, the interpretation, or the effect of the Covenant—the League of Nations is likely to become " a League of Busybodies to harass and embarrass Great Britain and the British Dominions." It is not his phrase, nor, we need hardly say, do we for a moment suggest that it is his intention. But we do say advisedly that it is the plain meaning of his declaration at Indianapolis, which, unless the British people are asleep, will give them a totally different conception of this project to that of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Robert Cecil, General Smuts, and the rest of those who are running the Brotherhood of Man, of which we are invited to regard the League of Nations as the ante-room. President Wilson, on the other hand, conjures before us, not a Millennium, but a Pandemonium as the direct product of his League, which will bring, not peace, but a sword.

Unfair Play

THE United States, be it remembered, has protected herself from international busybodies, who in the very Covenant are warned off the Western Hemisphere, which remains sacrosanct from their operations. Moreover, the United States declines to touch any " mandate " with a barge-pole. She will not even look at Armenia nor undertake any obligation whatsoever under the League of Nations. Great Britain, on the other hand, is shouldering its burdens everywhere, and as a world-wide Empire stands to be shot at by all busybodies because she endeavours to discharge her mission as a civilized Power, and has become guardian and trustee of many subject races, the administrator of some in process of evolution. Under " my favourite article " it would be open to any disgruntled minority or subsection of a faction, however infinitesimal, in any British Dominion or Protectorate—wire-pulled, it may be, and financed from Berlin or Bolshevia—to summon the Suzerain Power before " the forum " of the League at Geneva on the flimsy pretext that " the peace of the world " was affected by " a riot in Zanzibar," " a rising on the Indian frontier," " a strike in Hong-Kong," " a shindy in the Pacific," or any one of a hundred and one inevitable incidents of a far-flung Empire. We say nothing of graver questions such as Ireland, India, Egypt, and other places where marplots are awaiting the constitution of the League to invoke " my favourite article." Remember also that every hostile movement will not only, as always, enjoy the backing of our own Manchester School and Defeatists generally, but will likewise command the whole Anglophobe apparatus of the United States, to which practically all American politicians, whether Republicans or Democrats, in turn play up. Enemies now impotent will have golden opportunities undreamt of to harass and embarrass the British Empire, especially to make mischief between Mother Country and Colonies, because, thank God! the Colonies are not so long-suffering in the face of foreign aggression and blackmail as we are.

Germany's Opportunity

THIS same League is to include Germany—if Lord Robert Cecil, General Smuts, and the etceteras get their way—which means that Germany, to say nothing of Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, who will likewise be "on the ground," will have a serious say in "the forum," which is to remain open day and night to all appellants against British rule, while permanently closed against all complaints against American rule. Whether this odious and impossible regime, which violates every canon of "fair play," which Mr. Lloyd George pronounces to be the chief characteristic of the British race, is likely to promote that harmony among English-speaking peoples in the interests of which every form of folly is espoused, we prefer to leave others to decide. We may be reproached in writing thus bluntly with unwittingly furthering the cause of the League of Nations now in the balance in the United States, as the average American politician usually inquires, "What does John Bull want?"—in order to do the opposite. In our opinion it matters not a brass farthing whether the Treaty and Covenant be ratified or not by the Senate, with or without "Reservations." Our exclusive concern is that our own countrymen should realize the menace to everything that Britain stands for in the world. We can understand the enthusiasm the League provokes in our Whig and anti-national circles, which at the close of a Great War, won in their despite, find themselves unexpectedly provided with machinery to carry out the whole programme of Little-Englandism. That we should be compelled to embrace Germany in a League of Nations had we been beaten was intelligible; that our statesmen should commit us to it in victory gives us the measure of their wisdom and patriotism. We can only console ourselves by the reflection that Britain must be a very great nation to have carried Downing Street through the war, however disheartening it is that Downing Street should be in a position to make a rotten Peace and join a rotten League.

The "Reservations"

ALTHOUGH it does not follow that the "Reservations" adopted by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will be endorsed by the Senate, it is not improbable, as the political complexion of the two bodies closely corresponds. In any event, these are interesting as indicating the attitude of the Treaty's most serious critics. The Reservations, though only four in number, knock the bottom out of the Covenant of the League of Nations as drafted, discussed, approved, and subsequently revised in Paris. As we are so badly served nowadays by our newspapers on American affairs, which several of the correspondents in Washington and New York misconceive, we reproduce the text of the "Reservations" as published in the *New York Sun* of September 5, together with the vote on each:

Resolved (two-thirds of the Senators present concurring therein) that the Senate advise and consent to the ratification of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, signed by the Plenipotentiaries of the United States and Germany and by the Plenipotentiaries of the twenty-seven Allied and Associated Powers at Versailles on June 28, 1919, with the following reservations and understandings to be made a part and a condition of such ratification, which ratification is not to take effect or bind the United States until the said following reservations and understandings have been accepted as a part of and a condition of said instrument of ratification by at least three of the four principal Allied and Associated Powers—to wit, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

(1) The United States reserves to itself the unconditional right to withdraw from the League of Nations upon the notice as provided in Article I of said Treaty of Peace with Germany. (Vote 9 to 8.)

(2) The United States declines to assume, under the provisions of Article X or any other Article, any obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country or to interfere in controversies between other nations, whether members of the League or not, or to employ the military and naval forces of the United States in such controversies, or to adopt economic measures for the protection of any other country, whether a member of the League or not, against external aggression, or for the purpose of coercing any other country, or for the purpose of intervention in the internal conflicts or other controversies which may arise in any other country, and no mandate shall be accepted by the United States, under Article XXII, Part I, of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, except by the action or joint resolution of the Congress of the United States. (Vote 9 to 7.)

(3) The United States reserves to itself exclusively the right to decide what questions are within its domestic jurisdiction, and declares that all domestic and political questions relating to its affairs, including immigration, coastwise traffic, the tariff, commerce, and all other domestic questions, are solely within the jurisdiction of the

United States, and are not under this Treaty submitted in any way either to arbitration or to consideration of the Council, or of the Assembly of the League of Nations, or to the decision or recommendation of any other Power. (Vote 11 to 6.)

(4) The United States declines to submit for arbitration or inquiry by the Assembly or the Council of the League of Nations provided for in said Treaty of Peace any questions which in the judgment of the United States depend upon or relate to its long-established policy, commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine; said doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone, and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of said League of Nations, and entirely unaffected by any provision contained in the said Treaty of Peace with Germany. (Vote 11 to 6.)

Misconception

THE United States Senate is doubtless acting well within its rights under the Constitution in making these Reservations, which are in the nature of amendments. Europe has no right to complain of the Senate or to resent its action in thus transforming the League of Nations and in still further attenuating the exiguous responsibilities undertaken by the United States. We cannot help feeling that, in fairness to his confrères at the Peace Conference in Paris, who were in a position to commit their countries to the secret Covenants there secretly arrived at—because ratification is a mere formality under the Parliamentary regime—President Wilson might have taken more pains to explain that he was not the United States nor even its Government, as that term is understood on this side of the Atlantic, and that without the approval of a two-thirds majority of a Republican Senate the Peace Treaty and Draft Covenant was but "a scrap of paper" so far as the United States was concerned. Unfortunately, possibly by no failing on his part, the idea was diffused among Europeans, whose statesmen are hazy concerning the working of the American Constitution, that President Wilson had rather more than the powers of Kaiser Wilhelm. Colonel House and those who take their cue from this ardent devotee of the White House have contributed to spread the Pontifical view of the Presidency as well as the general assumption that "whatever President Wilson says 'goes,' whatever he does will be approved by the American people and endorsed by Congress." We were told that the United States was a unit for the League of Nations as expounded in Paris. It may be so, but it does not look like it in the face of these "Reservations" formally promulgated after exhaustive debate. We hardly think President Wilson would have been allowed to dominate the Peace Conference had it been realized that he counted so little in Congress.

It is certain that France would never have made so many painful concessions to President Wilson had she realized his inability "to deliver the goods."

Not for U.S.A.

M. Clemenceau will doubtless be heard from should these Reservations reach Paris. He will know how to state his case and make France's claim. Britain has no one to speak for her, no one in authority who cares about British interests, while leading journals can find nothing better to do than slobber over Anglo-American relations, which are no less prejudiced by such sycophancy than by the untoward performances of our irresponsible Prime Minister. These Senatorial "Reservations" make "the League of Busybodies" even more one-sided than it was. So far from its being a permanent Pact of Peace, the United States would hand in a notice to quit. It rejects all responsibility for the territorial arrangements, in which the American President has probably had more say than any one, and refuses to promise American support to uphold or defend the Treaty, or even to boycott any Power that violates it. Nor will the United States accept any mandate "except by the action or joint resolution of the Congress of the United States," and we now know what that means. There is explicit repudiation of all interference of the League of Nations in its "domestic" or "political" affairs such as "the tariff," and flat refusal to submit any question to the arbitration of any organ of the League which "in the judgment of the United States" has any reference to the Monroe Doctrine. In other words, after much closer study of the Covenant than that document has received from any Parliamentary body in this country, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee concludes that whereas the League of Nations may be good enough for the rest of the world, conspicuously the British Empire, it is not good enough for U.S.A. Should the Senate endorse these Reservations, the League of Nations campaigners now about to stump England will look yet more foolish than before. We trust that "the heckler" may be heard from, and that steps will be forthwith taken to enable the public to realize that there is another side.

The Chameleon

THE painful attack on the British Prime Minister by an indignant American journalist is referred to elsewhere in this number. It is hardly calculated to improve Anglo-American relations, nor is Viscount Grey's Special Mission to the United States assisted by Mr. Lloyd George's uncorroborated assertion that Mr. Bullitt has told "a tissue of lies," which is not accepted in Washington as any answer to the latter's categorical charges supported by documentary evidence. Mr. Lloyd George is as changeable as a chameleon, and having no memory, he forgets that he has changed. On Monday he might be a convinced Bolshevik, and on Tuesday an equally convinced anti-Bolshevik who would be furious at any suggestion that he had been a Bolshevik the previous day, and would denounce any man as "a liar" who made any such imputation. To ask him to remember anything inconvenient is to ask the impossible. We are not attempting to justify his conduct, but merely trying to explain what on the face of it is inexplicable. The present writer once remarked to a shrewd judge of men who had been thrown much with Mr. Lloyd George: "I may be prejudiced against Lloyd George, but you are not and know him well—can you tell me what he is driving at?" The answer was prompt: "How can I know, considering that he has no idea himself?" That is an exhaustive diagnosis of a peculiar mentality whose vagaries bewilder mankind.

Another Vagary

WE have had another of them this month. The news was flashed through London one afternoon that "the Allied and Associated Powers" in conference assembled had approved the British policy of abandoning Russia. She was to be left "to stew in her own juice," or rather in the Bolshevik juice. It was a thunderclap, adding to the general dismay caused by the shameful and shameless treatment of a whilom Ally to whom Western Europe is under the deepest obligations, while President Wilson had proclaimed himself the steadfast friend of Russia, who would provide the "acid test" of Allied and Associated policy. We were still staggering under this appalling announcement—which was universally interpreted as "another Lloyd George victory"—when repudiations rained from every quarter. The British Delegation had undoubtedly informed the Press, and the Press had informed the world, that the Conference had "agreed to the British policy of evacuation and had expressed itself opposed to Russian adventures." Whereupon the American Delegation announced, "The Russian matter was not taken up by the Conference yesterday." This *démenti* was confirmed by French semi-official statements. The subject had not even been discussed! The various explanations put forward of this amazing affair on behalf of Downing Street only deepened the confusion. According to one theory, the British *communiqué* was the unaided effort of Mr. Philip Kerr, the Prime Minister's private secretary, who also figures in the Bullitt business. According to another friendly version, circulated by an evening devotee of Mr. Lloyd George, as the latter was leaving the Conference chamber at the end of the meeting of the Council of Five he casually remarked:

> "What about the Russian question? I think you will agree with me that we have had enough of this Russian Expedition. I think we had better let the Russians alone to look after their own affairs."

As "no word of dissent" greeted this observation:

> The British Premier accordingly left the Council meeting under the impression that his colleagues agreed, and shortly afterwards a statement from British sources was handed to the Press representatives to the effect that the Paris Council had decided upon the Russian withdrawal—a statement that has provoked so much comment on both sides of the Channel

If we had given currency to anything so ridiculous we should be accused of "maligning the head of the Government," but this was an admirer's account of his hero's method of transacting international business. In another column of the same journal on the same day (see *Evening Standard*, September 19) a totally different explanation was forthcoming—namely, that Mr. Lloyd George had mistaken a gathering of his own Cabinet for a meeting of the Allies! Again this is not a hostile but a friendly commentator:

> I do not know how the mistake in regard to the *communiqué* about Russia in Paris arose, but I believe the facts are as follows. The subject was discussed in Paris, *but not by the Supreme Council*, the body which discussed it being made up of those members of the British Cabinet who happened to be in Paris.

This was the latest:

> It will be remembered that, during Mr. Lloyd George's absence and after a good deal of public criticism, Mr. Churchill made a statement reiterating the policy which he had already announced in the House. There had, however, been no meeting with

the Prime Minister on the subject, and the opportunity of the presence in Paris of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Milner, and Mr. Churchill gave the occasion for a meeting at which the policy already announced by Mr. Churchill was confirmed, presumably to apply to the whole of Russia.

Hence the *communiqué* implicating innocent Allies in the Lloyd George policy!

The Eastern Conspiracy

AMIDST these miserable alarums and excursions and intrigues we must not forget the greatest issue now confronting "the Allied and Associated Powers," and the one of which they have made the worst mess. The desertion of Russia by Civilization would be the crime of crimes—so flagrant and so revolting that it could only be contemplated by a war-weary world which for the time being had lost its grip and its grit. Such a policy must be ultimately inspired by those who are working to afford Germany an opportunity of resuming "the frightful adventure." They could not save her from defeat in the West, because French and British generalship, French and British and American fighting, were too good for the German Army. Nor could they save Austria from disaster at the hands of Italy. But at least they could, with the assistance of ignorant, impulsive, thoughtless, Western statesmanship, provide Germany with the means of retrieving the situation in the East. If only the Bolsheviks, who had been set in motion by the Great German General Staff and financed by the International Jew, could be preserved as a *de facto* Government, and the Allies choked off from supporting the anti-Bolsheviks—still better, if the Allied and Associated Powers could be induced to "recognize" the Soviet—then Germany's future would be assured, because Boche and Bolshevik would form an alliance sufficiently strong to overwhelm the West. American "idealists" are even more innocent than British politicians, and both have fallen into the trap so artfully prepared for them. During the war the section of Labour that would have played us false if it could was paralysed by the patriotism of the masses, but in peace, with the pressure of danger removed, this faction has been allowed to acquire an unwholesome ascendancy, and the Smillies and Ramsay Macdonalds, who were powerless to help "our German friends" in 1917 and 1918, are now calling the tune and doing the enemy's dirty work, and trying, in an expressive French phrase, *saboter la victoire.* We should not be surprised to learn, so constant have been the relations between the Government and the Defeatist wing of the Labour party, that the latter had been "tipped the wink" from Downing Street that if Labour conferences were sufficiently demonstrative about Russia it would help the Premier's policy of scuttle. There is a lack of spontaneity about this "Russian agitation," which is hardly a question on which the British working man would excite himself, especially when it is explained to him by men like Colonel John Ward what the abandonment of Russia to Bolsheviks really means. Germany and only Germany stands to gain by the "Organized-Labour-*cum*-Downing-Street" conspiracy to allow a mighty Empire to become Boche as the only alternative to the present hell. It is said that could one penetrate behind the political scenes one would encounter individuals of the "poor dear Germany" persuasion who are fully alive to all possibilities in the East, and not less aware than we are of the inevitable results of the policy that was proclaimed in the premature *communiqué* announcing an Allied decision that had not even been discussed. We have our intellectual Bolshevists as well as the *sans-culottes*—infinitely more dangerous. Some of them are deliberately playing Germany's game in working the Russian scuttle.

Petering Out

THE Peace Conference is petering out as a conference of Governments. President Wilson has long since returned home. Mr. Lloyd George only puts in an occasional appearance in Paris. Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Minister, has made way for Sir Eyre Crewe—one of the few appointments on which Ministers can be congratulated. Unfortunately, though accorded the rank of Ambassador, this clear-brained, able, single-minded official, who at last "comes into his own," will have to refer every considerable decision to Downing Street—and it is in Downing Street that the harm is done, through ignorance and hustle. The last full-dress function of the Peace Conference was the presentation of the final and revised Treaty to Austria (September 2), being a substantial modification of the original terms in Austria's favour, especially in the economic sphere, in which injustice is said to be done to Austrian creditors, including the British, whom she owes £9,000,000.

After their wont, the Allies covered their concessions to Austria as they covered their final concessions to Germany, by " a letter " denouncing the Austrians up hill and down dale until they had not a leg to stand on. This is the *dernier cri* in new diplomacy. Personally we prefer the old style, in which an economy of argument was combined with more solid satisfaction. While the Austrians were severely lectured by Mr. Philip Kerr, or whoever drafted the fulmination, the Austrian Peace Treaty was so unsatisfactory to Rumania and Serbia (who have suffered as severely in the war as Great Britain or the United States, and to whom the conditions imposed on their big neighbour matter infinitely more than to London or Washington) that both the Rumanian and Serbian Ministers preferred to resign rather than sign them. They are peculiarly offensive to Rumania owing to the tutelage imposed on her as regards newly annexed territories. Thus do we play ducks and drakes with our friends and comrades-in-arms. Can we wonder that the Italian Déroulède, Gabrielle d'Annunzio—against whom we have no intention of casting the contumelious stone—rather than see Fiume pass into the possession of a possible enemy of his country, should have taken the bit between his teeth and outraged all the diplomatic proprieties by laying forcible hands on " the Italian Antwerp " ?

Scapegoatism

It is only in accordance with human nature that Responsible Statesmen should favour a policy of scapegoats, because if once the Powers-that-Be could be brought to book the immunity of politicians would be over. If autocratic Sovereigns could be indicted, then Presidents and Prime Ministers might in constitutionally governed countries be impeached for their manifold high crimes and misdemeanours. Thus British Ministers, who ignored the German danger that had stared them in the face for many years, and allowed themselves and their country to be taken completely by surprise, who endangered the British Navy by denying it essentials, who kept the British Army at a derisory figure—who, in a word, negligently brought the British Empire within an ace of catastrophe by their wilful blindness, folly, and ineptitude—would be tried and punished in any country where justice had no respect for persons. Even Presidents who had allowed the world to become unsafe for democracy without moving a little finger save to embarrass those who were fighting for the democratic cause during the first two and a half years of the struggle, and who made so little preparation that when America was forced in, her great power was negligible for yet another year, and who, when it was all over, took advantage of America's strength to dictate a peace ruinous to several Allies, might be held to "strict accountability" in an age of international law. It may be some such considerations that explain the otherwise inexplicable fact that so far there seems to have been no "Allied and Associated" attempt to secure the extradition of the ex-Kaiser from Holland, where month after month he leads the unmolested life of a country gentleman, and, according to rumour, is steadily accumulating real and personal property.

The Ex-Kaiser?

PRESIDENT WILSON is understood to have opposed the ex-Kaiser's arraignment, to the no small astonishment of the French. His previous utterances had been interpreted as indicating the punishment of "the Imperial Government" of Germany, whose guilt was distinguished from the relative innocence of a deluded German people. It was said that on this single question the British Prime Minister had ventured to differ from his boss, and that Mr. Lloyd George meant to stand firm. He was understood to have given a definite pledge to the House of Commons and to have announced that our Allies agreed to the trial of the ex-Kaiser in London. But nothing more has been heard of this question, and those organs that advertise Ministerial plans and projects are suspiciously silent about it. We are strongly in favour of the trial of Wilhelm II as the arch-criminal of the Great War. But for him it would never have occurred; but for him it would have been a civilized war. Almost greater than the offence of wantonly plunging the world into this catastrophe was the horrible manner in which from the outset it was conducted as a matter of policy. It is idle, it is sheer hypocrisy, to talk of "a new Europe" in which right will be enthroned above might if the chief malefactor is allowed to escape scot-free. It would also signify that all the minor malefactors are to escape—the U-boat assassins, the torturers of prisoners of war, the ravishers of Belgian and French womanhood, the perpetrators of nameless enormities in Poland, Serbia, Rumania, and Italy. Let us make no mistake about it. The active "push" that is now working on behalf of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm and the ex-Crown Prince on the pretext that to arraign the Hohenzollerns would be to martyrize and canonize them would obviously cover the lesser criminals, who, from Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg down to "the baby-killers," would plead that in all they did they, as in duty bound, were carrying out Imperial orders. If the ex-Emperor is sacrosanct, it would be legally and morally impossible to punish any subordinates for obeying him. Those who protest against his trial must be fully aware of this—at any rate they ought to be—and judging by the demeanour of all our Germans and pro-Germans, many of whom have no weakness for kings or emperors as such, it is obviously part of the general policy of "kindness to Germany," which is to be carried to the point that Great Britain is to pay the whole costs of the war rather than extract one farthing of indemnity from the Fatherland. Such is the decree of the International Jew and the desire of "organized labour," some of whose leaders are hand-in-glove with the I.J. We may therefore expect it to become the declared policy of the British Government, supposing it should be found necessary to make any declaration, though doubtless it is hoped that the public will forget all about "the trial of the Kaiser" and "the punishment of the criminals," as the politicians have long since forgotten their solemn promise to "make Germany pay."

Von der Goltz

ALTHOUGH weakness is "the sin against the Holy Ghost," especially in dealing with a nation of bullies like the Germans, American and British statesmanship seems physically unable to appreciate this truism. M. Clemenceau is certainly not responsible for the dangerous and deplorable encouragement given to the Germans by the wretched wobbling of the Peace Conference on the Polish and kindred questions. Anglo-Saxon orators are for ever boasting of the "new Europe" they have created and of "restored Poland," but they shut their eyes to the actual situation and ignore the double dangers which are threatening their protégés, who are between the Bolshevik, from whom "the Allied and Associated Governments" are anxious to run away, and the fresh manifestation of Prussian militarism, which they prefer to wink at. Is this another feature of the amiable policy of "killing the Germans by kindness"? Of the Bolsheviks enough has been said—a lucid military appreciation of their campaigns will be found elsewhere in this number. Poland is no less concerned by the manner in which Germany has been allowed to defy the Peace Conference in Upper Silesia, which has had a taste of "frightfulness" as a prelude to the "plebiscite"—one of many *guffes* we owe to Mr. Lloyd George's comprehensive ignorance of European geography and history. Still more formidable and flagrant is the growth and reinforcement of General von der Goltz's great army in the Baltic Provinces, which, with the connivance of the German Government, openly flouts "the Allied and Associated" Powers, and brings them into ridicule and contempt. The French are fully alive to the gravity of this crisis, with which apparently Marshal Foch has been denied the requisite authority and power to deal. We always suspected, while Presidents and Premiers made the paper restrictions imposed on "German militarism" a pretext for demobilizing and disbanding Allied Armies and Fleets, the enemy would steadily re-create his armies—a process that has now reached such a point that we don't even know how large General von der Goltz's force may be, though not a few observers estimate it at eight hundred thousand men. Germany has doubtless more than one object in view in accordance with the new German watchword, "Black Russia for the Bolshevists and the Bolshevists for us," or alternatively, as the *Times* points out, Von der Goltz might enter Russia as the champion of law and order, winning the gratitude of the very Russians—and they are, according to all the latest evidence, the great majority—whom Downing Street is itching to desert. Should present cowardice prevail, a great Russian reaction might not inconceivably be followed by a Hohenzollern restoration in Berlin. This is doubtless the objective of any Germans in our midst, and possibly of some pro-Germans, but is it the object of President Wilson, of Mr. Lloyd George, of American Democrats, of British Liberals, of English Trade-Unionism? Will all these allow themselves, on one pretext or another, to be wire-pulled by international influences which are working for the recovery of the Fatherland and are as indifferent to the auspices under which it occurs as to the consequences to other nations?

A Radical Malignant

THE ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn, must have been in a peculiarly malignant frame of mind to try and stab his former colleague, Viscount Grey, in the back at the moment the latter was starting on a delicate and difficult mission to Washington. It was yet more unlucky for Lord Grey's treacherous assailant that he should have chosen a time for indicting British pre-war policy and for holding Lord Grey to some extent responsible for the war when Vienna was putting the finishing touches on German and Austro-Hungarian guilt. The Central Empires are convicted anew as deliberate, calculating, cold-blooded engineers of the Great War in the eyes of every one outside lunatic asylums, and possibly that strange type of "crank," of which these islands produce conspicuous specimens, who are determined, *coûte que coûte*, to give the enemies of their country the benefit of every doubt even to the point of inventing doubts, and who regard it as a point of honour to make propaganda against England and her Allies. Lord Loreburn we all remember as a virulent pro-Boer twenty years ago. The fact that all the best of those with whom he then sympathized have espoused our cause in the Great War does not weigh a feather with such as he, who were only pro-Boers because the Boers were "agin us." He would doubtless be a pro-German to-day had he the requisite moral courage, but that degree of dementia we understand him to repudiate. He is mainly concerned to wipe off sundry old scores against the Liberal Imperialists, which date from the South African War, when once more they had the patriotism to defend England's cause against the Boers and pro-Boers. Needless to say, Lord Loreburn's screed is hailed with glee by that portion of the "Progressive Press" which, like the author, would have liked to be pro-German during the war as they were pro-German before the war and are pro-German after the war. The *Manchester Guardian* cannot contain its satisfaction over this "first authoritative and objective analysis of the diplomacy that led to the war that has appeared in the English language," being, as Lord Loreburn tells us, the point of view of "a Liberal who has always thought the infusion of imperialism a source of danger, and who believes that the tragedy of this war would not have come upon us if the Ministers of 1914 had been true to their traditional principles, and outspoken in regard to what they were doing."

We shall hope to return to a volume (*How the War Came*, Methuen and Co., 7s. 6d. net) which the *Manchester Guardian* regards as "an event of considerable importance," and which is no less because it reveals the whole psychology of the anti-national politician who has been the greatest burden the British Empire has had to carry ever since the safety of their own skins was assured by superior British sea-power and they felt safe to gratify their insular vanity.

The Loreburn Policy

As our readers know, we could not defend the Grey policy during the years immediately preceding the war (1912–1914), when, under the unhappy influence of his friend Lord Haldane, the Foreign Minister decidedly weakened, through underrating the German danger. But Lord Loreburn's attack makes us realize more than ever the enormous difficulties confronting any man conducting our foreign policy with colleagues of whom the large majority are known to have sympathized with Lord Loreburn's attitude, forming as they did that Pacifist-Potsdam Party which was a veritable nightmare, and which, if it had had its way, would have repeated the Gladstonian policy of 1870, and left France in the lurch. In trying to damage his colleague at the Foreign Office, Lord Loreburn merely discredits himself. His essay can only tend to make Sir Edward's critics more indulgent than hitherto, because they are more conscious of the lions and jackals that beset his path. Men like Lord Loreburn—and there were plenty of them in both Houses of Parliament as well as in the Progressive Press—bear a ghastly load of responsibility for the Great War. They convinced Germany by their every word and action that under all circumstances England would be "too proud to fight." That any of this gang, who inside and outside the Cabinet were working, shouting, and screaming for peace at any price when the storm burst five years ago, should now reproach Sir Edward Grey that he did not make "a plain and timely statement to Germany that if she attacked France we should be on the side of France," can only be described as a unique exhibition of effrontery. The Loreburn policy was proclaimed to all whom it might concern in a notorious preface contributed by the ex-Lord Chancellor to a Cobden Club pamphlet suggestively entitled *The German Panic*, published the year before the war. This was then Lord Loreburn's diagnosis of the European situation: "Time will show that Germans have no aggressive designs against us, nor we against them; and then foolish people will cease to talk of a future war between us, which will never take place." Such was the guidance he gave the democracy in 1913, while his advice to the Government that he now upbraids for not telling Germany that we should support France was as follows: "That any British Government would be so guilty towards our own country as to take up arms in a foreign quarrel is more than I can believe. To say so appears to me a duty not less to ourselves than to Continental Powers." Unfortunately, Germany believed that the Pacifist-Potsdam Party, which appeared to rule the roost in this country, and of which Lord Loreburn was so conspicuous an ornament, would be strong enough to enforce the cowardly policy so obligingly set forth by Lord Loreburn not many months before the Great War was brought about in the manner disclosed from Vienna.

Illumination from Vienna

It is highly inconsiderate of Vienna—at a time when "responsible Anglo-Saxon statesmen" are anxious "to let bygones be bygones" and to forget the origin of the war as well as everything else connected with it—to demonstrate afresh the heinous crimes of the German and Austrian Governments. It is hard also on the Loreburns, who imagined there was a lull in revelations in which they might safely vent some of their spleen on Viscount Grey—whose chief fault was excessive deference to Loreburns, just as his real crime in their eyes was his refusal to repeat the ghastly Gladstonian blunder of 1870, as the large majority of his colleagues in the Cabinet desired, and the entire "Progressive Press" and four-fifths of the "Progressive Party" in Parliament demanded. War at any cost was the deliberate and determined policy of the Central Powers. Nothing on earth could have restrained them except *force majeure*, which our Loreburns and disarmament-mongers had seen to it that Great Britain did not possess. The war guilt of British Pacifists—who are again on the warpath—becomes infinitely heavier in the light of the secret archives of the Ballplatz now given to the world. One wonders how some of them can sleep o' nights, which must be disturbed by visions of the cruel wound they have contributed to inflict on the manhood of our race, to say nothing of other races. Are not those who encouraged the chief criminals in the delusion that Britain was too decadent to fight almost accessories before the fact? Dr. Robert Goos, the historian, has published these papers for the Austrian Foreign Office. They can only be described as appalling, and it is somewhat significant that the so-called "new regime" in Germany resents this exposure of "the old regime." Why, if "the Revolution" was genuine and not largely camouflage to get better terms for the Fatherland? Of fresh documents the most important is the report by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Berlin (Count Szoegenyi) of his *tête-à-tête* lunch with the German Emperor at Potsdam on July 5, 1914. The Count had handed the Emperor an autograph letter from the Austrian Emperor (Franz Josef) covering a Memorandum by the Chief of the Austrian General Staff (Conrad von Hoetzendorf), which had been presented to the military Cabinet of the Austrian Kaiser *some days before the assassination* of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo. This Memorandum, which showed a strange if not sinister anticipation of the imminent crime—advocated "a vigorous policy" towards Serbia. The covering letter of Kaiser Franz Josef urged his brother-Kaiser to draw Bulgaria into the Triple Alliance as a counterpoise to Rumania, whom he no longer trusted. To this Wilhelm II replied, substantially agreeing, though expressing misgivings concerning Bulgaria.

THE Austrian Ambassador's report of his lunch with Wilhelm II runs as follows:

The Lunch

The Kaiser read the documents submitted to him with the closest attention. First he assured me that he had expected serious action on our side towards Serbia, but he added that he must confess that in consequence of the explanations of our most gracious master he must face the possibility of a serious European complication, and therefore would not give a definite answer before he had discussed the matter with the Chancellor. After lunch, when I once more emphasized the seriousness of the situation with the greatest stress, His Majesty empowered me to report to the Emperor that in this event, too, we could count on the full support of Germany. As already said, he must first have the opinion of the Chancellor, but he did not doubt in the slightest that Bethmann-Hollweg would absolutely agree with his opinion. In particular this held good with regard to an action on our part against Serbia. In his [Kaiser Wilhelm's] opinion there must be no delay with this action. Russia's attitude would, moreover, be a hostile one, but he had been prepared for this for years, and even if it should come

> to war between Austria-Hungary and Russia we could be assured that Germany would stand at our side with her accustomed fidelity as ally. For the rest, Russia, as things stood to-day, was by no means ready for war, and would certainly think twice before appealing to arms. She would, however, agitate against us among the other Powers of the Triple Entente and fan the flames in the Balkans. He understood very well that it would be difficult for the Emperor Franz Josef, in view of the latter's well-known love of peace, to march into Serbia. But if we had actually realized the necessity of warlike action against Serbia he [Kaiser Wilhelm] would regret it if we left unutilized the present moment which was so favourable for us.

That document will seal the fate of the ex-Kaiser of Germany unless "Allied and Associated Governments" are to become the common laughing-stock. In a further telegram to the Ballplatz the Austrian Ambassador reports his subsequent conversation with the German Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg—then admired by Lord Haldane and the *Westminster Gazette* as "a Moderate":

> In the further course of conversation I ascertained that the Chancellor, like his Imperial master, regards immediate action [*Einschreiten*] on our part against Serbia as the most radical and best solution of our difficulties in the Balkans. From an international point of view he regards the present moment as more favourable than a later one. He quite agrees that we should inform neither Italy nor Rumania of an eventual action against Serbia. On the other hand, Italy should at once be informed by our Government of the intention of bringing about the adhesion of Bulgaria to the Triple Alliance.

The War Council

THEN we have a detailed account of the fateful War Council at Vienna two days later (July 7, 1914), presided over by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, who declared they must decide whether the moment had not come to render Serbia "for ever innocuous by a display of force." We quote the epitome of the Austrian publication appearing in the Berlin correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph* (September 24). Count Berchtold added that such a decisive stroke could not be delivered without diplomatic preparations. Consequently he had got into touch with the German Government. The discussions in Berlin had led to a very satisfactory result, "as both Kaiser Wilhelm and Herr Bethmann-Hollweg had assured him of the unconditional support of Germany for the event of warlike complications with Serbia." They had still to reckon with Italy and Rumania, and here, in agreement with the Berlin Cabinet, he was of opinion that it would be best to act and to await any claims to compensation that might be put forward. It was quite clear to him that a passage at arms with Serbia might have war with Russia as its consequence. Nevertheless he advocated anticipating opposition by a prompt settlement with Serbia, which would be impossible later on. The Hungarian Minister-President, Count Tisza, alone counselled decency and caution, declaring he would never agree to a surprise attack on Serbia "without preliminary diplomatic action," such as had been discussed in Berlin. Otherwise, in Count Tisza's opinion, Austria would stand very badly in the eyes of Europe and would unite the Balkans against her, barring Bulgaria. They must not make impossible demands upon Serbia, and it was not Germany's business to decide this question for Austria. The Austrian Premier, Count Stuergk, supported Berchtold against Tisza, and advocated war, as they were supported by Germany. Herr Bilinski, the Common Finance Minister, took the same line, while the War Minister (General Krobatin) insisted that it would be better to have war at once than later, and thought "a declaration of war" superfluous. In a discussion as to their war aims Count Stuergk urged that the present Serbian dynasty be replaced by a European prince. Count Tisza, who provides the only light spot in this gruesome business, stuck to his guns. The substance of the debate was thus summed up in the official Minutes as follows:

> (1) That all those present desire the speediest possible decision of the quarrel with Serbia in a warlike or peaceable sense.
>
> (2) That the Council of Ministers would be prepared to adhere to the view of the Hungarian Minister-President, according to which mobilization should only take place after concrete demands have been made to Serbia and refused by her, and an ultimatum has been presented.
>
> On the other hand, all present, with the exception of the Hungarian Minister-President, are of opinion that diplomatic success, even if it should end with a startling humiliation of Serbia, would be valueless, and that therefore such far-reaching demands must be made of Serbia that a rejection of them may be looked for in order that the way may be opened for a radical solution by means of military intervention.

Count Tisza again and again advised moderation, and at the close of another meeting in the afternoon attended by the Chief of the General Staff, of which there is not so full a report, earnestly appealed to his colleagues to realize what they were doing. Count Berchtold announced his intention of going to Ischl on the following day, and there is this note of the aged Emperor: "I have taken cognizance of the contents of these minutes."

Berchtold's Infamy

COUNT BERCHTOLD's infamy went far beyond the murderous crime of provoking an unnecessary war for which there was not the shade of a shadow of an excuse. The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister was a forger of a peculiarly diabolical kind, if we may believe the new Austrian Red Book. In order to promote war he wrote a report for the aged Emperor at Ischl, pointing out that he thought it not impossible that the Entente might still attempt to bring about a peaceable settlement of the conflict unless a definite situation was now created by a declaration of war. He added that, according to a report from the Fourth Army Command, the Serbian troops had fired from Danube steamers on Austrian and Hungarian soldiers at Temes-Kubin. Hostilities, therefore, had actually begun. With this report Count Berchtold submitted a declaration of war for the Emperor's signature, which explicitly stated that the Imperial and Royal Government was forced to protect its rights and interests by recourse to arms, the more so as Serbian troops had already attacked the Imperial and Royal soldiers at Temes-Kubin. After the Emperor had signed the declaration of war in this form Count Berchtold struck out the reference to a fight at Temes-Kubin, and sent a letter to the Emperor explaining that he had taken it upon himself to eliminate this sentence, as the reports had not been confirmed. In other words, he invented an attack that had never occurred in order to justify one. Upon this the *Arbeiter Zeitung* (an Austrian Socialist organ) observes:

> That arch-scoundrel Berchtold not only deceived the people, but also the Emperor. The destiny of the world depended upon whether an 84-year-old man permitted himself to be deceived. For such a crime Berchtold must certainly be sent to prison, or more justly to the gallows.

We would warn the statesmen of the Entente—especially the pro-Austrians—that if this infamy be proved they would be ill-advised to try and save Berchtold. It was to "detach" Austria that General Smuts was sent on that fantastic mission to Switzerland in the winter of 1917–18!

WE confess to being in no inconsiderable dilemma as regards domestic politics, and shall be grateful to any of our readers who can extricate us. The *National Review* has been a consistently Unionist organ, giving heart-whole support to the

Unionist Party, while occasionally trying to "ginger up" its flabby leadership. But to-day there is no Unionist Party in any intelligible sense of that term, because, although the maintenance of the unity of the United Kingdom is as paramount as ever, it is common gossip, if not common knowledge, that Unionist leaders are seeking some pretext to abandon the Union, because it has become inconvenient in their present affiliation to a Lloyd George Coalition. It is indeed difficult to discover any principle or any conviction to which our Front-Benchers attach importance, and to which they are likely to adhere, and that would not be incontinently sacrificed the moment it clashed with political exigencies. The Prime Minister is not merely fluid himself, but he spreads fluidity to others, and under his domination Mr. Bonar Law has become equally fluid, so that no one has any idea for what he stands at any moment, still less where he will be three months hence. This is decidedly embarrassing to a once great Party with historical traditions and ineradicable instincts. Curiously enough, it is likewise the plight of other Parties and other political leaders. Every one is in the dark as to the direction in which Mr. Lloyd George is moving, being ignorant of the number of his labels he has eaten. One thing only is clear—namely, that he stands for chaos, and under him everything is likely to drift from bad to worse. Mr. Asquith, as the Liberal Leader, had a great opportunity of saving the Peace as he could not win the war, but he was unable to rise to it, and is to-day content to mumble the ancient shibboleths, which will hardly help the nation through the ordeal of Reconstruction. His friends and would-be followers complain that he also has caught the infection of fluidity from the Prime Minister and that they know no more for what principles or policy Mr. Asquith stands than do the henchmen of Mr. Lloyd George or the satellites of Mr. Bonar Law.

A Dilemma

THESE three leaders who can't lead appear to have much in common, while the differences between them are difficult to detect with a microscope, apart from their conflicting opinions as to who should be "top dog" and how the spoils should be appropriated. Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law are all prepared to give their blessing

A Trio

to the League of Nations, though Mr. Asquith, as an intelligent and better-informed man, cannot fail to be aware that it is a snare and a delusion. They will all advocate Disarmament and will denounce National Service—they will disband our Defences to the danger-point. They will pretend that a good peace has been made, and that there is no further German danger, and that Bolshevism is "a bogy." They will encourage each other in the base and cowardly crime of deserting Russia in order to curry favour with "organized labour," and will shut their eyes to the obvious consequences of throwing that mighty Power into the arms of the enemies of mankind. They will talk universal arbitration, pretending that war is a thing of the past. They will reopen our ports to German dumping directly they dare, and represent the unchanging Hun as a reformed character. They will spare Germany the payment of any Indemnity, and generally sacrifice our friends and Allies in order to "propitiate" an implacable foe. In other words, they will do everything which they describe as "responsible statesmanship," and subsequently marvel that we are regarded abroad as *Perfide Albion*. They will forget every lesson of the Great War as rapidly as possible, thus preparing the way for its resumption, and future Asquiths, Lloyd Georges, and Bonar Laws will wonder, as did the Loreburns and Haldanes in 1914, how another "unthinkable" war has come about, not realizing that the unteachable Bourbons of Downing Street, who learn nothing and forget nothing, are responsible for most of the misfortunes of mankind.

Nakedness of the Land

HOWEVER, we are not concerned with the future, but with our amazing present. We wonder that our leading Tweedledums and Tweedledees are able to persuade serious persons to take them so seriously and to pretend that there are fundamental differences between them worth even the sham fight at Westminster! We shall be much obliged if any of our readers will indicate any important question on which Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Asquith disagree with one another to the point of pursuing different policies. We may be told that the Radical Leader is a Free-Trader and that the Unionist Leader is a Protectionist. It is true that Mr. Bonar Law secures the Protectionist vote, but we have always understood him to disclaim that he is a Protectionist, and during many years of office, including some of power, he has never done "a hand's turn" for Protection. We believe that for all practical purposes, i.e. so far as action is concerned, Mr. Bonar Law is as good a Cobdenite as Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour or Mr. Lloyd George. The Conservatives are cosmopolitans who exploit the sentiment of Protection for electioneering purposes. At any rate, the present Coalition Government, in which Mr. Bonar Law and his friends ought to count, has no visible fiscal policy any more than it has any other policy. Among conspicuous lessons of the Great War is this of the utter nakedness of our public life and the disappearance of character and leadership. Our politicians have no policies because they have no principles, and Parties have consequently become a mere struggle for place and power. Mr. Lloyd George has built up an artificial position for himself, partly through the absence of serious competition and partly through the abnormal newspaper support he received because there was nobody else. This was disinterested in the case of Lord Northcliffe, who, whatever his enemies may say, turned on the Asquith Government because he was sincerely convinced that change was imperative as the single alternative to our losing the war. Some other newspaper proprietors may have been animated by lesser motives. They presumably thought they would get more from the present Premier than from his predecessor. Mr. Lloyd George has certainly lavished so-called "honours" on the Press with shameless profusion, and accordingly commands unprecedented journalistic support, which up to a certain point was able to falsify and mislead public opinion. To some plutocrats politics are chiefly a question as to who shall create the viscounts, the barons, the baronets, the knights. Their greed, combined with Mr. Lloyd George's recklessness, has brought the whole system of Honours into disrepute. But if Mr. Bonar Law became Prime Minister, as some think possible, we should have the same wobbling policy, with the "honours" going in slightly different channels. It is a dog-fight to determine whether Mr. Lloyd George's tamest newspaper-proprietor becomes an earl before that honour falls to the chief journalistic backer of Mr. Bonar Law. Asquithians profess to be shocked by the morals of the Coalition, but Mr. Asquith precipitated the present debauch in Honours, and if we had another Wait-and-See Government we should have a multiplication of Wait-and-See Peers instead of the present ennoblement of Dillies and Dallies. The only remedy is the curtailment of political patronage, at any rate as regards hereditary Honours, which are the Source of the Secret Party Funds, but against this vital reform Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Balfour are as solid—and infinitely keener—as on other questions.

Open Minds

LORD MILNER, who used to know his own mind, appears to have suffered the same sea-change that overtakes practically everybody who enters the demoralization of Downing Street. He now pleads for an "open mind," if we understand him, on such questions as Nationalization. Mr. Bonar Law is understood to have an "open mind" on the "conscription of wealth," Mr. Austen Chamberlain to have exhausted his enthusiasm for Tariff Reform by a meagre instalment of Imperial Preference that can have no appreciable economic effect on Canada, New Zealand, or Australia. Sir Auckland Geddes keeps his opinions in "a locked box" that no one dare open. Other Ministers cultivate the "open mind" on other matters. This usually means that they are doubtful which way the cat is likely to jump and are resolved not to be left out in the cold. But there are questions on which men calling themselves statesmen and drawing Ministerial salaries of many thousands a year from the country they have brought to bankruptcy by their wicked wastefulness have no right to have an open mind. What are they waiting for? All the pros and cons of Nationalization are before us, and intelligent men should have no difficulty in deciding one way or other. We believe that Nationalization of such an industry as coal would be disastrous from every point of view, but there would be a moral disaster no less than the material disaster if it were adopted as a political manœuvre to dish the other side by Ministers who do not believe in it, but who hoped to save their own skins by passing it. We are in favour of fighting Nationalization and damning the consequences. The only tolerable alternative is that this policy should come from a Government of Nationalizers who at least believe in it. In other words, the Coalition should make way for a Labour Government before it adopts the Labour Programme. All Unionists without axes to grind agree with Lord Selborne on this question. They hope to see him take his coat off and join the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Salisbury in fighting against time-serving. It would be far healthier to have Mr. Henderson in Downing Street than to have Mr. Lloyd George manipulated by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and using the Unionist Party as so much camouflage for extreme measures. That, as we understand it, is the tactics of the much-advertised "Centre Party," which is merely a manœuvre to perpetuate the present "organized hypocrisy," as Disraeli christened a similar Government.

Widnes

The Coalition's craze for creating inopportune Peerages has brought yet another smashing blow to the Lloyd George-Bonar Law regime. If it was necessary to make a Peer of so popular a Member as Colonel Hall Walker of Widnes, it might have been done at the last election or at the next election. There is always a chance of losing any seat so held, and unless it is sought to weaken the Conservative forces in the country and in the Commons, there was no excuse whatsoever for this vacancy. Another disagreeable feature of this by-election was that the admirable Unionist candidate, Mr. F. M. B. Fisher—whose return would not only have been a compliment to New Zealand, but would have brought a valuable recruit to Westminster—seems to have been completely deserted by the Powers-that-Be, receiving practically no outside platform assistance, while his formidable opponent, Mr. Arthur Henderson, commanded the entire political resources of the Labour Party, who regarded this as a trial of strength with the Government. He was also supported by Liberals. What chance has the Coalition in any constituency if its own members are disloyal to it and afford its candidates little or no assistance? It was a gross outrage to leave a man of Mr. Fisher's calibre and experience alone and unaided. Judging by the newspaper campaigns which Mr. Lloyd George's personal friends are waging against Mr. Bonar Law, Lloyd-Georgites are presumably anxious to see Mr. Bonar Law's followers dwindle, but this can hardly be the object of the Unionist caucus, unless the Unionist Leader is more under Mr. Lloyd George's thumb than even we had imagined. As the result a Coalition majority of nearly 4000 was converted, in the "Unionist" stronghold of Widnes, into a Labour majority of approximately 1000, and Mr. Henderson returns to Parliament, where he is expected to lead the Labour Party, *vice* Mr. Adamson.

Revelations

The Widnes by-election attracted general interest apart from local issues and its bearing on Parties, owing to Mr. Henderson's revelations concerning 1917, when he left the Lloyd George Cabinet. Something of the kind had been rumoured, and hinted at, in the *National Review*. It was expected, when Mr. Henderson went on his Russian Mission after the Russian Revolution, that he would become British Ambassador in Petrograd in place of Sir George Buchanan—who had served both countries admirably and was irreplaceable. It was one of our Prime Minister's earlier escapades—probably prompted by one or other of his amateur diplomatic advisers. We believe Mr. Henderson to have spoken the simple truth when he told a Widnes audience, "When I went to Russia I went possessing the power to send the then Ambassador home at the end of a fortnight and to take his job at £8000 a year." This coincides with what we heard at the time from persons likely to know, though expressing themselves otherwise. We equally credit Mr. Henderson's statement that when he got to Petrograd he realized "that the decision taken before I left London was taken altogether on wrong grounds, and that it would be most unfair for me to ask the Ambassador to return home." Accordingly, "I wrote back to London suggesting that I should return to London, and that he should remain at his post." It will be generally agreed that this incident reflects credit on everybody concerned except those who sent Mr. Henderson to Petrograd. Happily, he had the sense to realize when he got there that it would be absurd to supersede Sir George Buchanan, who commanded more confidence than any foreign Representative in the Russian capital. Unfortunately, like every good man on the spot, Sir George could rarely get a hearing in Downing Street, or things would not be so hopeless as they now are. Mr. Henderson disclosed the further interesting fact, which was no news to our readers—namely, that it was not he but Mr. Lloyd George who was the original advocate of "Stockholm." In his own words, to which there has been no authoritative answer:

"In 1917 the Cabinet decided in my absence to ask me to go on a mission to Russia, and I went. I was opposed to what is known as the Stockholm Conference, and its chief, Mr. Lloyd George, was in favour of it. I went to Russia and I got converted." This was unfortunate from every point of view. He returned, to find that the Chameleon had changed. Mr. Henderson gave no clear account of his subsequent resignation beyond saying, "I therefore decided to sacrifice my £5000 a year and stand by my Party and my principles."

A Panic

THERE has been one of those periodic panics in Downing Street, produced as usual by a perusal of the Press, which divides with "organized labour" the honour of terrorizing our timid rulers. This time the subject of the panic is "economy," and as a result of it there suddenly appeared an hysterical letter from the Prime Minister to some unnamed correspondent—possibly Mr. Winston Churchill—of which the exclusive privilege of publication was accorded to the *Daily Mail*—the journal that had been most active in belabouring this wickedly wasteful Government. Our contemporary is to be congratulated on this tribute to its power. It was doubtless expected to be mollified by the favour of circulating this precious missive, over which the Downing Street Press indulged in its usual gush: "Now that the Prime Minister has personally taken in hand the all-important question of retrenchment we may expect to see the salutary action that invariably follows his intervention," etc. etc. That is what we were doubtless all expected to think and say, but considering that, though frequently speaking, Mr. Lloyd George had never said a word for economy, while his colleagues had revelled in their extravagance, and there was a Ministerial move to raise all Cabinet salaries from £2000 to £5000 a year—although there were no Cabinets—this belated exhortation was too transparent even to catch votes. Nor were its terms, coming from the head of the spendthrifts, impressive. "I wish," he said, "to call the attention of my colleagues to the feeling which exists in the House of Commons, in the Press, and among all classes of the community as to the necessity for an immediate cutting down of Government expenditure." There was, it is observable, no suggestion of any Ministerial desire to save the impoverished taxpayer's pocket. We were at least saved that hypocrisy. " The public are angry, the public must be appeased," was the burden of the Prime Minister's lamentation. He informed his innominate correspondent, what could not have been news to him whoever he was: " A general feeling undoubtedly exists that expensive and needless establishments are being maintained because of the reluctance of those at the heads of the various branches of administration in the Government Departments to dismiss any of their employees."

Swollen Staffs

THIS reluctance, it should be explained, is not exclusively due to consideration for the employees whom " the chiefs " are reluctant to disband. One cause of the immense multiplication of superfluous clerks and typists is that in Departments officials are important in proportion to the size of their " staffs," which there was consequently keen competition to enlarge during the war, and a corresponding reluctance to reduce at the peace. Mr. Lloyd George added: " I do not think that the strength of this feeling is realized by subordinates, and this is probably due to the fact that the need for immediately taking steps to curtail expenditure has not been sufficiently insisted on." It certainly has not, partly for the reason we have given—namely, that departmental retrenchment affects the amour-propre of many Jacks-in-office, who for the first time in their lives find themselves commanding the click of many typewriters and the services of innumerable " messengers." Anyhow, public opinion has at last reached the Prime Minister, who informed his astonished colleague, if it was a colleague to whom he had written: " The time has come when each Minister ought to make clear to those under his control that if they cannot reduce expenditure they must make room for somebody who can. That is the public temper, and it is right. . . . Everything in excess must be ruthlessly cut down." Since the publication of this document, which is surely one of the most humiliating to which a British Prime Minister ever put his pen, there has been an immense amount of newspaper rumour concerning " Government economies," but we have no means of knowing whether these economies are " eye-wash " or whether they are facts. Panic retrenchment is likely to be as reckless as panic expenditure, and in the long run as costly. Lord Fisher, who enjoys swimming with what he conceives to be the tide, has hardly helped the country at this critical juncture by a series of silly letters in the *Times*, with the perpetual refrain " Scrap the lot."

From Deauville

THIS panicky letter on economy is not the only demonstration of the Prime Minister from the neighbourhood of Deauville, where he spent the Recess--to the no small inconvenience of colleagues who had to dance attendance on him. Whether as the result of " regrettable incidents " at by-elections or from some other cause, Mr. Lloyd George, fearing that he might be " left " in the " new world " arising after the war, suddenly issued a manifesto consisting of an eight-page pamphlet entitled *The Future*, which was scattered gratis by the million. Considering the present ruinous cost of publication of all kinds, this was hardly that example of economy to which the Prime Minister had recently exhorted his colleagues. The Press is available to any public man, especially the head of the Government. There was no need for this costly pamphlet, which was either financed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer or by a Party fund—a scandalous waste of money in either case. *The Future* contained no less than three portraits of Mr. Lloyd George and a " Message to the People " from him, and quotations from various Coalition speeches and other matter in glorification of this inglorious Government. The " Message " was pure and unadulterated claptrap, though its author is such an adept at humbug that there may be found people to be taken in by the stuff in which Demagogues have specialized since the beginning of time, e.g.: " What does a new world mean ? What was the old world like ? It was a world where toil for myriads of honest workers, men and women, purchased nothing better than squalor, penury, anxiety, and wretchedness. A world scarred by slums and disgraced by sweating, where unemployment through the vicissitudes of industry brought despair to multitudes of humble homes. A world where, side by side with want, there was waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth, partly through ignorance and want of forethought, partly through entrenched selfishness." As to the future: " If we renew the lease of that world we shall betray the heroic dead. We shall be guilty of the basest perfidy that ever blackened a people's fame. Nay, we shall store up retribution for ourselves and for our children. The old world must and will come to an end. No effort can shore it up much longer." These would be admirable sentiments if we had not heard them too often before from the same and similar quarters; moreover, the author is going the wrong way to work to realize his dream. There are those who think that, thanks in no small measure to our politicians, the British people have a period of much misery ahead of them. We sincerely hope these prophets of woe are wrong, but the omens are not entirely propitious.

The Rothermere Campaign

We are all grateful to the intellectual enterprise of Lord Rothermere, who enlivened what might have been the dull season by a remarkable thesis which raised many a smile in political circles. He invited the world to believe, by articles in the *Sunday Pictorial*, that the general view that Mr. Lloyd George was "the boss" of his Government was erroneous, because the real boss was the redoubtable Mr. Bonar Law, who for the many months of the Premier's absence in Paris had been a quasi-dictator. It was, therefore, not our pure and immaculate Premier, who is the soul of economy, who bore any responsibility for the hideous waste of public money that alarms Lord Rothermere, like every one else. "B.L.M.G." was, in fact, Lord Rothermere's motto. We hold no brief for the Unionist Leader, because, so far from persuading ourselves that he is the strong and ruthless tyrant of Lord Rothermere's dreams, we believe him to be as fluid as Mr. Lloyd George himself, and our grievance against him is that so unable is he to enforce any Conservative doctrine on his colleagues that he is prepared to take any amount of Radical doctrine from them. Lord Rothermere's—and we must remember that, unlike his brother Lord Northcliffe, he is a Radical—object is to saddle Coalition Unionists with all the odium of a Government whose unpopularity is becoming obvious even to Mr. Lloyd George's blindest worshippers. Mr. Bonar Law deserves his full share of blame for the disrepute of the Ministry, but there is no reason why he should also shoulder the share that properly appertains to Lord Rothermere's friend and leader, Mr. Lloyd George. During the last Premiership Lord Rothermere emphasized the responsibilities of the head of the Government, and rightly resented their being ignored by that portion of the Press that made a demigod of Mr. Asquith. What is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander. Lloyd-Georgites cannot have it both ways. He cannot be the great man of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* if he needs a scapegoat in the person of a colleague.

Uncertainty

ALTHOUGH Ministerial weakness and vacillation play into the hands of the extremists of the Labour world and paralyse the Moderates, it is not yet established that even " organized labour " has surrendered to the Party of " direct action," *alias* the Revolutionaries, who are anxious to hoist the Red Flag and emulate the achievements of Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky. These are the gods of our Smillies, Williams, Manns, and other anarchists who aspire to govern by Prussian-Russian methods. But the working classes at large—who are less under the influence of bosses than " organized labour "—are not anxious to put their necks in a noose to please a few megalomaniacs. Uncertainty was the keynote of the recent Trade Union Congress, where almost all the noise was made by the " wild men," but the voting, even on the fallacious block system which wipes out every minority, was not wholly to the liking of our would-be Lenins and Trotskys, who had high hopes of stampeding it for all purposes. The first considerable decision was a majority of 710,000 votes on a poll of 4,462,000 censuring the Parliamentary Committee for declining to call a special congress last spring to decide " what action, if any, should be taken " to compel the Government to comply with the political demands of " the Triple Alliance." This was a score for the extremists, who were no less elated by the huge majority of 4,401,000 on a poll of 4,555,000 instructing the Parliamentary Committee to call a special congress to decide " the form of action to be taken " should the Government refuse to nationalize the coal-mines. But a majority of 169,000 on a substantially similar poll carried " the previous question," thus evading immediate decision on " direct action." There followed an almost unanimous vote instructing the Parliamentary Committee to call " a special congress " to consider " what action shall be taken " should the Government refuse to repeal the Conscription Acts and withdraw British troops from Russia. A heavy fall was, however, taken by " the wild men " when it came to the election by ballot of the new Parliamentary Committee, as thirteen of the sixteen members of the old Committee, including a majority of known opponents of "direct action," were returned, and the nominees of the Miner's Federation were ejected from the two seats they had previously held. This was a serious rebuff to Messrs. Smillie and Co., whose spirits have, however, since revived owing to a conflict between the Board of Trade and the railways, threatening a vast strike at the time of writing. This incident will severely test Sir Eric Geddes, who as Minister of Transport will, we hope, cultivate those three uncommon qualities—namely, clearness, fairness, and firmness—which are all-important in such times as these—the last not the least.

Lord Charles Beresford

THE sudden death of Lord Charles Beresford—for "Lord Charles" he remained to the public—while on a shooting visit to the Duke of Portland in Scotland came as a great shock to the country, who counted him as one of themselves. Although he had been in indifferent health for some time, and his condition aroused anxiety among those who knew, Lord Charles was so vital as to rank with the young despite his seventy-four years. Mr. Cope Cornford succeeds in his sympathetic sketch in giving a vivid impression of a most delightful and attaching personality that inspired devotion in all who came in contact with him. That he was always a popular hero in whom the crowd believed was perhaps the least of Lord Charles's many striking attributes, though his prestige with the people is but further evidence of the latter's shrewdness in judging men. It was equally to the credit of Lord Charles that he never "went down" in the political world, and that superior persons despised him and everything he stood for. He was absolutely honest and fearless and entirely above the tricks of the trade, and was therefore, relatively to his abilities, a failure at Westminster, where it may almost be said that men are rated in inverse proportion to their worth. His services to the nation were immense, because it will be found on reviewing the events of our time that there was scarcely a single question of national defence or any other of the greater problems of national policy on which those who had differed from Lord Charles Beresford were not demonstrated by the searching test of the Great War to have been in the wrong. Beresford's instinct detected the German danger, and had his spirit permeated Downing Street Germany would have known from the outset that whenever she attacked France she would have to reckon with England. Had it penetrated the Admiralty the Grand Fleet would have been "in being" on August 4 instead of having to be created after that date. We trust there may be some worthy memorial of a man who in no conventional sense was a great public servant.

General Botha

GENERAL BOTHA has fallen a victim to influenza at a comparatively early age, and his loss is sincerely mourned by the Empire he fought against with such tenacity and resource, and on whose behalf he subsequently displayed the same qualities. He has played a notable part, not only in the history of South Africa as in Imperial councils, where his word went far, but also on the International stage, as may be gathered by the comments provoked by his death in the German Press, which made no attempt to conceal its rancour towards one of the chief obstructors of the Pan-German programme. How wise General Botha is now seen to have been from the exclusively Boer point of view—quite apart from his services to the British Empire—in loyally and unreservedly throwing in his lot with us! Where would the Boers be to-day had he elected to sulk in his tent or to become another Herzog, having put all his people's money on the wrong horse and being to-day without a friend in the world beyond the Adullamites? By his foresight and moral courage General Botha enabled the Dutchmen of South Africa to play a greater part in the Great War than the Dutchmen of Europe, who, having no Botha, cut but a miserable figure in the eyes of their neighbours. Indeed, our only complaint is that the Botha policy was too successful and secured too much influence in British councils for the Boer representative, who happened to be General Smuts, who is understood to have been among Mr. Lloyd George's worst advisers, especially during the closing stages of the war and at the Peace Conference. He has now taken General Botha's place as Prime Minister of the Union Government, and circumstances evidently compel him to strike a stronger note in the subcontinent than when he rejoiced European Pacifists and Defeatists by advocating hugging the Huns. General Smuts is too much of a Dutchman in Europe, but in South Africa he must be less Dutch than the Boer of "the back of beyond," and he should now be too preoccupied for any more "League of Nations nonsense"—even Herzog has no use for it.

The Prince's Tour

AMONG the delightful events of the past month, of which the politics at home and abroad have been equally gloomy, is the wonderful tour of the Prince of Wales in Canada. Wherever he goes this most attractive young man wins all hearts, not only because he has a captivating personality, but because his own heart is in the right place. This prevents him from ever striking a false note and enables him to remain perfectly natural in all company in all countries, while his sense of enjoyment is so keen that he is able to survive the routine with the least possible distress. It nevertheless must be a tremendous strain on any young man to rise up and go to bed as Prince of Wales and to be Prince of Wales at all other times. We feel sure that those who are responsible for the exhausting programmes which are an inevitable incident of a Royal tour will see to it that there is sufficient respite and relaxation. The Prince of Wales is so precious to all classes of the community—he is so beloved throughout the British Empire—that no risk of overworking him should be run. Canadians will appreciate this—they share all our feelings for him—and when he crosses the border into the different atmosphere of the United States, where the sentiment towards our future King-Emperor is naturally and necessarily not the same, we sincerely hope that the Prince of Wales will not be overworked by the hospitality for which the Americans are justly famous. We shall also do well to bear in mind that there are bitterly hostile elements in the United States, which find open expression in a certain Press of the chief purveyor of Anglophobia, though to the surprise of all decent Americans he has been put on the Prince's "Reception Committee" in New York.

Allenby

AMONG other agreeable events we may note the return of General Allenby to receive the honours that have fallen to him for his historic achievements in Palestine and Syria. The public rejoiced at being afforded an opportunity of expressing their appreciation of one of the foremost soldiers of the age. The Government are understood to wish to consult him upon the thorny problem of Syria, which has been inflamed by faults on both sides. There is a certain type of pettifogging French official, not infrequently to be met with overseas, who makes mountains out of every molehill and would sooner have any row than none at all. He conceives his duty to his country to consist in creating as much friction as possible and in multiplying "questions." In this practice he is, we fear, occasionally encouraged by the minor bureaucracy of the Quai d'Orsay—who hate M. Clemenceau, having been brought up in the Jules Ferry tradition, and still regard *embêter les Anglais* as among the duties of every good Frenchman. But the faults are by no means all on one side. Great Britain produces a certain type of "Near-Eastern maniac" who is equally impossible. He regards Sofia or Constantinople, Salonika, Athens, or Cairo, or wherever he may be, as the only "hub of the universe." He would sacrifice every British interest and every British ally in order to get his way in his own back garden. Verdun, Calais, Paris, Dover, London, convey nothing to this school so long as they can prevail on some local issue. They are usually high-minded men of disinterested enthusiasm to be held in the utmost personal esteem, but there are fewer worse advisers of the Home Government in given contingencies. They must remember, as General Allenby never forgets, that Great Britain's word is solemnly pledged over Syria, and it is hopeless by any side wind to try and retrieve the situation. The Arabs played a great part in smashing the Turks, as did Colonel Lawrence, who is one of the wonders of the war. But the best service England can now render the Emir Feisul is to persuade him to unreservedly recognize France as paramount Power in Syria. We and the Americans are largely responsible for present French insecurity on the Rhine. It is "unthinkable" that any serious group of Englishmen should try and manœuvre, or lecture, France out of Asia Minor.

P.S. At the moment of going to press comes the grave news that the Railways and Government having been unable to come to terms, the former have declared a general strike which is almost as serious as a war. Even newspapers that have given most encouragement to "Labour" cannot defend this wanton essay in tyranny. The Railwaymen are so hopelessly in the wrong as to provoke Downing Street to resistance.

MEGALOMANIA IN DEFENCE

An article (obviously semi-official or published with official sanction) entitled "A Ministry of Defence," by Lt.-Col. D. Forster, D.S O., R.E., General Staff, in the *Times* of January 28, 1919, has hardly received the attention or criticism it deserves, for it involves a radical change in the organization of the War Departments which would certainly greatly diminish the status, authority, and efficiency of the Admiralty Board and Naval Staff. The writer pointed out that most proposals for reconstruction were based on the assumption that the three "Departments of Defence" would remain independent Ministries, and that the general supervision of the Committee of Imperial Defence would be restored. But, he continues, it is a matter for consideration whether we should revert to the old system, and he then proceeds to outline a new system which is to consist briefly of a single Minister of War, with an Imperial War Council consisting of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the Chief of the Naval Staff, and the Chief of the Air Staff. The writer goes on to say that suitable machinery in the form of an efficient staff would be necessary "in order to provide the Council with adequate information, and also to get its decisions carried out," and an Imperial War Staff is therefore to be formed of soldiers, sailors, and airmen to conduct all the necessary operations of war.

This Imperial War Staff is not to be divided into three branches of Army, Navy, and Air, but "should be organized into Departments each dealing with all three services, and each concerned with different branches of the art of war, such as Operations, Intelligence, and Organization." * The Imperial War Staff would, therefore, be an amalgamated or composite staff of soldiers, sailors, and airmen, in which the soldiers would preponderate, and the important position of the Chief of the Imperial War Staff is to be filled in the proposed scheme by a soldier—the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The real fallacy in these proposals lies in regarding Operations, Intelligence, Administration as "different branches of the art of war." They are not branches of the art of war; they are aspects of staff work, and they simply constitute a suitable framework for the work of a staff of any particular service; the proposed system consists in taking the framework and fitting, so to speak, three different services into it, the whole to be co-ordinated under the Chief of the Imperial War Staff (a soldier), and all three services to be directed by the Minister of War.

---

* Certain so-called principles of organization are put forward for the above change, but they are so loosely formulated that presumably they are not to be taken very seriously. One of these, for instance, is that "no *concern* can be run successfully unless it is directed finally by a single intelligence definitely responsible for the whole system." What is a "concern"? What is a "single intelligence"? Are all "concerns" invariably directed by "single intelligences"? The above example is sufficient to show that the so-called principles of organization do not in themselves constitute a sufficient foundation for the proposed system, which must be considered on its own merits.

As a great deal of stress may be laid on the efficiency of a staff system, it is as well to understand that the scheme proposed is not a staff system in the ordinary sense of the word. A staff system means the division of work into suitable branches co-ordinated by a Chief of Staff assisted by a properly trained staff. In the Army and Navy he has to assist him a staff divided into two main branches—Operations and Administration. The Operations Staff (or General Staff as it is called in the Army) may be regarded as enshrining the aim and object of the particular service, and is concerned with the strategical use of the instrument and the study of its use. Administration, on the other hand, and the great technical services supply the instrument, and are responsible for its technical use and maintenance in an efficient state, which has led, in the Navy, to the use of the word Maintenance to signify this function. As a matter of fact, this organization is reproduced to a certain extent in all big businesses. The managing director or the general manager corresponds in some ways to the Chief of Staff. The primary object of an industrial company, for instance, is to supply certain articles at a profit, and the financial aspect, therefore, may be regarded as corresponding to "Operations." Thus, the *raison d'être* of a railway is to furnish transport by rail at a profit. The general manager is chiefly concerned with the amount and regulation of traffic, passengers, and goods, the development of new lines, and the careful supervision of the main heads of work and expenditure, which may be considered as constituting the "Operations Branch." Statistics, questions of rates, the policy of other companies, and the collection of useful information constitute "Intelligence." Technical services include the design, structure, and upkeep of locomotives, wagons, and the roadway. Administration deals with wages, supplies, and stores. The analogy must not be carried to extremes, for staff training, which is an essential of a staff system, is rarely provided by companies, but there is an analogy between the two systems. But because staff organization is applicable to a single contained business, such as land transport by railway, it does not necessarily mean that it is applicable to the more generalized function of Communications, and that you should run all railways and shipping lines, buses, trams, ferries by means of a single authority, with a composite or amalgamated staff consisting of railwaymen, busmen, and ferrymen. It may be a good thing to combine a railway with a shipping company under one directorate, but it will be found that, where this is done, each will form a separate department run by its own experts, and will not be conducted by an "amalgamated" staff.*

The system of a Chief of the Staff co-ordinating two main branches of Operations and Administration is the system on which all modern armies are organized; it is the system on which the Admiralty is organized, and it has proved its value in the late war. But we must not carry the idea to extremes. The Prussian General Staff knew a great deal about staff work, and so did the French, but neither of them attempted to amalgamate their naval and military staffs. They had naval officers at military headquarters and vice versa, but that is a very different thing.

In any case the purpose of a staff organization in the Army is to provide a definite organization for the conduct of war by land, and to ensure the co-ordination of the different administrative services. It is fallacious to assume that an amalgamated or composite staff will, therefore, efficiently conduct war by land and sea. One might as well argue that by putting a mounted cavalryman into a machine-gun pit you will combine the advantages of cavalry and machine-guns. As a matter of fact you will not. All that will happen is that the horse will probably sit on the machine-gun. The motive underlying the proposals put forward is clearly not so much the co-ordination of the work as to centralize the control of all three services under one head. But it is doubtful if any head can be found big enough for the task, and a heterogeneous staff, which is bound to conflict with and to be regarded jealously by the Admiralty Naval Staff, will not supply the deficiency.

The fact that all three services are dealing with war, and are all aiming at the defeat of the enemy, is not a sufficient argument for amalgamation. The butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker are all dealing with the work of daily supply, and all aim at providing the public with certain goods at a financial profit. The supply of certain goods at a profit constitutes their Operations; a knowledge of the markets and of prices and possible competition is their Intelligence; the upkeep of the shop, the care of the stock, the control and pay of personnel, is their Administration. Now Colonel Forster takes this triune frame of Operations, Intelligence, Administration, which are *aspects of staff work and not branches of war*, and insists on the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker all being put into it. It may be contended that this takes place in a store, but as a matter of fact it does not; the three departments remain distinct in the store, where a butcher looks after the meat and a baker after the bread. You do not train butcher-baker assistants to look after the

---

*** By the word "staff" is meant the managerial assistants and not the board or directorate, which corresponds to the Command.**

two departments and advise the board on their management. The adviser of the board is the head of the particular department.

It may be contended that war on the sea and war on land are all one. The answer is they are not; they are entirely different, and each is a life-calling. The soldier and sailor deal with separate spheres of work, and fusion of the staffs would only lead to confusion. The only sphere of work where their orbits cross is in combined operations on a landing-beach and in bombardments accompanying such attacks, and here both must be taught to work on uniform lines and in close co-operation. In the ordinary work of the Navy and Army there would not be the slightest advantage in a composite operations division.

The conception of a Council of the three Chiefs of Staff is a different issue and is sound enough; the really objectionable feature is the idea of the staff attached to this War Council. If there is a War Council, it must be advised on naval affairs by the Admiralty and Naval Staff; if it be contended that the Naval Staff is too ignorant of military considerations, and the General Staff of naval considerations, to give sound advice, this must be remedied by an improved system of staff training in each service. There can be no doubt that the proposals as they stand tend to shift the centre of gravity of advice and decision from the Admiralty and War Office to the Imperial War Staff. The first question that must occur to any one considering the subject is this: What is the position of the Admiralty and Naval Staff—that is, of the fully trained and experienced sailor—in the proposed system? The answer is that in the proposed system the Admiralty Board and the Naval Staff become subsidiary to the Imperial War Staff, and the conduct of naval affairs is really transferred to the latter.

Seeing that the Navy has not only defended the Empire from attack, but successfully ensured the transport of millions of men and billions of tons of stores, it seems at least doubtful whether these operations could have been conducted any more successfully by a composite staff of soldiers, sailors, and airmen. It may be contended that there are landing operations to be thought of—the Dardanelles, for instance. But the Dardanelles is the outstanding example of the negation of the staff. The Naval Staff seem to have been averse to it; the General Staff was not strongly in evidence at that time. The attempt failed, but how can any one argue that the staff system failed. It is clearly impossible to argue for any particular form of staff from instances in which there was, so to speak, no staff. The Dardanelles may or may not have been a fine conception for August 1914. Anyhow, its actual execution in April 1915 turned out disastrously. But it was initiated more or less over the heads of both staffs. The staffs had very little to do with the conception. A grave objection to a composite Imperial

War Staff is that it might be ready to give an opinion contrary to the matured opinion of the Admiralty and the Naval Staff in the case of operations of this sort. It may be said that another form of staff would have made the operation a success. The general conception was no doubt sound if it had been attempted in October, and if we had had the military force to spare for it, but its subsequent failure cannot be attributed to the shortcomings of a staff which did not exist, or whose advice was not accepted. Again, landing operations and bombardments are, after all, by their very nature incidental or occasional operations, for once the landing has been performed the Navy tends to revert to the protection of the sea communications. It is absurd to suppose that landing operations and bombardments fill up the whole picture of naval war. It is not too much to say that they do not fill up one-tenth of it, if indeed so much. In 1914 there were Samoa and New Guinea, both small expeditions, and the Cameroons, a subsidiary operation which, though important, did not involve the service of more than two or three ships. Then came the Dardanelles, but the Admiralty War Staff was apparently not in favour of it, and there is no reason to believe a composite Imperial War Staff could have made a bad bargain into a good one. After 1915 there was little done in that line. There were bombardments off the Belgian coast, and there was the Mesopotamia river campaign, and coastal operations in Syria and the Ægean, but it is safe to say that these did not absorb one-tenth or one-hundredth part of the personnel, material, and energy of the Navy. The principal work of the Navy lay in the North Sea and the Seven Seas, in watchings often, in labours abundant, in mine-laying and mine-sweeping, in convoy and escort, in a never-ending struggle against the submarine. It was naval work. A composite Imperial War Staff would not have helped it.

To summarize the above, the principal fallacy in the proposal is the assumption that a composite staff is a suitable organ for the control of two different services working, except in landing and transport operations, in entirely different spheres of work. It is admitted that principles of staff organization are equally applicable to both, but then staff principles are equally applicable to any large industry, and this in itself is no reason for amalgamating the staffs of two associated industries. It may be contended that both or all three are engaged in war, but war is too wide a word. A coal-mining company and a gas company are both engaged in industry, but they do not require a composite staff. It may be contended, again, that an amalgamated staff is the instrument best adapted to co-ordinating and directing the operations of the different arms of land warfare. This is true, but artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and their associated auxiliary services are all working in the same terrain towards the same immediate objective, and under a single command. This is not true of the Navy and Army; the Navy is not working in the same terrain; it is a separate service under a separate command. It is manifestly wrong to argue that, because staff organization is a good thing, you can take the three principal channels along which staff work flows—namely, Operations, Intelligence, Administration, which merely represent aspects of control—and jam two different services into them. The conception of a composite or triune staff to assist the Imperial War Council is thoroughly and radically unsound, and betrays a false conception of the fundamental nature of staff organization.

The suggestion of an Imperial War Council, which has certain advantages, must, however, be carefully distinguished from that of the composite Imperial War Staff. There is nothing unsound in the idea of an Imperial War Council, but there are certain grave difficulties in its way. A staff system does not only imply the dual functions of operations and administration; it implies something equally important—namely, that of direction and command. Now this function is exercised in the Navy by the Admiralty Board and in the Army by the Army Council. Very large powers are exercised by the Chief of the Naval Staff, but they are powers which belong to him primarily as a member of the Admiralty Board and First Sea Lord. If he, so to speak, were to detach himself from the Board and to attach himself to an Imperial War Council consisting of the Chiefs of the three Services, then his authority becomes detached from the Board, and as it is derived from the Board, when so detached it tends to disappear.

Colonel Forster argues that it is not always possible to obtain a decision by co-ordination and liaison methods, and that a point is reached where some central authority must be called upon to decide. But when this point is reached there seems to be no reason why the ruling of a single Minister of War should be preferable to the collective sense of the War Cabinet. The War Cabinet may make a wrong decision, but they are not one whit more likely to do so than a single Minister of Defence, for it would be difficult to find a Minister fully competent to hold the balance between the conflicting claims of Navy, Army, and Air. Even if we assume that a Minister possessing such qualifications is available, it must be admitted that such talents are very exceptional, and we cannot alter the fabric of the constitution to meet exceptional cases or exceptional men.

The advocates of the proposed system entirely ignore one of the accepted axioms of staff organization (so fundamental that Von Schellendorf and Von Moltke never even trouble to mention it)—namely, that in applying the principles of staff work one is supposed to be dealing with a service, industry, or sphere of work complete in itself, a corporate and associate whole. These "wholes" are largely based on inevitable limitations of space, time, and human capacity. The Air Service certainly is amphibious, and may be regarded as attached to land warfare or sea warfare, as the case may be, but naval warfare is not a part of land warfare. The Army is, and for centuries has been, a service complete in itself dealing with warfare on land, and the Navy has been and is a service dealing with war on sea. Principles of staff work are equally applicable to both, just as they are applicable to all large industries, but we must not, therefore, rush to the conclusion that we can take a framework of staff functions and fit both services into it. It may be said that both services deal with war, but this is only in a general sense, and is equally true of the Foreign Office, the Munitions Ministry, the Treasury, and the Home Office, for each in its way deals with war, and if we drive these proposals to their legitimate conclusion a section of the Operations Division of the Imperial War Staff would consist of one colonel, one captain (R.N.), one colonel (Air), and officials from the Ministry of Munitions, Foreign Office, Treasury, and Home Office. Can it be contended that this is a suitable constitution for the control of naval or of any other operations?

The object of this article is to show that the conception of a composite War Staff is unsound and inconsistent with the recognized principles of staff organization. The fact cannot be gainsaid that the two services have different functions, different spheres of work, and different instruments and methods of attack, and there is no real advantage to be gained by placing them under one head. Much is to be gained by closer co-operation between the staffs of the two services, but this is only a matter of each service learning something of the methods of the other, and knowing precisely who is responsible for particular spheres of work. There are other grave objections to the proposed system: it would seriously affect and greatly diminish the constitutional status of the Admiralty and Army Council, and would create a Minister whose position and power would be a perpetual challenge to the authority and primacy of the Prime Minister, but these are constitutional and political aspects of the question which lie outside the scope of this article.

COMMANDER, R.N.

"MINDING OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS"*

[Our readers will be keenly interested in the following address delivered by President Wilson in the course of his campaign of education on behalf of the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations incorporated in it. This document still awaits ratification by the United States Senate, which under the American Constitution shares the treaty-making power with the Executive. We can form no opinion as to how the struggle between President and Senate is likely to eventuate, nor does it concern us, though we may regret that the British Press has afforded its readers so little opportunity of following a discussion on which there is much to be said on both sides. We cannot help noting that since returning to his own country the President—who was regarded in Europe as an autocrat—is constrained to water his wine.

As there has been no discussion of the League of Nations to speak of in Europe, where the project is generally discounted as "an American fad," the President's presentment has all the force of freshness. We must, however, demur to his statement—even though it be endorsed by Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Lloyd George—that had the League of Nations existed in 1914 there would have been no war. Germany would, after her wont, have laid all her plans to exploit the machinery of the League, and in all probability would have engineered a pro-German majority both in the Council and the Assembly, i.e. among great and small Powers. As it was it was sufficiently difficult to arouse adequate apprehension upon German ambitions, for which experts like Lord Haldane were prepared to go bail. Had we all belonged to the same League, and formed part of the "International Brotherhood" desiderated by Lord Robert Cecil, General Smuts, and other Sentimentalists, it would have been politically impossible for Civilization to defend itself against Kultur. Lord Roberts was treated almost as a lunatic for suspecting danger—he might have been actually shut up under the pressure of the League of Nations manipulated on Germany's behalf by the International Jew and the International Jesuit. So far from preventing war in 1914 a League of Nations might have made matters infinitely worse. The blissful innocence then pervading "responsible circles" in London and Washington would, under League auspices, have resulted in Great Britain being committed to neutrality while the United States espoused the Pan-German cause. We cannot forget ex-President Roosevelt's candid confession that for the first sixty days of the war he was in the wrong. How stood President Wilson at that fateful moment? We know that it took the United States more than two and a half years to find her bearings. Had she been forced to pronounce herself one way or the other in July 1914 the betting is in favour of her having taken the wrong road.

---

* An address delivered by President Wilson at Indianapolis on September 4.

The more we hear of the League of Nations the less we like it—the more Germans and the friends of Germany hear of it the more they like it. President Wilson informs the world that in any event there would be no contractual obligation, "no compulsion" on the League to collectively support any of its members who might be the victim of wanton aggression, as no signatory of the Covenant has parted with a particle of independence. All Powers retain their former right of individual judgment. In other words, were Belgium or France again attacked by Germany it would be for President and Congress to determine whether the United States should or should not support them—as at present without any League. And yet it was for the sake of the League that France abandoned the Rhine!

There is another disquieting passage in this Presidential pronouncement which is directed to our address. It will be found in black type. It provides the title of this article. Besides being a League of Dupes, as we believe it must inevitably become the moment it embraces the crafty, mendacious, intriguing Teuton, President Wilson tells us in terms that he means to make it a League of Busybodies. Article XI is his "favourite article" because under its auspices "we can mind other people's business." Instead of the Brotherhood of Man which our cranks dangle before us, the League of Nations opens up limitless vistas of friction in every direction. The lion's share will necessarily fall to one or other part of the British Empire, because Britons are shouldering responsibilities all over the world. We are already threatened with several "mandates." Contrariwise, the United States rejects every mandate. Therefore, under the League of Nations American politicians can make universal trouble for us without the restraint that would sober any other Power working mandates. As pointed out in the Episodes of the Month, every disgruntled minority in any British Dominion or Protectorate will, according to President Wilson, have "a forum" in which to air any imaginary grievance—secure of the support of every Anglophobe element in the United States in close co-operation with Germany and the Vatican. The enthusiasm of every enemy of England for the League of Busybodies is intelligible. Other enthusiasm needs explanation.—EDITOR, *National Review.*]

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS,—So great a company as this tempts me to make a speech, and yet I want to say to you in all seriousness and soberness that I have not come here to make a speech, in the ordinary sense of that term. I have come upon a very sober errand, indeed. I have come to report to you upon the work which the representatives of the United States attempted to do at the Conference of Peace on the other side of the sea, because I realize, my fellow-citizens, that my colleagues and I in the task we attempted over there were your servants. We went there with a distinct errand, which it was our duty to perform in the spirit which you have displayed in the prosecution of the war and in conceiving the purposes and objects of that war. I was in the city of Columbus this afternoon, where I was endeavouring to explain to a body of our fellow-citizens there just what it was that the Treaty of Peace contained, for I must frankly admit that in most of the speeches that I have heard in debate upon the Treaty of Peace, it would be impossible to form a definite conception of what that instrument means. I want to recall to you, for the purposes of this evening, the circumstances of the war and the purposes for which our men spent their lives on the other side of the sea.

You will remember that a prince of the house of Austria was slain in one of the cities of Serbia [*sic*]. Serbia was one of the small kingdoms of Europe. She had no strength which any of the Great Powers needed to fear. As we see the war now, Germany and those who conspired with her made a pretext of that assassination in order to make unconscionable demands upon the weak and helpless kingdom of Serbia, not with a view of bringing about an acquiescence in those demands, but with a view to bringing about a conflict in which their purposes, quite separate from the purposes connected with these demands, could be achieved. . . .

So soon as the unconscionable demands of Austria were made on Serbia the other Governments of Europe sent telegraphic messages to Berlin and Vienna asking that the matter be brought into a conference. And the significant circumstance of the beginning of this war is that the Austrian and German Governments did not dare to discuss the demands on Serbia or the purpose which they had in view. It is universally admitted on the other side of the water, that if they had gone into international conference on the Austrian demands, the war never would have been begun. There was an insistent demand from London, for example, by the British Foreign Minister, that the Cabinets of Europe should be given time to confer with the Governments at Vienna and Berlin. The Governments at Vienna and Berlin did not dare to admit time for discussion.

I am recalling these circumstances, my fellow-citizens, because I want to point out to you what apparently has escaped the attention of some of the critics of the League of Nations, that the heart of the League of Nations does not lie in any of the portions which have been discussed in public debate. The great bulk of the provisions of that Covenant contained these engagements and promises on the part of the States which undertook to become members of it: That in no circumstances will they go to war without first having either submitted the question to arbitration—in which case they agree to abide by the result; or, having submitted the question to discussion by the Council of the League of Nations, in which case they will allow six months for the discussion and engage not to go to war until three months after the Council has announced its opinion upon the subject under dispute.

So that the heart of the Covenant of the League is that the nations solemnly covenant not to go to war for nine months after a controversy becomes acute.

If there had been nine days of discussion Germany would not have gone to war. If there had been nine days within which to bring to bear the opinion of the world, the judgment of mankind, upon the purposes of these Governments, they never would have dared to execute those purposes. So that what it is important for us to remember is that, when we sent those boys in khaki across the sea, we promised them, we promised the world, that we would not conclude this conflict with a mere treaty of peace. We entered into solemn engagements with all the nations with whom we associated ourselves that we would bring about such a kind of settlement and such a consort of the purpose of nations that wars like this could not again occur.

If this war has to be fought over again, then all our high ideals and purpose have been disappointed, for we did not go into this war merely to beat Germany. We went into this war to beat all purposes such as Germany entertained.

We are presently, my fellow-countrymen, to have a very great pleasure—of welcoming on this side of the sea the Queen and King of the Belgians; and I, for one, am perfectly sure that we are going to make it clear to them that we have not forgotten the violation of Belgium; that we have not forgotten the intolerable wrongs which were put upon that suffering people. I have seen their devastated country. Where it was not actually laid in ruins every factory was gutted of its contents; all the machinery by which it would be possible for men to go to work again was taken away, and those parts of the machinery that they could not take away were destroyed by experts who knew how to destroy them.

Belgium was a very successful competitor of Germany in some lines of manufacture, and the German armies were sent there to see to it that that competition was put a stop to. Their purpose was to crush the independent action of that little kingdom—not merely to use it as a gateway through which to attack France. And when they got into France they not only fought the armies of France, but they put the coal-mines of France out of commission, so that it will be a decade or more before France can supply herself with coal from her accustomed sources.

You have heard a great deal about Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Article X speaks the conscience of the world. Article X is the article which goes to the heart of this whole bad business, for that article says that the members of this League—and that is intended to be all the great nations of the world—engage to resist and to preserve against all external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of the nations concerned. That promise is necessary in order to prevent this sort of war recurring, and we are absolutely discredited if we fought this war and then neglect the essential safeguard against it.

You have heard it said, my fellow-citizens, that we are robbed of some degree of our sovereign independence by articles of that sort. Every man who makes a choice to respect the rights of his neighbours, deprives himself of absolute sovereignty, but he does it by promising never to do wrong, and I cannot, for one, see anything that robs me of any inherent right that I ought to retain when I promise that I will do right.

We engage, in the first sentence of Article X, to respect and preserve from external aggression the territorial integrity and the existing political independence, not only of the other member States, but of all States, and if any member of the League of

Nations disregards that promise, then what happens? The Council of the League advises what should be done to enforce the respect for that Covenant on the part of the nation attempting to violate it. And there is no compulsion upon us to take that advice —except the compulsion of our good conscience and judgment.

So that it is perfectly evident that if, in the judgment of the people of the United States, the Council adjudged wrong, and that this was not an occasion for the use of force, there would be no necessity on the part of the Congress of the United States to vote the use of force. But there could be no advice of the Council on any such subject without unanimous vote, and the unanimous vote would include our own. And if we accepted the advice we would be accepting our own advice. For I need not tell you that the representatives of the Government of the United States would not vote without instructions from their Government at home, and that what we united in advising we could be certain that our people would desire to do.

There is, in that Covenant, not one note of surrender of the independent judgment of the Government of the United States, but an expression of it, because that independent judgment would have to join with the judgment of the rest.

But when is that judgment going to be expressed, my fellow-citizens? Only after it is evident that every other resource has failed. And I want to call your attention to the central machinery of the League of Nations. If any member of that League or any nation not a member refuses to submit the question at issue, either to arbitration or to discussion by the Council, there ensues automatically, by the engagements of this Covenant, an absolute economic boycott.

There will be no trade with that nation by any member of the League; there will be no interchange of communication by post or telegraph; there will be no travel to or from that nation; its borders will be closed; no citizen of any other State will be allowed to enter it, and no one of its citizens will be allowed to leave it. It will be hermetically sealed by the united action of the most powerful nations in the world, and if this economic boycott bears with unequal weight, the members of the League agree to support one another in any exceptional disadvantages that may arise out of it.

And I want you to realize that this war was won not only by the armies of the world, but it was won by economic means as well. Without the economic means the war would have been much longer continued. What happened was that Germany was shut off from the economic resources of the rest of the globe and she could not stand it; and a nation that is boycotted is a nation that is in sight of surrender. Apply this economic, peaceful, silent, deadly remedy and there will be no need for force.

It is a terrible remedy. It does not cost a life outside the nation boycotted, but it brings a pressure upon that nation which, in my judgment, no modern nation could resist.

I dare say that some of those ideas are new to you, because it is true, as I said this forenoon in Columbus, that apparently nobody has taken the pains to say what is in the Covenant of the League of Nations. They have discussed three—chiefly three—out of twenty-six Articles, and the other Articles contain this heart of the matter, that instead of war there shall be arbitration; instead of war there shall be discussion; instead of war there shall be the closure of intercourse; that instead of war there shall be the irresistible pressure of the opinion of all mankind.

I need not tell you that I speak with knowledge in this matter—knowledge of the purpose of the men with whom the men representing America were associated at the Peace table. Every one I consulted with came there with the same idea, that wars had arisen in the past because the strong had taken advantage of the weak, and that the only way to stop war was to band ourselves together to protect the weak.

And so, when you read the Covenant, read the Treaty with it.

I have no doubt that in this audience there are many men who come from that ancient stock of Poland, for example—men in whose blood there is a warmth of old affections connected with that betrayed and ruined country; men whose memories run back to insufferable wrongs endured by those living in that country—and I call them to witness that Poland never could have won unity and independence by herself. These gentlemen, sitting at Paris, presented Poland with a unity she could not have won, and an independence which she cannot defend, unless the world guarantees it to her.

I am arguing this thing with you, my fellow-citizens, as if I had any doubt of what the verdict of the American people would be. I haven't the slightest doubt. I just wanted to have the pleasure of pointing out to you how absolutely ignorant of the Treaty and of the Covenant some men are who have been opposing it. If they do read the English language they do not understand the English language as I understand it.

If they have really read this Treaty and this Covenant they only amaze me by their inability to understand what is plainly expressed. So that my errand upon this journey is not to arouse these matters, but to recall you to the real issues which are involved.

And one of the things that I have most at heart in this report to my fellow-citizens is that they should forget what Party I belong to, and what Party they belong to. I am making this journey as a democrat, but I am spelling it with a little " d," and I don't want anybody to remember, so far as this errand is concerned, that it is ever spelled with a big " D."

I am making this journey as an American, and as a champion of the rights which America believes in, and I need not tell you that, as compared with the importance of America, the importance of the Democratic Party and the importance of the Republican Party and the importance of every other Party is absolutely negligible. Parties, my fellow-citizens, are intended to embody in action different policies of government. They are not, when properly used, intended to traverse the principles which underlie government, and the principles which underlie the Government of the United States have been familiar to us ever since we were children.

I want you to notice another interesting point that has never been dilated upon in connexion with the League of Nations. I am now treading upon delicate ground, and I must express myself with caution. There were a good many delegations that visited Paris wanting to be heard by the Peace Conference, who had real causes to present, and which ought to be presented to the view of the world. But we had to point out to them that they did not happen, unfortunately, to come within the area of settlement; that their questions were not questions which were necessarily drawn into the things that we were deciding. I therefore want to call your attention, if you will turn it up when you go home, to Article XI, following Article X, of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

That Article XI, let me say, is the favourite Article in the Treaty so far as I am concerned. It says that every matter which is likely to affect the peace of the world is everybody's business, and that it shall be the friendly right of any nation to call attention in the League to anything that is likely to affect the peace of the world, or the good understanding between nations upon which the peace of the world depends, whether that matter immediately concerns the nation drawing attention to it or not.

In other words, at present we have to mind our own business. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations we can mind other people's business, and anything that affects the peace of the world, whether we are parties to it or not, can by our delegates be brought to the attention of mankind. There is not an oppressed people in the world which cannot henceforth get a hearing at the forum.* And you know, my fellow-citizens, what a hearing will mean if the cause of those people is just. The one thing which those who have reason to dread, have most reason to dread, is publicity and discussion; because if you are challenged to give a reason why you are doing a wrong thing it has to be an exceedingly good reason, and if you give a bad reason you confess judgment, and the opinion of mankind goes against you.

There is another thing in this Covenant which was one of a number of difficulties that we encountered at Paris. I need not tell you that at every turn in these discussions we came across some secret treaty, some understanding that had never been made public before; some understanding that embarrassed the whole settlement.

---

* Subsequently President Wilson was cross-examined by the San Francisco Labour Council, to whose interrogatories he returned answers sufficiently significant to give pain to League of Nations Illusionists in Britain.

"*Q.* Under the Covenant are only those subject nations or peoples mentioned in the Peace Treaty entitled to the right of self-determination, or does the League possess the right to accord a similar privilege to other subject nations or peoples?

"*A.* It was not possible for the Peace Conference to take any action with regard to the self-determination of any territories except those which belonged to the defeated Empires, but in the Covenant of the League of Nations it has set up for the first time in Article XI a forum before which all claims for self-determination which are likely to disturb the peace of the world, or the good understandings between nations on which the peace of the world depends, can be brought.

"*Q.* Why was the case of Ireland not heard at the Peace Conference, and what is your position on the subject of self-determination for Ireland?

"*A.* The case of Ireland was not heard because the Peace Conference has no jurisdiction over a question of that sort, which did not affect the territories belonging to the defeated Empires. My position on the subject of self-determination for Ireland is expressed in Article II of the Covenant, in which, I may say, I was particularly interested, because it seemed to me necessary for the peace and freedom of the world that a forum should be created to which all peoples could bring any matter which is likely to affect the peace and freedom of the world."—*Reuter*.

I think it will not be improper for me to refer to one of these matters. When we came to the settlement of the Shantung question, with regard to China, we found that Great Britain and France were under specific treaty obligations to Japan that she should get exactly what she got in the war with Germany; and the most that we could do—I mean the most that the United States could do—was to urge upon the representatives of Japan the very fatal policy that was involved in such a settlement, and obtain from her the promise, which she gave, that she would not take advantage of those portions of the Treaty, but would return without qualification the sovereignty which Germany had enjoyed in Shantung Province to the Republic of China. We have had repeated assurances since then that Japan intends to fulfil those promises in absolute good faith.

ENGLAND AND ITALY

To those who have carefully followed the vicissitudes of Anglo-Italian relations during the last two decades, the anti-Italian propaganda at present being carried on in our midst can occasion no surprise, however much it may arouse the regret and, indeed, the grave apprehension of all who recognize the supreme importance both to Great Britain and to Italy that those relations should be maintained at their former level of cordiality and of reciprocal esteem and confidence.

It has been obvious that of late years a certain spirit of depreciation of modern Italy has been gradually succeeding to that generous attitude of sympathy and understanding displayed, in Victorian times, by the British public towards the united Italian nation. In treating of Anglo-Italian relations immediately prior to and during the War, and of those relations subsequent to the signing of the Armistice, it is very necessary to differentiate between the official attitude of the two Governments and the feelings of the general public of the two countries. There can, of course, be no question as to the sincere and loyal endeavours both of the British and of the Italian Governments to preserve those relations between the two nations, which are based upon something deeper than reciprocal interests only, and which have for centuries constituted a link that none but their mutual enemies wish to see broken.

Unfortunately, however, official efforts in this direction have been of late, if not sterilized, at least greatly weakened by a persistent and insidious anti-Italian propaganda which, ever since the disaster of Caporetto, has been and is being carried on among certain sections of the British community, and more especially among the upper and the commercial classes. A constant misrepresentation of Italian national aims and aspirations, accompanied by a no less persistent depreciation of the great and, in some respects, vital part played by Italy in the war and in the salvation of Europe from a triumph of Teutonism, are the chief weapons employed by those directing this propaganda. They are, it may be observed, weapons not unsheathed for the first time. The overwhelming events of the last five years have left us with little memory for others not directly associated with them. Those, however, who took some part in exposing the gross calumnies and carefully constructed misrepresentations brought against the Italian Government and Army, and against the Italian people, at the time of the Italo-Turkish War, will recollect how, at that period, no efforts were spared to alienate British sympathy from Italy, and to sever Anglo-Italian friendship. And, if we glance yet a little further back, those of us who were in Italy during our last war in South Africa will remember that precisely the same elements were at work in that country to alienate Italian sympathies from England. Among all classes of Italians—and especially, again, among the upper and the industrial classes—there were circulated, not only entirely false statements regarding the circumstances which led to that war, and as to the motives of the British Government for embarking in it, but also the most abominable charges against our leading generals, and against our troops, of wanton and barbarous cruelties practised on Boer women and children in our concentration camps, and upon Boer prisoners who had fallen into our hands. Consequently, as has been already observed, the present anti-Italian propaganda, which is being carried on not only in high social and official circles in London, but also in our great cities and in all the commercial and industrial centres if these islands, need occasion no surprise, since it is no new thing. It forms, indeed, part of a deliberate and consecutive policy.

For the better advancement of this policy, prerogatives usually supposed to belong solely to the Deity have been, so to speak, commandeered by its propagandists. A new race has been created, for which the attractive, though entirely misleading and inaccurate designation of "Jugo-Slav" has been found. The questions at issue between this newly created race and the representatives of twenty centuries of Latin civilization need not be discussed at any length in these pages. They form a very secondary factor in that change in British public opinion towards contemporary Italy which anti-Italian propagandists have succeeded in bringing about, and which they seek to increase and to render permanent. The vast majority of the British public, of course, neither knows nor cares what a "Jugo-Slav" may be. It is a comforting name; just as that of "Mesopotamia" once was. It is, however, precisely this lack of direct interest which is being cleverly exploited by those whose political, financial, and commercial aims and objectives would necessarily be furthered by the isolation of Italy; by the prevention of anything like Italian supremacy and security in the Adriatic; and last, but by no means least, by bringing about a permanent cessation of that cordiality and traditional sympathy which have always distinguished Anglo-Italian relations, which, although founded largely—indeed too largely—on sentiment, have survived foreign intrigues and the occasional shocks administered to them by politicians and diplomatists. International politics, however, have, in consequence of the war, been placed upon a new basis—a basis in which traditions and sentiment, though valuable adjuncts, can only be of secondary importance to their stability; and this is particularly the case in Anglo-Italian relations. Both Great Britain and Italy have much to gain from the conversion of a temporary military alliance into a political, commercial, and, to a certain extent, economic alliance of a practical rather than of a sentimental nature, and of a permanent character. It is this last species of alliance which the great majority of Italians desire, and which all Englishmen who really know modern Italy would like to see concluded. It is also precisely this species of alliance that anti-Italian propagandists, in this and in other countries, are striving to render impossible.

Misrepresentations of Italian motives for entering the war, distortion of facts regarding Italian claims over portions of the transadriatic provinces, and concealment from the British public of the important concessions already made by Italy in respect of those claims—these have been and are among the principal methods employed to arouse resentment against the Italian Government and nation, and sympathy with certain heterogeneous Balkan races which have fought to the last against us and our Allies in the war, and to which the vague label of "Jugo-Slav" has been attached in order to divert attention from their true identities and predominating elements. "Italian imperialism" has been the term specially invented to appeal to a people which is apt to regard all imperialism save its own with aversion. That "imperialistic" aims or policy do not, as a matter of fact, exist among Italians, whether official or unofficial (except in a small though noisy group of extremists who represent as little the national aspirations and the public opinion of their country as do the Vaticanists the opinions of the great mass of Italian Catholics), is of no moment. It forms a useful peg upon which to hang much shoddy.

Between patriotism and a false imperialism there is a wide difference; as the Italians, who assuredly do not lack shrewdness, are quite far-seeing enough to recognize. Our anti-Italian propagandists, however, are, so to speak, out to rob Italian patriotism of the fruits of a long series of efforts, lasting for wellnigh a hundred years, and culminating in those splendid sacrifices made by the nation in the war now nominally concluded. A clever substitution of terms is being employed to depreciate those sacrifices in the eyes of Italy's Allies. Patriotism is, apparently, denied to Italians; since, by some strange process of argument, Italian patriotism is alleged to be "imperialism," and, therefore, inconsistent with those principles for which the Allies went to war.

It has been the easier for those desirous of creating friction and mutual distrust between Great Britain and Italy to accuse the Italians of "imperialism," inasmuch as the term itself is as little understood and as greatly distorted by the British public as is the term "democracy," which is on all lips nowadays. An *imperium*, the dominant idea not only of the Roman Empire but even more so of the Roman Republic, is, in point of fact, the great principle for which all the Allied Powers have been fighting against the Central Empires. It is the epitome of true democracy—not the "democracy" of mob-rule. In this true significance of the term we have an Imperial France and an Imperial America, which are nevertheless republics, and also our own Imperial Britain. There was, perhaps, never a greater misuse and misconception of the true sense of the principles governing that of the *imperium* of a State than when the accusation of "imperialism" was brought against Germany, whose system and ideals of government and national expansion were so diametrically opposed to those principles. Germany and Austria, indeed, made war upon this country, upon France, Italy, and America solely because they hoped to crush the spirit of the Latin *imperium* in the world, since it represented so formidable an obstacle and bulwark to the expansion of their neo-barbarism. The *imperium*, or true imperialism, which is, after all, only the highest development of patriotism, while regarded as a virtue and as a safeguard of democracy in the case of Italy's Allies in the War, has been, since the Allied victory to which the Italian nation contributed so important a share, denounced as vice and as a menace to the peace of the world when Italy herself claims to exert it. Of a surety, the mass of the Italian people, which, being Latin, does not and cannot realize the false and, it may be added, ignorant interpretation generally given to the term "imperialism" in this country, is justified in regarding with amazement and resentment so inconsistent and illogical an attitude! In this connexion it would be interesting to learn how those who accuse Italy of what they believe to be an "imperialistic" policy account for her generous concessions to the "Jugo-Slavs" of a great portion of the Dalmatian coast, comprising eleven ports.

Limits of space forbid us to dwell at any length on the manifest absurdity and injustice of attributing to the Italian nation a lust for "imperialism" as that policy is interpreted and its dominant principles understood by the average Englishman. Consolidation within her natural frontiers, and legitimate expansion of her colonial possessions so as to provide for an emigrant population of some seven millions unable to find a livelihood within the Mother Country, is all that Italy seeks. This, it may be observed, is not a vain search for aggrandizement. It is a legitimate and a necessary economic measure for ensuring self-protection and for finally checking that waste of the national life and energies which is the infallible result of a condition of things that compels so many millions of her sons to labour in foreign countries and under a foreign, and possibly a hostile, flag. With a home population of between thirty-eight and forty millions, as compared with Great Britain with a home population of forty-seven millions and an overseas population of four hundred and five millions, it is not surprising that Italy should regard British accusations of nourishing an egoistic "imperialism" as another example of British political hypocrisy. When, in connexion with Italy's territorial claims, our anti-Italian propagandists shriek "imperialism," they are wilfully giving a false interpretation of the term to those who do not understand its true significance.

But whence do these accusations of unreasonable and egoistic ambitions for territorial aggrandizement really proceed? They proceed, in the first instance, certainly not from the British people, but from those who have persistently opposed all practical recognition, not only of the claims of Italy to a rectification of her frontiers in conformity with natural, historical, and strategical limitations and requirements, but also all expansion of her trade and spheres of commercial influence—who oppose, in short, all measures which could tend to the final completion of her national unity and independence, and to the development and security of her national life.

It is obvious that such an opposition would of necessity be enormously strengthened and rendered far more efficacious by breaking down the traditional ties of friendship and sympathy which have so long existed between the British and the Italian peoples. Only by accomplishing this could the isolation of Italy be really secured. For the consummation of this object, three great opportunities have presented themselves in recent years and at the present time—the Boer War, the Italo-Turkish War, and what will be known, possibly for some decades, as the Great War. Allusion has already been made to the anti-British propaganda carried on in Italy during the first of these, and to the campaign of calumny and misrepresentation waged in this country against the Italian Government and Army during the second. There yet remains the greatest and the most determinate of these three opportunities for promoting the permanent wreckage of Anglo-Italian relations; at all events so far as those relations depend upon popular sympathy and reciprocal understanding and goodwill.

When, in 1914, the Central Powers plunged Europe into war, it was natural that the keenest anxiety should prevail in this country, and in France, as to what attitude Italy would adopt. To all acquainted with the conditions of the Italian Army at that time, and with the unprepared state of the country generally, Italian neutrality was a foregone conclusion; and, as is, or should be, well known, the declaration of that neutrality was issued prior to this country entering the conflict. It is doubtful whether even now it is fully realized that such a declaration was virtually a moral declaration of war by Italy against her two powerful allies; but it was quite sufficient to read the comments of the German and Austrian Press at the time to recognize that the neutrality of the junior partner in the Triple Alliance was so regarded. But even in 1914 the anti-Italian propaganda, more or less dormant since its failure during the Italo-Turkish War, had recommenced its activities both in this country and in France. It was declared that Italy was only awaiting a favourable moment to join her former allies; that she was prepared to sell her support to the highest bidder; that she would wait to see which way the cat was going to jump before deciding which side she would take in the conflict. She was even sneered at for being treacherous to her former partners—and even now this outrageous and ignorant charge may be occasionally heard from the lips of those who owe everything to her intervention on our side at a moment when the tide of war was flowing strongly against us and in favour of our enemies. It is in vain to point out to such individuals that Italy became a partner in the Triple Alliance under conditions which pledged her to take up arms for her two allies only in the case of one or both of them being attacked, but not in the case of their attacking another nation or nations. It is not, however, worth while to discuss, or even to refute, such distortions of facts. I am not, of course, suggesting that these statements, grossly offensive to the dignity of a peculiarly sensitive and chivalrous people, gained genuine credence in any official or well-informed quarters. But unluckily it is British ignorance of the true Italian character, of Italian national history, language, and aspirations, which have ever been exploited by our anti-Italian propagandists, and never so artfully and so insidiously as in every matter connected with Italy's part in the war just concluded. As the present writer recently pointed out in the columns of the *Morning Post*, save from a small minority of English people which knows the Italian nation, one may hear every reason given for Italy's entrance into the war on our side except the true reason. It is regrettable to have to add that one is also apt to hear everything save the truth as to the part played by her after that entry—regrettable, but not, as I shall endeavour presently to explain, surprising.

During the ten months of Italian neutrality, from the outbreak of the war in July 1914 to May 1915, in addition to a steadily increasing but as yet tentative anti-Italian propaganda emanating from "Jugo-Slav," Greek, pro-German, and other sources, and carried on through agents and also through unconscious dupes in this country and in Paris, the entire influence of the Vatican was brought to bear upon the situation, with a view to creating both in neutral and belligerent nations a popular feeling mistrustful of and hostile to Italy. It is unnecessary here to allude to the attitude of the Vatican and of the present Pope during the entire period of the war, since it is an attitude which has shocked and disgusted Catholics and Protestants alike in every country in the world, save those in sympathy with the aims of the Central Empires. Unfortunately, and most unjustly, that attitude led many to believe that the Italian people were not sincere and wholehearted either in their neutrality or in their subsequent action. As usual, want of knowledge of modern Italy and of the modern Italians was cunningly exploited to propagate this belief; for it is not realized that the Vatican, as a political entity, is regarded with profound distrust, and even with profound aversion, by the great majority of Italians; and that, in Italy, the vast difference existing between Vaticanism and Catholicism is fully understood, not only by the majority of the laity, but also by a very large proportion both of the higher and of the lower clergy. It must be confessed, too, that, during the period of the neutrality of their country, the Roman, Florentine, and Neapolitan *aristocrazie* were, as a class, unfriendly to this country and, indeed, to the Entente Powers generally. Although this unfriendliness was to a great extent caused by Vatican influences, it would be unfair to attribute it solely to that cause. Austro-German propaganda and private family interests, pecuniary and otherwise, as well as other considerations which need not be discussed here, were equally responsible for the anti-English and anti-French sentiments openly avowed not only in the "Black" but also in the "White" sections of Roman society; while similar sentiments prevailed in that of other cities. Now, it is precisely with the *aristocrazia* of all countries that our diplomats and officials are mostly brought into direct contact; and the same thing, of course, applies to Italian diplomats and others visiting England on official or private missions. It is unfortunate that this should be so. Immense harm has been done to Anglo-Italian relations by the entirely false impressions regarding the *popular* sentiments existing in both countries towards one another, which are received by those who only come into contact with that particular section of British and Italian society to which I have alluded. The harm done has been, as yet, far less in Italy than in this country; since the Italians of the middle and lower classes—which, after all, are the governing classes—are by no means disposed to take their views from the *aristocrazia*.

When, however, both German and Vatican propaganda in Italy had failed to induce the nation to maintain a neutrality which, had it been permanent, would have enabled all but a few regiments of the Austro-Hungarian and Croat (i.e. "Jugo-Slav)" troops to be thrown into the scale on the Western Front, it should not be forgotten that, unlike the Austrians of the same class, who sent others to fight while they themselves remained in Vienna and in their other large cities to lead a life of reckless dissipation and debauchery, the youth of the Italian *aristocrazia* nobly did its duty. There is scarcely a great family in Italy which has not to mourn the loss of sons fallen at the various fronts. Private interests and prejudices were alike forgotten; while, in many cases, intimate family ties with the enemy countries were ignored in the face of the grave menace to Italy and to Latin civilization, which, it was soon realized, must be the inevitable consequence of an Austro-German triumph. It is not only just but also necessary to insist upon this patriotic attitude of the Italian upper classes as a whole, so soon as their country was committed to war against the Central Powers; since the more than equivocal attitude of the Vatican, and the attempts of certain organs of the advanced socialist and revolutionary groups in Italy to represent those particular classes as standing aside while the lower orders were compelled to fight, have given rise to very false impressions in this country as to the part taken in the war by the Italian *aristocrazia.* And the same erroneous and unfair impressions have been circulated regarding the attitude and conduct of the majority of the Italian clergy in the war. It is, of course, perfectly true that a minority of the priests, and a few of the bishops, taking their cue from the Vatican and from Benedict XV, were consistently pro-German—though not by any means pro-Austrian, as has been too readily assumed. As a matter of fact, the Vatican had everything to gain from a German victory, and very little to gain from Austria. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features in the political and psychological effect of the war on Italian national life has been the demonstration of how completely the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, outside the purely worldly and material miasma clinging round the Vatican, has learned to distinguish between Vaticanism and Catholicism. It is unfortunate that this fact is so little realized by our High Church Anglicans in this country, who, imbued with chimerical visions of " reunion " with the Greek Church, have been so ready to take the part of Italy's enemies, and consequently to ally themselves with anti-Italian propaganda. We need not, however, stop to consider this point, since the views of Anglican prelates and journals have but little influence in these days on British public opinion, and none at all on that of Italy.

In the present endeavours to alienate British sympathies from the Italian people, and vice versa—for the propaganda is double-edged—there is, we believe, but one feature which must be considered as a veritable menace to the continuance of the cordiality of Anglo-Italian relations. There are not wanting signs that the public of this country is beginning to realize that the so-called "Jugo-Slav" pretensions cannot bear any very searching examination, so far as those pretensions over Fiume and other specially contested cities and districts on the eastern coast of the Adriatic are concerned. The arrogant and, it must be added, ignorant attitude of President Wilson as regards the entire questions at issue between Italy and her "Jugo-Slav" neighbours has certainly aroused resentment among a very large section which, though in reality considerably perplexed as to who or what "Jugo-Slavs" might be, was inclined to sympathize with their supposed grievances, and to believe that Italy was determined ruthlessly to ignore their interests and to deny to them any access to the sea, in order to pursue a policy of pure egoism and, according to the false interpretation of the term, "imperialism." The extraordinary and singularly impolitic action of the President in attempting to appeal to the Italian people over the heads, or, rather, behind the backs, of their Government—a step which showed how entirely unacquainted he and his advisers were with the character and psychology of that people—undoubtedly aroused still further the feeling that Italy was not being fairly treated; and that this feeling has manifested itself very strongly in the United States has been amply demonstrated by the speeches of Senator Sherman and other prominent American politicians, as well as by the American Press. It is not our object, however, to discuss in this article the rights and the wrongs of the questions at issue between Italy and the recently formed and extremely illusive race to which the title of "Jugo-Slav" has been given. It is unfortunate that the true history, traditions, and ethnology of the transadriatic provinces, in which Latin civilization has predominated for twenty centuries, and which owe all they possess of culture, art, and progress to Italy and to Italian influences, should be practically unknown to the great majority of English people. It is, perhaps, even more unfortunate that they should, apparently, not have been known at all to President Wilson, or, indeed, to our own politicians and representatives at Paris. It would seem, however, that the commercial value of Fiume and of other ports in those regions is very well known, at all events to American traders and financiers; and it is perhaps natural that, owing to the deplorable maladministration which, it must be confessed, has hitherto been so detrimental a feature in great Italian ports such as Genoa, Naples, and others of less commercial importance, considerable reluctance should have been shown in foreign shipping circles to the idea of both Trieste and Fiume passing into Italian hands. Indeed, one of the most vital tasks of reconstruction after the war by which Italy is confronted would seem to be that of placing her seaports in such a state of efficiency and practical organization as to attract, instead of repelling, foreign shipping and trade.

It is not, then, the grievances of the "Jugo-Slavs," or the anti-Italian sentiments which sympathy with those alleged grievances may excite in this country, which, we believe, constitute the chief menace to Anglo-Italian relations in the propaganda which for many months has been and is being actively carried on in our midst against Italy. Time, and that calmer judgment which will come to all of us when the nervous conditions caused by five years of warfare have passed away, will prove whether the setting-up of a "Jugo-Slav" State composed of elements hostile to one another, and hostile, also, to Latin civilization, be a wise measure or not, or one which will conduce to the peace of Europe. So far as Italy is concerned in the question, she can afford to await the issue. Neither conferences nor treaties can sweep away from Istria and Dalmatia twenty centuries of her civilization; and the Julian and Dinaric Alps will, until all our present civilizations and religious cults pass and merge into others, always form the natural and indestructible barriers between Latins and Slavs.

But neither conferences nor treaties can destroy, in the heart and the mind of a nation, the remembrance of such sacrifices as Italy and her people have made during the war against that Teuton neo-barbarism which is the antithesis and the deadly foe of all for which Latin civilization has stood and stands. They are sacrifices which the Italian people feel, and rightly feel, have never been realized or properly understood by their Allies; and they have regarded, at first with amazement, but now with an ever-growing disillusion and resentment, that spirit of depreciation of, and even contempt for, those sacrifices, a spirit which it is one of the chief aims of the anti-Italian propagandists to promote in all countries, and more particularly in Great Britain and the British Empire.

It would be useless—indeed it would be ungenerous—to reproduce in these pages the ignorant and grossly unjust criticisms of the Italian armies, and of the part played by Italy in the war now concluded. There is probably no reader of this Review who has not heard these criticisms and cruelly offensive statements uttered both in public places and in private houses and clubs in this country. Were they unknown in Italy, it would be both insulting and impolitic of any English writer, and especially of one enjoying such close associations with the Italian people, to refer to them. But, unfortunately, they are known. Our anti-Italian propagandists take good care that they should be so. For this reason it is not impolitic to allude to them here; it would, on the contrary, be impolitic at the present juncture were any attempt made to deny or conceal them in an article dealing with Anglo-Italian relations. It is only by admitting, and, so far as possible, by explaining an evil which so directly threatens those relations, and which aims at destroying them, that its venom can be counteracted and the motives of its promoters exposed. It may be said at once that in the great majority of instances in which the motives of Italy for having been neutral, and for entering the war, are misinterpreted or, as frequently happens, grossly misrepresented, and ignorant and often outrageous statements made as to her soldiers having "let us down" during its course, those uttering such statements are unconscious that they are the dupes and the instruments of a cleverly organized propaganda. In most cases they are merely repeating tales they have heard "on the best authority"—on the authority, perhaps, of officers returned from the Italian Front. But what kind of officers? Officers, for the most part, possessed of no knowledge of Italy, unable to speak or understand a word of Italian, and imbued before they set foot on Italian soil by prejudices against everything Italian, which had been carefully instilled into their minds in France. It must be remembered that our British troops were dispatched to Italy at a moment when the Italian Army had sustained the great reverse of Caporetto. They had no knowledge, except of the vaguest kind, of what that army had done before the disaster during two years of war. They had not, moreover, arrived within a hundred kilometres of the front when the Italian Army had not only rallied but was holding up the entire Austrian, Hungarian, and Croat (now "Jugo-Slav") forces, and holding them in a firm grip. They firmly believed, however, that they had "saved Italy"—and, as the Italians themselves were the first to admit, the mere fact that British troops—the troops of that nation of whose friendship and support Italy had ever felt herself to be assured—were at their back, exercised an immense moral influence on the whole country. It was not long, however, before the propagandists were at work; and the material on which they found themselves able to work is well exemplified by the following extracts from a letter received by the writer from a correspondent who had happened to read a letter of his published in a London journal:

> I am quite aware that British officers home on leave from Italy made in public the most astonishing statements, which can only have been the result of ignorance, but were due to the same detestable cause [i.e. anti-Italian propaganda]. I have myself, when home on leave, been asked questions, and have heard the most remarkable assertions made on the authority of some subaltern from Italy. This was bad enough; but similar remarks made in Italy have had a much more serious effect. It is, perhaps, needless for me to state that the average British officer, both in his mess and in the presence of his men, invariably described everything and everybody Italian as "Dago," usually prefixing this offensive term with an adjective not generally used in what is called "polite society." I have frequently heard this expression, and in none too subdued tones, in restaurants and other public places, the speakers being ignorant of the fact, or indifferent to it, that quite a number of Italians understand our language. This is but one of the many insults gratuitously offered to a nation which is our Ally, and which ought to be treated as such, and as a friend. Of course, our own propaganda work was very greatly to blame . . . bodies entrusted with this very important work seemed to be directed in a totally wrong direction. . . . The one great idea seems to be to propitiate the Vatican,

oblivious of the fact that this could not but be disagreeable to the Italian Government, and that the majority of the Italian nation recognize the fact that the Holy See is distinctly pro-German and pro-Austrian. Then, again, this sudden affection for the Jugo-Slavs. People, who formerly had never heard of them, have suddenly become loud in their praise. Italians, however, can never forget that the Croats were ever their worst enemies, their cruellest oppressors, the most savage of all the ruffianly hordes that Austria sent. . . . During the early part of this year, when the interested ones were busy proclaiming all the virtues of the so-called Jugo-Slav State, and all the advantages and benefits that Europe would receive from its establishment, the Serbs and Croats were fighting cheerfully in the streets of Zagreb, and cutting one another's throats with the keenest relish. How then can such people be entrusted with the destinies of all that tract of country ? . . .

Obviously, from every point of view, those unfortunate regions which have suffered so much in the past and caused such anxiety to all should be handed over to Italy; our Ally's national aspirations would then have been satisfied, and a troublesome corner of Europe would have been kept quiet and satisfied and its natural resources exploited for the benefit of its inhabitants, and a strong bulwark created protecting our road to the East.

In writing to you, I write as an Englishman, although my father was an Italian, and in consequence I have strong Italian sympathies. But my mother is English, and I was born in England and am domiciled here [England]. My position, therefore, when serving with our forces [i.e. the British] in Italy was a difficult one. I could, of course, see what was going on, but as a junior officer I could do little to stop it; while in my relations with the Italians I had, of course, to pretend that such a feeling did not exist, and, where it was too obvious, to do my best to minimize it. Even now I cannot, as a civilian, admit to Italians that this awful state of affairs does exist. . . .

This, it may be observed, is one among many letters of the kind that the present writer has received, not only from English officers serving in Italy, but also, unfortunately, from Italian officers, some of whom occupy high social and official positions in normal life in their country. It is therefore useless and, he believes, unwise to attempt to conceal what Italians of all classes now know to be facts, which assuredly cannot tend to the continuance of good feeling between this country and Italy, unless they are realized by the British public and their origin exposed and suppressed. It is significant that in practically all of these letters and communications, both from English and from Italian sources, this depreciation of Italian efforts in the war, and gross misrepresentation of Italian policy more especially as regards the Adriatic provinces, and also endeavours to block and limit in all possible ways Italian trade with this country, are invariably ascribed to the influences of anti-Italian propagandists, and regarded as not in any way proceeding from a genuine or natural antipathy towards or distrust of the Italian nation on the part of the British people. There is, too, a unanimity of opinion that this propaganda proceeds from German-Jewish and also from Jesuit or Vaticanist sources, and that it is being directly encouraged in quarters in this country in which encouragement of so dishonourable a campaign, and one so prejudicial not only to the true interests of Italy but also to those of England, is no blunder resulting from ignorance, but something far more reprehensible and disgraceful. It is obvious that no greater or more fatal error could be committed by this country than to alienate the friendship and destroy the traditional sympathies which have so long existed between ourselves and the Italians. Italy, with a population of forty millions, is seated on the highways to the East. She forms, indeed, the connecting-link between East and West. Her sons are even now creating a Greater Italy in South America, and she thus possesses a strong link with the American Continent. She herself has, in the space of sixty years of unity—a unity as yet incomplete owing to the reluctance of the Allies, for whom she sacrificed so much, to keep faith with her—achieved more in the development of her national life than any other nation has ever achieved in so short a term, and to those who know the true Italy and the true Italians, and not merely the Italy and the Italians of the guide-books, the hotels, and the sacristies, her future would seem to be as glorious in all that must appertain to the progress of the modern world as her past has been in leading the way out of the barbarism of the Dark Ages back into the light of Latin civilization, art, and learning. But of her own free will she has, for the moment, retarded that future ; and she has done so in order to rescue Europe a second time from Teuton barbarism seeking to destroy that civilization upon which our own is based. In the doing of it she has spent the blood of her best and most gallant sons, and sacrificed her prosperity, her commerce, and most things save her national honour and dignity. It is not, however, the attempts that have been made during the last year to rob her of the legitimate fruits of her share in victory that will rankle longest in the heart of the Italian people, nor the bad faith of those among her Allies who, from political weakness and lack of moral courage, have lent themselves to those attempts. It is the depreciation of, and scarcely veiled contempt for, her dead fallen on the fields of battle ; for her many thousands of blind and mutilated sons ; for her magnificent efforts which for two and a half years held the Austrians and their hordes of Croat and Slav savages in check, saved France, and made victory for the Allied cause possible, that Italy would never forget and never forgive, were she once to be persuaded that such ingratitude proceeded from anything more than a passing mood born of a dishonourable and dishonouring propaganda. As yet she is not so persuaded, so far as the attitude of this country towards her is concerned. It should, and it must, be our care to see that she shall never be so. But, in order to do this, we must first of all show her that we will have no dealings with her enemies within our gates, who are also our own enemies ; nor any tolerance for their agents and dupes.

RICHARD BAGOT

TIMIDITY AND TAMENESS IN WILD CREATURES

Though the whole trend of modern scientific thought is to lay stress on the fact that animals differ from us in degree rather than in kind, yet the moment we go out into the open the widespread fear, the overwhelming horror, that most undomesticated creatures display at the approach of a human being, the panic with which nearly all flee, show what an awful and fearsome thing he is to them. Man is an object of horror, the dealer of death and destruction, with which they have nothing whatsoever in common. The wild animals that one moment were feeding happily in company with horses and cattle, the rabbits nibbling the grass, the starlings perching on the beasts' backs, or hopping in and out between their legs, have fled for their lives at the mere sound of a human footfall. In all countries inhabited by man the tale is the same, wild creatures are always *wild*, so that the term "*wild* life" has come to be synonymous with Nature. It gives one a strange, almost uncanny, thrill of joy to see any undomesticated creature going freely about its business in happy unconsciousness that a person is near. Any one who has stalked feeding rabbits on a summer evening, creeping closer and closer while they nibble busily at the grass, will know what I mean. A rabbit stops eating, sits up, listens for a moment, then washes its face with strangely catlike movements, licking its paws, and passing them hastily over its head, behind each ear, and finishing by drawing them down over its nose. Then it turns round and licks its sides, parting and dressing the fur most carefully, even its white stomach being attended to, and finally each hind leg is stretched out and the pads of the feet licked until free from any speck of dirt. After which, with a quick impatient shake of its forefeet, it sits up and looks about it. For a minute those great listening ears attend to all the faint sounds of life that fill the air on even the stillest of evenings, then with a flick of its hind legs, and a view of a bobbing white tail, it hops off through the grass, to eat more busily than ever with the dozen or more of its cousins and other relatives that are also hard at work. But though they seem so absorbed, an incautious movement on the part of the spectator, such as stepping on a twig and making it crack, will send them in an instant racing home. They are gone in a second: fear breaks in upon the peaceful scene, and immediately they are fleeing for dear life.

That this great fear of man has been acquired through bitter experience is shown by the many well-authenticated accounts of the tameness of the birds and beasts on islands uninhabited by human beings. Who that has read it can ever forget Darwin's account of the birds of the Galapagos Archipelago when he visited the islands in 1835. The extreme tameness of the birds was remarkable, and this disposition was common to "all terrestrial species—namely, to the mocking-thrushes, the finches, wrens, tyrant-flycatchers, the dove, and carrion-buzzard. All of them often approached sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes, as I myself tried, with a cap or hat. A gun here is almost superfluous; for with the muzzle I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day, whilst lying down, a mocking-thrush alighted on the edge of a pitcher made of the shell of a tortoise, which I held in my hand, and began very quietly to sip the water; it allowed me to lift it from the ground while seated on the vessel: I often tried, and very nearly succeeded, in catching these birds by their legs." And further on the writer adds: "It would appear that the birds of this archipelago, not having as yet learnt that man is a more dangerous animal than the tortoise or the amblyrhynchus, disregard him in the same manner as in England shy birds, such as magpies, disregard the cows and horses grazing in our fields." * Darwin gives many other instances of the confiding tameness of birds on oceanic islands, and with regard to those of the Falklands remarks: "As the birds are so tame here, where foxes, hawks, and owls occur, we may infer that the absence of all rapacious animals at the Galapagos is not the cause of their tameness there." †

To us who live in long-inhabited countries, where the hawk is the symbol of everything that is wild, perhaps the most striking sentence in the foregoing account is that which refers to the hawk which was so fearless that it was pushed off a branch with the muzzle of the gun! The truth of the matter undoubtedly is that we have made the fear that we find about us. For countless thousands of years, since primitive man first hurled stones at the beasts around him and tore apart with his bare hands such as he chanced to kill, feasting savagely on their raw and uncooked flesh, we have been killing the least frightened and nervous, the most confiding and approachable, of every species of bird and mammal worth the slaying. Geologists tell us of the Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages during which man passed from the stage of fashioning the roughest of stone implements up to the time when he had learnt to make highly finished bronze ones, but these tools, whether highly finished or of the roughest description, were chiefly weapons of destruction. From the earliest period of which we know man has been bent on killing the animals about him. However long the Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages may have lasted, and we

---

* *The Voyage of the "Beagle,"* chap. xvii.

† *Ibid.*

cannot be positive to a good many thousand years one way or the other, we can say quite certainly that at any rate in Europe the creatures of the wild have been chased and hunted by man for a length of time that is appreciable even when one is thinking in geological periods. During those numberless thousands of years every bird and beast that has been more tame and confiding than its fellows has been killed, only the wary and wideawake escaping. Any species of an amiable and unafraid disposition has paid for its tameness with extinction. When we consider how long this extermination of unwary species, and the weeding-out of the tamer individuals of the naturally wilder kinds, has been going on, can we wonder that fear of man is now thoroughly implanted in all the wild creatures living in long-inhabited lands? It has simply been a matter of the survival of the wildest. Only the most cautious and suspicious have been able to bring up and launch families into the world. The selection of the most timid has made our wild creatures what they are—shy, timid, bundles of nerves, ready to take fright at anything and everything, especially anything which has to do with the human race.

This brings us to a point which must never be forgotten when we attempt to tame a wild animal, and that is, that this fear, acquired through countless generations of selection, is to a very large extent instinctive or inherited. The disposition to jump at a sound, to take fright and flee at the least movement, is a part of the very creature itself, for it cannot help the impulse, which is born in it. Fear is part of its composition, it is frightened of all that is strange and curious—above all, of man. But it should be clearly understood that there is no instinctive fear of man as man, no pre-knowledge of all he is and what he can do. A young bird or beast is afraid of a person because he is a strange and unusual object, and its nervous, highly strung temperament makes it fear anything that is startling and unusual. Fear of man as man is learnt by each young creature afresh, just as every child has to learn to talk anew. Much is learnt by bitter experience, and a good deal by example. Young animals are led off by their elders, young birds follow the old ones when they fly off in alarm, but the confidence of ignorance may often be seen, such as the foolhardy young sparrows that feed on crumbs by the window while their parents remain cautiously at a distance, or venture into the wire trap that the old ones are too cunning to go near. How often, too, when old rabbits are racing away as hard as they can go, do we see small ones stop and look back to see what all the fuss is about!

We may take it that there is in every wild animal a generalized foundation of fear, which is instinctive or hereditary, and which instinct has been chiefly developed to meet the destructiveness of mankind, but that particularized fear must be relearnt, and is quickly acquired by each individual of every generation. It is sometimes asserted that particularized fear of man is hereditary, and as evidence is given the behaviour of young birds in the nest, which will crouch in fear at the sight of a person, but they crouch just the same when a horse or cow goes near (though in later life they take no notice of such animals), so we may be sure that in each case they are merely frightened by a large strange creature irrespective of what it may be.

This long introduction brings me to the real subject of this article, and that is the taming of wild animals. I have shown what nervous, timid, highly strung things they are, and that to overcome this inherent fear and obtain their confidence is no easy matter. First of all it must be pointed out that it is no use attempting to do anything with birds and beasts unless you are really fond of them, have real sympathy with their whims, ways, and moods, regarding them, moreover, not merely as "dumb animals," but as real personalities. That phrase, "dumb animals," betrays more ignorance of the life around us than any other ever invented by our race, for, though no species save man has an articulate language, no one who has watched and attended to the ways of birds and beasts can doubt that they very thoroughly manage to convey to each other their wishes and intentions. Each, in its own way, communicates with its fellows, and if their language is not our language it at any rate serves their purpose exceedingly well. Certainly the amount of individuality that there is among the different specimens of the same species can only be realized by those who have had much to do with wild creatures. No one mammal or bird is ever in character and behaviour the exact duplicate of the next; each differs in some way from its neighbour, so you can never depend on any two animals doing exactly the same thing under the same circumstances—in fact, we find that individuality reigns as supreme throughout Nature as it does throughout man, but then, after all, man is a part of Nature!

When one wishes to tame any bird or mammal it is necessary to study it, to learn its personality from beginning to end, and to do everything with a view to convincing it that these terrifying people around it are not so many walking embodiments of destruction, but really its best friends. Occasionally a creature will realize this quite soon and suddenly, another will take many weeks before its distrust is overcome. A pine-marten, which I still have, lost her fear in a rather curious way. She was caught among the Westmorland fells while quite young, and was probably not six weeks old when she came into my hands. Poor little thing, how terrified she was, the journey from the North to the Midlands drove her nearly frantic, and after I had got her home I feared that she was really untamable. She would crouch shivering in the corner of her cage, a wee atom of grey-brown fur that ought to have been hiding with her mother in a hole under a ledge of rock on the face of a Westmorland crag. When touched she bit and scratched like a mad thing, and her long stoatlike body was by no means easy to hold. The days passed, I offered her every dainty that I could think of, and yet she got no tamer. As a rule one can get at any animal through its stomach, but she seemed to be the exception. It is true she was getting bold enough to lick honey off a spoon, but her resentment and fear of being touched was as great as ever. In passing I must remark that though the pine-marten is a flesh-eater it is exceedingly fond of sweet things, and honey or jam is the greatest of treats. Well, the days passed and the Mart, as she had been named, was as intractable as ever, but one morning, wishing to clean her cage out, I let her loose in the room—wondering, as I did so, how I should get her home again. She darted away to the other end of the room, where I noticed that she seemed more interested in what was going on and less terrified than usual, but when, the business being finished, I tried to drive her back into the cage, she sprang away from me as hastily as ever. She had grown very much, and was now as big as a ferret and as active as a squirrel. She jumped on to a chair, leaped from it to the mantelpiece, and was evidently going to take a flying spring to the top of the cage when the little cloth that was on the mantelpiece slipped, and she lost her footing. Leaping blindly to save herself from falling she landed on my shoulder!

I do not know which was the most astonished, me or the Mart. Thank goodness, I did not move! I stood quite still, and for quite a minute she did not move either, then she began to sniff cautiously at my clothing, and after a little smelling climbed quietly down to the ground. Very gently I moved off and fetched a spoonful of jam, she accepted it as a peace-offering, licked the spoon clean, and then had a second helping. From that day forward we were the best of friends: she had found out that there was really nothing to be afraid of, and the next morning she began to play with me, hopping and dancing like a kitten. Never again did she attempt to bite, and soon learnt not only to take food from my fingers but to lick them with her dainty pink tongue. Now, whenever I go into her place, she jumps on to my shoulder, hangs round my neck, or slides to the ground again for the mere pleasure of tobogganing down my skirt. Once having given me her confidence she gave it completely, but it was a very long time before she trusted other members of the family, and to this day she dislikes strangers, refusing as a rule to have anything to do with them. Before leaving the subject of the marten I should like to say, for the benefit of those who have never met with a speciman of this rare animal, that in its full winter coat it is an exceedingly beautiful creature, being as big as a small cat, but like a ferret in build, having the coat and brush of a squirrel, with the face and expression of a fox. A more lovely and fascinating creature than my Mart when she dances and plays no one could wish to meet with.

The task of taming a wild animal is simplest when one begins with it very young. A baby creature has so much less to unlearn, though you cannot get rid of the foundation of fear, that quick, highly strung disposition which, given the necessary stimulus, may quicken into life and undo all your work. I shall never forget little Toby, the fox-cub, who, tame though she was, in the end "went wild." She and another cub of the same litter were brought to me when apparently but twenty-four hours old. They were very tiny, blind and helpless, and I had to feed them with milk from a fountain-pen filler. Of the long struggle to rear them I have not space to tell here, how I had to get up in the night to feed them, how they were kept warm with hot-water bottles, how Jack caught a cold and died, and how Toby grew up into the most fearless, mischievous, wicked, lovable little imp that ever made herself a nuisance in a house. No mother was there to teach her fear, her natural instincts slumbered, she cared not an atom for anybody, made friends with all, and went where she pleased. She teased the cats and dogs, she invaded the bedrooms, and ate the bootlaces out of the boots that she found under the dressing-tables (I am afraid to think how many shillings I spent in bootlaces—best porpoise-hide—for my father's boots), and generally got into more mischief than half a dozen puppies. She would romp about the place like a mad thing, racing round the garden, rushing at one, and trying to get a companion for the game. It did seem strange to see that wildest of wild creatures, a fox, the tamest of household pets. I did not see why she should not go on being tame; she knew no other life, she knew not fear, why should she ever run away? But one day she ran out as usual, was seen playing on the lawn, and when I went to look for her a few moments later had vanished. I called and called, searched and hunted in vain, no Toby was to be found, and I have never seen her from that day to this! Of her fate I have no idea, but have always thought that something startled her, and that the surprise and fright called up all the wild instincts inherited from countless generations of ancestors that had hunted and been hunted, so she made straight for the woods and vanished into the wild.

A somewhat similar case was that of a young starling which had been hand-reared, and was so tame that it would sit on your finger and pick flies off the window-pane. It let one carry it about even out-of-doors, and showed no wish whatever to fly away, yet a person coming unexpectedly round a corner startled it as much as if it had never seen any one before, it flew straight away, and like the fox-cub vanished utterly and completely.

Take, too, the behaviour of "Miss Pankhurst," a young thrush which was taken from the nest while quite young. Though small and by no means full-fledged she already knew the difference between a human hand and her mother's bill, and, refusing to open her beak for food, had to be forcibly fed—hence the name! Soon she recognized the error of her ways, learnt that she must look to me for the endless supply of worms for which she kept up an incessant squeaking, and began to flutter towards me whenever I came near. Getting stronger on the wing I took her into an unheated greenhouse where she could fly about among the plants, and here she would fly to me the minute I came in, squeaking anxiously for the worms which I was in the habit of dropping into her wide-open beak. But one day she discovered what I had overlooked, and that was a pane of broken glass in the roof. It did not take her long to take advantage of this discovery, and once outside she had no intention of returning to the greenhouse. The bird, which an hour or two before flew to me and alighted on my shoulder or head, now that she was out in the open hopped about on the lawn and among the shrubs in the shrubbery, totally disregarding my calls and blandishments. By evening she was so wild that I could not get near her, and as she had been reared for the purpose of an experiment I had to get another nestling, and for a second time go through all the bother of rearing it.

Though these examples show how little it takes to recall the wild fear and instincts, I must add that I have known what is naturally one of the most nervous of creatures—namely, the common brown rat—come to me after a week's freedom. As I have given the history of poor old Whiskers before in this Review, I will say no more here than that this rat was the most perfectly tame and confiding creature that I have ever had anything to do with—if anything startled him he always ran to me for protection!

Though, in many ways, it is best to get an animal young so that you really never have the trouble of taming it, yet it is a fact that many adult caught creatures become quite as tame and often more docile than those that have been brought up in domesticity. Falconers will tell you that eyases (young hawks taken from the nest) are far more troublesome than haggards (adult caught birds), the latter, when thoroughly tamed, being less wilful, more docile, and generally having fewer faults. Of course in the palmy days of falconry the taming of hawks was a fine art, with its recognized rules and procedure, but the principle behind it was and is still the same—namely, to induce what is naturally one of the wildest of creatures to recognize her trainer as the source of her food-supply. Once a bird or beast realizes that the person has food, and good food too, for them, half the battle is won. In the case of hawks, say a peregrine falcon, the bird was immediately hooded so that it should not be frightened nearly to death by the sight of people around it, and thus blindfolded was carried on the fist day and night by the falconer and his assistants. "If your Hawke be thus in foure or five dayes manned so that she begin to feed eagerly and boldly, then you shal first begin to make her know your whistle and chirping of your mouth."* In this way the bird was taught to associate a call or whistle with food, so that she would soon jump to the fist for dainty morsels, and later come long distances in response to a whistle. Even that most capricious of birds, the sparrow-hawk, was in this way soon made perfectly tame and obedient, the classical case being that of the sparrow-hawk taken by Sir John Sebright,† which ten days after its capture was flown at and took a wild partridge! A modern falconer would be very pleased if he could reclaim a sparrow-hawk under a month. It is only by practically living with people that these highly nervous little hawks can be "manned," and if one is left long without society it is soon as wild as ever. Of course hawks are only flown when "sharp set," i.e. hungry, so that if they fail to take their quarry they are ready to return to fist or lure for the reward which they know will then be theirs. By being taught to associate food and sport with their trainers, these birds, naturally the wildest of wild creatures, become marvellously obedient; take, for example, the peregrine trained for game hawking, which on being cast off goes up to a great height where she "waits on" while the men below put the birds up, when from her high pitch she stoops like a thunderbolt at the first grouse or partridge that may be put up.

But with all creatures, whether great or small, lions and tigers trained for exhibition, or tits and sparrows coming for food at one's window, the principle is the same—namely, to reward them with food. Once they find that what they suppose to be their great enemy gives them nicer food than they can get in any other way they will put their fear on one side and accept the bribe. The trainers of the great carnivora all assert that they can do nothing by intimidation, but marvels with rewards of dainties. How tame the small birds will get every one who takes the trouble to feed them soon finds out. A suety bone hung to a tree or the creepers by the window will bring all the tit tribe boldly to the house. Corn, bread-crumbs, and seeds will tempt the finches, blackbirds, and thrushes from shyness to boldness, and an assortment of nuts will soon be found by the squirrels if there are any about.

---

* Tuberville, *Book of Falconrie*, 1575.

† *Observations upon Hawking*, 1828, p. 52.

We may sum up the secret of taming wild creatures in two words, " food " and " patience." With a plentiful stock of the latter no bird or beast is really untamable, though some are worse than others, but one must remember their inherent wildness, and that to them we human beings stand for the embodiment of death and destruction, so that, however tame and confiding our pet, we cannot afford a thoughtless hasty action that might revive the natural fear of mankind.

FRANCES PITT

BRITISH SPAS

It is a lamentable fact that, before the war, the great majority of chronic invalids and others, mostly belonging to the well-to-do classes, who were in need of what is called " spa treatment " went abroad to obtain it. This fact is stated with no object of " crabbing " an English institution, but as a necessary prelude to an attempt to put forward certain suggestions to alter that state of affairs. Our valetudinarians of the gouty, rheumatic, and dyspeptic varieties went to the Continent in shoals—to Karlsbad and Marienbad, to Ems and Wiesbaden, to Homburg and Kissingen, to Vichy and Contrexéville, to Aix and Luchon, scattering prosperity where they went. Some, it is true, went to Harrogate, a spa that has always been up-to-date in its methods and treatment, and others went to Buxton and Bath ; but those were only a small minority of the whole, and a number of our native spas, with waters of unquestioned value, were practically moribund, and existed only as a pleasant retreat for Anglo-Indians and officers retired from the Services.

There may be some who will suggest that this is but a trivial matter, a mere passing of what is regarded by some as a sort of social fad, an autumnal cleansing of the jaded digestive organs of the more indulgent members of London society. That is far from being the case. In the first place, " spa treatment " is a considerable industry, bringing the means of livelihood and prosperity to many towns. Wiesbaden, with a population of 100,000, received annually about 150,000 visitors for treatment. Others flourished in like degree. On the other hand, I wonder how many people went to Cheltenham, for instance, for treatment yearly before 1914, a spa that one hundred years ago enjoyed a prosperity similar to that of Wiesbaden to-day. How many went to the mountain spas of Central Wales ? How many to Leamington or Woodhall Spa, in comparison to the numbers that flocked to the spas of Germany and Bohemia ? Secondly, " spa treatment," far from being a mere fad of the wealthy, and a spa a sort of sedate rival of Cowes or Goodwood, is one of the most valuable means of treating chronic gouty, rheumatic, dyspeptic, or plethoric conditions that we possess, and the treatment is probably still only in its infancy, for allied to " spa treatment," and forming a part thereof, are many of those modern forms of treatment that the war has shown to be of such great practical value.

Baths of every conceivable description, such as the ordinary Turkish bath, the " whorlpool " bath, the " sinusoidal " bath, and the brine bath, electricity in all its modern applications, massage, exercises by various ingenious apparatus for restoring lost power to partially paralysed limbs, psychotherapy, and "suggestion," all form a part of "spa treatment," and are to be obtained—or should be obtained—in every up-to-date spa. The Continental spas possessed all these before the war; we, with one or two exceptions, did not. Beyond all this, an indefinable but invaluable thing, there is the "atmosphere" of the "cure," the air of healing that pervades these places, together with the dieting, the early hours, and the pure air. It is one thing to take the prescription of the most famous physician, say, for chronic rheumatism, in South Kensington; it is a vastly different and a far more effective thing to take that same prescription in the form of "nascent" waters, together with baths and other modern forms of treatment, in the invigorating and health-giving atmosphere of the Yorkshire Moors. It is something more than drinking nasty waters, which in one place taste of rotten eggs, and in another, according to the immortal Sam Weller, have the flavour of warm flat-irons.

It was not because Continental spas possessed greater and more varied healing properties in their waters that the majority of British seekers after health went abroad. Far from it. With one exception our native spas possess in their springs every variety of water that is needed for the treatment of those chronic conditions for which spa treatment is indicated, and they have the good fortune to be situated amid natural surroundings equal if not surpassing in beauty and climate those of Germany or France. That single exception is the *natural* carbonic-acid water which only exists at Nauheim in Germany, but the artificial water can be obtained in England. (These particular baths are employed for certain forms of heart disease, as some English invalids who were caught there in August 1914 know to their cost.) With this exception we possess all that is needed in profuse variety. There are the sulphur waters of Harrogate, the bromine and iodine waters of Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire, chalybeate waters at Harrogate and Tunbridge Wells, and what are known as "indifferent" waters at Buxton, Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Malvern, and the spas of Central Wales. Moreover, there are the brine baths of Droitwich, invaluable for certain forms of chronic rheumatism. The hot springs of Bath, which have been celebrated for two thousand years and possess a high degree of radioactivity, are almost unique and gush forth at the rate of half a million gallons a day. Moreover, all these British spas have been setting their houses in order—installing every form of modern balneological and allied treatment.

Nevertheless, with all this wealth of spas the majority who sought after them went abroad. Why was this? The reasons are worth a little consideration, for some of them are in existence even to-day, and though since 1914 every one has had perforce to visit a

British spa if he needed treatment of that nature, it is no use living in a fool's paradise and imagining that this happy state of affairs will go on for ever. There may be a rude awakening.

The valetudinarian of the gouty, dyspeptic, or rheumatic order will go to that spa where he gets the best results, or where he thinks he gets the best results, which is often very much the same thing. Make no mistake about that. There is absolutely no patriotic spirit about a gouty liver or a dyspeptic stomach. The owners of these damaged goods will even go back to Karlsbad or Kissingen if they think the treatment is going to be more effectual there. Let those who "run" British spas face that fact squarely.

Let us now come to the reasons for the greater popularity of the Continental spa. In the first place, they possessed some adventitious advantages that should no longer give them such a pull. Royalty, with its entourage, patronized them, and Society followed in its wake. There was an air of the *grande monde* about them lacking in our more modest, insular resorts. The Chanceries of Europe carried on their tasks whilst sipping their waters. It was at Ems that the Franco-German War really broke out in the faked incident of the King of Prussia turning his back on Count Benedetti. It has even been hinted that at Homburg no small amount of our own "secret diplomacy" once took place. There should no longer be any need for this, and if Royalty were to visit some British spa it would give it a *cachet* that has hitherto been lacking. Why not? Did not the Court once make Bath the great centre of fashion? Secondly, there is the glamour of Continental travel, and this advantage on the part of our rivals must inevitably remain a permanent handicap against ourselves. Thirdly, there is the question of pictorial artistic advertisement. The Taunus is no more beautiful than the Peak of Derbyshire or the Yorkshire Moors around Harrogate, but the pictorial posters *make it look so*. There is a great deal in this artistic appeal to the eye, and I would venture to suggest that our native spas employed some really good artist to design posters to confront travellers by road or rail. It can be done. At the present time such as are displayed are scarcely in the same street as those of our Continental rivals.

The same criticism applies to the general "get-up" of the illustrated handbooks issued by British spas. They make no appeal to the eye or the imagination. It might be said that our spas should need no advertisement beyond the excellent nature of the "cure" they provide. This objection will not hold. In Continental spas the treatment provided is of the highest quality—it was in many cases superior to that of certain of our own spas before 1914—and, further, there are some of our spas that are in such a moribund condition that the public has yet to awaken to the fact that they are spas.

An even more serious reason that made in a special degree for the vogue of German and Austrian spas was the fact that they had gained the ear of the medical profession, and especially of that part of it whose citadel is in Harley Street and Cavendish Square. This, in fact, was a vital reason. To send a well-to-do gouty or rheumatic case abroad had almost become a matter of routine. The West End specialist almost as unconsciously exclaimed " Karlsbad " or " Homburg," in reply to the query of the patient as to where he ought to go, as he uttered the words " three guineas " in response to the delicate question of his fee. To send a patient to a Continental spa had become a ritual. It is to be hoped that this practice has come to a definite end.

Moreover, the general practitioner had been snared into the same net by methods which, though contrary to all professional ethics, had had their effect, human nature, including medical human nature, being what it is. Some Continental spas employed travellers who called on British general practitioners and offered them—shall we call it an encouragement ?—to send their patients abroad by placing before them the suggestion of a free holiday at the expense of the particular spa they represented. This was a tempting bait, for the curative value of the spa would be beyond question of doubt. Thus the practitioner, consulted by some patient whose case demanded spa treatment, would have a tender memory in his heart for such a spa, other things being equal between that spa and one of a similar character at home.

The only inducement, or let us call it an *aide-mémoire*, offered by British spas that I have been able so far to discover is the offer of half price to the pictures for medical practitioners. Without descending to these practices it is perfectly certain that British spas must gain the ear of the medical profession if they are to continue to enjoy that wave of prosperity that the war has unexpectedly thrust upon them. They must convince the medical profession that they possess and carry out in practice all the best and latest forms of balneological treatment and its allied methods in the form of electrotherapeutical treatment, massage, radiant heat and light, exercise by various apparatus, and all the newer forms of special baths that have become such a feature since 1914. Before that date, with an exception or two, we were far behind Continental spas in this respect. The leeway has been largely made up since then, but it is still necessary to convince both the public and the profession that it really has been made up. To effect this purpose an enterprising and intelligent publicity department is needed for every spa that wishes to become a flourishing one, and every effort should be made to gain the ear of the medical profession. In some cases this is already being done. To reach the public, has any attempt yet been made by the agency of the kinema ? It might be worth a trial. " Bath and its Healing

Properties," would make an interesting and instructive one-reel film on the "movies." There is another point on which I fancy our foreign rivals, and especially our German rivals, scored not a little. Many patients, especially the gouty, used to swear roundly by the benefit they received, say at Karlsbad or Marienbad, and proclaim the magnificent attributes of some particular doctor there. This was probably true. The treatment was—and still is—very good indeed, and perhaps a trifle more scientific than our own. The reason of this was that the regime was more strict in regard to the diet and habits of the clientele. Now the gouty and the plethoric need just this sort of strictness. They are often cantankerous and querulous, and in the autocratic manner and practices of the German doctor they got just what they needed. *Laissez-faire* is no good for these people.

Finally, there is the question of the more general use of the "waters" of a spa without a visit thereto. Of course this is not nearly such a good method of "taking the waters" as that of a three-weeks' visit to the spa. The "atmosphere," the baths, and all the accessories are lacking, and, moreover, the water of a spa, when bottled, is not nearly so efficacious as when it is taken as it issues from the ground. In the latter condition it is "nascent" and often possesses radioactivity. Nevertheless, the practice of taking spa water in bottled form is a good substitute when a visit to the spa is out of the question. Many can take a course of treatment at home for chronic rheumatism or constipation or gout or dyspepsia who could never go to a spa. Moreover, such a practice familiarizes and popularizes the spa, and those who take the water at home often go to the spa subsequently. Continental spas were well aware of this fact, and before the war large numbers of the gouty and the plethoric and the rheumatic were in the habit of taking occasional courses of treatment at home by means of Vichy water, Karlsbad water, Sprüdel salt, and Ems water.

What were our insular spas doing in those days? How many took *their* waters or their crystallized salts at home? It is true that some have since awakened to this fact. Harrogate waters and "Chelspa," the water of Cheltenham Spa, are now largely advertised and presumably taken. But it is not all our native spas that bottle and advertise their "waters." There is a vast amount of leeway to make up and a great deal of work to be done before the public and the profession are alive to the fact that our native spas and their "waters" are as good as those of the Continent. It is highly desirable to do so, remembering the fact that England contains more of the gouty, more of the rheumatic, and more of the dyspeptic to the square mile than any other country in Europe.

E. Brown

AFTER AMATEUR STRATEGY—AMATEUR DIPLOMACY

During the Great War, Amateur Strategists, of whom our Prime Minister was the most dangerous, repeatedly threatened to bury the Allied cause, and would have done so had they had their way. The brunt of their efforts fell on the British Army and the British Navy because England, as the paradise of amateurs, is the only place whose politicians imagine themselves qualified to move fleets and to manœuvre troops. Occasionally a French Premier would catch the infection from British confrères, but it rarely lasted, or he did not last. Generally speaking, there was little political interference with soldiers of such eminence as Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, or General Pétain, as regards the actual campaign, though it is whispered that during the brief interregnum of another Commander-in-Chief of brilliant parts but less prestige, there was interference from Paris with disastrous consequences. But it was British Fleets and British Armies, British Admirals and British Generals upon whom the full blast fell. They were never entirely free from it, and we owe our escape from catastrophe no less to their steadfast resistance to wild-cat schemes—with which nimble but uninstructed political brains teemed—than to their skill in the field. Admiral Jellicoe must have had a decidedly "thin" time in the earlier years of the war when he was charged with the titanic task of creating and organizing as well as commanding the Grand Fleet. No small amount of intellectual energy and patience had to be expended in the thankless task of "turning down" the fantastic projects that rained upon him from Whitehall from the controlling politician, wittily described by a colleague as "unable to make up his mind whether to immortalize himself as a Nelson or as a Napoleon." A fatal phrase, "amphibious warfare," had been coined for the beguilement of "careerists" who chiefly regarded the Great War as providing a stage to exhibit their military and naval genius, of which the main ingredient was usually entire innocence of war. No less arduous than his duties in connexion with the Grand Fleet was the perennial need on the part of its Commander-in-Chief to control megalomania—in which, as we know from the tragedy of the Dardanelles, our admirals afloat did not always receive that assistance from admirals ashore for which they looked. Bluster as these may in the Press in the piping times of peace, at the moment some of the noisiest played a pitiful part in council—as we learn from Lord Cromer's Report—acquiescing in operations they disapproved, and afterwards fleeing from responsibility on the inevitable fiasco. Such personages are surely estopped from pontifical pronouncements on naval policy, while their cheap diatribes against the admirals who won the war —little thanks to them—are too grotesque to wound. Some years ago, when it was all-important to arouse a somnolent community to some perception of the German danger then advancing by leaps and bounds, the help we got from the then First Sea Lord was an exhortation " to sleep quietly in your beds." No utterance by any politician was more mischievous than this deplorable declaration by a man whose newspaper claque had christened " our great sailor-politician." It was hailed with glee by every Pacifist who was playing the enemy's game, and by every politician and every journalist who for one reason or another was resolved to regard war as " unthinkable," and to act accordingly. One cannot help feeling that the author of this classic might nowadays usefully take a dose of his own medicine and leave to others the execution of any naval reforms that may be necessary. Our gratitude goes out to the officers and men of the Grand Fleet and the other fleets who, despite all the signs of the times (to which officialism had elected to remain blind), suddenly found themselves at war with Germany in ships destitute of many essentials, largely on account of the subserviency of successive Boards of Admiralty to Downing Street, of which those dominated by " our great sailor-politician " were not the least subservient.

In one respect, however, the British Navy was happy—infinitely happier than the British Army. The Grand Fleet was never attractive to those Joy-riders who beset the Western Front almost from the opening day. Politicians are not good sailors. A visit to Scapa Flow was hardly in their line. Admiral Jellicoe, therefore, escaped that personal persecution from which G.H.Q. was never immune, which added appreciably to the terrors of war, coupled as it was with the ingrained conviction of our Amateur Strategists that any man who can make a speech is the intellectual superior of every man who can't, and therefore competent to direct the latter in the way he should go. Some Ministers may have since realized that this fundamental proposition is unsound, and that a man who does not shine in exposition may be nevertheless a sound strategist and a great soldier, whereas another man though able to talk the hind leg off the ordinary horse might be destitute of campaigning capacity. It may be doubted whether our Prime Minister has ever absorbed this truism. He has never concealed his contempt for military distinction, and has missed few opportunities of snubbing the great soldiers who won the war. He is eloquent upon every subject except the services of British generals, unless they happen to have commanded Side Shows, whither Mr. Lloyd George would have transported a sufficient proportion of our Western armies to enable the Germans to secure

Paris and Calais. As we have reached the stage of revelations, possibly we may now be allowed to know the details of the mighty *coup* planned by Amateur Strategy in the winter of 1917–18, on the eve of the most formidable German offensive. Had Downing Street got its way Sir Douglas Haig would have been robbed of many divisions, and the success of General Ludendorff's impending attack would have been assured. In resisting this mad manœuvre Sir William Robertson, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, sacrificed himself, incurring the undying animosity of Amateur Strategists, who believed that Germany could be defeated without the disagreeable necessity of defeating the German Army. They have lately had their answer from General Ludendorff, who, in agreement with all serious soldiers, regarded the West as the decisive point. The moment the German General Staff could no longer feed Germany's allies with reinforcements, but on the contrary was compelled to concentrate every available division in the West, the war was won, including all the Side Shows. It could never have been won anywhere else. No Side Show, however brilliant and successful, neither General Allenby nor General Maude, as both these splendid soldiers and great leaders as students of war would have been the first to acknowledge, could have brought down Germany had the Western armies been weakened until Germany sat in the French capital and the Channel ports. But that was Lloyd George strategy, from the perils of which we were only saved by the Premiership of M. Clemenceau—a convinced and uncompromising "Westerner"—and the single-mindedness of Sir William Robertson and Sir Douglas Haig, who fought a great and successful fight to prevent the British Army from being frittered away in those "little packets" which were ever the besetting sin of London statesmanship. That "the West" was anathema to our Prime Minister transpired in more than one public utterance, but it is not generally known that Downing Street prejudice went so far that, according to a well-authenticated story circulating in the Army, so late as the close of September 1918—six weeks after the opening of the victorious and decisive advance of the Fourth Army on August 8 (described by Ludendorff as the fatal day for the German Army), marking the beginning of the end—the War Cabinet sent one of its number across the Channel to G.H.Q. to inform the Commander-in-Chief that he would continue the offensive at his peril—so little confidence had the advertised "winners of the war" in British arms, and so preoccupied were they by considerations concerning their own safety in the event of the failure they anticipated. Our tourist from Downing Street is alleged to have been disarmed by the chivalry of Sir Douglas Haig, who declared his willingness to shoulder responsibility for any miscarriage, while the Government would get all the kudos in the event of success. It was on these terms that the great soldier, whose fame will grow the more we know of the treatment he received, was able to add this last and most glorious chapter to British military annals, smashing Prussian militarism at least a year ahead of expectation. The greatness of this achievement is emphasized by an official memorandum, in circulation on the eve of the August attack, in which the probability and effect of yet another German offensive against the Allied armies was envisaged! There is nothing like being prepared for all eventualities in war, and it is historically interesting that the British Government should have anticipated attack at the moment G.H.Q. launched the final thunderbolt. By November 11 every enemy was beaten, and white flags had been hoisted by Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary, while the mighty invincible German Army signed an armistice which was substantially an unconditional surrender. Such was the amazing transformation wrought once Amateur Strategists had been warned off the course and Allied armies were directed by Allied soldiers without the assistance of Allied politicians.

It is not the fault of any soldier that from the moment the "Cease fire!" sounded the Fochs, the Haigs, the Beattys, the Allenbys, the Franchet d'Espereys, the Milnes, and the Marshalls automatically made way for the politicians—Presidents and Premiers under whose ministrations Allied fortunes have steadily declined. In chasing the phantom of universal peace, portentous political pedagogues and colossal charlatans neglected their primary duty—namely, to secure Civilization against Kultur. When the Fighting Men of France, America, and Britain had done with Germany eleven months ago there seemed a real prospect of permanent peace, because the enemy was ready to accept any terms that might be imposed; nor would it have passed the wit of man to obtain security against any recurrence of "the frightful adventure." This was the most reasonable men could hope for from any Peace Conference. That hope died before the Conference sat, as we realized that instead of a Congress of trained experts with "the Allied and Associated Governments" in the background as arbiters, Presidents and Premiers were determined to be their own experts and to try their unpractised hands at the unwonted task of treaty-making. It became a congress of orators and cranks. To make matters worse, to deprive themselves of any chance of efficiency, "Allied and Associated" statesmen discarded skilled professional advisers who might have kept them straight and who, at any rate, possessed some first-hand knowledge of the matters in hand. On the pretext that these were tarred with the brush of "secret diplomacy," professional diplomats were excluded from the delegations, or in the rare cases where

To be Sold by Auction on November 11, by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, at 20 Hanover Square, London, W.

DUNLEY HILL
NEAR DORKING, SURREY

TOTAL AREA OF ESTATE, ABOUT 350 ACRES

This attractive property, situate in beautiful scenery, and within 25 miles of Hyde Park Corner, and 650 feet above sea-level, will be sold as a whole, or be divided into lots.

ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS, WITH PLAN, OF
MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
20 HANOVER SQUARE LONDON, W.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW

DUNLEY HILL is situated in one of the most beautiful neighbourhoods in the Home Counties. It lies close to Ranmore Common on the heights between Dorking and Guildford, within a mile and a half of Effingham Village, and the station is Effingham Junction or Bookham (both three and a half miles) on the London and South-Western Railway. The best route by car from London is through Kingston, Esher, Leatherhead, Bookham, and Effingham, turning sharp to the left at Effingham Manor, through a beech avenue past Effingham Hill (on the left), until the cross roads at the foot of Dunley Hill, the entrance to which is two hundred yards up the hill on the right. An alternative route, and slightly shorter, is *via* Cobham and Effingham Junction.

Dunley Hill was built for Admiral Maxse from plans by Messrs. Ernest George and Peto. It is an excellent house, which to-day would cost nearer £50,000 than £40,000, and those who look over it with the eye of experts are struck by the thoroughness of the detail. It is emphatically a house intended to stand, and though uninhabited during the war is to-day as dry as a bone. It is specially suitable to any one wishing to live in the country and keep in close touch with business in London. The gardens and grounds, including an extensive lawn, have been purposely neglected during the war, when everything was sacrificed to food production.

The farm, which is now on a paying basis, has been transformed since 1914, while the farm buildings (including the largest barn in the country-side) are very commodious. It carries a considerable amount of stock, and this year's crops, like those of last year, are valuable. The charm of Dunley Hill consists in the wild beauty of the surrounding country, and its height above the sea, combined with its accessibility to London. It is admirably adapted for moderate entertainment, and does not require a large staff of servants nor an army of gardeners. It is a place of comfort rather than show.

The house at Dunley Hill consists of a large and lofty entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 18 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices. There is a lift from the basement to the first floor. The house could be secured with approximately 40 acres by a purchaser who did not require the farm.

they were included their existence was ignored until the Big Ten or the still Bigger Four had decided. Mr. Lansing has given the American Senate a pathetic, not to say piteous, account of the ignominious position occupied by so-called American Plenipotentiaries in Paris, apart from Number One. Colonel House, as a personal friend of the President, doubtless got in an occasional oar, but the others—Mr. Henry White, General Bliss, and Mr. Lansing—might as well have stayed at home for all they were allowed to contribute to a Treaty for which they are supposed to be responsible. However, this is none of our business. It is the affair of the Americans, many of whom have something to say about it. President Wilson is now paying the penalty of his exclusiveness, of his attempt to play the autocrat—a rôle in which he was encouraged from the outset by the unmeasured adulation of the European Press, notably the British Press, which would have turned a much stronger head. Democrats and Republicans are at loggerheads over Wilsonian diplomacy. We would as soon intervene in a quarrel between husband and wife. Moreover, we have our own accounts to settle with our own politicians.

Lloyd Georgites privately throw the blame of the tragic fiasco of Paris on President Wilson, just as President Wilson's partisans debit it to the British Premier. In truth it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. It was equally calamitous for the United States and Great Britain, to say nothing of their unfortunate "Allies and Associates," to be represented at this stage by two men who between them possessed all the attributes needed for the making of unsound Peace. President Wilson gave the impression in Paris of being preoccupied with what he had said in Washington, and regarded every proposition from that angle of vision. The merits of the question were subordinate. Dr. Wilson had gratuitously increased his difficulties by making a partisan appeal to the American electorate last November, who showed their resentment by returning a hostile Congress, as well as by ignoring the predominant Republican Party, which now controlled both branches of the Legislature. Mr. Lloyd George had less excuse for his vagaries in Paris. He also had appealed to the electorate, and had been returned on a patriotic platform with a record majority—a verdict that for some unexplained reason he proceeded to ignore, and acted as though England were Pacifist and Defeatist, if not actually Bolshevik. His colleagues in Paris allowed themselves to be treated as ciphers, which is scarcely surprising considering that they consisted of Mr. Balfour, who habitually despises his own opinion, Mr. Bonar Law, who has none, and Mr. Barnes, who had no pretensions to assert himself on the major questions involved. These three were content to be so many Lansings, i.e. not to count. There was not even a House among them. General Smuts, who is a fish out of water in Europe, was principally consulted. As an Amateur Diplomat he appealed to our Amateur Strategist. There was no one to keep a wayward Prime Minister in the right path, while his own secretariat would apparently prefer that he should go wrong, and were not infrequently prepared to make some *gaffe* "on their own," supposing "the P.M." were doing nothing in this direction. Just as the war ultimately resolved itself into the triumph of the Professional Strategist over the Amateur, so the Peace Conference registered the defeat of the Professional by the Amateur Diplomat, who has had things all his own way to the point that "experts," who are abhorrent to Political Ignoramuses, were snuffed out. The British Foreign Office was installed regardless of expense in the Hotels Astoria and Majestic, but its influence ended with the installation. British Diplomats had no more voice in the Treaty than the present writer. In fairness to our Foreign Office we should recognize this, even though it implies blame on Mr. Balfour for allowing his Department to be "frozen out." Some one has described British Government as consisting of "Mr. Lloyd George and the last man he spoke to." Important questions were decided in Lord Michelham's flat in the Rue Nitot—where the Premier was housed. Ignorance could always effect an entry and any sufficiently inept suggestion had a fair chance of adoption.

Unfortunately, it is not our Amateur Diplomats who will pay any appreciable portion of the damage they have done. It is the "Allied and Associated" Peoples who will expiate the blunders and follies and crimes of "Allied and Associated" Governments. President Wilson supplied an "acid test" of Allied statesmanship—namely, our treatment of Russia. To Great Britain it is even more than this, because circumstances have combined to make it not only an acid test of our good faith, but also of the good name of our Government, as of the personal repute of the King's chief adviser, who is likewise our national spokesman and appointed guardian of our honour. When a British Prime Minister is publicly stigmatized as a liar by some excited foreign journalist we may possess our souls in patience, confidently awaiting a crushing reply, supposing the matter be worthy of notice. That was not the course of the Bullitt episode. All that Mr. Lloyd George has done so far in refutation of categorical accusations supported by evidence is to shout "You're another!" The matter can hardly remain there. Mr. Lloyd George must either disprove the Bullitt charges or withdraw the charge that they are a "tissue of lies." If he simultaneously withdrew himself to some less conspicuous sphere he would afford considerable relief to no diminishing number of persons. His latest humiliation arises from his defective judgment of men and things, which inveigles him into erroneous conclusions and surrounds him with impossible advisers.

After appealing for an anti-Bolshevik majority to the British constituencies, and getting it, he appears to have turned Bolshevik. At any rate the first thing he was detected doing after the General Election was trying to induce France to invite Lenin and Trotsky——the Soviet—to the Peace Conference. This was one of many "nasty jars" suffered by the Premier's dupes, who supposed that they had returned a strong man to make a strong peace. There had never been a whisper at the hustings that Mr. Lloyd George was a pseudo-Bolshevik who would patronize Bolshevism everywhere, and who would seek inspiration in treaty-making from the Defeatists he had routed at the polls. It was thanks to the "indiscretion" of a French Socialist newspaper that innocent Englishmen had their first eye-opener as to the direction in which the Premier's ubiquitous mind would move once he had pocketed the patriotic vote and had now other fish to fry. *L'Humanité*, with the object of damaging M. Clemenceau and exhibiting him as "a reactionary" as compared with his "enlightened" British confrère, disclosed the appalling fact that our Prime Minister was secretly urging the French Government to bring the Soviet to Paris—in other words, treat with those Mr. Churchill has denounced as a "bloody baboonery." Happily this outrageous request was addressed to a Clemenceau Cabinet, whence it met with a stern refusal. It is said that so far from being privy to this deplorable *démarche* Mr. Balfour, though Foreign Minister, only learnt of it afterwards. M. Pichon (French Foreign Minister) reminded Mr. Lloyd George:

> The criminal regime of the Bolsheviks—which does not represent in any way democratic government or even the possibility of such government, since it depends entirely on the lowest passions, on anarchical tyranny, on the negation of all principles of public and private law—cannot expect to be recognized as orderly government. If the Allies were feeble or foolish enough thus to act they would invalidate first the principles of justice and right which are the source of their strength and honour, and would give to the Bolshevik propaganda in the world a strength and an extension of which they would run the chance of being the first victims.

Rarely has the Government of a Great Power laid itself open to such a rebuke from an Allied and friendly Government, or one so richly deserved. The French dispatch, which, be it remembered, was not for publication and is only known to us by accident, added:

> *The French Government, speaking for itself, will not dally with crime* [my italics]. In recognizing the Bolshevik Government we should give the lie to the policy which the Allies have continuously followed in rendering in all accessible parts of Russia all assistance possible to healthy, honest, and loyal sections of Russia, in order to help them

to escape from the bloody, disorderly tyranny of the Bolsheviks, and to constitute for themselves a regular Government.

Unhappily, though the French Government refused to "dally with crime," not so the British and American Governments, who, on one pretext or another—in the name of "idealism" or of "expediency"—were itching to get into touch with the "bloody baboonery." The next development after Mr. Lloyd George's private failure was the public fiasco of President Wilson, who had been persuaded by one or other of the Amateur Diplomats by whom he also was encircled to put forward "the Prinkipo programme" containing the childish but insulting suggestion that anti-Bolshevik Russia should forgather with Bolshevik Russia in a picnic on an island in the Sea of Marmora! It was like inviting the Chief Commissioner of Police to tea with Jack the Ripper. The project was keenly resented by all self-respecting Russians and curtly declined. Before airing it any professional diplomat would have been at pains to ascertain its probable reception. But that is not the way with amateurs. British and American statesmen could only express their astonishment at the "unreasonableness" of "Russian reactionaries." Meanwhile the saner section of the British Cabinet endeavoured to prosecute a practical policy towards Russia involving material aid and comfort to the forces that were fighting this devastating anarchy. We had now two policies—namely, that of the Premier in Paris and that of the Home Government. Lord Curzon, Mr. Churchill, Lord Milner, and others supported the anti-Bolsheviks. Mr. Lloyd George's sympathies were the other way, though as a professed "political strategist" he was ready for any *volte-face* that circumstance dictated. Thus on a flying visit to London to pacify Parliament in the middle of April he denounced Bolshevism and encouraged its enemies, to whom he publicly pledged British backing. This manœuvre got him into trouble by bringing Mr. Bullitt on the scenes. Mr. Bullitt is a young and eager American journalist who takes the "ideals" with which politicians toy too seriously. He fails to realize that politics as practised by its most eminent exponents consists in humbugging the people. The greatest Politician is the greatest Humbug. Mr. Bullitt, like other illusionists, became attached to the American Delegation in Paris, and, believing as he did in the "Brotherhood-of-Man" business, was attracted by Lenin and Trotsky, who are yet greater hypocrites than any of our Western politicians, as they cut countless throats to show their love of mankind. Mr. Bullitt naturally gravitated towards the Rue Nitot, which was wrapped in an atmosphere of "slosh and tosh." Mr. Lloyd George and his suite hoped by stretching out a hand to the Bolsheviks to ultimately embrace the Boche in a common League of Nations in which humanity would live happily for evermore. Many great minds were moving in the same direction—the Wilsons, the Houses, the Bullitts, the Lloyd Georges, the Philip Kerrs, the Smuts, to say nothing of the Ramsay Macdonalds. They formed a happy family, at breakfast, tea, or lunch. The immediate problem was to open relations with the Russian Soviet, which offered few difficulties to ingenuous enthusiasts, such as Mr. Philip Kerr and Mr. Bullitt, though their "chiefs" were practical politicians with Parliaments, Congresses, public opinion to consider. That there was general agreement as to what should be done among these gifted amateurs is established by the evidence of the irate Mr. Bullitt. In fairness to him we must remember that the original challenge came, not from him to Mr. Lloyd George, but from Mr. Lloyd George to him. In a word, the Premier questioned the very existence of his friend and guest Mr. Bullitt, although the latter was actively aiding Mr. Lloyd George in his pro-Bolshevik policy. We can appreciate the amazement of Mr. Bullitt, after doing liaison between Lenin and Mr. Lloyd George, on opening his paper one morning to learn that the British Prime Minister had informed the House of Commons (April 16) (under cross-examination by Mr. Clynes, who inquired whether "there had been any approaches from Russia," presumably knowing all about the Bullitt mission):

> We have had no approaches of any sort or kind. I have heard only of reports that others have got proposals which they assume have come from authentic quarters, but these have never been put before the Peace Conference. Therefore we have not considered them. I think I know to what the right hon. gentleman refers. There was a suggestion that there was some young American who had come back. All I can say about that is that it is not for me to judge the value of these communications.

This unpleasant affair, it will be observed, occurred some months ago. No one can accuse Mr. Bullitt of precipitancy, as it was not until the middle of September that he told his story to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Possibly he had expected some *amende* or explanation from Mr. Lloyd George. Though we should be the last to approve of any improper use of confidential documents, we are bound to recognize, much as we detest Mr. Bullitt's sentiments and sympathies, that he received gross provocation. It is generally believed in Washington, even by those who differ from his views, that he has spoken the truth, and there could hardly be a worse "send-off" to Viscount Grey's Special Mission than the impression made by this lamentable affair, emphasized as it is by Mr. Lloyd George's bald and unconvincing, because unsupported, assertion that the Bullitt revelations are "a tissue of lies." These have been published *in extenso* in the American Press and speak for themselves until contradicted and disproved, which will not be easy, because the witness fortified himself with the necessary official documents, including the actual minutes of the Council of Ten on January 16 and January 21. On the former date Mr. Lloyd George pleaded for a truce with Russia, i.e. Bolshevik Russia, and on the latter the British-American proposal for a Russian Conference was pressed on the Big Ten, resulting in the drafting of the Prinkipo proposal by Mr. Wilson. In other words, the pro-Bolshevik Party had won hands down in Paris, and the French and Italian Governments were overruled. That fiasco ensued is neither here nor there. Mr. Bullitt also produced documents before the American Senate concerning his mission to Russia, of which Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons he knew nothing, a statement described by Mr. Bullitt as "the most egregious case of misleading the public" he had ever known. Mr. Lloyd George, it appears, was so enthusiastic over this Bullitt mission that, according to Mr. Bullitt, our Prime Minister offered to send him in a British cruiser! The visit to Russia originated with Colonel House and Mr. Lansing, but that same evening Mr. Bullitt dined with Mr. Lloyd George's secretary (Mr. Philip Kerr) in Mr. Lloyd George's apartment to discuss Russia, and subsequently received a "private and confidential" note from Mr. Kerr (February 21), enclosing "a note of the sort of conditions upon which I personally think it would be possible for the Allied Governments to resume once more normal relations with Soviet Russia." Mr. Kerr added, "You will understand, of course, that these have no official significance, and merely represent suggestions of my own opinion." From Russia Mr. Bullitt reported by telegram to Colonel House, via whom he sent two messages to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour, and on his return he reported the results of his mission in writing, the substance being that the Soviet desired peace. He gave the Senate Committee the following account of his relations with Mr. Lloyd George, offering a striking and painful contrast to the latter's assertions in the House of Commons quoted on a previous page.

Mr. Bullitt's story does not read like the "tissue of lies" which the Prime Minister peremptorily and perhaps precipitately described it. The sentiments put into the mouths of the various dramatis personæ are precisely those we should expect to find there, especially the abject terror evinced by "the man who won the war" towards the Press. At any rate this is Mr. Bullitt's version handed to the Press, we are told, by Senator Lodge, who is no Bolshevik and is not concerned with any reaction it may have on the prestige of the British Prime Minister, which we are not surprised to learn stands somewhere about zero in Washington just now:

> Next morning I had breakfast with Lloyd George at his apartment. General Smuts and Sir Maurice Hankey and Mr. Philip Kerr were also present, and we discussed

the matter at considerable length. I brought Mr. Lloyd George the official text of the proposal, the same official one, in the same envelope, which I have just shown to you. He had previously read it, it having been previously telegraphed from Helsingfors. As he had previously read it, he merely glanced over it and said: "That is the one I have already read"; and he handed it to General Smuts, who was across the table, and said: "General, this is of the utmost importance." Mr. Lloyd George, however, said that he did not know what he could do with British public opinion. He had a copy of the *Daily Mail* in his hand, and he said: "As long as the British Press is doing this kind of thing, how can you expect me to be sensible about Russia?" Mr. Lloyd George then urged me to make public my report. He said it was absolutely necessary to have publicity given to the actual conditions in Russia, which he recognized were at present [*sic*]. I saw Mr. Balfour that afternoon. Sir William Wiseman told me afterwards that Mr. Balfour was thoroughly in favour of the proposition.

Such are the facts laid before the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate by "some young American gentleman," so airily dismissed by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons. In the jargon of the day, it is "some story." We should like to disbelieve it because, unhappily for this country, Mr. Lloyd George is our Prime Minister, and the country suffers in his discredit. But we cannot disbelieve it until it is disproved. We fear the episode must be added to the long catalogue of calamities we owe to Amateur Diplomacy and Amateur Diplomats.

L. J. MAXSE

THE RELIEF OF DAMASCUS

In order to understand the following narrative, it is necessary to give a short description of the country and of the Turkish communications in Syria.

The Turkish line ran east from the coast at a point just north of the old Crusader fortress of Arsuf, over the coastal plain to Jiljulie, near their railhead of Kalkili. Here it entered the mountains of Samaria and ran a little south of east, passing twenty miles south of Nablus (Shechem) to the Jordan Valley. From the River Jordan a lightly held line stretched to Shunet Nimrin in the eastern hills, not far from Es Salt.

Forty miles north of this line lies the Plain of Esdraelon, in shape like a broad-bladed arrow-head running north-west by south-east. The point of the arrow is at Haifa, on the coast. Thence the blades widen out to their extremities, Mount Tabor on the north and the town of Jenin on the south, which are about fifteen miles apart. Midway between these two lies El Afule, whence the shaft of the arrow runs down the narrow valley of the Nahr (river) Jalud to Beisan and the Jordan Valley. Beisan (the Beth Shan of the Bible) is about fifteen miles south of Lake Tiberias and four miles west of the Jordan.

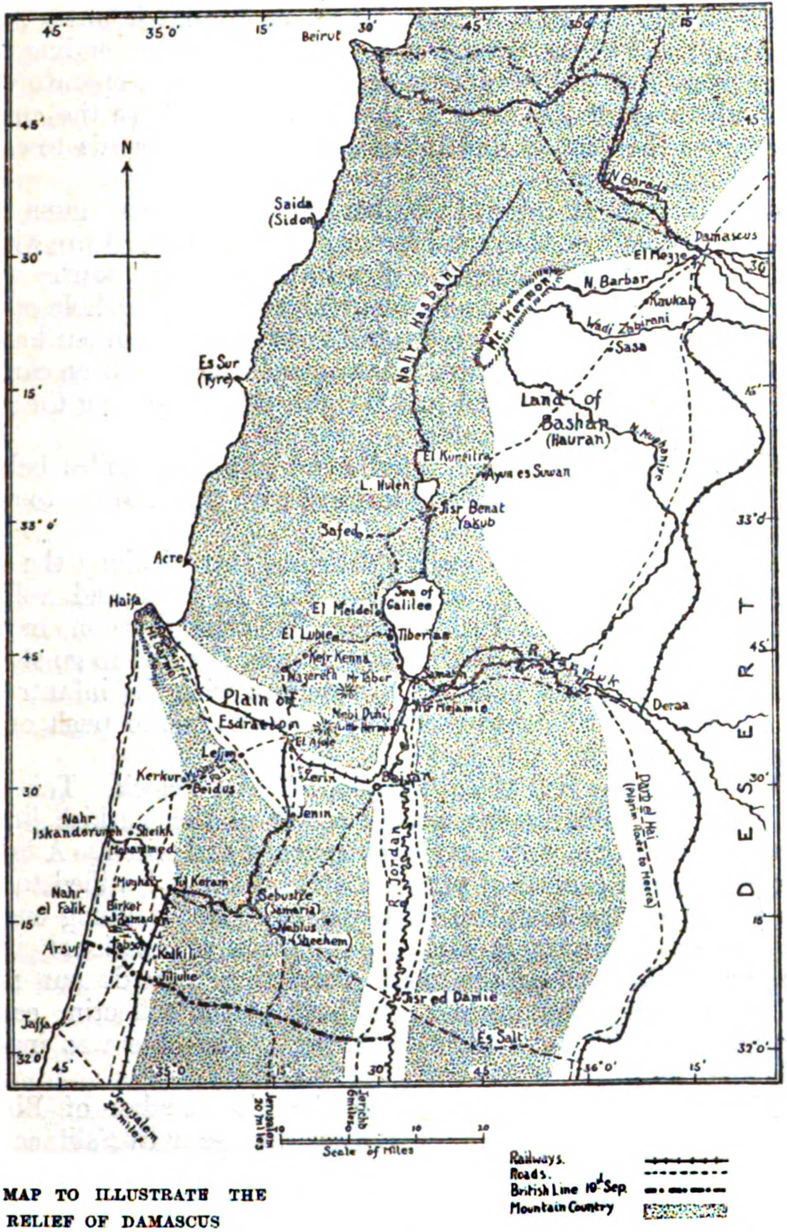
From Deraa Junction on the Hedjaz Railway, about thirty-five miles east of Lake Tiberias, a branch line runs westward to Samakh at the southern end of the lake, and thence southwards down the Jordan Valley to Beisan. From here two roads lead south down the Jordan Valley, one on each side of the river, and a third goes south-west through the mountains to Nablus. Leaving Beisan, the railway continues in a north-westerly direction up the valley of the Jalud through El Afule to Haifa. From El Afule a branch line runs south through Jenin to Sebustie (Samaria) and Nablus; and from near Sebustie another branch goes west to Tul Keram on the coastal plain, and thence south to Kalkili.

The old caravan route from Egypt and Palestine to Northern Syria leads northwards over the coastal plain to Beidus at the entrance to the Musmus Pass, and thence north-east through the pass to El Afule, and on via Nazareth and Tiberias to Damascus.

Thus the coastal and mountain sectors of the Turkish line were supplied by rail, and the Jordan Valley and east of Jordan sector by road from Beisan, or from Amman Station on the Hedjaz Railway, thirty miles east of Jericho, whence a road leads through Es Salt to Jisr Ed Damie on the Jordan, about six miles north of their line.

The only lateral communications consisted of a road from Kalkili through Nablus to Jisr Ed Damie.

General Allenby's plan of operations was, roughly, as follows: The infantry, attacking in the coastal sector, were to open a gap for the cavalry from Jiljulie, near Kalkili, to the sea. As soon as the way was clear the cavalry were to pass through the gap and push northwards along the coastal plain as fast as possible, crossing the Carmel Range by the Musmus Pass, and enter the


N
Beirut
Saida (Sidon)
Es Sur (Tyre)
Acre
Haifa
Mt Carmel
N. Barada
Damascus
El Mezze
N. Barbar
Kaukab
Wadi Zabirani
Sasa
Mt. Hermon
Nahr Hasbani
Land of Bashan (Hauran)
El Kuneitra
Ayun es Suwan
L. Huleh
Jisr Benat Yakub
Safed
Sea of Galilee
El Meidel
Tiberias
El Lubie
Kefr Kenna
Nazareth
Mt Tabor
Semakh
R. Yarmuk
Jisr Mejamie
Deraa
Plain of Esdraelon
Nebi Duhi
El Afule
Lejjun
Kerkur
Beidus
Zerin
Beisan
Jenin
Nahr Iskanderuneh
Sheikh Mohammed
Mughair
Tul Keram
Nahr el Falik
Birket el Ramadan
Arsuf
Tabsor
Kalkili
Jiljulie
Sebustie (Samaria)
Nablus (Shechem)
R. Jordan
Jisr ed Damie
Es Salt
Jaffa
Derb el Hai (Pilgrim Route to Mecca)
DESERT
Jerusalem 8 miles
Jerusalem 20 miles
Jericho 6 miles
Scale of Miles
0
10
20
45'
35°0'
15'
30'
45'
36°0'
15'
30'
15'
33°0'
45'
32°0'
Railways.
Roads.
British Line 19th Sep.
Mountain Country

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE RELIEF OF DAMASCUS

soon as the way was clear the cavalry were to pass through the gap and push northwards along the coastal plain as fast as possible, crossing the Carmel Range by the Musmus Pass, and enter the

Plain of Esdraelon. El Afule and Beisan, and later on Haifa, were to be occupied and the railways cut at these places. Thus a net of cavalry would be drawn from the sea to the Jordan, forty miles behind the Turks. Into this net the Turkish 7th and 8th Armies, west of Jordan, were to be driven by our infantry; the 4th Army, east of the river, was to be dealt with by sending part of our own force in the valley across the river to co-operate with the Arab army of the King of the Hedjaz and drive the enemy either over the Jordan and into the net or northwards towards Damascus.

At 4.30 on the morning of October 19, 1918, the many guns concentrated secretly on the costal sector of our line opened fire with a crash on the Turkish trenches. Simultaneously our infantry went "over the top," and by eight minutes past five the whole of the enemy's first-line trenches on the front of attack was in our hands. At 5.45 the whole position from the sea to Jiljulie had been carried and our line began to wheel to the right, slowly opening the gate for the cavalry to pour through.

Our cavalry had concentrated overnight some miles behind the line, and had liaison officers forward with the infantry to send back word when to advance.

About six o'clock the leading divisions started along the seashore, and by eight were across the Nahr El Falik and well on their way in rear of the Turkish line. The other divisions moved off about this time by the old caravan route, but had to go slowly at first, as the orders were not to interfere with the infantry or get drawn into the fighting on any account, but to push on as fast as possible.

We passed the Hill of Tabsor about eleven o'clock. This was the strongest point in the coastal sector of the Turkish line—a commanding rise, very heavily entrenched and wired. A table, four chairs, and a mass of papers scattered about testified to the late presence of a battalion headquarters. Not a living enemy was to be seen anywhere with the exception of occasional single men or small batches, unarmed, wandering towards our rear, to be picked up later on and sent back to the collecting cages. The infantry had done their work well. The gate was indeed wide open for us.

About one o'clock we reached the big marshes of Birket Ramadan, which lie east and west along the Nahr El Falik across the caravan route. The old route crosses by a *chaussée* road made by the Turks a little farther west. This was used by one of the cavalry divisions, but we passed round the eastern flank of the marshes. Just here we passed the last of the transport of the division in front and were free to push on unhindered.

We reached Sheikh Muhammed on the Nahr Iskanderuneh, or

River Alexander, at ten o'clock at night, where a very welcome halt was made. We had already marched over thirty miles, the early part through heavy sand, and the day had been hot. Many units, too, had not been able to water their horses all day. However, we found water lying in pools in the river and were able to water all horses.

The divisions were travelling without any vehicles except the guns and their ammunition-wagons, and we had no water-carts, so water-bottles had to be filled from the river and the water sterilized with the tablets that each man carries for the purpose.

I have drunk many abominable kinds of water in different parts of the world—the salt or bitter waters of desert wells, from muddy water-holes defiled by animals, water from goatskin bags; but for sheer beastliness I give the palm to this decoction of official sterilizing tablets. It is sweetish, and nauseating to the last degree. It has, however, the merit of making men conserve their water-supply and only have recourse to their bottles when they are really in need of water: and it is safe.

It was midnight before the last of the ammunition-wagons, which had started some distance behind the guns, got in, and we had to push on again at one in the morning.

There are few things more wearying than a night march across open, featureless country, where are no houses or woods or streams to attract the attention and focus the sleepy eyes. The night seemed endless, but the blessed dawn came at last and found us approaching the Jewish colonies of Kerkur and Beidus, at the foot of the Musmus Pass. The inhabitants of the colonies watched us pass without enthusiasm. I believe that most of them are of German origin.

Shortly afterwards the division entered the famous pass. The road leads first by easy gradients up a cultivated valley some four hundred yards wide, but this rapidly narrows to a gorge, and the road ascends steeper and more steeply under rocky hills, which in some places almost overhang it. Small wonder that Thothmes' generals thought he was courting disaster in taking his army through the narrow defile. His boldness and vision were rewarded by the great victory of Megiddo. Thirty-four centuries later the same qualities in a British general were to achieve an even greater victory, and, though little actual fighting took place on the Plain of Esdraelon, the greater part of the prisoners were captured there.

There were many signs of flight on the road up the pass: Turkish transport-wagons abandoned, stores and equipment of all kinds strewed by the roadside, and many small batches of prisoners wandering disconsolate and unattended to the rear. The cavalry division that had preceded us had captured six or seven hundred here, mostly reinforcements being sent down hurriedly from Haifa. These we came upon near the top of the pass, in charge of a few Sowars of Indian cavalry.

Just at the top of the pass we noticed a large group of Arabs at work on a new road to a village to the south called Um El Fahm. This work had been started by the Turks early in September. When we told them that we were driving the Turks out of the country there was great consternation and a chorus of shrill demands to know who was to pay them for their work. I am afraid we were not at all welcome.

Half a mile past the village of Musmus the head of the pass is reached, and the great plain lies below.

To most of us mountain ranges possess a perpetual attraction. We carry with us from childhood a desire "to look beyond." The garden wall of childhood becomes the hill or mountain range of later years, but the instinct remains unchanged and is never appeased. Too often "beyond" is flat and disappointing; the garden is a commonplace affair, much like any other garden; the mountain range is commanded by another, and a higher, that shuts out all view. But there are rare and perfect days when we have our reward, and when the last upward step is made, almost at a run, we can stop and gaze and gaze, breathing deep and filled with that curious sense of contentment, almost of repletion, that only a great wide view can give.

I think that few of the lesser passes of the world can give this feeling more fully than that of Musmus. It is only two miles from the top of the pass to the edge of the plain, but the road drops one thousand feet in that distance, and the whole great plain seems to be at one's very feet, green as a jewel in spring, but now grey and brown and gold in its carpet of wild thistle and partly cut crops.

Straight across the plain rises the perfect form of Mount Tabor. It is less than two thousand feet high, but it stands alone and, seen from here, is absolutely symmetrical. To the right the more rugged outline of the Little Hermon, with the white tomb of Nebi Duhi on its summit, looks down on the village of El Afule. To the right again, on the shoulder of the farther hills, the mud-houses and rude walls of Jezreel keep watch over the pastures and the plough-lands below. And away in the mountains to the north-east lie the white houses of Nazareth, looking like a flock of sheep grazing scattered on the hill-sides; and directly over Nazareth the pink cloud of Hermon rises high above the chaos of hills between.

Half an hour's march brought us to Lejjun, the Legio of Eusebius, on the edge of the plain. Part of the ancient fortifications can still be seen here, and a beautiful stone aqueduct runs from the stream on the left to the road, about two hundred yards, in wonderful preservation. This stream, the Wadi Es Sitt, or Lady's Brook, is the principal tributary of the River Kishon, which drains Esdraelon to the west. The latter is dry in summer except for a few miles near the mouth at Haifa, but the Wadi Es Sitt is a perennial stream of clear sweet water ; it turns the wheels of three native flour-mills at Lejjun.

We reached Lejjun about eleven on the morning of September 20th, having marched fifty-four miles since we started. Water and feed for man and horse, and then a few hours' sleep for those fortunate ones who were not troubled with office work. In the early afternoon one brigade started for Jenin, where the road and railway from Nablus and Sebustie debouch into the plain.

Down the road all that afternoon and night, and during the morning of the next day, came the beaten Turkish Army. Worn out by twenty-four hours' fighting, weary and footsore, yet glad at last to be relieved from the scourging of the British guns, they emerged from Jenin into the plain in bodies of a battalion or less at a time and trudged along the road towards the Nazarene hills. And then, from gullies in the hills on their left and behind them, from every fold in the ground around them, galloped squadrons of cavalry with swords drawn. So complete was their surprise that hardly any of them made even a show of resistance. Arms were thrown down and a forest of hands rose from their ranks. Each lot was quickly hustled away out of sight round a shoulder of the hills, and the squadrons returned to their lairs to await the coming of a fresh lot. One German battalion got a machine-gun into action, but they were ridden down almost before they had opened fire, and followed their allies " round the corner." None of the other German units put up any fight at all. None had had the faintest suspicion that our cavalry was already across their line of retreat, which is, perhaps, not so surprising when one remembers that Jenin was sixty-six miles from the starting-point of our march.

Some of the German officers asked next day where we had landed. When told that we had not been landed but had come all the way on our horses they flatly refused to believe us. " It is your wonderful Navy," they said, " that enabled you to land your cavalry at Haifa at the same time that the infantry attacked on the coast." It was a striking testimonial to the wholesome fear that our Navy exercises over the mind of the average German.

The moon was a few days past the full but was up about eight o'clock, and the business of collecting prisoners went on merrily all night. By daylight on the 20th over eight thousand had been taken. The remainder of the division then arrived and bivouacked near Jenin for two days. The enemy had an important railway centre here; also an aerodrome and a large supply and ordnance depot, which supplied the whole of the mountain sector of his line. Six burnt planes and one intact were found on the aerodrome, at one end of which the Germans had built a large stone obelisk, inscribed with the name of the flight and the ominous date 1918. Among the captured stores was a large quantity of German wine and beer and a lot of excellent tinned food. The Germans were always well looked after, even if their allies had often to go short of the barest necessaries.

The chief medical officer of the German hospital in the town told us that he and all the other officers and men there, both German and Turkish, thanked Heaven fervently when they saw our cavalry and realized that their torment was ended. For ten days previously, he said, they had been bombed day and night almost without cessation by our aeroplanes, and their nerves had gone completely. During that time not one of their own machines had ventured to leave the ground and they were completely at the mercy of our airmen. A squadron of Turkish cavalry quartered there refused to take their horses to water at all, but used to turn them loose at night and let them find their own way to water and back. The men lived in holes dug in the face of the hills and hardly ever ventured out.

A large number of motor-lorries and cars and great quantities of stores of all descriptions were also taken here, and every Arab in the surrounding villages, man, woman, and child, managed to get a Turkish rifle. It was impossible at first to prevent them looting, owing to the large number of prisoners that had to be collected and got away. The division also had to picket the heights commanding the road and be ready to fight at once should any large force of the enemy attempt to break through.

By the night of the 21st, however, except for occasional stragglers, no more enemy came down the road to Jenin, and the next day the division moved back, or rather on, to El Afule, there to await the final rounding up of the Turkish line before pushing on to Damascus.

We learnt afterwards that, finding Jenin occupied by our cavalry, the Turkish command had ordered the rest of the troops to retire along the road to Beisan, all unaware that that place also was occupied by one of our cavalry divisions. Beisan is about twenty-five miles from Nablus, and for the first fifteen miles the road passes through a succession of narrow, rocky gorges. In each of these gorges the retreating columns were caught again and again by our bombing planes and torn to pieces. One of our infantry corps cavalry regiments attempted to follow them along this road, but found it so completely blocked with broken transport-wagons and dead bodies that even single horsemen could not pass, and they had to give up the attempt. Harried and distraught, driven blindly into the hills, the broken remnants of the Turkish force struggled at last into Beisan, there to be captured by our cavalry.

The only other way of retreat was by the road from Nablus to Jisr Ed Damie, on the Jordan. Our troops in the valley had got astride of this road early in the operations, thus closing all lines of retreat for the trapped Turkish armies. By the evening of the 24th the whole enemy force west of the Jordan had been either captured or killed.

We had a nearer view of Jezreel on the way to El Afule. It is a dirty, unkempt village, all unworthy of its past place in history. Its modern name is Zerin.

As far as one could judge, less than one-tenth of the vast fertile plain of Esdraelon is cultivated. The rest is given over to a large and particularly spiky species of thistle that grows all over Palestine and Syria. Here it is waist-high and thick as a cornfield, and horses are very averse to going through it.

El Afule had been galloped early on the morning of the 20th by a brigade of the division in front of us, and here we found another aerodrome with all the planes intact, as the Germans had had no time to burn them; also, and much better, ten engines and much rolling-stock in the station. Otherwise the village is only interesting by reason of the number and ferocity of its mosquitoes. The division lay two nights there, and a fortnight later we reaped the reward of these two nights in an outbreak of malignant malaria of a most virulent type.

On the afternoon of the 25th we marched again, *en route* for Tiberias, this time as leading division, passing through Nazareth just before dark. Liman von Sanders, the Commander-in-Chief of the German and Turkish forces in Syria, had had his headquarters here. He used to motor into Nablus two or three times a week, but, unfortunately, the day of our attack was not one of these occasions; had it been, we should have got him too. He had his two daughters staying with him there, and the housekeeper at his house declared that when word was brought to him that the English had attacked on the coast and broken the line he dashed down the stairs with a revolver in each hand and a daughter hanging on to each coat-tail! He went off in a car at once and we never heard of him in Palestine again. The remnants, mostly lines of communication troops, of the German-Austrian Asien Korps seized all the available motor-lorries and escaped via Damascus, leaving their Turkish allies to their fate.

Nazareth, in its Arabic form of Nâsira, gives its name to all Christians, who are known throughout Arabia and Syria as Nusrani or Nazarenes.

Just before dark we passed El Heshid, the Gath Hepher of the Bible and the birthplace of the prophet Jonah, and shortly afterwards the column halted at Cana of Galilee, the modern Kefr Kenna, where horses were watered at an ancient stone trough. Then the march continued monotonously towards Tiberias.

The town was reported to be held by a small force of the enemy, who were feverishly passing stores through by road and motor-boat to Tabghah at the northern end of the lake, and thence by the old caravan road to Damascus. They had previously been operating from the railway-station at Semakh, at the southern end of the lake, but one of our cavalry brigades had captured the place on the 24th after a savage fight in the streets of the village, marred by two disgraceful white-flag incidents on the part of the Germans there. As usual, these crimes recoiled on the heads of the perpetrators, for the Australian cavalry, maddened by such treachery, stormed through the town, killing over two hundred out of the three hundred Germans there.

About two hours after leaving Kefr Kenna the road passes the village of El Lubiyeh, the scene of Junot's last fight with the Turks in 1799, but one could not see enough of the country by the moonlight to recognize it from the description of the battle.

We reached Tel Madh, overlooking Tiberias and the lake, at dawn, to find that the town had already been captured by a regiment which had pushed along the lake-shore from Samakh, supported by another which had gone ahead from our column.

We came upon the lake suddenly after crossing several miles of dreary, almost uninhabited country, and a beautiful, peaceful sight it was. The hills around are low and rounded and slope down gently to the blue waters. The lake lay very still and calm in its circle of dreaming hills. No sound disturbed the early-morning hush and no living thing broke the quiet surface of the waters. From the north-east Hermon looked down upon us once more, a little nearer, a little sterner, but still distant and mysterious; pale blue and pink and gold in the morning sunlight, with a faint mist, like a veil of white gauze, drawn across him.

The town lies round a little shallow bay, and is chiefly interesting as being one of the four holy cities of the Jews, the others being Jerusalem, Hebron, and Safed, the last named in the hills about fifteen miles north of Tiberias. Many of the houses are built into, and on top of, the old city wall, which gives the town a quaint, huddled appearance. Five-sixths of the population are Jews, and their condition may be judged from the fact that Tiberias disputes with Shechem the doubtful honour of being the capital of that strange king who gives all visitors a royal welcome but expects them to provide food not only for themselves, but also for his own myriad subjects who assemble to do the travellers honour—the Sultan El Baraghit, or King of the Fleas!

The column passed through the town, the left-flank guard moving over the old Crusader battlefield of Hattin, and along a fairly good, metalled road by the lake-shore. The oleanders that fringe the water's edge all round were in full flower and very pretty, but the shrub is poisonous to horses, and as they were exceedingly hungry we had some trouble in preventing them eating the tempting green leaves. We bivouacked at the village of El Mejdel, or Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalen, on the Plain of Genesaret at the north-west end of the lake, and in a very few minutes men and horses were splashing through the shallows and swimming far out in the fresh cool water.

There was a buggy abandoned on the road just outside the village, and in it the dead body of a Circassian cavalryman. He had lingered behind his regiment as they passed through the village on their retreat and, in the course of some argument, had shot the sheikh of the village. For once the miserable villagers had turned; they killed him, stripped the body, and left it contemptuously on the road. Perhaps it was the sight of the Turks in retreat, coupled with the tale of complete disaster that must have reached them already, that emboldened them to lay hands on one of the protected, and hated, Circassians. Later on we were to see further signs of the changed relations between Arabs and Circassians.

That evening one of the sudden storms for which the lake is well known came down from the west, with a heavy downpour of rain, and we were soon wet through. However, the wind and rain ceased about eleven at night as suddenly as they had begun, and the morning of the 27th broke still and cloudless.

The division was on the move again at 5 A.M., climbing up the steep zigzag road towards the modern Jewish village of Rosh Pina, about two miles east of Safed. These Jewish colonies, with their white-walled, red-roofed houses, their wide, clean streets and well-cultivated fields and orchards, and their general air of peace and contentment, are a familiar feature to all travellers in Palestine and a pleasant contrast to the dirty, unkempt, mud-built villages of the Arabs.

At Rosh Pina word came back from our vanguard regiment that the bridge over the Jordan by which we intended to cross had been blown up and the farther bank was held by enemy infantry with many machine-guns and a battery of field-artillery. Our horse-artillery pushed on into action, and soon silenced the enemy guns, knocking out two of them. They were in action in the open for some unknown reason, which made them an easy target. We could also see, across the river, the motor-lorries that had brought the enemy troops from Damascus, and our artillery opened fire on them. One was hit and disabled, and the remainder retired up the road till they were out of range.

Meanwhile our scouts were busy trying to find fords—a difficult and dangerous task, for there was no cover on our side down to the water's edge, and the river was swept by the fire of concealed machine-guns. Native information proved entirely wrong, and it was some two hours before a practicable ford was found, about two miles below the bridge and close to the ruins of the castle of Baldwin II. Two regiments forced a crossing by this ford about four in the afternoon, only to find themselves in a country so full of deep, precipitous *nullahs* and masses of boulders as to be almost impassable for cavalry. They worked forward slowly, however, twisting and turning in a labyrinth of *nullahs*, making for the Damascus road in the rear of the enemy position.

In the meanwhile another brigade had tried to ride through the southern end of Lake Huleh, which the natives assured us was shallow, and, finding this impossible, had returned to the centre of the position. In company with the French cavalry regiment which formed part of the division, they then advanced, dismounted, towards the river at a spot just above the bridge where there was a known ford. This was evidently also known to the enemy, for he was holding the opposite bank here in greater strength than anywhere else. There was much scrub and rocky ground on his side, affording good concealment for his machine-guns, while on our side the ground was absolutely bare, with hardly cover for a rabbit. Just as night was falling, however, the advanced troops of this brigade reached the farther bank. There was a brisk bayonet-fight in the darkness and all was over.

The enemy had for some time been feeling uneasy on account of the two regiments working round towards his rear, and when night came on he decided to take to his heels—or, rather, to his motor-lorries—and retire, leaving, however, some seventy prisoners, his guns, and many machine-guns in our hands. As it was too late to do any more that night, we bivouacked on both banks of the Jordan.

At dawn next day the cavalry continued the march, but it was after nine o'clock before the first of the guns was across the ford and on the road on the east side of the river. The east bank proved to be very boggy, and the thick scrub was only traversed by a few goat-paths wide enough for single horsemen only. A road had to be cut through this tangle, boggy places filled in, and the ford improved. The river was only about three feet deep at the ford, but there were deep holes on either side, and the current was torrential.

The bridge has four stone arches, three of them of very ancient masonry, the fourth—the one the enemy had blown up—being modern. It has the poetic name of "The bridge of the Daughters of Jacob" (Jisr Benat Yakub). It is locally believed to have earned its name from a massacre of some Jacobin nuns which took place here during the Crusades, but the name is possibly much older, as the bridge carries the main caravan route from Egypt and Palestine to Northern Syria and Mesopotamia, and there has been a ford or bridge here from the earliest times. It marks the limit of Napoleon's advance through Syria, and it was a strange turn of the wheel of fate that again brought a French cavalry regiment here, fighting the Turk, but as allies of the British, one hundred and twenty years later.

From the Jordan the caravan road climbs by a very easy gradient up the long slope to El Kuneitra, at the top of the watershed between Lake Huleh and the Land of Bashan, the great plateau of the Western Hauran that lies south-east of Hermon and becomes at its northern end the Plain of Damascus. The country traversed is of a most desolate character, covered with rocks and lava, but there are many small streams and, in the spring, sufficient pasturage for the needs of the few poor villages on the road.

For the first few miles the inhabitants are Arabs, and then one enters a district occupied by Turkomans and Circassians. The former are miserably poor, wild-looking and dirty, and despised alike by Arabs and Circassians. The latter, in striking contrast, are tall, sturdy, and independent; fair-skinned, and often with blue eyes and yellow hair. They dress much like their original neighbours in Southern Russia: baggy breeches and high boots; long belted tunics and fur caps. They are Moslems who took refuge in Turkey after 1877, and were settled in the Hauran by the Turks and given land and protected. Hence they are hated and feared by the Arab tribes surrounding them. Their young men enlist freely in the Turkish cavalry but make poor soldiers. There were some three thousand cavalry in the neighbourhood of El Kuneitra when we were held up at Jisr Benat Yakub, and had they had the pluck to come down and assist the Turks, matters would have been much more difficult for us. They were, however, altogether demoralized by the defeat of their protectors, and deserted wholesale to their own villages, burying their rifles and throwing away their uniforms. One of the largest of their villages, Ayun Es Suwan, stands near the road at the top of the watershed. As we neared it white flags were seen to be flying from many of the houses, and a deputation of elders came out to meet us and make submission. They were in a pitiable state of fright, not alone for fear of what we might do to them, but because they realized that their past arrogance towards the wild Arabs surrounding them was likely to meet with a grim reward now that the protection of the Turks was withdrawn.

As they had always fought against us it was necessary to treat them still as potential enemies, and so they were told that we wished to leave them in peace, but that if there was any sniping from this village, or other hostile act, the offenders would be shot and the village burnt. It was an entirely empty threat, at least as regards the second part, for we had neither the power nor any desire to burn villages, but it had the desired effect. One could almost hear their knees rattling as they volubly protested their peaceable intentions.

Having secured our rear by this amiable piece of bluff, we moved on to El Kuneitra, which we reached about three in the afternoon. Just outside the village one of our flanking patrols rounded up and brought in a small band of most villainous-looking Arabs—dark-skinned Druses of the Hauran, hatchet-faced and hawk-nosed, with wild eyes and long hair hanging in greasy black ringlets in front of their ears. They were all armed to the teeth, and looked as though they would kill any one for mere pleasure. However, they protested that they were "Sauwa—Sauwa esh Sherif"—on the side of the Sherif (of Mecca)—and gave a detailed description of what they would do to the Turks when they caught them, accompanied by gestures that made one's blood run cold. As they were "allies" of our Allies, we had to let them go.

This was our first encounter with this interesting race on the warpath, but we were to meet many more of them in Damascus later on. There are still about fifty thousand of them in Lebanon, but the migration to the Eastern Hauran, which began early in the eighteenth century and was increased by the repressive measures following the massacres of 1860, has gone on steadily ever since, and their numbers in the Lebanon are dwindling. They are ignorant and truculent, but stout fighters, and the Turks have never been able to exercise much more than a nominal control over them—in the Hauran at any rate. They revolted once before during the war, but on that occasion we could give them no help, and the Turks suppressed the rebellion and killed many of them. They are probably only partly Arab by race, and they hate the Arabs as cordially as they do the Turks; but they have a curious traditional sympathy with the British, dating back to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Their religion, part Christian, part Moslem, part Pagan, shuts them off from all the other inhabitants of Syria, probably the most bigoted and fanatical in the world. Of Christians, Greek Orthodox and Latin ; of Moslems, Sunni and Shia and Ismailiyah ; of Jews, the Samaritans and other indigenous Jews and the modern Zionists.

Each of them hates all the others and welcomes every opportunity to persecute them; but most of all, each sect hates the other sects of its own religion.

From a little distance Kuneitra is picturesque. The houses are built of black basalt, many of them without mortar, but strongly made and weather-proof. All have red-tiled roofs and are bowered in fruit-trees. It is disappointing when one enters it, however, and, except for the red roofs, reminds one strongly of a modern Lowland Scots village—the same broad, straight streets and narrow, dirty sidewalks; houses all of the same pattern, one story high, stone-built, uncompromisingly square and symmetrical, drab and depressing.

The little town appeared to be deserted till we came to the centre, where we found most of the inhabitants huddled together round the local ulema, who waved aloft an immense white flag. As at Ayun Es Suwan, white flags were also displayed on the mosque and on all the principal houses. Nothing would induce the ulema to relinquish his flag or the people to leave its protecting shadow, till at last some one induced our general to pose for his photograph beside the flag-bearer, with the townspeople grouped around. There was a good deal of laughter and chaff while this was being done, and this seemed to reassure them, for shortly afterwards they began shyly to mix with our men, and presently returned to their houses.

We found that our "Allies" the Druses had already raided the town and carried off a considerable quantity of loot.

It was decided that the cavalry should make the last march to Damascus, about forty-two miles, at night, so as to arrive on the outskirts of the city about dawn on the 30th, so we had a welcome twenty-four hours' rest at Kuneitra. The draught-horses especially needed it after their long pull.

The division was under way again at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th and entered the land of Bashan.

In the morning a German aeroplane had flown over us at a great height and dropped a couple of bombs, which fell very wide of their mark and did no damage. Two had been over the morning before, just as we were leaving the Jordan, and dropped a few bombs. Our planes had chased these and bagged one of them. They were about the first enemy planes we had seen since the operations commenced. Nearly all had been captured by our cavalry, burnt by the enemy, or shot down by our chaser-planes.

Two of our armoured cars went on ahead, and returned, just as we were starting, to report a force of the enemy holding a position astride the road about ten miles farther on. A regiment pushed on to reconnoitre, but found the enemy too strong to be tackled without assistance. They had chosen their position well, where there was a bog of unknown extent on the west of the road and very rocky hills on the east, quite impassable for cavalry.

The head of our column neared the position just before dark. Horses were watered in a stream which crossed the road about two miles south of the position, and two regiments went forward in the dark, dismounted, to turn the enemy's left flank, while a squadron remained mounted ready to gallop down the road as soon as they were dislodged and cut off their retreat.

Till night fell the enemy had kept up a brisk fire from his guns and machine-guns at our advanced patrols, but after dark all firing ceased, and the night seemed uncannily quiet as we sat on the road waiting for the signal that would tell us that our troops were round the enemy's flank. The country was exceedingly difficult even in daylight, and the utter darkness added to the trials of the attackers. At last, however, away to the right and behind the enemy's position, a Very light soared into the air. Immediately, the enemy opened a burst of machine-gun fire that sounded hysterical—as, indeed, it probably was. Then, more to the left and much nearer, another flare shot up, followed by more firing, and now we could distinguish the sounds of our own rifles. There was some shouting and a faint cheer, cut off short by a gust of wind, and then two coloured lights showed us that the position had been rushed. The waiting squadron galloped down the road, chancing obstacles, and were in time to intercept the retreating enemy, who dispersed into the rocky, desert country to the south and were gathered in after daylight by the division following us.

The delay had been considerable, and it was within an hour of daylight when we resumed the march. We had captured rather over one hundred prisoners, and after daybreak rounded up many more stragglers, including a body of about one hundred and fifty Germans, who had retired before our cavalry galloped down the road.

Daybreak found us at Sasa, only a little over half-way to Damascus. We made a short halt here to water and feed horse and man, and so were able to see a little of the village, but it is interesting only from the outside. It is built in the form of a square, completely surrounded by an old wall of well-cut white stone in excellent preservation. There are flanking towers at each corner and curious double gates in the middle of the north and the south walls. The natives drive all their stock inside the walls each night and shut and bar the gates. Even so, occasional raids are made by their wild neighbours, who attempt to penetrate the fort by the use of scaling-ladders in good old-fashioned style, and there ensues a happy scrap in the darkness, with much cursing and little bloodshed.

Looking back after we had left the village a mile or so behind, its white walls showed up vividly against the bleak background of grey rock and dead brown earth.

It was a lovely morning, fresh and cool as one of spring in England. There were light clouds in the sky to the east, and their shadows were chasing one another over the great shoulders of Hermon, away to the left of our road. He had been out of sight from the time we left Tiberias till we topped the watershed near Kuneitra. Then he burst upon us suddenly, near and sharp against the sky. Not one mountain, but a great, jagged, tumbled range of bare rock, brown and red, with long zigzag, purple gashes down the sides, where run the deep ravines whose waters feed the three rivers of Bashan, the Nahr El Awaj (the river Pharpar of the Bible), the Nahr Barbar, and the Nahr El Mughaniye. Thereafter he was to be our companion, looking down on us from the north, all the way into Damascus.

The day before, our aeroplanes had reported the enemy to be holding a line of previously prepared trenches astride the road and some ten miles south-west of Damascus. At eight o'clock this morning our advanced troops reported him to be still there and apparently in strength. The trenches stretched in a broken line for some fifteen miles south and west of the Plain of Damascus, but only the west portion appeared to be occupied. There was a great deal of the same hysterical and wasteful machine-gun fire that we had met at Sasa the previous evening. The demoralization of the enemy was apparent from this extravagant use of ammunition against a handful of scouts. Two of our horse-artillery batteries at once bumped into action in the open and opened fire on the enemy trenches and machine-guns, which latter had been placed in very obvious positions and were at once located by our scouts. After a short bombardment two regiments of cavalry drew swords and cantered out into the open, in extended order, towards the positions, under the barrage of the guns. This sight, coming on top of the vigorous shelling they had received, was too much for the shattered nerves of the Turks, and many of them broke and fled in panic; the remainder surrendered when the cavalry charged the position.

It had been a pretty sight, and reminded one strongly of old pictures of battles of fifty or more years ago: the white-and-black puffs of our shells bursting all along the low ridge in front, and, cantering towards them, the long lines of cavalry, their swords glittering in the sunlight. It only needed red coats, and a general in the foreground with a cocked hat and an unnatural horse, to complete the picture.

While this little scene was being enacted by the leading brigade of the division, another brigade was pushing along the foot-hills to the west to get astride of the road and railway to Beirut. Our orders were to close this road and the one to Aleppo, the only two exits from the city to the north. The division that had been following us since we left Nazareth was to move round the east side of the city, and a third, coming from Deraa Junction in the south, was to close the southern exits—the theory being that when it was thus surrounded the town would surrender peacefully. Unfortunately, the theory could not take into account the unknown difficulties of the country, and it was not till late in the afternoon that the road and railway to Beirut were closed by our troops. They were in time, however, to stop and turn back, in a very terrible manner, the crowd of fugitives attempting to escape that way. The Aleppo road was not reached till early on the following morning, when the pursuit was taken up and carried northwards for about fifteen miles and several thousand prisoners were taken. The brigade that did this at one point galloped six miles across an open plain to cut off a column attempting to escape to the north-east, and at the end of their gallop charged the column with the sword, killing many and capturing fifteen hundred prisoners. Surely a record cavalry charge in its way.

The enemy attempted one last stand outside the suburb of El Mezze at the western end of the city. He had some mountain guns and a number of machine-guns here, and our own guns were in action again. However, the brigade that was moving through the foot-hills on the west turned his right flank, and after a short resistance he retired precipitately, once more leaving his guns and machine-guns behind. In an enemy document captured subsequently it was stated that "bitter fighting" had taken place here!

The road and railway to Beirut run side by side out of Damascus, following the course of the Nahr El Barada, the River Abana of the Bible, through a deep, precipitous gorge. The brigade detailed to close this route reached the top of the cliffs at the south side of the gorge about four o'clock in the afternoon and looked down upon a terrible sight.

A dense, struggling mass of fugitives, on foot, on horseback, in carts and carriages and motors, surged along the road and railway; dead to all sense of discipline or courage, deaf to the cries of their wounded comrades trampled savagely underfoot, driven onwards by the one blind instinct of flight—flight anywhere, in any direction, from the long, sharp swords and wild horses of the "Devil Horsemen." * In the midst of it all a train, completely blocked by the human tide surging round it, whistled despairingly.

It was impossible for man or horse to descend the sides of the

---

* The Turk's name for the Australian cavalry.

gorge to reach the road, but the waves of fugitives had to be stopped somehow and turned back into the city. The machine-guns were turned on to the head of the column.

The scene that followed is not to be described. Those in front tried frantically to turn back, but were continually pushed forward into the shambles by the pressure of the wild mob behind. At last the fear-darkened minds began dimly to realize that the way was barred. The column was turned, and the miserable fugitives struggled and fought their way back into the city, to be collected there during the next few days to the number of nearly twelve thousand.

The track of a routed army must always be terrible, but the gorge of the Barada, as it was that day, will live in the memories of those who had to see it during their lives. Great carnage in a hard-fought battle is an awful sight, but there is a certain nobility about it. This was a hideous, unclean mess. The faces of the dead were *frightened*. One wonders if the German prisoners who spent many days clearing that dreadful road ever reflected that it was the ambition of their rulers that had brought this terrible fate upon the unhappy Turks.

The following day, returning from a fruitless attempt to find a way for our guns along the gorge, I passed the long column of prisoners being brought out of the town to a concentration area that had been formed in the desert-ground to the west. They were going in the opposite direction to me, so that I saw their faces as I rode for nearly an hour past them. They were the faces of idiots. Vacant eyes stared fixedly ahead, carrying no impressions to the paralysed brains. They moved like men walking in their sleep, but stumbling, each one following those in front of him mechanically. These were the remnants of the Turkish 4th and part of the 7th Armies, who were defeated east of Jordan and driven northwards. For over one hundred miles they had struggled on, driven by our cavalry, bombed day and night by aeroplanes, harried without ceasing by the Arab army. Racked with disease, without sleep or rest or food, they had reached Damascus at last, only to find fresh cavalry on their heels; and, carrying with them the reinforcements that had come from Beirut and Aleppo, they stumbled into the Barada gorge, and there their long agony ended horribly.

Of the seven thousand odd that I passed that day, over six hundred fell by the roadside in the short two miles from the centre of the town to the concentration area. All night long our ambulances worked among them, but they could not cope with the numbers, and by morning many of them were dead. They could not be left in the city as it was overrun with savage Druses and other hostile Arabs, who had already killed many of them.

These Arabs, who joined the Standard of King Hussein of the Hedjaz on his march to Damascus, caused us much trouble. Many of them, especially the Druses, came chiefly for the sake of plunder, and on entering the city were at once joined by every blackguard in the place, including all the convicts in the jail, which some one had opened. Turkish rifles and ammunition were to be had everywhere for the trouble of picking them up, and very soon bands of these desperadoes began looting right and left. They also broke into one of the Turkish hospitals and set about murdering the sick and wounded there, till a gigantic Australian, armed only with a billet of wood hastily snatched up, cleared the cowardly scoundrels out of the place. On October 1 the Emir Faisal, son of King Hussein and commander of his army, entered the city at the head of a detachment of his troops, and was received with acclamation by the Arabic population.

Damascus is an Arab, and particularly a Bedouin, city. Four-fifths of the population are Arab Moslems, and from the time of Mohammed the place has been the political centre of the Arab world, constantly both reinforced and kept at the same level of civilization by intercourse with the Desert, whose ways all lead ultimately to the gates of Damascus. The dream of an independent Arab State, with its capital in the City of Delight, has long held the imagination of the untamed tribes of the desert, as of their brothers in the city, and the dream has now at last come true.

Under wise and firm supervision by one of the Great Powers the new State may become permanent; without such supervision it will not endure two years. The Arabs are intensely particularist and impatient of all control. Even their own sheikhs exercise little more than nominal leadership. Tribe wars with tribe, sect with sect, and the Druses with everybody. The desert Arab pays no taxes and understands no law save the primitive code of an eye for an eye, which he enforces personally upon the body of his enemy. In Damascus itself, though the great bulk of the population is Arab and Moslem, practically all the trade is in the hands of Syrian Christians, Jews, and foreigners. These three regard the probably fanatical rule of the Moslem Arab with the deepest apprehension. "Why," they asked us in the first days of disorder, "did you drive out the Turks only to deliver us to the Arabs, who are savages?" Their claims must be taken into account, not alone for themselves, but to save the chief city of Syria from death. The problem of the Arab kingdom will have to be tackled at once, or disaster will follow swiftly on the heels of triumph.

On October 2 took place the last scene of the relief of Damascus. Detachments from each regiment of the three cavalry divisions and a battery from each division, starting at the village of Sbeine, at the south end of the city, marched through Damascus from end to end, the object being both to impress the population and to overawe the bad characters in the place. It seemed to have the desired effect, for the town became quiet after that and looting ceased, though up to the time we left, nearly a month later, occasional rifle-shots were to be heard throughout the night.

And so ended the greatest cavalry operations, and perhaps the most complete victory, in history. Of the 100,000 Turkish troops south of, and including, Damascus and Beirut, about 85,000 were taken prisoners. Some 10,000 are estimated to have been killed or to have died, and perhaps 5000 escaped. Of these last, 3000 were Germans and the remainder Turks. Many of these, worn out and diseased, are known to have died since, and the few survivors were broken in spirit and utterly useless for further fighting.

R. M. Preston

THE PROBLEM OF RAILWAY RECONSTRUCTION *

THE young men, says the prophet Joel, shall see visions and the old men shall dream dreams. Being an old man I propose to dream a dream. There is left to the young men the vision of its fulfilment. Thirty years ago I was invited to set out, on behalf of the English railway companies, the reasons why our railway rates were high. To answer the question I went to America, where rates were low. And the answer, as I saw it, was this: "The Englishman persists in regarding the railway train as a slightly magnified carrier's cart. The American does his business in carloads." A generation has passed since then. The American car has increased in capacity from thirty to fifty tons—for coal to one hundred tons; the American train-load has grown from one thousand to three thousand tons. And we, in England, still cart about our goods and even our coal in toy ten-ton trucks; our carrier's cart—the train—is only slightly more magnified. My dream is that the next ten years may see the end of the carrier's cart, our out-of-date methods and machinery scrapped, and English railwaymen once more, as in the early days, leading the world in the science of railway operation.

Before we start to dream dreams of the future, let us consider the cold facts of the present. The railway machine is out of joint, not only on the financial, but on the operating side. The nation is subsidizing the railway undertakings to the tune of, it is said, £60,000,000 per annum; and, even so, the work is not being adequately performed, and the trade of the country is suffering seriously. Yet five years ago the companies were moderately prosperous, returning something over 4 per cent. to their proprietors; and the service they gave to the public—costly though it might be—was, on the whole, the best in the world. Even during the war the companies paid their way, and were no burden upon the Exchequer—for the value of free Government carriage roughly balanced their guaranteed income—and though their public service was much curtailed, it was better than in any other belligerent country.

How explain the collapse, both in finance and in service, on the return of peace? The causes are partly of a temporary and partly of a permanent nature. To deal with the traffic situation first. The war upset completely the old-established course of trade. It put a stop to a large portion of the old trade in small con-

---

* Read before the Economic Section of the British Association, Bournemouth, September 10, 1919.

signments, substituting, before the end, a vastly greater volume of trade, directly or indirectly on Government account, in wholesale quantities, truck-loads and often train-loads. But this new trade only grew gradually—the direct Government trade was £10,000,000 in 1915, £20,000,000 in 1916, and £42,000,000 in 1918. And as it grew it wore its own channels. It was comparatively easy to handle, whether it was internal or import or export, just because it was in wholesale quantities, largely between comparatively few definite points, and mainly for a single consignor or consignee, the Government. Only so can we explain the fact that the traffic was actually handled by a staff reduced in number by perhaps 20 per cent., and further weakened by the withdrawal of its youngest and most vigorous members. It is because, now that peace is here, old-time methods are returning that the cry of congestion goes up.

There is a famine in rolling stock, and we have been invited, by the Minister hitherto responsible, to believe that a main cause is that some thirty thousand trucks and some five hundred engines—roughly 2 per cent. of the total stock—have not yet returned from France. But there is many times 2 per cent. difference in carrying capacity when trucks, that have till now been fully loaded with war material, are brought back to the old carrier's cart work, and loaded with two or three tons of miscellaneous small consignments. And the consignments are actually smaller and more miscellaneous than in pre-war days. For, owing partly to shortages of supplies, partly to uncertainty as to future prices, partly to Government restriction, stuff such as sugar and flour, that merchants used to buy wholesale, is now being dealt with in smaller quantities than ever. Not only do the trucks carry less, but they take far longer to load and unload ; and the effective work of the engines hauling the trains is reduced in the same proportion. This is not, of course, the only cause of the congestion. For one thing, whatever may be the case in repetition factory-work, when the hours of men employed as drivers and firemen and guards and loaders are reduced from ten to eight, the work they get through in a day is reduced in the same proportion. For another thing, constant labour disputes, now at the collieries, now at the docks, or on shipboard, and occasionally on the railways themselves, upset the steady flow of traffic and produce disturbances far beyond the local points directly affected. Then there is the special question of coastwise shipping, which cannot win back its normal customers because, being unsubsidized, it has to double its rates to meet its increased expenses, while the rates on the subsidized railways—thanks to the want of foresight of those responsible—still remain at the pre-war level. Of course this topsy-turvy situation cannot last, and still less the Alice-in-Wonderland method of dealing with it just introduced, by which the Exchequer bribes the trader to send his traffic by the route which charges the highest rates.

This brings us to the second point—the financial situation. During the war, as I have said, the railways paid their way. Even in 1918, though wages had been greatly increased, they came out practically even. But for the financial year ending April 1920, the Teasury has estimated for a deficit of £60,000,000. Of this, roughly, £48,000,000 represents the income guaranteed to the shareholders. The balance of £12,000,000 is the sum by which the total receipts fall short of covering the actual working expenses. In 1913 the gross traffic receipts were £119,000,000, and £75,000,000 were spent to earn it, leaving £44,000,000 net. For the current year the estimate is: receipts, say, £172,000,000, expenses £184,000,000; deficit £12,000,000. Enhanced cost of materials, especially coal, accounts for about £30,000,000 of the increased expenditure; the balance goes in wages. Before the war the wages bill was £47,000,000. To-day it is over £120,000,000. And the bulk of the increase has occurred in the last twelve months. Before the war the railway employee received, on the average, 28s. 9d. for a sixty-hour week, and was probably underpaid as compared with similar work outside. To-day the average is probably nearer £4 than £3 10s. for a forty-eight hour week. The percentage of increase in wages is certainly greater than the increase in the cost of living, and is probably greater than that obtained in comparable work outside the railway service. The improvement in the railwaymen's position, great though it is, is none too great. Though the percentage increase is greater, the gross amount of the increase is a good deal less than the railwaymen of the United States have obtained in the same period. And in the States wages started at a much higher level, and the rise in the cost of living has been less than here. But however much justification there may be for the increase of railway wages, there is no justification for paying them out of general taxation. In a new country that has to be opened up, there is much to be said for the Government subsidizing railways which will not pay at the outset, and debiting the cost against the general development of the country. But no one has seriously argued that, in this old settled land, railways can permanently continue as a parasitic—they are certainly not an infant—industry.

The size of the reconstruction problem before us, then, is measured in money, a gap of £60,000,000 per annum between receipts and expenses, which has to be filled up. Dealing first with receipts, they may be increased either by increase in volume of traffic, or by advance in the rates charged. In the volume of traffic we shall, doubtless, have both increases and decreases.

The coal output is down at present, say, 70,000,000, or 25 per cent. It is hardly likely to recover to the pre-war standard; not only are miners not producing, but consumers at home are learning to economize, and consumers abroad are learning to draw on foreign supplies. And further, the system of districting supplies, though it does not reduce the amount carried, does reduce the length of haul, and, consequently, railway receipts. On the other hand, there is every reason to hope that the output of manufactured goods will be increased. We have increased our steel-making plant 30 per cent. The vast new factories, filled with the latest machinery, will hardly be left idle. A better-paid population will consume more, both of food and manufactured articles. And all this means more imports, and more products, both for home consumption and for export. On the other hand, once again, the abolition of competition will tend to result in traffic following the shortest route, both in internal trade and to and from the ports, with a consequent reduction in length of haul. On the whole, I see no prospect of any considerable increase in the volume of goods traffic reckoned in ton-mile units—that is, in weight multiplied by length of haul—in the near future. Passengers are a different matter. Owing to the general effect of the abolition of cheap fares, other than season and workmen's tickets, at the outset of the war, and the increase of 50 per cent. in ordinary fares in January 1917, the average passenger is probably paying double what he paid five years ago. And yet the volume of traffic is not only not falling off, but is actually, at the present time, increasing. It is not likely to diminish. Many millions, not only of soldiers, but of war-workers of all kinds, have acquired the travel habit. With better wages, shorter hours, and annual holidays on full pay, they are not likely to unlearn it. On the whole it would not be safe, however, to expect any important increase in revenue from increased traffic.

On the revenue side it becomes, then, a question of increasing rates and fares. Of increasing passenger fares it is useless to talk. Indeed, the temper of the House of Commons and the public being what it is, it is more than questionable whether the whole of the existing increases can be permanently maintained. Passenger fares touch everybody, and are paid in spot cash. Democratic Governments controlling railways always tend—Belgium is, perhaps, the most conspicuous instance—to favour passenger fares at the expense of goods rates. Manufacturers and traders, of course, protest against an increase in goods rates. But they are few, and even they do not protest too loudly provided their rivals are in a like case, for they know that, in the long run, they can pass the charge on to the consumer, even sometimes with a bonus addition. England is almost the only country in the world where goods rates have not been raised—in most cases very substantially raised—since 1913. We may take it for granted that trade will have to stand, and can stand, considerable increase in rates. Goods traffic in 1913 brought in some £68,000,000. An all-round increase of 40 per cent., which is the amount put on in the United States since June 1918, would—assuming the volume of traffic not to be affected—bring in £27,000,000, and wipe off nearly half the deficit at one blow.

Is any such increase practically possible? I greatly doubt it. That, in the form of a flat percentage of this amount, it is impossible as a permanent policy, I am quite sure. At the present moment, with the world crying out for goods, anything is possible. On coal selling at 30s. at the pithead, and greedily bought on the Continent at any price from £5 a ton upwards, an increased rate of 10d. a ton; on manufactured iron at £15 a ton, an increased rate of 2s., may be negligible. When a suit of clothes is charged for at £14 14s., and a pair of boots at £5 5s., an extra rate of ½d., at the outside, for the carriage of the cloth or the leather, would hardly reach the ultimate consumer; and so on. Looking farther ahead, it is useless to try and guess either how much freight rates will be raised in other competing countries, or what will be, when things settle down again, the value of £1 sterling, reckoned in commodities. The only thing to do is to take the pre-war situation as a basis. Even here, when we try to estimate what English traders had to pay in comparison with the foreign traders, with whom they successfully competed, we are handicapped by two things. In the first place, we do not know what they did pay, as the public and the Board of Trade have hitherto been content to acquiesce in the ignorance to which the railway companies have obstinately condemned them. In the second place, conditions of carriage, size of consignment, speed of carriage, length of haul, and so forth, have been so different here from those existing in other countries that a comparison on all fours is impossible. That English rates per ton per mile are, on the average, higher than those abroad is, I think, certain. If the carrier's cart charge had not been pretty stiff, the carrier would have had to go out of business long ago.

Still, though statistical comparisons are impossible, certain broad statements can be made with fair certainty that they are correct. That "English goods rates are the highest in the world" is an assertion so commonly made that the ordinary English trader takes it for gospel. It is quite true in some, perhaps in many, cases. But it is equally true that other English rates are the lowest in the world. To give instances of each class: the rate for coal to London, for an average distance of, say, one hundred and fifty miles, is over 7s. The rate from the Pittsburg coalfield to New

York, three times the distance, is considerably less. On the other hand, there are millions of tons of coal on which the English rate is 6d. or less. Or again, take charges for agricultural produce. The English rate for a ton of wheat averages probably over 1d. a mile. It is safe to say that the American railway charge for four miles, and the French and German charge for two miles, would be about the same. On the other hand, the Great Eastern did for many years, and as far as I know still does, bring a package of farm or garden produce, weighing 20 lb., from East Anglia to London, and deliver it at the customer's door in the West End for an inclusive charge of 4d. The parcel post rate was 4d. and is now 6d. for a single pound.

I do not suggest that these isolated instances prove anything. I have given them as examples of the underlying principles of English rate-making, which I generalize as follows: There is less difference in England than in other countries between the rates for high-class and low-class commodities; less difference between the rates for large and small consignments; and a less steep reduction in the charge per mile as the mileage increases. The cumulative effect of these three principles may be exemplified by the statement that, whereas the highest rate per ton per mile is in England about six or seven times the lowest, in Germany the ratio is about thirteen to one. The practical deduction from this is of the first importance. The lowest rates are those charged upon bulk traffic of small value in proportion to weight, such as coal and iron ore. The highest rates are on articles whose selling value is reckoned not in shillings per ton but in shillings per lb. And while the rate on the low-priced freight may well be 20, 30, or 50 per cent. of its value, the rate on the high-class stuff amounts only to a fractional and negligible percentage. Now, if I am right that, judging by the practice of other countries, England has, except for very short distances, charged too much on low-priced commodities, and, on the other hand, let off high-priced articles too easily, two consequences follow, both of great importance, the one for the trade of the country, the other in the interest of the railway budget. If the railways have hitherto raised too large a proportion of their income from bulk freight, we must not further handicap our trade by imposing an unduly heavy burden of increase upon these commodities. Unfortunately it is, however, from the heavy commodities that the bulk of the freight revenue comes in every country. Minerals alone account for nearly half our goods-train receipts. If we add in with the minerals the traffic in other bulk commodities, bricks, heavy iron, rough chemicals, grain and roots, timber, and so forth, the receipts accruing from merchandise proper are a good deal less than half. In other words, if my diagnosis of the situation is correct, the field on which any drastic increase of railway rates can operate—I am speaking of a permanent, not of a temporary policy—is greatly narrowed. When English trade has again to face foreign competition, coal and bulk articles, speaking generally, will not be found able to bear any serious increase. Substantial advances can only be imposed upon valuable traffic in high-class commodities, and the tonnage of these articles is, and always must be—however unfortunate this may be from the railway point of view—comparatively small. As I have said earlier in this paper, a flat increase of 40 per cent. on goods traffic would bring in £27,000,000 in new revenue. To obtain this it would, I think, be necessary to impose an increase of more like 100 per cent. on such of the traffic as alone could permanently bear the rate.

However this may be, it is abundantly clear that it will be impossible to establish financial equilibrium merely by increasing rates. Drastic economies in operating expenses are essential. Such economies as are purely internal—saving of man-power by the introduction of more and better mechanical appliances in goods sheds, by automatic signalling at wayside boxes, standardization of loading gauge, of equipment, and of permanent-way material, concentration of construction and repair in a few well-situated shops—this is not the place to discuss. But by the economies, which I may call external, the public must be considerably and unpleasantly affected. Passenger trains will have to be fewer, heavier, calling at more stations, and therefore slower, and filled, Continental fashion, to the last seat. Unimportant stations and branches will be opened later and closed earlier, to fit in with the eight-hour day, even if they are not abandoned entirely. In a word, as compared with the pre-war period, the passenger will pay much more and get in return an inferior service. The prospect is uninviting. But the alternative, of meeting the railway deficit out of income-tax, is even less inviting. As for the trader, he must bid a fond farewell to the carrier's cart, or, if he insists on using it, be prepared to pay smartly for the privilege. In Germany a consignment of less than five tons pays a rate almost double that charged on the same commodities in ten-ton lots. And this is for Continental speed of carriage, say four days as a minimum. If the time of delivery is halved, the charge is doubled. If the four days are reduced to one, the charge is doubled again. All over the Continent the principle is established that *grande vitesse* pays double the normal rates. In America the traffic requiring quick delivery is handled by express companies, who have their own organization, hire passenger-train vehicles from the railways, and make their own charges, which are very much higher than the ordinary freight rates. In my opinion we shall have to come to some similar system here. And in this connexion it is natural to ask whether the system under which the railway companies and the Post Office compete with each other for parcel traffic has any economic justification. It would certainly be businesslike and would save money if all parcels—perhaps excepting perishables—up to, say, 14 lb., were dealt with by the Post Office, and parcels above that weight were left to the railways.

We come, lastly, to the most serious matter of all, the organization of the general goods traffic of the country. It is clear that the existing system must be drastically revised, that the English trader must be taught, by a steep difference in rates, to imitate his German competitor, who sends 95 per cent. of his business in car-load quantities. Whether for merchandize traffic the small English truck will persist, I know not. But at least it must be filled, and not run two-thirds empty, as at present; and when the trucks are filled, they must wait till enough of them have accumulated to make a decent train-load, so as to utilize the full capacity of the engine. We cannot afford any longer to run goods about the country at express speed. That for mineral traffic big trucks have got to come I have no doubt. Whether they will be of twenty-, thirty-, or fifty-ton capacity—they run fifty-ton trucks on the narrow-gauge railways in South Africa—must be settled by the experts on balance of all the arguments pro and con. And this will imply a wholesale reconstruction and reorganization of the colliery screens, the dock-tips, and the works-sidings all over the country. I foresee a universal outcry and a storm of indignant protest. But the thing is inevitable. I must not carry the question into further detail. But one word in conclusion. A deficit of £60,000,000, say an extra 1s. 6d. on the income-tax, is a serious matter. We need a revolution to get rid of it. And revolutions are not made with rose-water. The reception of the Transport Bill by Parliament and the Press seems to show that the public do not grasp the seriousness of the situation. A strong man with a free hand is needed to deal with it. Parliament has thought fit to create a network of Committees and appeals to the Railway Commission. This may mean obstruction. It must mean delay. I cannot believe that, if the public can be brought to realize the urgency of the question, they will tolerate any delay not absolutely unavoidable, or any paltering with palliatives when an honest diagnosis indicates the necessity of a major surgical operation.

Meanwhile let me call attention to one thing. The need for an immediate increase of goods rates has been evident for many months. The Transport Bill was brought in last March. It gave the new Minister unrestricted power to raise rates forthwith. Parliament debated the matter for five months. Members, traders, and the Press combined to clamour against a railway autocracy. The Act, as at length passed, provides that, till an advisory committee has been constituted by an elaborate process, has met, has heard evidence, has discussed, and reported, no rate shall be raised. Personally I cannot see that action is possible before next year. And all the time a deficit of £5,000,000 a month—equal to 1s. 6d. income-tax—is running up against the Exchequer, and the trade of the country is suffering grievously. There are situations in which the appointment of a dictator, *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*, is desirable. And this, in my judgment, is one of them.

W. M. Acworth

A MILITARY APPRECIATION OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

The course of the Civil War in Russia, since the seizure of power by the Bolshevik Government, has received very little attention in the Press, much less, in fact, than it merits, either from its intrinsic military interest, or from the immense and far-reaching political issues that depend on its final result. Three reasons may be assigned for this apathy: first and foremost, the natural reaction in military interest since the World War, after which the civil turmoils even of Russia must seem an anti-climax; secondly, the ignorance even of the most enlightened among us concerning that vast country, the interior of which, never visited by ordinary tourists, is as little known as Central Africa; and thirdly, the difficulty, felt alike by Press and public, of sorting out the tangled and conflicting information from all quarters, and of procuring maps on which to follow operations. An attempt, therefore, at a short and clear statement of the course of military events, freed as far as possible from political issues of any sort, may, it is thought, be both interesting and helpful.

Even before the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks the Russian front against Germany had been for all practical purposes dissolved, and the army had dispersed itself throughout the country. Two bodies of troops remained as organized forces, willing neither to surrender to the enemy nor to serve under the new rulers of Russia. The Don Cossacks left the Front and made their way home to their own land, which they prepared to defend against the Red forces, who were gradually and with much difficulty being reconstituted from the wrecks of the old army. Here in the south and south-east, in the area between the Caspian and the Black Sea, they found a nucleus of former army officers who were forming themselves into the Volunteer Army under Alexeieff, and later, after his death, Denikin. The writ of Lenin and Trotsky did not run in these outlying provinces, and the making of an army out of nothing proceeded here unmolested except by local Bolshevik bands.

The other body of troops was the Czecho-Slovak army corps, formed from prisoners of war enlisted to fight on the Russian side, and who now desired to transfer their services to the Western Front. It was arranged that they should be moved half to Vladivostock, half to Archangel, and await transport there, but treachery or powerlessness in Petrograd ordered otherwise; and the Czech rear-guards en route for Siberia were suddenly attacked by Red bands on the Middle Volga, while their centre around

Irkutsk found the railway cut before and behind them. But the Bolsheviks, ill-disciplined and half-trained, were no match for their intended victims; their attacks failed utterly, and by the beginning of July 1918 the Czechs were holding a line along the Volga facing west from Penza to Saratov, and controlled the trans-Siberian railway east to Irkutsk, while their advanced troops were in occupation of Vladivostock. Meanwhile an anti-Bolshevik Government had been set up in Siberia, and the Czechs had agreed to form part of its army, of which, in fact, they were acting as the advance-guard, holding a forward line to allow of other units being formed in the interior of the country.

At the same time the precarious position of that part of the Czech corps echeloned along the Vologda–Archangel railway for transport to the latter port became the partial cause of a new phase in the situation. The Allies, seeing that a German move on Murmansk and Archangel, which the Bolsheviks would be in no position to oppose, would involve the complete destruction of the Czechs, the loss of all the military material collected in the harbour, and the acquisition of a most suitable submarine base, resolved that such a peril must be forestalled. A force was landed on the Murman coast early in July with the double object of preserving the railway from attacks by the Finns, now very much under German influence, and of securing a footing on the North Russian coast before the Germans could do so. On July 31 a revolution took place in Archangel; a new North Russian Government was set up which asked for assistance, and a British contingent was at once landed and occupied a series of positions around Archangel, which have been held substantially unchanged ever since.

At the same time it was decided that Allied troops should be sent to Vladivostock to assist the Czechs in that quarter, and a Japanese contingent, followed by British and Americans, landed early in August 1918. Thanks largely to their moral support and active co-operation, the Siberian forces succeeded in freeing the trans-Siberian from Bolsheviks as far as Irkutsk, and effecting a junction there with the Czechs. It was time, as in European Russia the Red forces were engaged in a vigorous offensive against the Volga line, and were slowly driving the Czechs back to the Urals. The *coup d'état* of Kolchak in November gave a resolute and able leader to the Siberians, and infused such energy into the organization of the new army that before the end of 1918 a very considerable force of new troops was fighting alongside the worn-out Czechs, who had now been forced back by overwhelming numbers to a line east of Perm and Ufa to Orenburg.

Meanwhile the German Government had signed the Armistice of November 11, and in conformity with its terms had commenced to withdraw its troops from West Russia and the Ukraine. The Bolsheviks followed them step by step as they retired. By now the Soviet leaders had been compelled by the hard logic of facts to give up most of their idealistic and unpractical visions of a proletariat army where all rank was abolished, and where the only bond was universal brotherhood and equality, and had fallen back on a system of iron discipline and severe training, which had given them an army of a quality respectable and rapidly improving, though, of course, still somewhat unreliable and unfitted for heavy strain or rapid manœuvres. This army had now to apply itself to the tasks: (1) of occupying the country evacuated by the Germans and dealing with the little Baltic States in the west and the newly formed Ukraine Republic in the south; (2) of throwing back the Czechs beyond the Urals and restoring the authority of Moscow in Siberia; (3) of dispersing the Cossacks and the Volunteer Army in the south-east.

The Soviet leaders, realizing the advantages of their central position as against their numerous but disunited enemies on the outer circumference, resolved to carry out an offensive against their enemies on the west and south fronts, while maintaining a defensive attitude against the small Allied contingent in the north and the as yet unformed Siberian force in the east. In this decision they were no doubt largely actuated by the serious internal situation of Bolshevik Russia, deprived as she was of every outlet to the sea and of her main sources for corn, coal, and raw material for manufactures—necessities which it was hoped to relieve by pushing out to the Baltic and Black Seas, and occupying the Donetz coal and iron district and the rich granary of the Ukraine.

The offensive against the new Baltic States, which began in the first days of 1919, was the less important of these two operations, and absorbed the less numerous and inferior portion of the Red armies. At first it made rapid progress against the ill-equipped and small forces of Esthonia and Latvia; Riga was taken, Reval menaced, and the Baltic coast reached at Windau. But the success was short-lived; the Esthonians, rallied and re-equipped, in a vigorous and skilfully conducted counter-offensive drove the invaders, who at several points displayed deplorable military weakness, beyond their frontiers; while to the south the Letts, accompanied by a German contingent, advanced on Riga, which, however, owing to inexplicable delays on the part of the assailants, was not finally recaptured till the middle of May. Long before this the position in the Baltic States had become stabilized. To the south the Poles, relieving the retiring Germans, had come into line, and in a steady but slow progress pressed the Bolsheviks back to a line running west of Vilna and Lida and the western end of the Pinsk marshes, and here, also in the middle of March 1919, active operations temporarily ceased.

On the Western Front, then, the Bolsheviks had failed; their success in the Ukraine, however, more than compensated for this. Aided largely by the internal dissensions of the Ukrainian leaders, the Soviet troops in two months overran the whole of the country as far south as the Black Sea, compelled the French and Greek troops who had occupied the harbours of Kherson and Nikolaieff to re-embark, and finally laid hands on Odessa. Only the south-west corner of the Ukraine remained to Petliura, the chief anti-Bolshevik leader. The Reds at once set about still further extending their successes; a vigorous attack at the beginning of April overran the Crimea, defended only by a small detachment of the Volunteer Army; a mutiny in the French fleet caused the abandonment of Sebastopol, which the Allies had undertaken to defend; and the Bolsheviks were in occupation of all South Russia west of a line from Moscow to the Sea of Azov.

On the south-east also the Red armies were favoured by fortune. The Cossacks, under Krasnoff at the beginning of 1919, held a line covering the Donetz mineral basin on the north and west, and the line was continued by the Volunteer Army, now under Denikin, facing due east from the middle Volga to the Caucasus Mountains. A brilliant victory by the latter, which routed the Bolsheviks' southern wing and brought the Volunteers' right flank on to the Caspian, was more than counterbalanced by a still greater Red success against the Cossacks' centre on the middle Don. Force and treachery combined to cause the hasty retirement of Krasnoff's men, and their disaster involved both the Volunteer detachment on the north shore of the Sea of Azov and, on the other flank, the left of Denikin's army. By the end of March the Cossacks and Volunteers (both now under Denikin's command) were penned in a small strip of South-East Russia covering Rostov and Ekaterinodar; it was the opinion of good judges that they could now be practically left out of account as a fighting force, and that on this front the Bolsheviks' success had been complete.

Meanwhile serious events elsewhere were distracting the attention of the Soviet authorities. In North Russia, where the Allied contingent maintained a strict defensive, all was quiet; but a new and formidable enemy had arisen beyond the Urals, and it was evident that here the vigorous and energetic leadership of Kolchak had succeeded in making a formidable army out of the population of Siberia. This force had, in the beginning of March, taken the offensive along the whole line. Gaida's Siberian army was now pushing forward along both sides of the Perm–Viatka railway towards Vologda, and farther to the south the Western Army, under Khangin, was advancing on Kazan and Samara, while two bodies of Cossacks in the area north of the Caspian marched against Orenburg and Uralsk. The forces of Kolchak went rapidly forward from success to success; Gaida's centre and left advanced in conjunction with the Western Army, which, after the capture of Ufa, had pushed victoriously onward to within fifty miles of the Volga along a front of over one hundred and fifty miles from the Kama to east of Samara; while to the south Orenburg and Uralsk were closely invested. It was clear that the anti-Bolsheviks had found in Kolchak their chosen champion; his forces were overrunning one of the most fertile districts of Russia—the Volga basin; the populace were flocking to his standard in large numbers as he advanced; and the Soviet leaders decided that his career of conquest must be at once stemmed if Bolshevism were to survive.

The enemy counter-offensive commenced on April 29 against the front of the Western Army. No effort had been spared, no weapon, either material or moral, overlooked, that could make it a success, but even the Red Army leaders themselves must have been amazed at the completeness of their triumph. The front of the Western Army was broken through astride the Ufa-Samara railway at the same moment as a heavy flank attack from the south enveloped its left; and the result was a collapse of the whole of Kolchak's southern wing, which was driven eastward and northward as rapidly as it had advanced; by the end of May it had fallen back one hundred and fifty miles, and had drawn away all the left and centre of Gaida's Army in its train; by the middle of June Ufa had been lost; by the end of June Gaida's whole army had given way, and had been pushed back to the east of Perm. By the end of August the Bolsheviks had forced the Urals, passed the Tobol river, and were less than three hundred miles from Kolchak's capital, Omsk. Practically the whole of Eastern Russia had been recovered from the invaders, who now saw themselves reduced to the defence of Siberia against a superior and triumphant enemy; Kolchak's early victories had been but the prelude to one of the most rapid and startling defeats in all the history of war.

The Bolshevik successes on the Eastern Front had been, however, counterbalanced, and perhaps overweighed, by the unfavourable turn of events in the west and south. On the western side an attack by the newly formed North-Western Army at the end of May advanced to within a few miles of Petrograd, and gave the Reds a bad fright before it was finally checked. The success which attended the Esthonian offensive at the same time proved more lasting; it carried them beyond Pskoff and to within a few miles of Dvinsk, and that it was then halted was due not so much to hostile resistance as to internal dissensions in the Esthonian rear. But the main achievement on the Western Front fell to the Poles in White Russia and Volhynia. A sustained and vigorous attack, commencing in April with the taking of Vilna, has carried the Poles beyond Vileika and Minsk to the line of the Beresina, while to the south of the Pinsk marshes a new advance, begun in August, progressed to within a short distance—as distances go in Russia—from Jitomir and Kiev on the west. To this must be added the efforts of Petliura's Ukrainians, who made an astonishing recovery and once more set about recovering their lost country, capturing Jitomir and entering Kiev in conjunction with Denikin early in September. Their task was facilitated by the fact that, ever since the early summer, the Ukraine has been a ferment of anti-Bolshevik risings, led by Grigorieff, the captor of Odessa, Zeleni, Makhno, and other guerilla leaders, who had fully employed the energies of a large number of Red troops, which were more and more needed on the main fighting fronts; and there is no doubt that whatever may be the final destiny of the Ukrainians, they are all at one in their hatred of and determination to be freed from the rule of Moscow.

The most serious threat to the supremacy of the Reds, however, arose from the Volunteer Army in the south-east. Newly equipped and armed by the Allies, this army had been quietly and systematically preparing all the spring for the great offensive timed for the third week in May. On the appointed day the assault was delivered on the shores of Lake Manich, between the Lower Don and the Caspian, and resulted in a complete break through with a haul of twenty-five thousand prisoners and one hundred and twenty-five guns. The attack was taken up by the whole Volunteer line from right to left, and success after success was reported in every part of the front. While the right wing marched on and seized Tsaritsin and Kamishin and pressed forward towards Saratov, the centre cut its way northward to the Middle Don, joined up with a band of rebel Cossacks, and was only brought to a stand within a short distance of Voronej and Kursk; Kharkov, the fifth largest city in Russia, fell to the Volunteer cavalry, who entered amid the wildest popular enthusiasm; and Denikin's left wing swept along the Azov coast, cleared the Crimea, Kherson, and Nikolaieff, reached and passed the Dnieper, occupied Poltava, and, finally, liberated Odessa and Kiev, thus eliminating the last Bolshevik hold on the Black Sea coast. The rapidity and sustained energy of the Volunteer advance almost takes one's breath away; and it is not surprising that for the present Denikin's energies are directed more to consolidating his gains than to extending them, and that in the Volga valley and on the middle Don the Reds, by concentrating large forces, have wrested back some of the ground overrun in the first victorious rush of the Volunteer Army, who, however, have given up no point of any real strategic importance.

The position of the Bolsheviks may therefore be said to be as under: On the East they have gained such a series of victories as must rid them for some time to come of anxiety with regard to Kolchak, who has at his disposal the greatest resources in natural wealth and man-power, and who has been recognized by all the anti-Bolshevik Parties as the Supreme Ruler of Russia.

In the West, however, the position is less favourable; the Baltic States have established their independence, and are even threatening Petrograd, while the Poles pressing eastwards, Petliura north-eastwards, and Denikin north-westwards, have united on a line forming a barrier between the unfruitful regions of Central Russia and the fertile Ukraine; while in South and South-East Russia Denikin has shut the Reds off from the outer world, robbed them of their greatest source of mineral supply, and is growing in strength to such a degree that he may soon be in a position to undertake a serious attack on the heart of Soviet Russia.

In the North there is not and never has been any serious danger for the Red forces.

About the internal position of the Bolsheviks there is much dispute; but it must be admitted that they have, in the face of great difficulties and at much cost, succeeded in raising armies which are formidable in many respects. The latest information states that close on five hundred thousand men are being employed on the various fronts alone, while over seven hundred thousand—many probably of little or no military value—are available as reinforcements. Equipment, armament, and munitions are probably available for their needs in sufficient quantity, though their supply must be getting more difficult every month; undue interference by the civil authorities seems to have largely ceased, and a number of trained higher officers are now in charge of the operations of the armies. The main weakness of the Bolsheviks lies in the poor quality of the subordinate commanders and N.C.O.'s, and the uneven discipline of many of their units. Mutiny and insubordination are rife on all fronts, and desertions, not merely of individuals, but of whole regiments, are of constant occurrence. Moreover, the method of requisitioning supplies from occupied territory has aroused among the peasants of all parts of Russia a hatred of the Reds, which flames out frequently into armed resistance, and the chaotic state of internal communications renders any other method of supplying the army's needs impossible. From this it results that the advance guards of the anti-Bolshevik forces are everywhere hailed as liberators, and their ranks are swollen by flocks of recruits smarting under bitter grievances and wrongs suffered at Bolshevik hands.

He would be rash who would venture to prophesy the end of this internecine strife. The failure of Kolchak, the success of Denikin, both alike unexpected and startling even to the best informed, warn us of the difficulties of prophecy. And yet, unless some great and startling revulsion of fortune takes place before next winter, it is not easy to see how Soviet Russia can continue to maintain an effective military resistance. She is ringed round on every side by a circle of implacable enemies; she is cut off, not merely from all intercourse outside her frontiers, but even from the richest portions of her own territory, where lie those resources most essential to the making of a successful war. Food, iron, coal, all are scarce, and growing ever more and more so as the days go on, while the resources of her foes increase in proportion as her own diminish. Finally, she is racked with internal dissensions; her rulers hold power over a half-hearted and disaffected people; her system of government arouses enthusiasm only among a minority; by the mass of the nation it is regarded at best with apathy, at worst with wrath and hatred. All these factors make against the continuance of Bolshevik power; yet the collapse of that power, prophesied confidently and foretold as inevitable now for close on two years, is still delayed. Nothing is inevitable in the affairs of man; and prophecies have a habit of never coming true. Two things can be affirmed with certainty: first, that if we go only by probabilities, this year should see the passing of the present regime in Russia, and a return to a saner and better life for that distracted land; and secondly, that unless and until that result be achieved, Europe will wait in vain for that permanent and enduring peace which she so sorely needs after five years of war's exhaustion and devastation.

E. K. MAHON

THE LABOURER'S COTTAGE

For some time an uneasy feeling has been growing in the rural districts that, whether the towns were going to benefit by the Government housing policy or not, there was not much hope that their difficulties in this matter would be appreciably lessened. Now that figures are being brought to light, that impression is becoming a certainty. The lowest estimates for building a cottage according to the requirements of the Ministry of Health, which has set up a department specially to deal with this subject, range from £750 to £850 for a " parlour house," and from £650 to £700 for one without a parlour. Consider what this means to the agricultural labourer. It is usually stated that house property should pay 10 per cent. on the capital outlay. This is to allow for repairs, rates, depreciation, and unlets—periods between one tenant leaving and his successor entering, and to pay a net 6 per cent. on the money invested. As the interest on " gilt-edged " securities is now 5 per cent., 6 per cent. is probably too little to tempt the investor. It is certainly not profiteering. This is the commercial rent on the cost of building; but it is quite obvious that a rent of £65 to £85 a year is quite out of the labourer's reach.

The Ministry have therefore sent round a circular to local authorities stating that the present cost of building is artificially raised by war conditions, and that they have good reason for thinking that the value of the houses seven years hence, when the adjustment will be made between local authorities and the Treasury, will be about two-thirds what it costs to build them now, and that the rent charged is to be based on this supposition. But £40 a year is hardly a more practical suggestion for a country labourer's rent than £60. His wages, it is true, have doubled, on an average, since pre-war days. But this is four times the rent he has been accustomed to pay. Considerably more than four times what he paid when he lived in a " tied cottage," about four times what he could get a cottage for that did not belong to his employers.

Now, how has this enormous estimate been arrived at ? It seems the plan that was followed was to collect all the most approved theorists on the subject of workmen's dwellings, and they were told to imagine the most perfect workman's house, without any regard to the cost. No doubt it would be expensive, but people weren't to think about that. They were to think in terms of value, not money. What was important was that our heroes were to be well housed, and so on.

But it is no use not thinking about the cost. It never lessens it, and the cost has to be met somehow or other. In this case the labourer cannot meet it. He will not be able to take one of the new cottages except at a grossly uneconomic rent, and the loss on its housing enterprise will be considerably more than the Ministry appear to have reckoned on.

The conduct of Ministers in this matter, as in so many others, resembles that of the extravagant youngster who is determined to enjoy himself, and refrains from thinking of his bills. Now they are somewhat in the position of that same youngster when duns begin to pester him, and they have begun to consider how to reduce their commitments. It is said a ukase has gone forth that only 25 per cent. of the rural cottages are to have parlours. Now the labourers I know have a great fancy for a parlour, so I doubt if the new houses will please them, in spite of the money that is being lavished on them.

It is time, too, that Parliament should consider this question of State-aided houses, and deal comprehensively with it. If it is going to subsidize building it must do it on a large scale. To subsidize a few houses will only deter the private builder from entering into competition, and we shall have fewer and fewer houses built.

Besides, it is a grossly unfair plan. Why should John Smith get a £500 house for the same rent his neighbour, Tom Brown, has to pay for an old £200 one ? Who is to decide who are to be the beneficiaries of these State-subsidized houses ? It will be a valuable piece of patronage, and may be a great asset to the Party managers of the future.

If the State is not going to subsidize houses as a permanent policy, but only as a war-emergency measure, let it say so unmistakably and as soon as possible, as we shall not get the private builder to work unless he feels himself safe from State-aided competition.

MAUD SELBORNE

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD OF METEMMEH

G.C.B., G.C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L.

1846–1919

There are two Englands. One is of the sea and the other of the land. Admiral Lord Beresford is, perhaps, the only great seaman who toiled and fought, commanded men and directed affairs, and took his pleasure in both hemispheres. And here we touch at once the tragedy of his life. Supreme at sea, he brought the tradition of the sea and the seaman's code of honour into the civilian turmoil of warring ambitions, and although he was never defeated (being undefeatable) he was overwhelmed. For the tradition of the sea is, first and last, loyalty; it is compact of an absolute sincerity, the strict fulfilment of duty because it is duty, swift decision, and resolute action. And the seaman's code of honour is the code of chivalry, which is the principle of service, and which survives in the sea services and in the churches. In Beresford's youth, the ideal of public service was still acknowledged among the rulers of England; he lived to see it quite perish, and that was a thing he could never understand. He dealt with authority in high places on the assumption that he was dealing with honourable men; and when he found he was mistaken, what course was left open to him? Clearly none. The ways of the new men were not his ways; their thoughts were not his thoughts; and of using their weapons he was merely incapable.

Beresford first entered Parliament in 1874, as Member for Waterford, after a really glorious Irish election, old style. One night he was stoned in the dark. He relates the incident in his *Memoirs* *: " A large missile caught me behind the ear, knocking me over. Next morning I related the incident to one of my most enthusiastic supporters in the place. ' 'Tis a disgrace,' said I, ' throwing stones in the dark. And as for that boy who made a good shot, if I could get hold of him I would scatter his features.' —' Ye would not,' said he.—' And why wouldn't I ? ' said I.— ' Because,' says he, ' it was myself threw that brick. An' didn't I get ye grand,' says he. ' But ye're not hurted. Sure ye're not hurted, or I wouldn't have told ye aunything about it.' " Well, well. A few months before his death, Lord Beresford suffered from an effusion of blood at the base of the skull, at the spot, as he told the present writer, upon which the stone struck him in 1874.

Beresford was returned in the Conservative interest. During the first debate to which he listened, he became convinced that the

---

* *The Memoirs of Lord Charles Beresford.* London: Methuen.

Opposition speaker was right. "That is the only man who has solved the difficulty, and if he divides I shall vote with him," said Lord Charles Beresford, M.P. And he recalls that "my innocent remark was received with a volley of expostulations. I was told that I had only just joined political life, and that I did not understand it; that the Radical speaker's plan was excellent, but that the other side could not be allowed to take the credit of producing a good scheme, because it would do our side harm in the country; that the scheme would be thrown out for the time, in order that our side might be able, later on, to bring in the same scheme and reap the credit of it, and so forth. 'Well,' I said, 'if this kind of tactics is required in politics, it is no place for me. I had better go back to sea.' Whereupon I was told that I should shake down to political methods when I had been a year or two in the House. But I have spent years in politics, and I have never shaken down to political methods. A thing is either right or wrong. I have never scrupled to vote against my own Party when I thought they were in the wrong."

That simple confession of faith was absolutely sincere. How could such a man attain to political place and power? Beresford would have liked both place and power, loving, as he did, action before all things else; but he would not step an inch aside to get them; and what chance had he compared with men whose whole energy was absorbed in achieving their personal ambitions? Beresford desired neither rank nor wealth. There are few noble families in the United Kingdom bearing more distinguished quarterings than the Beresfords of Curraghmore; and as for money, Beresford seldom knew whether he had any or not. He thought that money is for spending. His habit, in his earlier years, was to leave details of finance to his servant and his banker, keeping one sovereign in his pocket for emergencies, and usually giving it away.

Beresford was not two men, one of the sea and the other of the shore. He was one and the same, and all of a piece. But when he came on shore, people saw only the Charlie Beresford, the beloved of the populace, who adored a sportsman, so that when he was driving the Heir to the Throne in his tandem, some one shouted, "'Ullo, Charlie, is that Wales you've got beside you?" They saw only the Beresford who rode a pig down Park Lane at sunrise on his way back from a dance; who ran a hundred yards race with an Irish lord at a Royal garden party and beat him; who habitually rode in steeplechases; who carried away a toll-gate on the back of his trap into Plymouth, because the toll-keeper refused to open it; who tamed and trained an elephant on board H.M.S. *Galatea*; and who, with his brother, cut the too-long locks of the porter at Limerick Junction with the snuffers of the station lamps, and " 'Sure,' said the porter, ' I'll grow my hair again as quick as I can the way you'll be giving me another tip ' " ; who, when he was flag-lieutenant at Plymouth, had seated the whole Board of Admiralty in his coach in order to drive the Lords Commissioners down to witness naval manœuvres, when Rear-Admiral Beauchamp Seymour interfered with the party. " ' You don't know that boy,' said Seymour. ' He's not safe! He'll upset you on purpose, just to say he's upset the whole Board of Admiralty.' " The worthy admiral, afterwards Lord Alcester, famed for his bombardment of Alexandria and his good dinners, unconsciously revealed the official mind, as it was then, is now, and will be for ever. It is afraid of being upset.

But society on shore, smiling pleasantly at the reckless, gallant, hard-riding, witty, and inextinguishably gay young Irish aristocrat, had no notion of the naval officer at sea. Charles Beresford entered the Old Navy of masts and sails at thirteen: the Old Navy of immense sporting cruises all round the world, of terrific discipline, of fierce joviality, of a superb seamanship unmatched in the world. Beresford's account, in his *Memoirs*, of H.M.S. *Marlborough* is one of the most vivid pictures of the old Victorian Navy ever limned.

" What can be more glorious," writes Beresford, " than a ship getting under way ? She quivers like a sentient thing amid the whole moving, tumultuous, lusty life. Men are racing aloft ; other men, their feet pounding upon the white decks, are running away with the ropes ; the ringing commands and the shouting fill the air ; the wind strikes with a salt and hearty sting ; and the proud and beautiful creature rises to the lift of the sea. Doctors, paymasters, idlers and all used to run up on deck to witness that magnificent spectacle, a full-rigged ship getting under sail."

During the voyage, whose beginning he thus sketches, Beresford, then a midshipman, saved the ship from driving dead on shore in a hurricane, perceiving the danger just in time. It was then he first heard the boatswain's pipe crying *Save ship*. He heard that desperate melody once again, off the west coast of North America, in a full gale. Before he was promoted to lieutenant, Beresford had served a commission in the Mediterranean, sailed round the Horn, shot geese in the Falkland Islands, helped to bring to Panama Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, cut the first trail through the virgin forest of Vancouver, learned seamanship in every detail, down to cutting out sails, under Captain Lord Gillford, helped to extinguish a great fire in Valparaiso, and saw one of the first submarines leave the coast of Chili and sink. As lieutenant, Beresford sailed in H.M.S. *Galatea* with the Duke of Edinburgh, and visited Cape Town, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, India, and the Falkland Islands.

When he entered Parliament Beresford was twenty-eight years old, and had been fifteen years in the Navy, of which period he spent the greater part at sea. A photograph shows a handsome youth with crisp curly hair, already worn away from the forehead by the pressure of his uniform cap, with the unmistakable sheathed, alert gaze of the seaman, and kindly, humorous mouth. That cheery youth had crammed into fifteen years more exploits, hardships, adventures, and experiences than most of his friends in Parliament achieved in the whole of their lives. But they knew nothing of the education of the sea. To society the sea was merely the Beyond, wherein a few eccentric persons unaccountably roved in the intervals of living in the real world. People only know what they have seen. So they never understood Charles Beresford. But the lad was only beginning. Of magnificent physique, abounding energy, and irresistible spirits, life was his adventure, a great big splendid playground, in which hard knocks, given and taken, were all part of the game.

He fought at Alexandria, as all the world knows; and Lieutenant the Hon. Hedworth Lambton suggested to the Admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour (he who had said, "You don't know that boy. He's not safe!"), that the signal should be made, "Well done, *Condor*." Hedworth Lambton, now Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Hedworth Meux, lived to be Beresford's pall-bearer. But as all the world does not know, this young Commander of thirty-six was appointed Provost-Marshal and Chief of Police to restore order in Alexandria. Here was a business demanding, above all, ability of organization, tact, and resolution. Beresford had the whole town as orderly as Regent Street, and everybody pleased, inside a fortnight. He saved Alexandria from being burned to the ground, saved hundreds of lives and millions' worth of property. In the Sudan War of 1884–5, Beresford organized the hauling of the boats for the Nile Expedition through the roaring cataracts of the Bab-el-Kebir, a consummate feat of seamanship, and subsequently commanded the Naval Brigade. Beresford marched across the desert in the forlorn hope sent to rescue Gordon (too late), fought at Abu Klea, fought three thousand Dervishes in the little river steamer *Safieh*, and so saved both Sir Charles Wilson and his party, and, by delaying the whole Dervish advance, saved the River Column. He saved it again by giving General Sir Redvers Buller a timely piece of advice.

Beresford had proved himself to be a born leader of men, with an extraordinary comprehension of the nature of war. His sole reward was the approbation of Queen Victoria, who, as she pinned the C.B. to his coat, said, "I am very pleased with you."

Not so the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who refused to count the three hundred and fifteen days in the Sudan either as war service or as part of the sea-time necessary for promotion.

Beresford came home to do two things. One was to establish a War Staff at the Admiralty; the other was to strengthen the Navy in accordance with the plan to be devised by the War Staff. He did both, and in so doing he sacrificed his career. He established an Intelligence Department, under Captain William H. Hall (father of Rear-Admiral Sir William R. Hall, M.P., Director of Naval Intelligence during the war), which the authorities stubbornly declined to develop into a War Staff until the middle of the war of 1914–1918. He forced the Government to vote twenty-one millions to increase the Navy in accordance with his own and with Captain Hall's estimate of requirements. Beresford resigned his post at the Admiralty in order to compel public attention to the dangers of the position, and he was never again employed at the Admiralty.

Perhaps Beresford, in resigning, made a mistake. In these cases an honest man must consider that, if he resigns, he will probably achieve his object, but he will certainly ruin his career, for the official mind never forgives; and that if he does not resign, it is still possible that he may achieve his object and also save his career. Beresford took what he believed to be the honourable course.

Now if the Admiralty and the Government, then consisting of public-spirited men generally desirous, in their various degrees, to do the right thing, had understood what Beresford had done in the Egyptian War, what was his achievement as a seaman, and what was the quality of his mind, it is possible that they would have followed his counsel. But they did not know, and they did not perceive these things. Beresford was the last man to tell them. Or if Beresford had assumed importance, put on the official solemnity, pretended a holy deference to authority, and conducted an elaborate diplomatic intrigue in the approved manner, they might have understood. But Beresford was utterly incapable even of conceiving the notion. The official airs of authority struck him as comic. For subterfuge he had a profound contempt. He met solemnity with a jest, and encountered opposition with a blow on the point. It was of no use to try to humbug Beresford. He told you that you were a liar. It was dangerous to threaten him, because he would pitch you out of window. To bribe him was impossible. For one thing, the man wanted nothing, and for another, he had his own views on that subject. It only remained to concede to him what he demanded, steal the credit of it, and then proceed to wear him down until he could give no more trouble. And that is what happened. For that is the way of Authority.

There is, or was, a theory that the Powers-that-Be, Ministers, great officials, Departments, Boards, Committees, and the whole constellation in general, although they may, and do, make occasional mistakes, are inspired by a conscientious desire to do the best for the country, so that they are habitually watching to discover new ideas and new men able to carry those ideas into execution. The conception is partly true and partly false, because the Powers-that-Be consist of individuals, and some of them are honest men, and some of them are clever men, and some are both honest and clever, while others, as the Frenchman said, are not so good. But the Powers-that-Be must hold together, for that is the condition of their existence. When they meet with one who, while acknowledging the just claims of Authority, is still constitutionally incapable of believing in the divine right of Authority, the Powers-that-Be instinctively resist that irreverent person. He knows too much. According to the conventional theory, when Beresford demanded the creation of a War Staff, or thinking department, which should define the requirements of national defence in accordance with the policy of the Government, the authorities should have received his proposals with gratitude and praise, and should instantly have endowed him with full discretion to carry his plan into execution. For his plan both secured national safety and economized force and money. But what actually happened was that a part of Beresford's scheme was adopted under compulsion, and that afterwards Authority gradually undid his work.

What was Beresford's proposal? "What my friends used to call my 'craze,'" he writes, "which they regarded as an amiable form of lunacy, for organization for war, showed me that without it all naval force, though it were twice as powerful, would be practically wasted in the event of emergency. . . . That there existed no department charged with the duty of constantly representing what was required in ships, men, stores, docks, under peace conditions, or what would be required under war conditions, was obvious enough. But in the course of the execution of my duties as Junior Lord (in 1886), it immediately became equally clear that the Navy was deficient in those very matters and things concerning which it would have been the business of such a department to report. Among them was coal, which was in my charge. Not only was there an immense deficiency in the war reserve of coal, but there was no plan for supplying it."

What Beresford proposed was, that there should be formed at the Admiralty a department charged with the collection of information, upon which could be based the requirements of the Fleet. Thus, the increase or decrease of foreign navies, the changes of international polities, the alterations of British policy, the exact condition of the British Fleet and its distribution, would be noted from day to day. Not until such information was collected could the authorities estimate what should be the strength of the Fleet, now and in the future. Thence arose the further consideration, that the required strength and disposition of the Fleet depended upon what it was required to do in the event of war with this Power or that. From which necessity arose the further necessity of creating a department charged with the duty of making plans for war, or a War Staff. The Intelligence Department was thus intended to be the preliminary to the War Staff.

The scheme is so simple and so sensible that people who do not understand the official mind are at a loss to understand why it was not always enforced, and still less why, when it was suggested, it was opposed. The full explanation is lucidly presented by Lord Beresford in his *Memoirs*. In this place it must suffice to say that it was in fact the principle followed in the Nelsonic era, that it fell into disuse in the years of peace, and that it was actually put into practice by the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards, First Sea Lord, when, with his colleagues, he planned the great naval defence scheme of 1893, whose execution kept the peace of Europe at the time of the Fashoda incident and until 1914. Guided by Sir Frederick Richards, the Board of Admiralty served as a War Staff, and that noble seaman's genius and determination enabled him to do the work which, owing to the vast increase of the responsibilities of the Navy, can no longer be accomplished by one man. It should be added that the idea of a War Staff was presented in 1884 and subsequently by various lay students of the subject, among whom Professor Spenser Wilkinson performed valuable public service.

When it came to the supreme test of war, it presently became evident that, unless a proper executive War Staff was constituted at the Admiralty, this country—not to put too fine a point upon it—would be defeated. Then, and not until then, at the price of prolonging the war for two years, did Authority, under the lash of necessity, do what Beresford had proved to be essential thirty years before.

This, then, is a part of the heritage Beresford has bequeathed to his country. Another part is less tangible, but not less enduring. During his years in command afloat, Beresford had trained in war the admirals and captains who served in the Grand Fleet. The Grand Fleet itself was constituted by Beresford, inasmuch as he succeeded in convincing the Asquith administration of the instant necessity of forming a single large homogeneous fleet complete in all units. Beresford specified in what those units should consist, and in every particular in which the Liberal Government chose to ignore his counsel, they were forced in time of war to repair their criminal neglect at a cost of millions to the country. Various persons are still swaggering about saying they did all these things. Beresford said nothing. He saved others; and they took care he should suffer thereby. The most of his friends were content to stand by and shake their heads over the rashness of poor Charlie Beresford.

Nevertheless, Charles Beresford had the brain of a statesman. There was no shrewder judge of men; none better qualified to deal with affairs. For one of Beresford's shining virtues was his perfect fearlessness in facing facts. It is a seaman's quality; for in a gale of wind it is of no use pretending. The penalty of moral cowardice at sea is simply death. But it is another quality of the seaman that his action is decisive, open, and above-board. Beresford rode as straight in politics as in the hunting field. But that is not the way of the politicians, nor the path of diplomacy. Beresford lacked the peculiar gift which brings men of mediocre endowment to occupy high positions.

At sea, where the air is clean and an honourable tradition rules, Beresford was superb. He commanded the entire confidence and the personal affection of officers and men. And above all, he owned, what perhaps no other seaman has possessed since Nelson, the extraordinary gift of intuition. *He knew what the enemy was going to do next*, and he also knew what to do to defeat the enemy. An officer of his staff in his flagship told the present writer that one night, in the middle of manœuvres, Beresford suddenly ordered the entire fleet to go about. The whole of his staff were smitten with consternation. After days of elaborate calculation, the admiral made a signal which upset everything, and they were ready to burst into tears. Beresford was imperturbable as usual. "I know what the other fellows are doing," he said, "and we'll be there first." *And he was right.* Here, in a word, was a man endowed with the supreme, the unique gift of leadership, the touch of genius which no study nor art nor labour can attain, and Authority pushed him aside, derided him, wasted him.

When war came, Beresford volunteered his services. They were refused. But Beresford had no thought of himself. He was thinking of his country. There can be no harm now in recording that in friendly conversation with Cabinet Ministers, Beresford, with his perfect equanimity and swift apprehension, suggested what should be done, and done at once, for the defence of ports, harbours, and arsenals, and for the protection of merchant ships. He understood, as very few understood, the peril of the situation. Then it was that Government and public alike believed the war would be quickly ended. Not so Beresford. "You think you can put the German Empire on its back in six months" he said. "You are mistaken."

With his vast knowledge and his incomparable experience, perceiving what ought to be done and debarred from action, Beresford sat down to keep the accounts of war charities and to write letters for many hours a day. Every one in need came to him for help. Naval ratings with a grievance, widows of naval men, old shipmates: these had been his constant care for years, and every appeal was answered with punctilious courtesy, and many a poor man's trouble was righted. Now, in addition, Beresford dealt with the organizations for supplying comforts to the Fleet, and with great sums of money subscribed for like purposes.

Labouring thus patiently in his study, day after day, denying himself even his habitual ride, Beresford served his country to the last. Alert, indomitable, and cheery as ever, accessible to all, scrupulously punctual in every engagement, he drudged from early morning till late at night; while the Fleet—*his* Fleet—keeping the sea under the most appalling difficulties, lacked him. While the tide of battle rolled along three hundred miles of the Western Front, the veteran who fought in the square at Abu Klea, who marched with the forlorn hope across the desert, who held up an army in a paddle-steamer, saved the River Column, marched with Buller in the retreat, and saved the River Column again, was left aside. He was an old man, as years go, but age had scarce diminished his magnificent strength nor shadowed his inimitable brilliance. His sturdy figure of the true seaman's build, short, deep-chested, muscular, stood like a tower. The years had rounded his face and whitened his hair, so that he looked benign as a bishop. But in the clear blue eyes, shrewd and kindly, the lids drawn down upon the corners, with their glance as of one who habitually scanned sea-distances, beamed the man's unquenchable and noble spirit.

To know Charles Beresford was to love him. Even the prudent, whom he embarrassed, held him in affection and a secret admiration. As for the people, they adored him. An aristocrat of the most democratic country in the world, Beresford conversed on equal terms with all men. But the people followed him because they knew him to be straight and honest, outspoken and utterly fearless, of an abounding kindness of heart, a notable fighting man, and a fine sportsman. It has always been so in England.

His old shipmates worshipped Lord Charles Beresford. I have seen old men of eighty—or ninety, or a hundred, for you cannot kill Queen Victoria's seamen—who had travelled miles to shake hands with their old officer, their seamed faces wrinkled with joy. "What, you remember me, Lord Charles?" And, "How could I ever forget you?" says the Admiral. In his

Memoirs, Beresford prints a letter sent to him when he was writing that work, from an old topmate, a seaman in H.M.S. *Marlborough*, in which famous ship Beresford was a midshipman. " I think, my lord," writes Mr. Lewis, fifty years after the event, " it would take me a little longer than thirteen seconds now to get to the main-topgallant yard-arm and run in again without holding on to anything, which I have done many hundreds of times." Wonderful old world of the Old Navy! Another old topmate, writing to Beresford in 1909, when the Admiral hauled down his flag and came on shore, says, " Going round Portsmouth dockyard some few years since, I was very sad to see the noble old *Marlborough*, a hulk, laid aside, as I expect we shall all be in time. I am doubtful if there are many men in the Navy to-day who would stand bolt upright upon the royal truck of a line-of-battle ship. I was one of those who did so. Perhaps a foolish practice. But in those days fear never came our way."

In that hard, noble, cheery school was Beresford nurtured, and fear never came his way from first to last. Those of this generation who would try to estimate Charles Beresford aright must learn somewhat of the Old Navy. The tall ships lie now in Port of Heaven. Their great seamen, Queen Victoria's admirals, are passing away, one by one, like the men of the old Victoria world on shore. Beresford was of the world of sailing line-of-battle ships, of Beaconsfield, of Gladstone, of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, of Wolseley, and of Roberts. Beresford, almost alone among his contemporaries, held the secret of perpetual youth, taking each succeeding era as it came, wielding new forces with the same intuitive mastery, and perceiving the same great-hearted magnanimity throughout all the shocks of fortune. " Now he belongs to the ages."

It remains for the country to build to Beresford of Metemmeh a fitting memorial, a cenotaph in the national fane, Saint Paul his cathedral.

L. Cope Cornford

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

GENERAL LIBRARY
DEC 8 1919
UNIV. OF MICH.

November 1919

Episodes of the Month

The "Unnecessary" Battle of Le Cateau (with Plan)
By Major-General Sir F. MAURICE, K.C.M.G.

The League of Nations: Particulars of Hundred Guineas Prize Essay, Fifty Guineas Public School Prize, Twenty Guineas Girl's Prize

The Acid Test By M. BRIANTCHANINOFF
(President of the Congress of the Slav Societies in Russia)

Amateur Administration By Sir GEORGE BUCHANAN

"The Assyrians Came Down"
By Captain A. E. FETHERSTONHAUGH

The Literature of Tennis By E. B. NOEL

Art and Book Sales during and after the War
By W. ROBERTS

"I am a Covenanter" By President WILSON

The Convoy System: Advantages and Disadvantages By Convoy

The Strike at Close Quarters By J. F. and K. D.

Behind the Scenes of the Peace Conference By L. J. MAXSE

An Australian Plea for Emancipation from Ireland
By JAMES EDMOND (Editor of the *Sydney Bulletin*)

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR AT
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Registered at the G.P.O. for
transmission to Canada at
the special rate of 1½d.

Price 3s. net

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

Founded 1856

IN the hour of our peril it was the self-sacrifice and devotion of our seamen which, by God's Mercy, Saved us from Starvation and made possible our Glorious Victory.

Now that the danger has passed we have the chance of proving our gratitude.

The Missions to Seamen is the greatest agency in the World ministering to the spiritual and social needs of our

BRITISH SEAMEN

in all the
PRINCIPAL
PORTS
at
HOME AND
ABROAD

Admiral Sir ROBERT LOWRY, K.C.B., after visiting the great Commercial Ports in England and Ireland said:

"The work which The Missions to Seamen is doing exceeds the work of all the other societies put together."

FUNDS are urgently needed for extensions, especially in the great Continental Ports, *e.g.* Antwerp, Rotterdam, Dunkerque, Marseilles, etc.

Seamen's Church and Institute and Mission Boat at Newcastle, N.S.W.

Officers' Room, Seamen's Institute, Sydney

Please send a Gift as a

THANKOFFERING FOR VICTORY AND PEACE

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., Secretary
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 441. NOVEMBER 1919

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Our Prizes

ELSEWHERE will be found full particulars of the prizes offered by the *National Review* for Essays on "The Disadvantages and Dangers of a League of Nations to the British Empire." We count on the co-operation of our readers in making these prizes known among their friends, and in encouraging the younger generation in particular to compete for them. The League of Nations should not be taken as a matter of course. It has never been seriously considered or discussed in this country. There has not been so much as one "full-dress debate" in either House of Parliament, just as there was no discussion of the Fourteen Points, which the Kaisers of Downing Street accepted behind our backs. The League of Nations has been, so far, "a Front-Bench affair," hurriedly adopted and recklessly advocated, simply and solely to please President Wilson, though it is assailed in the United States as "a British conspiracy." It is high time that the whole subject be dispassionately investigated, not by professional politicians, with axes to grind and speeches to make, but by *bona fide* students of public affairs who have the interests of the British Empire at heart, and who decline to succumb to every plausible catchword that can be supported by specious sentimentalism. It is not generally known that the League of Nations was not even discussed in plenary Conference in Paris, but fixed up by a hole-and-corner Commission, on which the only British representatives were Lord Robert Cecil—who is not a member of the British Government—and General Smuts—than whom there are few more untrustworthy guides in international affairs, and whose weakness for the Germans positively shocked the French. It is with the object of stimulating the study of the Covenant that we offer these prizes :

(1) A Hundred Guineas Prize, open to all Britons; (2) A Special Public School Prize of Fifty Guineas, confined to boys now, *in statu pupillari*, at a recognized British Public School; (3) A Twenty Guineas Prize for British girls under eighteen. Competitors are specially invited to read and note the conditions of the Competition because, as will be understood, it will not be possible for us to correspond about it.

Wrong Men and Methods

ALTHOUGH a close and conscientious study of public affairs, extending over many years, long since killed our once boundless admiration of public men, we never conceived, in our most dismal moments, that it was humanly possible for any one to make such a mess of anything as "the Allied and Associated Governments" have made of the Treaty of Peace. Their ineptitude is alone eclipsed by their self-complacency. The causes of their failure are not far to seek. They are writ large across the Paris Peace Conference, which, being composed of the wrong men, inspired by the wrong motives, pursuing the wrong methods, and seeking a false objective, could not fail to fail. It is now obvious to every one else that the Heads of Governments made a fatal mistake in personally plunging into the vortex. They should have stood aside in favour of Plenipotentiaries, with working knowledge of the vast and vital, though not, generally speaking, complicated questions demanding solution, upon which would depend European security or European unrest. The task, the single task, before the Conference was to end a particular war in a manner corresponding to the extent of the defeat inflicted on the enemy, and the sufferings and sacrifices of the Allied and Associated Powers in gaining their victory. That and nothing more, nor less, was demanded of a Peace Conference which would be worthy of its name if it finally disposed of the German danger, but not otherwise. It was never required to chase rainbows, nor expected to end all war for all time, though with the one great aggressive Power "counted out," we might have looked forward to a longer spell of peace than this wicked world ever enjoyed before. But to ensure this it was necessary that the A.A.P. should be represented in Paris by men with a grasp of European affairs, who had specialized in the peculiar psychology of the Germans. As the Cabinets—outside that of

France—contained no member with any pretension to read the Berlin riddle, the only hope of tolerable terms was for the various Governments to appoint Delegates to deliberate and decide, subject to the veto of the Executive, which would likewise have been able, as the final arbiters, to propose any policies they fancied to the Conference. This old-fashioned procedure would have saved that body from degenerating into a time-wasting machine for the use of orators and Party Politicians manœuvring for position in their respective countries. It would have been a gathering of experts of capacity and authority, accustomed to the transaction of international business—which is very different from Parliamentary business—who would have confined themselves to practical solutions, with a fair probability of attaining their aims.

The Fiasco

UNFORTUNATELY, from the word "Go" Presidents and Prime Ministers not only insisted on rushing into the fray, but ostentatiously discarded every man of diplomatic experience, surrounded themselves with like amateurs, and then personally undertook the titanic task of treaty-making, for which they and their personnel possessed a minimum of the essential qualifications. Success under such leadership would have been nothing short of a miracle, and there has been no miracle in Paris. So far, by the drastic exploitation of Dora, the public have been prevented from realizing the tragicomedies behind the scenes, but in Washington, in Paris, and elsewhere Allied and Associated peoples dimly apprehend the proportions of the fiasco of which President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George were the architects—animated, let us assume, by those unregulated good intentions which do almost as much harm as bad faith. But without knowing exactly *how* it was done, we can see for ourselves what was done. The blindest among us are instinctively conscious of the painful transformation since the Armistice transferred Allied destinies from Fighting Men to Writing Men and Talking Men. We also know that the French Prime Minister did his best to stem the tide of Anglo-American sentimentalism, and that had Monsieur Clemenceau been master of the situation, Frenchmen, at any rate, could have slept quietly in their beds throughout this generation. But as it is no one can feel safe. France was persuaded to withdraw from her natural strategic frontier of the Rhine on the faith of a positive guarantee from the United States—as she regarded it—and Great Britain—whose identical undertaking in terms depends on the ratification of the United States—to treat a German attack upon France as a *casus belli*, while in the background was displayed by President Wilson the figure of an all-powerful League of Nations to act as a policeman towards all disturbers of the world's peace.

Russia

OUR readers can form their own opinions as to the market value of guarantee or Covenant. The United States is enshrouding herself in "splendid isolation," accentuated by industrial anarchy, the latter being stimulated by resentment at a Peace that is no peace. The League of Nations is, at best, a Leap in the Dark, a snare and a delusion, conceivably a resuscitation of the Potsdam peril. Still more glaring is the failure of the Peace Conference regarding Russia, upon which M. Briantchaninoff makes another scathing and not undeserved attack. It is so colossal a blunder on the part of the Allied and Associated Powers to make a present of their quondam Ally to Germany that no ordinary explanation suffices. Our indignant contributor—whose feelings are intelligible—declares in so many words that his country is being deliberately thrown to the wolves, under the occult pressure of Jewish inspiration, partly as a punishment for her past treatment of the chosen people, partly to help Germany, and partly to protect Western Europe. He accuses all the Allied and Associated Governments of being the catspaws of International Jewry. They are certainly surrounded by International Jews, who were ever as indulgent towards Germany as they were implacable towards Russia. Some influence seems to have captured the Peace Conference—it may be the Hidden Hand—with the result that the A.A.P. have consistently and continuously acted as though they desired Germany to lay hands on Russia. We know this cannot be their motive, and cross-currents in the British Government have effected something for the anti-Bolshevik cause, as is clear from Trotsky's fulminations against England, whom he singles out as the villain of the piece. This is some slight consolation for our frightful humiliation in scuttling from Russia, though we derive no satisfaction from the fact that the other Allies have treated Russia worse than we have. We are under profound obligations to this mighty and imperishable nation, and we shall continue to hope that between them, Admiral Kolchak, General Yudenitch, and General Denikin may save their country from the Bolshevik and the Boche. Though obscure, the latest news is not discouraging, and it may be that the Soviet's "number is up."

British Propaganda

British propaganda for the League of Nations—which according to some optimists is defunct before it is born—opened with an immense flourish of trumpets at the Mansion House on October 13—we thought thirteen was an unlucky number! The King had been advised to give the gathering his blessing, which took the form of an unimpeachable Message, in which His Majesty declared that, great as was the achievement of winning the war, "it is not enough. We fought to gain a lasting peace, and it is our supreme duty to take every measure to secure it. For that, nothing is more essential than a strong and enduring League of Nations." The Covenant had laid the foundation. "The nature and strength of the structure to be built upon it must depend on the earnestness and sincerity of popular support." There could be no sounder proposition, but the public cannot reasonably be asked to back that in which they do not believe. Every one was in favour of a League of Nations of civilized Powers animated by hatred of tyranny, love of liberty, and the other common ideals for which "the Allied and Associated Powers" had fought, to say nothing of the common danger to their own lives that threatened and united them. A League of Nations consisting of Powers who feel that they can trust one another, and who realize that in the larger things of the world they have common interests, would have been a mighty instrument for good that mankind could have looked up to if only because it contained some promise of solid and lasting peace. That was the original conception of the League of Nations, but this League of Nations that was espoused at the Mansion House is not that League of Nations. If the organization promoting it is surprised at the painful lack of popular enthusiasm aroused by the cause—though it will never want for funds with all Lombard Street and Wall Street behind Internationalism—it must thank those who have made such a mess of the Covenant that the United States is falling away, while apparently the Boche and the Bolshevik are to come in. President Wilson has so far been unable to persuade Congress to undertake a single responsibility towards the League—and our Prime Minister is reduced to making piteous public appeals to the United States to mother the Armenians without provoking any response.

Boche and Bolshevik

Meanwhile the ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, tells us in so many words that the Allies are to elect Germany and Soviet Russia to membership as soon as they can, and many of Mr. Asquith's friends make no secret of their opinion that that moment is here and now. We think this no unfair interpretation of his suggestive and sinister words at the Mansion House. He pointed out that twenty-five States, great and small, had already subscribed to the Covenant (while thirteen more had been invited to accede), " which will in due course, and, as I hope and believe, without any avoidable delay, number among its signatories not only the New Russia, in whatever form it may emerge from the present chaos, but also, under the conditions legitimately prescribed by the first article of the Covenant, the late enemies of the Allies." As Mr. Asquith is among those who clamoured for our scuttle from Russia, and would leave that immense Power to stew in the Bolshevik juice, there is no room to doubt that he seriously invites the Allies to sit down forthwith with Lenin and Trotsky on the one hand, and on the other with the Erzberger Government of Berlin, which may be merely a warming-pan for Hohenzollernism in some shape or form. Mr. Lloyd George is equally anxious to open the door to the enemies of civilization—though, as we know, the Chameleon is changeable—and Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts were believed in Paris to favour the immediate whitewashing of Germany, which would follow her admission to a League which claims to regulate the affairs of the world. Our Bourbons have learnt nothing from the Great War—they have forgotten none of their pre-war follies. They are no wiser than they were when their watchword was " Trust the German Emperor and the German Peace Party, who will always keep the 'Militarists' in order, if only from fear of the Socialists, who would start a revolution the day the German Government declares war." This was common form among Right Honourables of all Parties for at least twenty years prior to about August 1, 1914. They could not contain their contempt for "cranks" who suspected Germany. To-day our Right Honourables are equally impatient of "cranks" who distrust their League of Nations.

The Right Honourables

Mr. Asquith tells us, "I am not conscious of using the language of exaggeration if I say, as I do, that the future of civilization is in issue." And his remedy is that Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan are to form an international club with Germany and Soviet Russia—the United States is relegating herself to the rôle of spectator and declining every responsibility. We say deliberately that such a policy, so far from perpetuating peace, would provoke early conflict, in which, by her superiority in international intrigue and ability to coerce all her neighbours great and small, Germany—unchanged and unchanging because unchangeable—might secure a large prepondernace of partisans in the Executive Council of the League no less than in the Assembly. The day our sentimentalists persuade the Allies that Kultur is sufficiently "clubbable" to be included, that day they will sign the death warrant of European civilization. The United States may for the time being cultivate a lofty detachment, and cynically "watch these Europeans making fools of themselves," but between her German and other disgruntled "votes" on the one side and an Old World once again threatened and dominated by the Pan-German spirit, the future of the New World would be nothing like as assured as the oratory of Spread Eagle would have us believe. We are convinced that the British people will not follow their egregious politicians into another Fool's Paradise in the face of their past as prophets. It was within the last ten years that Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, was collecting votes from the unsophisticated citizens of Bath by this monumental utterance: "Nor, gentlemen, can I discern in any quarter of the political horizon any cause of quarrel, direct or indirect, between us and that great and friendly nation [Germany]." Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith's Chancellor of the Exchequer, went one better than his chief. He thus pledged his reputation the very year of the Great War:

" This is the most favourable moment for twenty years to overhaul our expenditure in armaments." (*Daily Chronicle* interview, January 1, 1914.) Here is one key to the League of Nations movement. It provides Pacifists with a plausible pretext for disarming Great Britain, upon which they are always keener than on disarming any other nation. Before the war they winked at every armament but ours. So it will be afterwards. The League of Nations is their new lever. No wonder the International Jew on both sides of the Atlantic is putting up the money.

A Cause and its Company

IF a cause may be judged by the company it keeps, there is not too much to be said for this League of Nations. It would be exaggerated to suggest that it commands the support of no sound or patriotic Englishmen. Several British soldiers, revolted by the horrors of a hideous war, have espoused the Covenant, and their opinions are entitled to the utmost respect, though we imagine the large majority of those who have read history and know men share Marshal Foch's polite incredulity, while M. Clemenceau finds it no less difficult to take the League seriously. There may be distinguished British sailors who hold the orthodox faith—though, at the moment, we could not name one—and when they realize that this " scrap of paper " is to be made a pretext by the eternal enemies of British sea-power for scrapping the British Navy, while other Powers are increasing theirs, they may sing a somewhat different tune, and realize the danger of unregulated enthusiasm for impracticable ideals. The outstanding feature about the partisans of the League of Nations is that they embrace everybody who is known to be unsound, those whom the Great War convicts of having been fools before that event in not seeing what stared them in the face, or knaves who realized but preferred to look the other way. All the Mandarins who ridiculed Lord Roberts and applauded Lord Haldane are breast-high for the Covenant; all the Whigs who obstinately declined to take the only steps that could have prevented the war, all the Potsdam Party who worked for the betrayal of France in 1914, the Defeatists who sought to lose the war, the Pacifists who continued bleating for peace when there could be no peace; all the enemies of our friends and friends of our enemies who mean, as they tell us plainly, to still further whittle away this miserable Treaty—all such elements and every other rotten faction are enthusiastic believers in the League of Nations. Every man and woman who are habitually wrong on every great issue "go nap" on it, largely because it will enable them to embrace the Boche with the least possible political risk to themselves. But the vast mass of Britons, and practically all Colonials, regard the question "very otherwise." That they are not more aroused against it is due to the ingrained belief that it will become a dead letter, like The Hague Peace Conference—or the defunct Concert of Europe.

President Wilson

THE ever-growing confusion of American politics—which, for the time being, are unhappily also European politics—is worse confounded by the tragic collapse of President Wilson, who developed such alarming symptoms that he was forced to abandon his speaking tour in the West some weeks ago, and retire to the White House. His condition has since remained shrouded in mystery which we have no desire to penetrate, all the more as, like everything else touching the President, his health has become an acute Party controversy in the United States. The world is never allowed to know the truth about the health of any head of a State, whether he be King or President. Mr. Wilson might be at death's door, or permanently disabled, or, on the other hand, he may be suffering from passing brain-fag, from which he will recover in a week or two. We should be none the wiser. Every good Democrat feels bound to maintain that the President is, in common parlance, "in the pink," while Republicans brutally pronounce him to be "done in," and demand that the Presidential duties devolve on the Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, whose unknown personality now looms on the horizon, and who is alleged, rightly or wrongly, not to see eye to eye with the President any more than does Mr. Lansing, the State Secretary, who becomes an important factor. He believes in the League of Nations about as much as we do, and has not yet contradicted Mr. Bullitt's assertion that he (Mr. Lansing) had said that if the Senate understood the Covenant they would reject it. We shall limit ourselves to a sincere expression of regret at the fate that has befallen President Wilson, who, whatever his enemies may say, is a victim of his own high sense of over-strenuous duty. We deplore the unwholesome ascendancy which —thanks mainly to the feebleness of Mr. Lloyd George—Mr. Wilson was allowed to assume in Paris. Still more do we regret the use he made of it. Nevertheless, we lament his withdrawal, because the mischief has been done and can't be undone, and it is better for the world that those primarily responsible for this Peace Treaty should be charged with its execution. Also, it must be said that in his public utterances the President shows more consciousness of the obligations of the United States to other Powers than some of his assailants, who, now that America has lost the Peace and ruined civilized Europe, would calmly wash their hands of "the Old World." We wish him a speedy and complete recovery, but if this were not to be, we venture to hope that his doctors will not pretend that he can be President if he can't.

Reservations

We have steadily refused to speculate as to the ultimate upshot of the contest between the United States Senate and President Wilson—which has in no degree abated during the latter's illness—though the correspondents on the other side constantly assure us that the American people are heartily sick of the whole business and only ask that the Peace Treaty be ratified. Unfortunately, we have not always found these correspondents reliable guides as to the trend of American opinion and the probable course of events, and should have consistently misjudged the situation had we accepted their advice. It is obvious that many Americans are as profoundly disgusted with the part their country played in Paris as Englishmen are disgusted with their Government's part in promoting Wilsonian policy. Otherwise it would be impossible for the Senate to act as it has done. Its final decision remains in doubt, and will do so until the last moment. We are now told that the fate of the Treaty—which requires the ratification of a two-thirds majority of the Senate before it becomes operative—will be determined one way or the other in the course of November. We shall not prophesy so near the event, because we do not know and, to be be frank, cannot guess. But our readers can appreciate the seriousness of the situation from the nature of the Reservations which Senator Lodge, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, supported by the Republican majority on that body, hopes to attach to the Treaty as a condition of its ratification. If these Reservations are to be regarded as a declaration of American policy upon the League of Nations, they would appear to knock the bottom out of the Covenant by restoring the United States to the position she occupied before the President signed it. The Republican Party declare that he had no right to commit the United States even to the limited extent he did without consulting the Senate. Therefore the Senate is to be asked to emasculate the Covenant. We should like to hear what constitutional lawyers have to say on this subject, and shall be interested to observe how it affects British Covenanters. It would be difficult to imagine anything more different than President Wilson's discourses and these drastic " Reservations "—or Amendments, as in effect they are—if they regulate American action hereafter.

(1) The United States understands and construes Article I that, in case of a notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations, the United States shall be the sole judge whether all its international obligations and all obligations under the said Covenant have been fulfilled, and notice of the withdrawal of the United States may be given by a concurrent resolution of Congress.

(2) The United States assumes no obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country or interfere in controversies between nations, whether members of the League or not, under the provisions of Article I, or to employ the military or naval forces of the United States under any Article of the Treaty for any purpose unless in any particular case Congress, which under the Constitution has the sole power to declare war or authorize the employment of the military and naval forces, shall by act or joint resolution have so provided.

(3) No mandate shall be accepted by the United States under Article XXII, Part 1, or any other provision of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, except by action of Congress.

(4) The United States reserves to itself exclusively the right to decide what questions are within its domestic jurisdiction, and declares that all domestic and political questions relating wholly or in part to its internal affairs, including labour, immigration, coastwise traffic, tariff, commerce, and all other domestic questions are solely within the jurisdiction of the United States, and are not under the Treaty to be submitted in any way either to arbitration or to the consideration of the Council or the Assembly of the League or any agency thereof, or to the decision or recommendation of any other Power.

(5) The United States will not submit to arbitration or inquiry by the Assembly or Council of the League any question which in the judgment of the United States depends upon or relates to its long-established policy, commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine; the said Doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone, and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of the said League of Nations and entirely unaffected by any provision contained in the said Treaty of Peace with Germany.

How such Reservations are regarded by the Administration and its supporters in the Senate who have fought for the integrity of the Treaty may be gathered from the statement from Washington that the President's followers, headed by Senator Hitchcock, "assert their intention of defeating the Treaty rather than allow them to be adopted." Nor are these the only Reservations, as others are threatened, including one to redress the popular American grievance that the British Empire has six votes in the League of Nations to the single vote of the United States. Many Americans "see red" on this question. We will tell the Senators a profound secret that does not appear to have transpired in their debates. The British Empire's six votes are not due to John Bull's greed, as has been suggested, but to the aspiration of Little-Englanders, who disapprove the British Empire, that Mother Country and Dominions might be shepherded into opposite camps. The latest news is that these further Reservations have been adopted by the Foreign Relations Committee:

More Reservations

(6) The United States withholds full liberty of action in regard to any controversy that may arise over Shantung.

(7) The United States understands that the Reparation Commission will regulate or interfere with American trade to and from Germany only with the consent of Congress.

(8) The United States shall spend no money on the League or on anything arising out of the Treaty without the consent of Congress.

(9) If at any time the United States shall adopt any plan for the limitation of armaments proposed by the Council of the League, it reserves the right to increase such armaments without the consent of the Council whenever the United States is threatened with invasion or engaged in war.

(10) The United States reserves the right to permit at its discretion its nationals to continue trade with the nationals of a Covenant-breaking power as defined in Article XVI.

They certainly call for no modification of what we have said on the preceding page. Such Reservations would leave nothing of the Covenant if they are to be read into the Treaty, as the United States virtually discards all obligations to the League. We trust our essayists will note American developments. The chief attraction of the League of Nations was that the United States thereby became a guarantor of the settlement President Wilson was allowed to dictate. Having endured that dictation, there is now a fair prospect of the guarantee being withdrawn. The crowning glory of Amateur Diplomacy!

GERMANS in Europe are still somewhat cautious in expressing what they feel about the Peace Terms. As a nation of Propagandists they take full advantage of the post-war reaction among the Allies. They are adept in exploiting pity when "frightfulness" has failed, and at the present moment, outside German military circles, where there is much planning and plotting, the Fatherland generally is "on the whine," especially in earshot of sentimental Americans or Britons, whether writers or fighters. It would be hard to say which profession is most easily bamboozled by the Boche. Our soldiers have proved themselves splendid in the field—the tighter the corner the tougher they were. But some of them are wonderfully "soft" in administration, and absorb every legend the champion liars of Europe put up to them. Journalists are equally gullible. Englishmen cannot realize that the Boche is a born actor, who is always playing a part—especially in private life—and trading on the innocence of foreigners. It is positively pathetic when British Generals in Berlin swallow the cock-and-bull stories invented for their special delectation and walk into every booby-trap. By now it might have been supposed that no man of intelligence could be hocused by the "Bolshevik bogy" as practised beyond the Rhine. Ever since the Amistice, just as a Chinaman who is thwarted threatens to commit suicide on his neighbour's doorstep, so every German has told every Englishman he has met that unless the Allies concede this, that, or the other, "Germany will turn Bolshevik." And the Simpletons have believed it, and have reported accordingly to Downing Street. This is one explanation of a rotten Peace. As a matter of fact, Germany has been, so far, more free from Bolshevism than any Continental country; the only dangerous Bolsheviks—and they were hardly Bolsheviks—such as Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemberg, and Kurt Eisner, were foully murdered with the connivance of the authorities. Herr Haase was shot only the other day for threatening to disclose the conspiracy between the German Government and General von der Goltz to seize the Baltic Provinces. Even if Germany did turn Bolshevik, our withers would be unwrung, because Bolshevism means ruin. If Germans choose to ruin Germany, why should we mind? This bogy, be it remembered, is worked by those who set their faces against any German Indemnity, and yet they pretend that we are interested in "the prosperity" of our enemy. Such hypocrisy is nauseating.

Innocents Abroad

Buenos Ayres

If we wish to know real German sentiment on the present situation we must not look for it among Berlin politicians or officials, or German generals trying to justify their own failures. We must go abroad and consult some German who is not afraid to say what he thinks. Such a one has lately opened his mouth in Buenos Ayres, singing a very different tune to that of the lachrymose Boche, who weeps on the shoulder of British Missions in Berlin and pours his country's woes into the sympathetic ear of " our special correspondent." Baron von dem Bussche-Hadenhausen, formerly German Minister to Argentina and afterwards Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Berlin—a man of consequence—lately returned to Buenos Ayres and was interviewed by the *Herald* of that city. We commend this utterance (as reproduced in the *New York Times* of October 5) to the " Forgive and Forget " Party. Speaking to a non-European audience, the Baron felt he could afford to be frank, telling his interviewer: " It is only a question of time before Germany will be back in her old place of supremacy, a question of how long it takes to rebuild a fleet of merchant vessels able to compete with the fleets of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan." Germany had been " badly cut up by both war and peace, but she can surmount these obstacles. . . . In time, Germany will be great again." The Baron said a word on the Polish question, which should not be wholly lost upon No. 10 Downing Street. " Germany has the greater part of her territory and most of her mines, and even if Upper Silesia is given to the Poles it would make little difference to Germany, for the Silesian mines are owned, in the main, by Germans. Even were this not so, Germany would get along, for there are many countries which are forced to import their coal." We likewise get the German view of the true function of the League of Nations, which, as we have suggested, is to attenuate the Second Treaty of Versailles still more in Germany's favour. " The indemnities, in my opinion, will not be collected, not because they are so ridiculously high that they actually cannot be collected. I am sure that at the end of not many years the League of Nations will annul or considerably reduce these indemnities." In protesting against the extradition and trial of the ex-Kaiser, Baron von dem Bussche-Hadenhausen repudiated the Wilsonian view that Germany consisted of a guilty

"Imperial Government" and an innocent people. "Extradition in this instance is opposed to the most elementary principles of international law. The Allies are not dealing with an ordinary crime, for behind the Kaiser solidly stood the German people, and the people, in consequence, is the only party responsible for the acts of Germany." The "unchangeable Hun" came out in the Baron's comment on the scuttling of the remnant of the German Navy—in every way worthy of the Wilhelmstrasse. "You ask me what I think of Scapa Flow. I think, and every other German thinks, that it was a bit of work well done, and of which we approve." These are the people whom our Right Honourables are eager to invite into the League of Nations that we may all live happily ever afterwards.

Senile Vanity

SENILE vanity is never attractive on any side of the North Sea. There are too many wicked old men rushing into print just now to try and justify whatever they may have done, or left undone, during the last five years. We should be hard put to it to award the palm for crime or folly among the guilty Germans. We confess to having had a sneaking weakness for Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, and to have completely misread his character. We had regarded him as a bold, bad man who gloried in "frightfulness," and generally had the courage of his impossible convictions. But he is whining with the best of them, and, though a lifelong apostle of war, poses as a Pacifist who has been misunderstood, and debits German disasters to other people. One might imagine, on reading his sorry "vindication," that in Germany he had played the same part as, say, Lord Morley in this country, and thrown up his job sooner than incur the "blood-guiltiness" of going to war! Admiral von Tirpitz's real grievance is that he was not allowed "to run the show," and in his spleen he accuses brother-admirals of ineptitude almost amounting to treason. Everybody was hopelessly wrong except Von Tirpitz, and Germany's plight is due to his being discarded, though, as a matter of fact, the Grand Admiral was among Britain's greatest assets. He saved the situation over and over again with his "Fatherland Party," which terrorized any "Moderate" elements there may have been in the German Government, and prevented even plausible Peace proposals from being put forward that would have been literally jumped at by Downing Street. This was certainly the case in the autumn of 1916 when, as Count Bernstorff has revealed, President Wilson was yearning to mediate without asking awkward questions of the German Government—and again in August 1917 when, owing to the Russian collapse and the slowness of the United States military effort, the Lloyd George Government sufficiently lost its head to make overtures to Berlin via the Vatican. Those of us who had any inkling of what was going on behind the scenes in London were literally terrified lest Germany should cultivate "conciliatoriness," which would have committed her to nothing, but would have demoralized the Entente, because British Ministers—there was scarcely one not suffering from "cold feet"—would have responded in such a manner as to convince our Allies that "the game was up."

Ludendorff

FRENCH politicians—some of whom were equally "rocky" in 1917—would not unnaturally have argued, "if Great Britain is engaged in *pourparlers* with the enemy there is nothing left for us to do but to follow suit." Italy would have done likewise, and the debacle would have been complete. Considering that Germany is never bound by anything she says, and that even a solemn written engagement is only a "scrap of paper" in her eyes, we certainly marvelled that Von Kühlmann, or some other scoundrel, was not told off to lure Downing Street into "negotiations." From this disaster, so far as we can ascertain, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and the Pan-Germans, backed up, of course, by the Great German General Staff, of which during the last stage of the war General Ludendorff was the unchallenged autocrat, alone saved us. General Ludendorff's wailing, which is now available in London in two interesting volumes, is equally beside the mark as Von Tirpitz's. The General may be less contemptible than the Admiral, because less of an ego-maniac, but considering his extraordinary powers, involving complete control of German strategy and the last word in German policy—the unique position he enjoyed as compared with any other soldier in any other country—Ludendorff must be held mainly responsible for the catastrophe of 1918, to which he seems to have been blind until the very eve of its occurrence.

It is idle now for the man who was *de facto* ruler of Germany to turn round after the event and throw the blame on other people, whether " the politicians at Berlin," " the diplomats," or " the Home public," who all come under his lash. During his period of greatness, which lasted from the autumn of 1916 up to the Armistice, Ludendorff dominated everybody. In our country Politicians controlled policy and interfered in strategy, but there was nothing of that kind in Germany, whose politicians trembled in the presence of the General Staff, which, it will be remembered, ultimately kicked out Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg and put in a creature of its own. Ludendorff, Hindenburg and Co. forbade any show of " moderation," and insisted on unrestricted U-boat warfare, which it is clear from Ludendorff's book German soldiers and German sailors were confident must bring down England within a few months. It was therefore worth risking a quarrel with the United States, who, in any event, could not " get going " for a year.

More Injured Innocents

AFTER Ludendorff comes Bethmann-Hollweg, who has, naturally, a very different story to tell, though not a whit more impressive. He was one of those weak men who are as calamitous to mankind as wicked men, while there is good reason to believe that he was less virtuous than Lord Haldane and his British admirers supposed, and that while pretending to speak smoothly to your face he would be stabbing you in the back. After Bethmann-Hollweg we have Count Czernin giving his version of the Austrian view, which does not altogether coincide with Count Berchtold's, though both are agreed in crediting Austrian misfortunes mainly to Prussian arrogance, conveniently forgetting that Austro-Hungarian servility was one of the principal pillars of Prussian arrogance. It was because Berlin always had the call of Vienna, and through Vienna acquired her ascendancy in the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire, that she was tempted to challenge civilized Europe. These recriminations among beaten allies are no more edifying than the domestic squabbles of Germans and Pan-Germans. All men who held power in the Central Empires at any time between 1914 and 1918 have their measure of responsibility for what occurred. Each has some interesting revelation to make at the expense of somebody else, but we cannot help wishing that they would not all write at once, so that outsiders might have a chance of assimilating their information. In reading enemy books that are pouring out at a prodigious pace, we should bear in mind that every German is a professional propagandist. He never sticks at any lie that serves his thesis of the moment. We must not, therefore, take all this "literature of defeat" too seriously. Each volume has some ulterior purpose, which the facts are squared to suit. Before long we shall, doubtless, have the ex-Crown Prince's memoirs, in which Wilhelm junior may posture as a mixture of Florence Nightingale and Lord Courtney of Penwith. He had devoted his life to keeping the peace, and during the war gave himself up to good works and to assuaging the lot of prisoners of war. Afterwards the Imperial father will weigh in, in some equally surprising garb, and, doubtless, will persuade a certain number of fools, of whom there is always an abundance, that he is another of innumerable injured innocents.

On Our Side

It is not only on the other side of the North Sea that prominent personages are making exhibitions of themselves. We also have our crosses to bear, and it is with pain and sorrow that we note the vulgar twaddle that has been emptied through the Press by those who might have been expected to know better, if only because they belonged to noble Services that are justly proud of their high and honourable traditions, and cultivate dignity, decency, and reticence. The blatant, swaggering brawler, eaten up with his own conceit, who "alone did it," is a new and hitherto unknown type, which we hope will find no imitator. We do not, however, propose to advertise this melancholy stuff by particularizing it, and can only express sympathy with the profession whom it outrages. It is, however, useful in enabling the public to understand some things previously obscure, for instance, the feelings the author aroused throughout his career among the vast majority of his brother-officers. Viscount French's book is of a different order to that to which we have alluded, and it is not marred by the same gross lack of taste. It is, nevertheless, regrettable that it should ever have been written. It does not enhance the prestige of the author, who had the less excuse for this performance because his own position was un-assailed, and he had, perhaps, been accorded exaggerated kudos as the Commander-in-Chief of the original British Expeditionary Force. Until Lord French's book appeared we had always supposed that General Smith-Dorrien had rendered conspicuous service by his dour determined stand at the Battle of Le Cateau—a view that was encouraged by General French's published dispatches narrating the event. What possessed him, in cold blood, to reverse his own judgment and make this paltry attack on a subordinate—whom the authorities have not allowed to defend himself—we are at a loss to understand. It is, however, a peculiar satisfaction to us to be the medium of doing justice to a fine soldier by publishing General Maurice's convincing article, which states the facts as they were, and not as they are presented through the distorting medium of the defective memory of a Field-Marshal in a temper.

The "Road to Ruin"

All our political Parties—with the solitary and honourable exception of the National Party—bear heavy responsibility for that "Road to Ruin," now a frequent headline in the daily Press, which will become a reality unless the present mad gamble with public money can be stopped. A great war was, in any event, bound to be a costly as well as a ghastly business, but British Politicians, by their blindness before the war—when the provident expenditure of 1s. would have produced the subsequent result of £1—their reckless folly throughout the war, and their unspeakable ineptitude over the Peace, have immeasurably increased Britain's financial burden. Mr. Asquith and his friends cannot successfully transfer their own load of guilt to the shoulders of their successors. A Liberal Government was in power for almost nine unbroken years before the war (November 1905 to August 1914), during which the dominant problem was the menacing attitude, and still more menacing preparations, of Germany, about which there was as little concealment as there was disguise concerning the objective. Mr. Asquith has admitted so much in terms, when trying to placate his Party and reconcile them to a Liberal Government's entry into the war. The ex-Prime Minister is anything but a fool—though freely surrounded by fools—and from the days of the South African War onwards he had some conception of the Potsdam peril despite certain contradictory utterances; nor was he, at any time, among "the deserters of France," like several of his colleagues. But he was, temperamentally, a drifter, hoping that something might turn up to divert a storm against which he had not the grit to make counter-preparations in the teeth of Pacifism. Then he allowed the inane and, as it proved, insane vanity of a colleague to encourage the Germans to believe that whenever "Germany's hour sounded," a Liberal Government would be "too proud to fight." Personal contact with British Ministers, who chiefly sought to please him, satisfied Kaiser Wilhelm as to our permanent neutrality. "How could a country fight under such auspices?" must inevitably have been the Imperial comment as His Majesty listened to unctuous and verbose men from London who exuded "goodwill to Germany" and demeaned themselves as German courtiers.

Liberal Responsibilities

EVEN when the storm actually burst in the summer of 1914, and "War at any price" was obviously Germany's policy, there were dangerous hesitations and delays in Downing Street, which acutely inflamed the situation, robbing Peace of any glimmering of a ghost of a chance it might have had if our destinies had been in strong and resolute hands, and our Prime Minister a man who knew what to do and allowed all the world to know that he meant to do it. But for Lord Kitchener's fortunate presence and powerful personality the same feebleness would have marred our post-war military preparations as was allowed to squander enormous resources of men and money on futile enterprises, because one or other Amateur Strategist wanted his own "Side Show." There was no one to say "Nay" to any of Mr. Asquith's headstrong lieutenants. Later on, owing to the supineness of its chief, Defeatism was allowed to rear its head within the precincts of the Cabinet—in the autumn of 1916—and the present Coalition came into power in the nick of time to save the Entente from a diplomatic debacle under American auspices—President Wilson, in those days, being set on "Peace without victory." Nor did the Liberal Party help the country as an Opposition of watchful patriots—like the American Republican Party under ex-President Roosevelt—determined to keep the Government up to the mark and its head towards the enemy. On the contrary, our Whigs consistently favoured the weaker course, from the day they invited " German reservists " to flock from overseas to the aid of the Fatherland until they clamoured for our scuttle from Russia, which involves reconstituting that huge Power as a Germany ally. In a hundred ways the Liberal Party have hindered the national cause, and by so doing incalculably increased the national poverty, over which one and all are now wringing their hands. Mr. Asquith had only to lift his little finger at any moment last winter, either before or after the Party rout at the polls, and this cowardly Coalition would never have dared make a Peace that will cripple us to the end of the century. Unfortunately, the Liberal Leaders and the Liberal Press cast their entire influence on the side of the weaklings in the Government, and preached " magnanimity " to a beaten foe, ridiculing every effort to make it impossible for Germany to renew " the frightful adventure " by imposing terms that, humanly speaking, would have put aggression out of her power while her victims recovered.

Fighters to Talkers

It is therefore idle for Liberal spokesmen to taunt the Coalition with having won the Election by promising to " punish the Kaiser " and " make Germany pay " for the war, and with having achieved neither of those objects. It is common ground that the record of the Coalition is despicable, and fully accounts for the phenomenal slump in Mr. Lloyd George's popularity. But we should have fared no better had the " Wee Frees " controlled the Peace Conference, because they have resumed all their pre-war heresies and are merely itching to embrace the Boche. We grant, however, that we could have fared no worse had Mr. Asquith been in Mr. Lloyd George's place with a Liberal Government behind him; and in that case the Unionist Party would have been unmuzzled, and a much more useful factor in the settlement than as decoy ducks of Lloyd-Georgism. The net result is that Britain emerges from a war which our Fighting Men won with a peace which our Talking Men have lost. The Coalition—primarily the Prime Minister—necessarily bear the chief blame for their own deplorable diplomacy, and, moreover, aggravated their offence by obtaining a renewed lease of power last December by false pretences. They then pledged themselves to make Germany indemnify us for the costs incurred in a war which was of her seeking and not ours. They obtained a record majority on that understanding, although when they were making those promises Ministers regarded themselves as debarred from fulfilling them by the fatal "Fourteen Points," to which they had committed the country behind its back at the time of the Armistice. The Liberal Talkers are morally as much to blame by their acquiescence in the policy of exempting Germany, while the Labour Talkers worked overtime to prevent a single mark from finding its way across the North Sea. Hardly one Minister made one effort to carry out his electoral promises, and behind the scenes Government and bureaucracy laboured for German immunity. Even efforts to ascertain the wealth of the enemy were resented and resisted by Departmental Tapers and Tadpoles, nor was there any official attempt to draw up, still less to present, Britain's war bill. This crime and blunder are the main cause of our present financial unrest and anxiety for the future, as should never be forgotten by those who are moaning and groaning under extortionate taxation and dreading yet worse things.

People *v.* Politicians

It was equally clear to People and Politicians that one of two things would happen in the Great War—either Great Britain or Germany would win; unless, of course, there was a draw. In the unthinkable event of a German victory, it was common ground that Britain would be called upon to pay the whole war bill of the conqueror, and no question would have arisen as to whether we "liked it," found it "convenient," or "could" pay. Victorious Germany would have imposed on us and our Allies, not merely her full war costs, but penal indemnities to boot, in her practice of making war remunerative. If, on the other hand, Great Britain won, our People demanded that, in accordance with the principles of fair play, Germany should refund our costs, and they looked to the British Government to see that this was done; nor was it ever suggested to them by their Government that it could not or should not be done. There was never a whisper of "penal indemnities," though no penalties would have been undeserved, but a simple demand for bare justice. Incidentally, it was realized that the only hope of curing a predatory people of their congenital mania for falling upon unprepared neighbours was to make them pay the full damages of their failure. That was the popular British view, but all our leading politicians of all Parties—Coalition, Liberal, Labour—for reasons that have never been divulged, were openly or secretly hostile to this policy. The Coalition never dared admit as much. Indeed, Messrs. Lloyd George and Bonar Law confessedly owe their present positions to their undertaking to do the opposite of what they have done. But, judging by their every action in Paris—whatever may have been said upon platforms—Ministers always intended, from the moment we had won the war, that each party should pay its own costs. The Liberals were shocked at any other suggestion. Labour also pretended to believe in a "New Germany," which must not be punished for the sins of "Old Germany," however many of the old wirepullers continued to pull the strings of German policy and to play the old tricks. The British people must realize what their politicians have done upon this vital business, which, in our opinion, makes another war inevitable—probably waged by the League of Nations, when it has become converted into an instrument of Pan-Germanism. Under the Treaty of Peace imposed on, or rather "negotiated with," Germany, not one mark will ever find its way to the British Treasury as indemnity. Indeed, we shall be agreeably surprised if Britain ever receives any substantial sum as "reparation" for actual damage done, for example, to ships or cargoes, to prisoners of war, or for the murder of women and children. "Responsible statesmen" are so delighted with the Peace that none of them ever criticize the Treaty, save as being over-"stern" to "our German friends," while such organs of light and leading as the *Westminster Gazette* advocate further "relaxation" of the terms by the League of Nations.

"Tails the Winners lose"

LET us therefore never forget, in our excitement over our semi-bankrupt state, for which one quack remedy after another is propounded, that its main cause is that our politicians of all Parties would have it so. None of us imagined that Germany could pay £8,000,000,000 in a day or a year or ten years, but on her own showing she possesses prodigious assets, by a judicious appropriation of which, coupled with a scientific "conscription of German wealth," the Fatherland could have liquidated an appreciable part of her lawful debts within a reasonable time. British statesmen prefer to despoil Britons, to paralyse British industry, to conscript British wealth. Perish the thought that any British Government should inflict permanent injury on the German Empire! Meanwhile the enemy is exploding in his sleeve over the gullibility of "Anglo-Saxon" statesmanship. Germany is the one great Continental Power that has escaped the devastation of war, and emerges substantially intact and, relatively to her neighbours, stronger than ever, while she has seen to it that the lands she invaded are economically derelict for many years. Moreover, thanks to the Peace Conference, notably to President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George—as may be gathered from the Bullitt revelations, which will be found elsewhere—with the approval of British Liberalism and on the demand of British Labour, our enemy entertains high hopes of recovering in the East more than all she has lost in the West, and ultimately, with the Russian reservoir of man-power to draw on, Kultur may come again and overwhelm Civilization. Politicians preen themselves on their handiwork in Paris. But have the people any reason to be proud or satisfied? Does the Second Treaty of Versailles promise security? Does it provide permanent peace? Or, on the contrary, does it threaten us with further wars and rumours of wars in a not remote future? Civilized mankind did not ask the impossible of its Plenipotentiaries. It neither sought the moon nor the millennium, but plain men demanded such a peace with Germany as would finally free Europe from the Teutonic nightmare. Have we got it? Time will show. It looks as though President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George had managed between them to make the war game irresistibly attractive to Germany by sparing her the legitimate penalties of defeat. It is now a case of "Heads Germany wins, tails the winners lose."

Deficit

ACCORDING to the latest figures, which are to be supplemented while these pages are printing, the country continues "outrunning the constable" at a disquieting pace. It was inevitable, after the prodigious expenditure of the last five years, that there would be some period of readjustment.

To be Sold by Auction on November 11, by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, at 20 Hanover Square, London, W.

DUNLEY HILL

NEAR DORKING, SURREY

TOTAL AREA OF ESTATE, ABOUT 350 ACRES

This attractive property, situate in beautiful scenery, and within 25 miles of Hyde Park Corner, and 650 feet above sea-level, will be sold as a whole, or be divided into three lots, viz:

Lot 1. **The House, Grounds, and Park, making about 40 acres ;**
Lot 2. **A Capital Mixed Farm of about 250 acres ;**
Lot 3. **The Attractive Building Site called "Dunley Brow," of 53 acres.**

ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS, WITH PLAN, OF

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
20 HANOVER SQUARE LONDON, W.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW

DUNLEY HILL is situated in one of the most beautiful neighbourhoods in the Home Counties. It lies close to Ranmore Common on the heights between Dorking and Guildford, within a mile and a half of Effingham Village, and the station is Effingham Junction or Bookham (both three and a half miles) on the London and South-Western Railway. The best route by car from London is through Kingston, Esher, Leatherhead, Bookham, and Effingham, turning sharp to the left at Effingham Manor, through a beech avenue past Effingham Hill (on the left), until the cross roads at the foot of Dunley Hill, the entrance to which is two hundred yards up the hill on the right. An alternative route, and slightly shorter, is *via* Cobham and Effingham Junction.

Dunley Hill was built for Admiral Maxse from plans by Messrs. Ernest George and Peto. It is an excellent house, which to-day would cost nearer £50,000 than £40,000, and those who look over it with the eye of experts are struck by the thoroughness of the detail. It is emphatically a house intended to stand, and though uninhabited during the war is to-day as dry as a bone. It is specially suitable to any one wishing to live in the country and keep in close touch with business in London. The gardens and grounds, including an extensive lawn, have been purposely neglected during the war, when everything was sacrificed to food production.

The farm, which is now on a paying basis, has been transformed since 1914, while the farm buildings (including the largest barn in the country-side) are very commodious. It carries a considerable amount of stock, and this year's crops, like those of last year, are valuable. The charm of Dunley Hill consists in the wild beauty of the surrounding country, and its height above the sea, combined with its accessibility to London. It is admirably adapted for moderate entertainment, and does not require a large staff of servants nor an army of gardeners. It is a place of comfort rather than show.

The house at Dunley Hill consists of a large and lofty entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 18 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices. There is a lift from the basement to the first floor. The house could be secured with approximately 40 acres by a purchaser who did not require the farm. In this case the farm of 250 acres would be sold separately; the Third Lot being one of the most beautiful building sites in Surrey, viz. "Dunley Brow," commanding the Shere Valley and comprising 53 acres.

FULL PARTICULARS OF

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Reasonable people fully recognize that it was impossible to stop all war expenditure with the signing of the Armistice, as certain wiseacres retrospectively recommend. But we are now a year away from the Armistice, and it is common knowledge that until the Press ventilated the subject there was neither effort nor semblance of effort to retrench. There was, however, no reason, while the Prime Minister was squandering the national reputation in Paris, that thrifty colleagues should not have begun actively husbanding the national resources in London. But there was no thought of economy. Ministers were bursting with grandiose projects which would have cost almost as much as the war. Now they have relapsed into one of their characteristic panics and are likely to be as foolish in "scrapping" essentials as they were formerly thoughtless in encouraging extravagance. Our financial outlook is too serious to permit our being reassured by Lord Milner's reminder that some other nations are worse off than ourselves. We can imagine what he would have had to say of the Coalition policy had he happened to be in Opposition instead of in Office. The facts speak more loudly than any words. According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the national balance-sheet for the six months ending September 30 was as follows: Daily expenditure, £4,225,000; daily income, £2,508,000; daily deficit, £1,717,000. In other words, we have what looks like a half-year's deficit of about £300,000,000, or a year's deficit of £600,000,000, a figure that would, in pre-war days, have been regarded as a respectable National Debt for a Great Power. The Prime Minister cheerfully insists that the annual service of the present National Debt (namely, £8,000,000,000) will remain at £400,000,000, i.e. more than twice our whole pre-war revenue.

What?

SOMETHING must be done. There are plenty of quacks prepared to do it. Among the proposals pressed upon us from diverse quarters is increased income-tax up to extinction of income in the shape of our old friend, "20s. in the £." We can see no difference between this proposal and complete confiscation, and were we the victims we should prefer confiscation to being ground to impalpable powder by the tax-collector. Then we have the "Conscription of Wealth" or "Capital Levy," such as Progressives assert is being introduced in Germany and

Italy. There is ethically no difference between a capital levy and a *permanent* income-tax and super-tax rising to fifty and sixty per cent., such as we now have. Were it proposed that taxpayers should compound for their taxation by paying a lump sum, there would be something to be said for it, but we do not gather that this is the programme of the Conscriptionists. To take a concrete case: if the *National Review* at present pays £900 annually in taxation, is it suggested that some such capital payment as £5000 would free it from further taxation, or is the "levy" to be in addition to the taxation? The former proposition might be worth considering. There may be some figure which it would be advantageous for the State to accept—in reduction of the National Debt—and that it would also be worth the taxpayers' while to pay now that we are indefinitely saddled with this overwhelming income-tax, which works out in some years so that its unfortunate victims pay more in taxation than they receive in income. Another scheme with which prominent politicians are coquetting that strongly appeals to the Man in the Street is a special levy on war fortunes, which is, in principle, sound and fair, but exceedingly difficult to apply without gross unfairness. Thus a man who had squandered everything he had made during the war would escape scot-free, but the man who had denied himself and responded to the National appeal for Victory loans is to be penalized and viewed as a criminal. Is this rational or sound? As we have said, something must be done, but what? Had there been any constructive intelligence at the Exchequer we should have had three per cent. Premium Bonds, with a possible net saving of £100,000,000 a year to the State. If every suggestion that does not suit "the Treasury mind" be vetoed, the road to ruin will end in ruin, Lord Milner's optimism to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Only Alternative

THERE is but one alternative to these painful remedies, or some variant of them. We only hesitate to mention it out of consideration for the susceptibilities of His Majesty's Ministers. It causes them acute annoyance—acuter than any plan for plundering the British taxpayer, which they stoically accept as "a disagreeable necessity." Either this country must pay, or some other country must pay, for the war which it wanted and we did not. This brings us back to the fact that Germany can pay and ought to pay a very substantial part of the enormous debt we have accumulated in "making the world safe for Democracy." However horrified Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Henderson may be at any mention of this unsavoury topic, we intend to press it, in season and out of season, until, at least, we get some semblance of an explanation of the mysterious fact that no serious official attempt was ever made either to appraise the wealth of Germany or to prove John Bull's bill. Not only are Ministers and ex-Ministers personally obstructive of every effort in this direction, but all the Departments—except the Foreign Office, which was "frozen out" of the Peace Conference—worked as they never worked before to spare Germany from contributing any quota to our War Bill, thus ensuring that it should fall exclusively on British pockets. Why? Echo answers "Why?" We are totally unable to explain this phenomenon, and shall be grateful to any one who can adduce any explanation that plain men can appreciate and that can be printed in the light of day. Doubtless the Manchester School infests and infects the Public Offices, particularly the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the Colonial Office. Manchester Schoolmen prefer that their own country be injured before any other country is touched, just as Manchester Schoolmen are petitioning that French babies shall be sacrificed for the benefit of Boche babies. They are horrified lest milch cows pass from Germany to France, though under the Treaty of Peace they belong to France. The death of French babies leaves these altruists stone-cold. The life of one German baby is more precious in Manchester eyes than a hundred French babies. The Germans have the supreme merit of being enemies who sought to destroy us. The French suffer the disadvantage of being our friends and Allies, shedding their blood in a common cause. Cobdenism prescribes that we sacrifice friends to enemies—friends' babies to enemy's babies.

An Independent Commission

It is possibly similar psychology that inspires the British bureaucracy to transfer Germany's lawful debts to the British Exchequer. Mr. Winston Churchill is said to be one of the worst on this question, and, as we know, he is an ardent Free-Trader. But Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain were reputed to be Tariff-Reformers.

Have they become tainted with Manchesterism ? Both Ministers are rumoured to have steadily set their faces against any serious Indemnity. They may conceivably be under the thumb of Treasury officials, who are usually hand-in-glove with the International Jew. In pre-war days, Sir Edgar Speyer was said to have the run of the Departments. That element was never stronger than during the Lloyd George regime. The International Jew long since decreed that Germany must be let off lightly, lest "the money market" be disturbed; and she is let off more lightly than any of our readers wot of. Be the cause what it may, the matter cannot be allowed to remain where it is. By the terms of the Treaty the subject is entrusted to an "Allied and Associated" Reparation Commission with plenary powers. It is rumoured that this body is being packed with partisans of "leniency," who, on any pretext, will mitigate the pressure upon Germany. But Allied rights are formally reserved, and Germany's full liability declared in terms. What is most needed is the appointment of a strong and independent British Commission to report upon the wealth of Germany, her realizable assets, her taxable capacity. That the "Allied and Associated Powers" have been made financial fools of is clear from the vast levy on capital now being made by the German Government—if we may believe our Radical papers. This levy is not to be devoted to refunding the Allies their losses, replenishing the devastated areas of Belgium and France. It is for German Industrial Reconstruction; in other words, to equip the enemy to make trade war on her stricken neighbours. Public orators who are perorating about the triumph of might over right, the reign of law, the brotherhood of man, the League of Nations, etc., are hereby called upon to explain why Germany is "unable" to pay her foreign creditors, though "able" to finance her own colossal projects for the "peaceful penetration" of those creditors. Before she is allowed to spend one mark on German Reconstruction, common justice and common decency—so called because both so uncommon—demand that devastated Belgium and France be restored, and the Allies, including the British Empire, compensated for their huge losses in defending the life of the world and the soul of man against the Pan-German peril. We shall have it all over again in a worse form if present counsels prevail, and Germany, having avoided invasion, also escapes Indemnity.

House of Commons

The House of Commons has unwittingly played into the hands of "direct actionists" by the contempt into which it has fallen. It has allowed itself to become a mere appanage to the predominant caucus of the day. It has no soul to call its own, being content to register the decrees of the Government without more than an occasional murmur. Excuses were made for this state of things in war, and some persons affected to ascribe it to patriotism—which is hardly "the note" of Parliament. What outsiders can't help noticing is the extraordinary number of placemen of one kind or another who have cropped up in the House of Commons, and the wholly disproportionate number of so-called "Honours" conferred on its Members for unspecified services. From such phenomena the conclusion is drawn, rightly or wrongly, that, as in Sir Robert Walpole's day, "all these men have their price"—or nearly all. It is for this reason that there is so little effective criticism of the Government at a time it would be most helpful. Our politicians seem afraid of quarrelling with their bread and butter. Thus the Whips can, as a general rule, "snuff out" any "cave" that may be formed. They usually succeed in inserting a Government "spy" in the cave, to report its proceedings to the Whips' Room, and the attitude of its various members, and should it develop to the danger-point, Government "nobbles" the principals, either by office or a baronetcy. This has been so frequently the course of "caves" that experienced Parliamentarians hesitate to join them, feeling confident that, at the critical moment, the pass will be sold. The public naturally know little of these inner mysteries, but only observe that the House of Commons, despite its constitutional pretensions, has ceased to count in the body politic. Consequently the meeting of Parliament nowadays passes almost unnoticed—there is a hopeless feeling of unmitigated talk and nothing done. We were therefore all unmoved by the desperate efforts of the Press to flog up interest in the Autumn Session, which opened on October 22 and hardly stirred an aspen-leaf in the London parks. We had heard too often before of the wonderful things that would happen "when the House meets." Nothing happened. Everything continued as before. A few private Members asked a few promising questions—which were rarely followed up—the Speaker generally refused to allow any but Labour Members or Nationalists to move the adjournment of the

House. Front Bench men made the usual speeches of the usual length, and if by any chance there was a division, Ministers, however glaringly in the wrong, had a majority of anything from 100 to 200. And so on.

Lesson to Ministers

It may be that at last the House of Commons is waking up and realizes its own unpopularity, and that it must try and represent public opinion, even if it has no opinion of its own, unless it is to sink into desuetude. Whatever the reason or the motive, the country for once had an agreeable surprise on learning that the Parliamentary worm had turned. There was a manifestation of Unionist independence actually carried into the division lobby in the first week of the new Session, and the Coalition Government, with a record majority, found itself in a minority of 72 (185 to 113). We sincerely hope that this will not prove a mere flash in the pan, as some old Parliamentary hands predict. We trust it indicates the serious intention of the House of Commons to reassert itself in the State, and to impose some check on the odious autocracy of Downing Street. We should welcome any Government defeat at this moment even if we had no sympathy with the occasion, because we regard the Unionist Party as literally committing suicide in allowing itself to be tied by Mr. Bonar Law to the coat-tails of Mr. Lloyd George, on whose discreditable performances in Paris we throw fresh light elsewhere. But we strongly sympathize with the principle on which one hundred Unionists revolted against the Government and the Government Whips, which was nothing more nor less than whether British pilots or aliens should have pilotage certificates in British waters. We feel sure the French will realize that this vote was not in any way aimed against them or their interests. The Government used France as a stalking-horse. They wished to open our waters to alien pilots, not for the benefit of France, but in order that neutrals and subsequently enemies may have the run of them. It is all part of the League of Nations craze, about which Frenchmen feel as we do. In subsequent conference with the Prime Minister the "rebels" made their position clear *vis-à-vis* France, and secured the concession of the principle they had fought for. Let us hope this incident may serve as a salutary lesson to Ministers by which they will not be too conceited to profit—also that the House of Commons will not weary of well-doing, and that Unionist Members of Parliament at last realize that their constituencies expect something very different from them to anything they have yet had. England has never loved Coalitions, but it may be doubted whether it has ever hated one as it does the present corrupt and cowardly combination.

Foreign Office

THERE have been several hints of Ministerial "reconstruction" in the Downing Street Press, where it is frankly recognized that our jaded Coalition stands urgently in need of new blood and young blood. But the circumstances are unfavourable to any changes involving peerages, vacancies, and the dreaded by-election. There has, consequently, been no reconstruction, and the disappointed aspirants to higher office are relegated to the Greek Kalends. The old faces remain in the old places. It is true that Mr. Balfour has, at last, resigned the Foreign Office, but this change had long been discounted, having been discussed for at least a year. There had been considerable anxiety as to his successor, as the names that were mentioned were anything but reassuring, and it was feared that our unfortunate Foreign Office might be reduced into an annex of the League of Nations. General satisfaction was, therefore, caused by the announcement that a man of the capacity and knowledge of Lord Curzon—who has been acting Foreign Minister for some months—is to succeed Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour cannot, however, resign himself to leaving the Government, and he, therefore, succeeds Lord Curzon as Lord President of the Council. Presumably the earldom will come later. It is regrettable that Mr. Balfour did not retire before the Peace Conference rather than lend the authority of his great name to that sorry affair, and consent to occupy so humiliating a position in Paris that he was hardly called upon to say "Ditto" to his chief, Mr. Lloyd George. Many big decisions were taken without considering Mr. Balfour's opinion, frequently without consulting him, and sometimes despite him, but he never asserted himself against his ignorant chief, though at any moment he could have saved the Conference by retiring, and taking his countrymen into his confidence as to the impossible blunders that were being committed in their name on one vital question after another. A word from Mr. Balfour would have ended a farce that was likewise a tragedy. That word was never spoken. He characteristically shrugged his shoulders. He not only allowed himself to be eliminated, he also allowed the great Department of which he was the responsible head to be installed at enormous expense in the Hôtels Majestic and Astoria, and then to be completely ignored, while our diplomacy was conducted by the Prime Minister and the personnel, of whose vagaries we know more than we did, thanks to Mr. Bullitt. Among Lord Curzon's first duties as Foreign Minister is to recover for the Foreign Office the functions that properly appertain to it.

Admiral Beatty

EVEN more important than Lord Curzon's succession to Mr. Balfour is Admiral Beatty's tardy appointment as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. In expressing our regret that it should have been so long postponed, we are casting no reflections upon his distinguished predecessor, Admiral Wemyss, who complains of Press criticism, which we had not noticed. We thought it common ground that his unexpected appointment as Lord Jellicoe's successor at a most critical moment of the war, which he saw to a triumphant conclusion, had been abundantly justified by its success. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has personal qualities which not only make him easy to work with, but make other men work amicably with one another under him. There were many difficulties at the Admiralty, largely personal, which his diplomacy was able to overcome with the least friction. But it is equally common knowledge that he did not carry guns enough to cope with the politicians, of whom he had previously had no experience. We have reached a turning-point in our history when the politicians will be up to every conceivable trick at the expense of "the great silent Navy." When we have Admirals of the Fleet—we had almost said Admirals of Fleet Street—shouting their parrot-cry "Sack the lot!" Covenanting cranks exploiting the League of Nations to destroy the British Navy, with "anti-wasters" running amok in most of the Press, we need the prestige of a powerful personality in Whitehall whom the whole country would back should the Government—like every Government after every great war—on one pretext or another, try and endanger British sea-power, which is " the very bulwark of the cause of men." For that reason and for no other there is a sigh of relief in nation and Navy over the announcement that Admiral Beatty is adding to his imperishable services by undertaking thankless office work, which all the great sailors have hated. In recently acknowledging the freedom of the City of Bristol (October 23), the new First Sea Lord made this model speech, which we commend to all whom it may concern :

> Our great commitments make it necessary for this country to insure against the unforeseen. Insurance has been provided in the past by fabulous expenditure on armaments. This expenditure has been justified by the results. The peace-loving nations of the world have crushed those nations which threatened the peace of the world. We may hope that the power and influence of the League of Nations will provide a large measure of the insurance which is necessary, and we shall be able to limit our naval armaments to the size which is proportionate to our liabilities and our interests. We must, however, remember that we are more dependent upon the sea and upon the protection of our great lines of communication with the outlying portions of the Empire than any other nation, and therefore we must expect to make greater provision than any other nation for our naval security.

By-elections

BY-ELECTIONS continue to be interesting and even illuminating. The Coalition are deeply indebted to " lightning strikers " and " Bolshies," to whom they owe two victories about which they were doubtful. The Labour Party had made certain of winning Pontefract, but their candidate was defeated by 1475 votes, thanks to a crazy strike engineered by one of Mr. Smillie's imitators, Mr. Herbert Smith, in the Yorkshire coal-fields. This made a present of the seat to the Coalition candidate, Mr. Forrest. Similarly, in the Rusholme Division of Manchester, Opposition hopes had run so very high that the irrepressible Mr. Pringle (of " Pringle and Hogge " fame) was put forward as the " Wee Free " candidate. The railway strike intervened, with the result that the Coalition candidate, Captain Thorpe, romped in, Mr. Pringle cutting a miserable figure below the Labour candidate. Another vacancy has arisen in the Thanet division of Kent owing to the regrettable death of Captain Norman Craig, who, although a K.C., had a fine record of active service in the war. While a whole army of " duds " were awaiting nomination by the local Coalitionists to one of the few seats still regarded as safe for " a Bonar Law candidate," Mr. Esmond Harmsworth upset every Taper and Tadpole calculation by announcing that, in any event, he should stand on an " anti-waste " platform. The only hope in this caucus-ridden country that any independent young man has of standing for Parliament is to nominate himself. The caucus's idea of a candidate is to select some aspirant to a peerage, a baronetcy, or a knighthood, who will act accordingly, i.e. do whatever the Whips tell him. The results of this regime are writ large on our public life. We congratulate Mr. Harmsworth in being his own caucus, with the result that after some grimacing the Thanet " Unionists " turned down the Central Office " duds " and adopted the " anti-waste " candidate as the official Coalition candidate. Mr. Harmsworth has had two splendid brothers—all his brothers—killed in the war. He is heir to great responsibilities and power. He should be strong enough to preserve his independence even in the enervating atmosphere of Westminster. We sincerely congratulate him on his very early entry on a public career. There never was such an opening for a live young man to get a move on. Plymouth is another centre of interest just now. Major Waldorf Astor, the sitting Member, suddenly finds himself extinguished in the peerage, which his father surprised his family by accepting two years ago. We keenly sympathize with his effort to escape the barren and burdensome honour of the viscounty now, unhappily, thrust upon him by the death of his father, which would cut short the social service to which he is devoted. Major and Mrs. Waldorf Astor (as they hoped still to be called), have by their single-minded and devoted labours made a unique position for themselves in the west of England. If Major Astor cannot avoid the viscounty—as is generally feared—there is nothing, we understand, to prevent Mrs. Astor—then a reluctant Viscountess—from succeeding to her husband's seat at Plymouth, which no one doubts her ability to hold, thus becoming the first woman M.P. Otherwise Captain John Astor would make an admirable candidate—as would Mrs. Spender Clay (who was Miss Astor) if for any reason neither brother were available. The Astor family is rich in political intelligence and public spirit, and it was a good day for this country when the late Mr. Astor decided to change his domicile.

THE most sensational event of the past month was the Railway Strike, which had been declared as our last number was going to press. Our readers, wherever they may be, will know all about it, as it filled the newspapers and was fully cabled abroad. We need only say here that it was a blessing in disguise, because it proved, we hope once and for all, that Great Britain is too sane and too strong to capitulate to sectional anarchy. The quarrel notoriously had nothing to do with wages or hours of labour, though the sheep, who blindly obeyed their bell-wethers, imagined that their wages were threatened. In every big Trade Union there is a group of "wild men" who, fired by the success of Lenin and Trotsky, hope through chaos to capture the Government of the country. They know that they can never get it any other way, and they have given up Parliamentary methods as hopeless. This accounts for the popularity of "direct action" among certain leaders of "organized Labour," who regard it as their only avenue to the realization of their ambitions. This is at the bottom of the Triple Alliance of Railwaymen, Miners, and Transport Workers. On paper they have "a dead certainty" in their own opinion, provided they challenge the country on some issue that appeals to the enthusiasm of the rank and file. Within a week the nation would be on its beam ends. Such are the calculations of the Smillies, the Williams, the Manns, and other men of that ilk. Unfortunately for the larger conspiracy, a sectional conspiracy got out of hand. Certain Railwaymen convinced themselves that what the Triple Alliance could do, that could one Union do, so to speak, "on its own." The community would be helpless without its arteries—the railways. As one of the enthusiasts boasted on the declaration of war, "England will be starving within a week." Since their fiasco, it is noteworthy that the rest of the Triple Alliance blame the Railwaymen's tactics, though not their principles—these "militarists" denounce the "bad staff work" which allowed one member of the Triple Alliance to strike without the knowledge of its allies, and tells us plainly that this blunder will never again be committed—that the next strike will be a much more serious affair, as the Mining Ludendorffs and the Transport Hindenburgs will all strike together with the Railway Tirpitzes. It will be "frightfulness" on the grand scale.

Railway Strike

Bad Staff Work

It is always as well to know where we are and how "the other side" regard any given situation. To the "wild men" of the Labour movement the Railway Strike was merely an abortive reconnaissance in force, which served to reveal the weak spots of their organization, which will be made good before the big offensive opens. This is the moral of every article in the Labour Press. Apparently Mr. Cramp and Mr. Thomas—respectively President and General Secretary of the N.U.R.—had not gone through the formality of consulting their colleagues of the Triple Alliance as to their contemplated strike. They had not so much as sent a post card to Mr. Smillie, Mr. Frank Hodges, or Mr. Williams. There is much amour-propre among these great men. After all they are politicians with the gifts and failings common to all politicians. Some of them are as vain as peacocks or *prime donne.* It is an open secret that Mr. Smillie was furious with Mr. Cramp and Mr. Thomas. They might have been dukes owning mining royalties. Mr. Smillie had all his plans cut and dried for a much bigger affair, in which he would occupy an enviable position in the centre of the stage supported by his faithful miners, while the Cramps and Thomases played around as supers. Mr. Williams was aghast that any one dare strike without his knowledge and consent. He was, moreover, sufficiently shrewd to realize that Brother Cramp and Cousin Thomas had got themselves into a most unholy mess, and that unless they could be hauled out of their dog-fight with the Government the pitch would be "queered" for the entire Triple Alliance. We must make some allowances for human nature. Our newspapers, having in former years completely ignored Labour politicians and boycotted Trade Union Congresses, have, after their wont, violently rushed to the opposite extreme, and nowadays flatter them as Party newspapers flatter Party politicians. Is it surprising that their heads should be turned by the amount of limelight now playing upon their persons? The one object of many of them is to have a strike "on his own" and be "in the picture papers"—these latter have a good deal to answer for.

When it was realized, after the "lightning strike" had been in operation but a very few days, that, thanks to the magnificent energy of the authorities, the enthusiastic co-operation of volunteers, and the admirable conduct of the community as a whole, the Cramp–Thomas manœuvre must fail, the other Trade Unions put their heads together to stop it lest all become involved in disaster. Their own plans had been maturing for a general strike in favour of the nationalization of the mines, in which all the preliminary spade-work had been done. They were appalled when they first learnt from their newspapers that the N.U.R. had stolen a march on them, and among themselves, doubtless, rival Labour Leaders muttered as the situation worsened, "This will be a lesson to Thomas, who was getting too big for his boots, not to play for his own hand," etc. The only thing was for the "wild men" of the other Unions —for example, Mr. Williams—to offer their services as mediators between the Railwaymen and the Government. It was not, as leading journals suggested, because they were suddenly sobered into "moderation" by the dangerous crisis confronting the country. It was because they feared that the Railway Strike would compromise the whole movement of "direct action" and render the prospects of the revolution the anarchist wing have in view hopeless. They did not mediate in the interests of industrial peace, but to give future war a chance. It was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Government and country should prepare against a far more formidable attack whenever Messrs. Smillie, Williams, Hodges, Mann, and the rest of the "Bolshies" think their Staff work is up to concert-pitch. Mr. Cramp incautiously gave away the plan of campaign in an utterance at Carlisle in the spring (May 25)—disinterred by the *Morning Post*: "Whenever you say you are ripe for industrial revolution I am with you, but not for a trade dispute. Let us approach it with our eyes open and be free to carry it through." In another speech which we owe to General Page Croft's retentive memory, Mr. Cramp stated that the "centre of gravity was passing from the House of Commons to the headquarters of the great Trade Unions." Our Revolutionaires should, however, have a less easy task than they conceived, for if they may have recently learnt their weaknesses, the State appreciates its strength as never before.

The Warning

THE one common, acute anxiety during the thrilling days of the Railway Strike was lest Mr. Lloyd George should run away.

The railway spokesmen left us in no doubt as to their confidence that had they only had the Prime Minister to deal with there would have been the usual capitulation, and there were frequent efforts by every kind of busybody to arrange "private meetings," in which the Prime Minister would be unaccompanied by any of his more stout-hearted colleagues. The Geddes family saved the situation by insisting that the Government should keep down the foot it had put down until the railwaymen returned to work, and this was substantially the settlement, though there were some minor and immaterial concessions, to give an appearance of " save face " for Messrs. Thomas and Co., which might have been dispensed with. From the moment Ministers stood firm there was the most wonderful rally of all classes—indeed it was a national uprising, and its strength lay in the fact that classes and masses worked as one to save the women and children, the invalids, and the helpless—including the horses—from being starved, as was the avowed intention of the ringleaders. All that was said in snobbish newspapers about earls and viscountesses was true; they worked like Trojans at any dull or disagreeable work that turned up. But so did everybody else, and the earls and viscountesses objected no less than the rest of the community that they should be singled out for special mention, and thus the fight against the strike represented as a class affair. The pivot of the business in London was the magnificent organization improvised under the Food Department—though not wholly improvised, as for once time had been taken by the forelock—of which Hyde Park, which was thoughtfully commandeered from the outset, was the centre. It was an equally great triumph for Sir Eric Geddes, being his first test as Transport Minister. The railways were beaten by the motor-lorry—a happy accident of the war which produced a prodigious supply of lorries, and, what was no less important, skilled drivers who came forward and offered their services.

Classes and Masses

PERHAPS the chief lesson of this memorable event was that the burden of what demagogues call " the class war " falls mainly on the class that declares it, i.e. the working classes and their families. Those who suffer least are the class against whom it is declared—namely, the well-to-do, who, in these motor-car days, are hardly conscious of

The National Need

inconvenience during any shortage in the necessaries of life. The longer heads in the Labour world must realize this, but they are powerless once a strike is declared. Not the least encouraging feature was the excellent conduct of the rank-and-file strikers who, having gone out at a moment's notice in a mistaken sense of loyalty to unworthy " leaders " and their mates of lower grades, whose wages they had thought were about to be reduced, being out, conducted themselves, on the whole, as Englishmen should. We must not allow ourselves to become prejudiced against Labour or even against Trade Unions, because for the moment they may be in the wrong hands. Englishmen and Englishwomen are in the same boat, whether masses or the classes. We need better politicians than we have got. If we can't get them, at least let us not be duped by them nor plunged into anarchy. No working miner would stand to gain anything from a successful civil war which resulted in Mr. Smillie's taking possession of Buckingham Palace, as Kerensky took possession of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, until he was ejected by Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky. It might, momentarily, be very good fun for Mr. and Mrs. Smillie, but for no one else—least of all for working men or working women.

"The Roman Mischief-maker"

MR. STUTFIELD, whose trenchant and fearless articles on latter-day Roman Catholicism are keenly appreciated by our readers, has written a powerful and arresting book which will shortly be published by the *National Review*. Its contents are effectively indicated by its title, *The Roman Mischief-maker*. The war has given us a new view of the Roman Catholic Church as a world-wide influence that is hostile to everything that Great Britain and the British Empire stand for. Englishmen cannot continue to allow themselves to be deterred by regard for the susceptibilities of their Catholic fellow-countrymen from saying what they think about the mighty organization upon which British Catholics exercise so little influence, that though they are as good Englishmen as any of us—and infinitely better than a certain school of political Nonconformists—they are totally unable to prevent the machinery of their Church from promoting Anglophobia everywhere. Mr. Stutfield, who is a master of his subject, renders national service in writing *The Roman Mischief-maker*.

THE "UNNECESSARY" BATTLE OF LE CATEAU

THERE are few more valuable contributions to military history than the daily impressions, written by a Commander-in-Chief, of events during the critical period of a campaign. No one who knows anything of war would expect such a record to be accurate in matters of detail. It is out of the question that in stressful times a Commander-in-Chief should, during a war of movement, when the situation is changing almost hourly, know exactly where all his troops are and what they are doing. It is, in fact, highly undesirable that he, who has to review the position as a whole and to take broad decisions, should hamper himself with knowledge of that kind. What the honest historian desires to know is on what information and with what object the general in chief command made his decisions. Generals are too often unfairly criticized because such knowledge is lacking, and because the historian, perhaps unwittingly, writes in the light of after-knowledge. It is easy to say what should have been done when all the cards are on the table, but it is rarely worth the saying.

Lord French, in his "1914," gives us vividly and graphically many of his impressions during the darkest days of his command. Had he stopped there it would be impertinent to cavil at his inaccuracies; but he has not done so. He tells us that, on two very important matters, he has revised his first impression in the light of after-knowledge. In his first dispatch he eulogized Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's conduct of the Battle of Le Cateau in the warmest terms. In his book he implies that information received later has led him to the conclusion that the decision to fight that battle, contrary to his explicit orders, was a grave blunder. In the second edition he has altered an important misstatement of fact regarding that battle which appeared in the first edition. One is then forced to the conclusion that the book now represents Lord French's considered opinions formed five years after the events of which he writes.

Unfortunately, the misstatement to which I have referred is very far from being the only misstatement, and, still more unfortunately, almost all the misstatements made in Lord French's account of the early part of the retreat from Mons tend to belittle the part played by the 2nd Corps, nearly one half of his original army. At least one reviewer of Lord French's book has, not unnaturally, come to the conclusion that the Battle of Mons was little more than a skirmish, and that the 2nd Corps, up to the Battle of Le Cateau, was no more heavily engaged than the 1st. This is so contrary to the truth that, in justice to the men of that Corps who wear the Mons Star, and to the memory of their comrades who fell during the retreat, it is time that those misstatements were corrected. I propose to confine myself to those chapters of "1914" which deal with the Battles of Mons and of Le Cateau. I will also confine myself to matters which came within my personal knowledge, and to information which I have collected from the German side. I may mention that I was, at the time, on the staff of the 3rd Division of the 2nd Corps.

On August 21, 1914, the British Expeditionary Force marched northwards towards its area of concentration, which lay south of the French fortress of Maubeuge, the intention being, as Lord French tells us,* that we should advance beyond Mons to meet the German forces which were marching north of the Meuse through Belgium. On this day, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien arrived to take command of the 2nd Corps, its original commander, Sir James Grierson, having died in the train on the way to the area of concentration. The march was without incident, but that evening, after it was completed, Sir Douglas Haig, accompanied by his Chief of Staff, General John Gough, V.C., rode into the Headquarters of the 3rd Division, which were close to the Belgian frontier, and just south of the battlefield of Malplaquet. I happened to be the only officer at the Headquarters of the Division at the time, and Sir Douglas Haig directed me to tell General Hubert Hamilton, the Commander of the 3rd Division, that he had passed through our outposts, and did not think they were digging in deep enough, as, in his opinion, we might be attacked at any time by greatly superior force. The next day, August 22, I met General Monro, who commanded the 2nd Division of Sir Douglas Haig's 1st Corps. The 2nd Division happened to have been the farthest from Mons in the area of concentration, and General Monro told me that he had received from Sir Douglas

---

* "1914," p. 42. (All references are to second edition.)

Haig an order to expedite the march of his Division in every way possible, as upon its timely arrival might depend the fate of the army and the honour of England. Thinking over these two incidents afterwards, I came to the conclusion that Sir Douglas Haig had, from the first, anticipated a German movement through Belgium, north of the Meuse, in great strength, and that he had regarded our movement towards Mons as dangerous. My reason for referring to this matter here will appear later.

Joffre did not share this view, nor did Lord French, who had been in consultation with him. Lord French tells us * that he estimated that the northern group of German armies moving against us and Lanrezac's 5th French Army on our right, consisted of at least five army corps and two or three cavalry divisions, and it may be assumed that both British and French Headquarters were in general agreement as to this estimate. It actually consisted of ten and a half corps and four cavalry divisions. It would take too long to go, in this article, into the reasons which led to this under-estimate of the strength of the Germans marching against the Allied right flank, but I have given what I believe to be these reasons in my *Forty Days in* 1914. In the last line of chapter iii of his book Lord French tells us that on August 21 "the Allied Commanders were full of hope and confidence," and he opens chapter iv by saying that, on the 22nd he awoke, as he had lain down, with high hopes.

It was amongst my duties to visit the Headquarters of the 2nd Corps, and to keep myself informed of the views held there. The 2nd Corps, composed of the 3rd and 5th Divisions, reached the latitude of Mons on the afternoon of the 22nd, and was ordered to take up an outpost line along the Condé Canal. As far as I was able to ascertain it did not enter any one's mind that this was to be a battle position. On the night of the 22nd we were all in expectation of another forward movement the next day. The 2nd Corps placed outposts from Pommereul, five miles east of Condé, along the canal past Mons, round the Obourg salient, and thence to Harmignies, four miles south-east of Mons, where it connected with Sir Douglas Haig's 1st Corps. This was a distance of about eighteen miles, a very long front for two divisions if they were intended to fight on it, but Lord French makes it more extended still, for he places the left of Ferguson's 5th Division at Condé five miles west of its actual position. Lord French met his Corps Commanders early on the 23rd, and after that meeting the 3rd Division was directed by the Commander of the 2nd Corps to select and prepare for defence a position to the south of Mons. This was the natural procedure if attack was expected. If attack took place the outposts along the canal would normally fall back on to the prepared position after delaying the enemy, and after forcing him, as far as possible, to expose his strength and plans.

---

* "1914," p. 41

Lord French describes the Battle of Mons as follows: "After my conference with the Corps Commanders on the morning of the 23rd, I left General Smith-Dorrien full of confidence in regard to his position, but when I returned to my Headquarters in the afternoon reports came to hand that he was giving up the salient of Mons because the outpost line at Obourg had been penetrated by the enemy, and that he was also preparing to give up the whole of the line of the canal before nightfall. He said that he anticipated a gap occurring in his line between the 3rd and 5th Divisions in the neighbourhood of Mariette, and he went so far as to make a request for help to the 1st Corps. Up to this time there was no decided threat in any strength on Condé. Sir Horace, therefore, need not have feared an imminent turning movement, and as regards his front he was nowhere threatened by anything more than cavalry, supported by small bodies of infantry. . . . The General's anxiety seemed to have lessened later in the afternoon, for at 5 P.M. a message from the 2nd Corps said that the Commander was 'well satisfied with the situation.'" *

The Battle of Mons began about 10 A.M. with an artillery bombardment of the right of the 3rd Division in the Obourg salient, which was gallantly defended by the 4th Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment. The attack then gradually extended along the whole front of the 2nd Corps. The Middlesex were attacked both in front and flank by very superior numbers, and were forced back from the canal. They lost over one-third of their strength, and though brilliantly supported by the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, were unable to maintain themselves in the exposed salient. The order was then given to fall back to the main

---

* "1914," p. 62.

position south of Mons. As far as the 3rd Division was concerned the brunt of the fighting fell upon General Doran's 8th Brigade, which was on the right, and to which the Middlesex and Royal Irish belonged. The two remaining battalions of the brigade, the 1st Gordons and the 2nd Royal Scots, supported later by the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles of the 7th Brigade, beat off persistent and heavy attacks made by the enemy between the Obourg salient and Harmignies and yielded no ground. General Shaw's 9th Brigade was also heavily engaged on the canal in the immediate neighbourhood of Mons, and 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers won two V.C.'s for their noble defence of the canal bridges. The withdrawal to the main position took place slowly, and the enemy was made to pay very heavily for any progress he made. On the left of the 3rd Division the advance troops of the 5th Division were also attacked by German infantry in force, but they held their own until towards evening, when they fell back in conformity with the movement of the 3rd Division. When the withdrawal was in progress it was feared that owing to the very extended front allotted to the 2nd Corps a gap might occur between the 3rd and 5th Divisions. In point of fact such a gap did occur, but not until a late hour in the afternoon, when a small party of the enemy got in between the two Divisions and surprised the Royal Scots Fusiliers of the 9th Brigade with machine-gun fire, throwing them into some confusion for a short time. When this happened General Hamilton sent me to Sir Douglas Haig with a request for troops to fill the gap. I arrived at Sir Douglas Haig's Headquarters at about 7 P.M., and there met Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who had arrived on the same errand. I heard Sir Horace tell Sir Douglas Haig that if he could have an infantry brigade to fill the gap he would be perfectly satisfied, and would be able to meet any renewal of the attack. He stated that he was certain that we had taken a very heavy toll of the enemy. Lord French, who makes this incident of the gap and of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's request to Sir Douglas Haig for assistance take place before 5 P.M., is, therefore, at least two hours out. Sir Douglas gave Sir Horace General Haking's 5th Brigade, and the gap was duly filled.

As to the strength of the German attack on the 23rd, which fell almost entirely upon the 2nd Corps, for hardly any of Sir

Douglas Haig's infantry were engaged at all, Lord French is equally wrong, for it is quite certain that the Germans attacked with their 3rd Corps and with part of their 9th Corps, and almost certain that troops of their 4th Corps and considerable bodies of cavalry were engaged as well. As far as I have been able to ascertain, no complete and detailed account from the German side has yet appeared of the Battle of Mons, but Walter Bloem, in his *Brandenburg Grenadiers at Mons*, gives the story of the attack by the three battalions of the 12th Brandenburgers of the 3rd German Corps upon that glorious battalion the 1st Royal West Kents, on the right of the 5th Division.

After a description of the initial phases of the attack, which shows that the whole regiment was engaged early in the afternoon, and that one battalion at least had then suffered severely, he says: "The regimental commander who, undismayed by the furious fire of the enemy, had observed and directed the fight, on hearing of the heavy losses of his battalion again urgently begged for artillery support. At 5 P.M. a new brigade order arrived, ordering the Grenadier Regiment to seize the canal bridge immediately. The whole regiment thereupon again started to assault, but the losses rose to such a huge height that the Colonel, not having yet received the artillery support asked for, forbade any further advance." This, be it noted, is a description of a German assault upon one battalion of the 2nd Corps holding a small portion only of the whole front attacked. The battle had started, as I have said, at about 10 A.M., and I saw myself the lines of German infantry advancing to the attack east of Mons before noon. The battle continued until after dark, when the enemy, having suffered severe losses, abandoned his efforts and put out outposts.

The orders for retreat did not reach the 2nd Corps until 3 A.M. on the 24th, and before they could be carried out the enemy had renewed his attacks. On my way to convey the orders for retreat to the right of the 3rd Division, I discovered that the preparations for retreat by the 1st Corps were already far advanced, and that beyond our right there was only a rear-guard of that Corps commanded by General Horne. I believe that Sir Douglas Haig had, as I have already indicated, early made up his mind that retreat would be necessary. Being next the French 10th Army, he probably had early information that that army had been defeated, and as his corps had hardly been engaged on the 23rd, he was ready to slip away at once when Lord French's orders arrived. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, having arrived from England only when his corps was on the march to the battlefield, had not had the same opportunities as Sir Douglas Haig had had of forming an opinion on the general situation. His troops were all extended, and had been heavily engaged, while he had been fully occupied with the fighting on his own front on the 23rd, and knew nothing of what had happened to the French. Therefore it was not possible for him to expedite arrangements for his retreat as Sir Douglas Haig had succeeded in doing. Lord French says that on the 24th the 1st Corps " was making an excellent stand to cover the retreat of the 2nd Corps, which was being heavily pressed." * The exact contrary was the case; the 1st Corps was but slightly engaged on the 24th and it retired without difficulty, protected by the 2nd Corps, as was natural, seeing that Von Kluck was endeavouring to overwhelm our left flank. Describing the action of the 1st Corps on the morning of the 24th, Lord French says: " Our troops on this part of the line were very active and pushing. The 8th Brigade, under Davies (2nd Batt. Royal Scots, 2nd Batt. Royal Irish Regt., 4th Batt. Middlesex Regt., and 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders), was now at Nouvelles on the left, then came the rest of the 2nd Division." * The 8th Brigade was not commanded by Davies, but by Doran; it did not belong to the 2nd Division, but to the 3rd.

Early on the 24th the Germans opened a very heavy bombardment on the whole front of the 2nd Corps. The 3rd Division got away without great difficulty. Another Brandenburger, Lieut. von Brandis, of the 24th Brandenburg Regiment, tells us, in his *Captors of Douaumont*, how it was done: " A continuous stream of gun and howitzer shell thunders out, hurting and howling over our heads, and bursting in dust and smoke on the edge of the village " (Frameries). " No human beings could possibly stay there. At 8 A.M. six companies of the regiment advance to the attack. . . . If we thought that the English had been shelled enough for us to get at them, we were fairly mistaken. They met us from the trenches with well-aimed fire." The attack collapses, the bombardment is renewed, the Germans are reinforced, and again advance. Then: "Up to all the tricks of the trade, from their experience in small wars, the old English soldiers at Frameries brilliantly understood how to slip off at the right moment. They played their machine-guns as the last trump, to hold us off till they could get away." On the morning of the 24th Frameries was held by two companies of the 1st Lincolns of Shaw's 9th Brigade, 3rd Division, a battalion which, a fortnight later, had the honour of capturing the first German howitzers taken during the war. This again is an account from the enemy's side of what happened on one small portion only of the front attacked by the Germans on the morning of the 24th.

---

* "1914," p. 65.

The 5th Division on the left was less fortunate, for Von Kluck was tardily developing his plan of getting round our left flank, and it became engaged in a prolonged and fierce struggle against heavy odds. It was saved partly by the gallant and skilful action of Allenby's cavalry, but still more by the devotion of a flank guard of its own 15th Brigade, not, as Lord French says, by the 19th Brigade, which did not then belong to any corps. The 1st Cheshires and the 1st Norfolks of the 15th Brigade on this day fought as glorious a fight against odds as is to be found in the long annals of the British Army, the Cheshires losing two-thirds of their strength. The 2nd Corps retired on and to the west of Bavai, and the 3rd Division, not being delayed by fighting as was the 5th, reached its destination first. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, to save the harassed 5th Division, moved the 3rd Division behind the rear of the 5th, and brought the latter to his inner and less exposed flank. This has always struck me as having been a skilful manœuvre, and it was completed without any difficulty. Lord French describes it thus *: "There was some confusion in the retirement of the 2nd Corps. The 5th Division crossed the rear of the 3rd near Bavai"; an inversion of the facts.

On the 25th, the 1st Corps completed its march to and beyond Maroilles and Landrecies without much interference from the enemy. It was not attacked in those villages till after its march was ended, and after dark. The 2nd Corps resumed its retreat at about 3 A.M. on the 25th, and both it, Allenby's cavalry, and the 19th Brigade had a hard day. Late in the afternoon,

---

* "1914," p. 71.

General McCracken's 7th Brigade of the 3rd Division became involved in a severe rear-guard action at Solesmes. The road from Solesmes to Le Cateau was, at this time, blocked with French refugees, with French Territorials retiring from Valenciennes, and with the transport of the cavalry division and of the 19th Brigade. General McCracken, who was nobly assisted by Allenby's cavalry, held off the enemy for several hours, and by his resolute action prevented what might have been a disaster. The horses of Allenby's cavalry were very tired, as the result of a long and hot day's work in covering the left flank of the 2nd Corps, and at nightfall the regiments, even the brigades, of the division were much mixed up. By the evening of the 25th, then, the 2nd Corps had, since the morning of the 23rd, been incessantly on the stretch, in close contact with an enemy in very superior strength, and had had to fight hard, while the 1st Corps had not been tested to anything approaching the same extent. This has an obvious bearing upon Sir Horace's decision to stand and fight on the 26th, and on Sir Douglas's decision to continue the retreat on that day.

I now come to Lord French's description of the position on the eve of the Battle of Le Cateau. He says *: "The retreat had been resumed at daybreak, and at 6 P.M. all the troops of the 2nd Corps were on the Le Cateau line except McCracken's brigade, which, as before described, had been obliged to stand and fight at Solesmes."

This is a very incorrect and incomplete statement, for, apart from the 7th Brigade, a very small part of the 8th Brigade of the 3rd Division had reached its destination at 6 P.M., while the rear-guard of the 9th Brigade, two companies of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, became separated owing to the congestion and confusion on the Solesmes–Le Cateau road, and went round by Le Cateau, which they only reached at a late hour. None of the 14th Brigade of the 15th Division had reached Le Cateau at 6 P.M., and the two last battalions, which had been on rear-guard, were also very late in arriving. But Sir Horace, as the senior commander on the spot, had to co-ordinate the movements of his own corps with those of Allenby's cavalry, of the 19th Brigade, which was attached to Allenby, and of the 4th Division, which

---

* "1914," p. 74.

had just come from England, had detrained at Le Cateau, and had moved out to the high ground south-west of Solesmes to cover the retirement of the 2nd Corps. Hardly any of Allenby's cavalry got into billets until long after dark. As I have said, the cavalry division, as the result of the operations of the day, was weary, and its regiments and brigades were intermingled. One and a half brigades were assembled after dark about Viesly, just south-south-west of Solesmes, two and a half brigades about Catillon, west of Le Cateau. Hardly any of the 4th Division reached its battle position until daylight on the 26th, and most of it remained under arms until midnight, covering the withdrawal of the 7th Brigade from Solesmes. The 19th Brigade, which throughout the day had been with Allenby on the left flank, followed the bulk of the cavalry towards Le Cateau, and did not reach that place until well on into the night. So of the four cavalry and ten infantry brigades which fought at Le Cateau, the whole of the cavalry and of six infantry brigades and parts of two more infantry brigades had not reached their destination at 6 P.M., and most of them did not get in until long after that time. All of these troops were naturally very tired. Nevertheless, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien determined to carry out Lord French's instructions, and orders for the resumption of the retreat at daybreak on the 26th were issued.

Lord French says: "Colonel Ansell, commanding the 5th Dragoon Guards, one of the finest cavalry leaders in the Army, who fell at the head of his regiment a few days later, gave information to General Allenby at about 2 A.M. regarding the nature of the German advance. This seemed of such great importance that the latter at once sought out Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, and warned him that, unless he was prepared to continue his march at daybreak, he would most probably be pinned down to his position, and would be unable to get away. Sir Horace asked General Allenby what, in his opinion, were the chances he had if he remained and held the position, adding that he felt convinced his troops were so exhausted as to preclude the possibility of removing them for some hours to come. Allenby's reply was that he thought, unless the commander of the 2nd Corps made up his mind to move at daybreak, the enemy probably would succeed in surrounding him. Nevertheless, Sir Horace determined to fight.*

* "1914," p. 76.

Again, on p. 77, he says: "All reconnaissance and intelligence received up to midnight on the 25th concur in saying that . . . no considerable bodies of the enemy had crossed the line Valenciennes–Douai, and that, after the repulse at Solesmes by McCracken and Allenby, the enemy was not in strength south of the line Valenciennes–Maubeuge. . . . The 1st Corps had, as we know, experienced a much harder day's march on the 25th, and was attacked at Landrecies and its neighbourhood before it could get any rest at all. Sir Douglas correctly appreciated the strength of the enemy on his immediate front and gauged the situation—namely, the German design to impose on us the idea that he was in great strength, and to pin our troops to the ground, whilst his flanking movement became effective. For this purpose the enemy had hurried forward a large force of artillery composed of guns and howitzers of all calibres, escorted and protected by four cavalry divisions and a limited number of Jäger battalions."

Now, during the night I happened to meet Colonel Ansell, who was an old friend, and I was so much impressed by what he told me that I made an immediate note of the conversation. He said, "Unless Smith-D. wants a big battle to-morrow, he will have to get away pretty quick. I believe that there are two, or perhaps three, German cavalry divisions and a whole German corps immediately on our front. There is probably another German corps a little farther off to the west. God knows how much more there is behind. I don't think we shall be able to do much for you to-morrow. My horses are pretty cooked." He therefore believed that the Germans were close on us in great force, and, as I will show, his information was extraordinarily accurate. He well merits Lord French's description of him as one of the finest cavalry leaders we had.

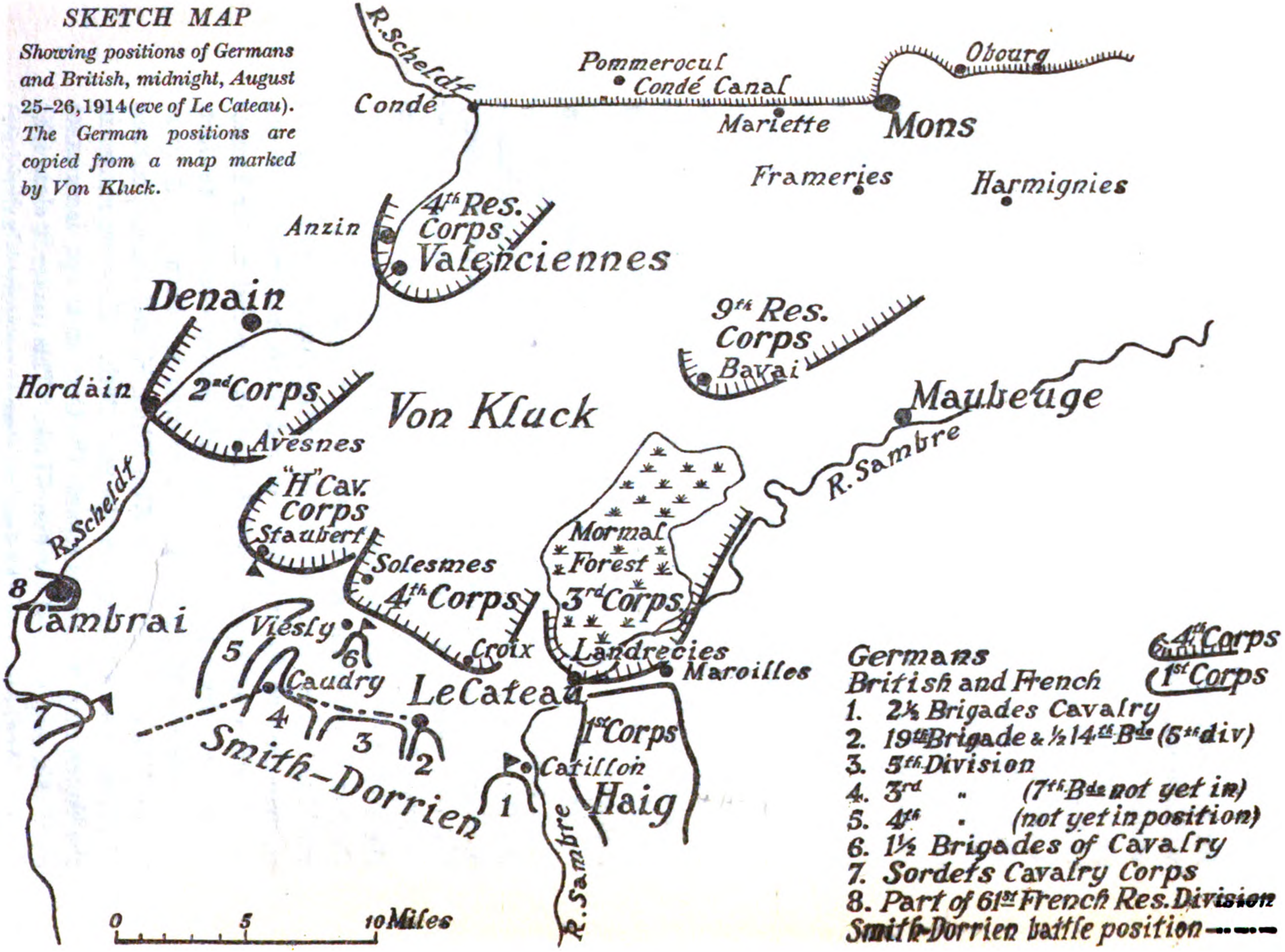
After midnight news arrived at 3rd Division Headquarters from McCracken that a good part of the 7th Brigade had not yet reached their billets at Caudry, and that the men were very done up. Actually, one battery of artillery which had been attached to the brigade, the Royal Irish Rifles, and the headquarters and one company of the South Lancashires became separated from the remainder of the 7th Brigade, and did not rejoin the 3rd Division till about 8 A.M. on the 26th. The brigade had, it will be remembered, been marching and fighting since 3 A.M. on the

25th. General Hamilton then made up his mind that the 3rd Division was not in condition to carry out Sir Horace's orders for retreat, and at once went off to the 2nd Corps Headquarters, which were close by. Hamilton took me with him in case he wished to send me back with fresh orders. Almost simultaneously, Allenby arrived with Vaughan, his senior General Staff Officer, and a conference with Sir Horace took place between 1 and 2 A.M. I was not present at the conference, but immediately it was over Hamilton came out and said to me: "Smith-Dorrien is a man. He has decided to stand and fight." On the way back to our headquarters he told me that he had informed Sir Horace that he did not think he could get the 3rd Division formed for retreat before 9 A.M., that Allenby had said that, in his opinion, it would be necessary to retire before daylight if we were to avoid a battle, and that owing to his division being so scattered he would be unable to cover the retreat the next morning. Sir Horace had, thereupon, determined to take command of the cavalry, of the 19th Brigade, and of the 4th Division in addition to his own corps, and to fight. This version of Allenby's conversation with Sir Horace is, I may point out, very different to that given by Lord French.

As to the position of the Germans when this decision was made, Lord French says that all his information led him to believe that the Germans were not in strength south of the line Valenciennes–Maubeuge, and that on the front of the 2nd Corps the enemy had only cavalry, a large force of artillery, and a limited number of Jäger battalions. This was contrary to the probabilities, as the 2nd Corps had, on the 24th, been engaged by at least two German corps, and it was reasonable to suppose that the Germans would not advance much more slowly than we had retreated. It was contrary to the experience gained by the action at Solesmes, and it was contrary to the information supplied to Sir Horace by the cavalry. Lastly, it was altogether contrary to fact. Thanks to the kindness of a friend who has been on duty in Berlin, I have obtained from Von Kluck himself the dispositions of his army at midnight on the 25th–26th. They are shown in the sketch map, which, as regards the German troops, is an exact copy of a map marked by Von Kluck. This makes it clear that at midnight the Germans had no less than three corps (six divisions)

SKETCH MAP

Showing positions of Germans and British, midnight, August 25–26, 1914 (eve of Le Cateau). The German positions are copied from a map marked by Von Kluck.


R. Scheldt
Condé
Pommeroeul
Condé Canal
Mariette
Mons
Obourg
Frameries
Harmignies
Anzin
4th Res. Corps
Valenciennes
Denain
Hordain
2nd Corps
Avesnes
Von Kluck
9th Res. Corps
Bavai
Maubeuge
R. Sambre
"H" Cav. Corps
Stauberf
Solesmes
4th Corps
Mormal Forest
3rd Corps
Croix
Landrecies
Maroilles
R. Scheldt
8
Cambrai
Viesly
5
6
Caudry
Le Cateau
7
4
3
2
1
Smith-Dorrien
1st Corps
Catillon
Haig
R. Sambre
0
5
10 Miles
Germans
4th Corps
British and French
1st Corps
1. 2½ Brigades Cavalry
2. 19th Brigade & ½ 14th Bde (5th div)
3. 5th Division
4. 3rd " (7th Bde not yet in)
5. 4th " (not yet in position)
6. 1½ Brigades of Cavalry
7. Sordets Cavalry Corps
8. Part of 61st French Res. Division
Smith-Dorrien battle position

and two cavalry divisions south of the line Valenciennes–Maubeuge, and the heads of two more corps on that line.* As Colonel Ansell had estimated, they had one corps and two cavalry divisions on the immediate front of the 2nd Corps, and another corps a few miles farther off to the west. Now I do not suggest that Lord French should have known all this, but I do suggest that the facts show that it is a sound rule to be guided by the opinion of the man on the spot. Lord French's warm praise of Sir Horace, in his first dispatch, makes it clear that such was his instinct.

I have no information as to what was passing through the mind of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien when he made his decision to fight, but he probably said to himself: "The reports of the cavalry show that the Germans have a strong force of cavalry and infantry close to my front. They will almost certainly advance at daybreak, and as my troops cannot get away by then, they will be attacked. The question is, shall I attempt a running fight with weary troops? The cavalry cannot help me for several hours, as they are scattered and somewhat disorganized, and the enemy is strong in cavalry. In such circumstances, I shall probably incur very heavy losses if I try to withdraw, fighting rear-guard actions, than which nothing is more exhausting to troops. On the other hand, I have three divisions, a cavalry division, and an infantry brigade deployed in a selected position of some natural strength, which has been partially entrenched. The enemy has been marching all day, and he cannot yet know whether I mean to fight or not. The chances are that he is not yet deployed. To do me serious harm he will have to deploy at least five divisions against me, and that will take him the greater part of the day. I have, therefore, a good chance of being able to hold him off till nightfall and of retiring under cover of darkness, if I stand and fight."

As we know, the advanced guard of the left column of the 4th German Corps entered Le Cateau at dawn, and became engaged with the right of the 5th Division, while about the same time the advanced guard of the German "H" Cavalry Corps attacked the 11th and 12th Brigades of our 4th Division. Therefore, as

---

* The German corps which attacked Sir Douglas Haig at Landrecies and Maroilles was not identified at the time. In my *Forty Days in* 1914 I assumed that it was the 9th Corps, which had been on Von Kluck's left at Mons. It turns out to have been the 3rd.

Allenby had said, to escape a fight it would have been necessary to retire before dawn, which, in the condition of the troops, was impossible. Sir Horace did hold off all German attacks until about 2 P.M., when he issued orders to retire in daylight, because just at that time the 5th Division was heavily attacked in front and in flank. I believe this flank attack to have been made by a division of the 3rd Corps, coming down from Landrecies. Owing to the fact that the German attack coincided with the arrival of the orders for retreat, some confusion resulted, and some of the troops in the trenches did not receive their orders to retire. They remained in position, and were later almost all captured by the enemy. To this was due some of the heaviest loss which we suffered in the battle. The best available estimate of the casualties in the battle is that they were under eight thousand. The number of guns lost has been definitely ascertained—it was thirty-six. In the first edition of his book Lord French stated that these losses amounted to " at least fourteen thousand officers and men, and about eighty guns." In the second edition he has corrected this to " very heavy loss in officers and men, and over forty guns,"* but on p. 87 he still states that his losses between August 23 and August 28 were fifteen thousand men and eighty guns. The number of guns lost between these dates was thirty-eight. The enemy attempted no pursuit on the 26th. His experiences of the day did not make him inclined to be enterprising.

Lord French says: " The superb gallantry of the troops and the skilful leading by divisional and brigade and battalion commanders, helped very materially by the support given by Allenby and, as I afterwards learned, by Sordet and d'Amade, saved the 2nd Corps." * This tribute to the troops is their just due, but Allenby's cavalry had very little part in this battle. Half the division assembled during the morning and moved off to the left flank, where it got into touch with Sordet; the other half remained watching the right flank. The total casualties in the division during the day amounted, I believe, to less than ten. Sordet's guns came into action during the afternoon, and he probably helped to check any tendency of the Germans to pursue on the left flank. A portion of d'Amade's 61st Reserve Division was attacked by the right column of the 2nd

---

* "1914," p. 78.

German Corps, and driven out of Cambrai. Sir Horace, in a corps order dated August 29th, paid a warm tribute to the assistance given by Sordet, and as copies of such orders were always sent to G.H.Q. it is curious that Lord French was unaware of it when he wrote his first dispatch, which is dated September 9. On p. 80 he says: " At the time the dispatch was written I was entirely ignorant of the material support which was rendered throughout the day by Generals Sordet and d'Amade, and I accepted, without question, the estimate made by the Commander of the 2nd Corps as to the nature of the threat against him and the position of the German forces opposed to him." As to the strength and position of the German troops, we know that Sir Horace was right, and that Lord French was wrong.

Personally, I believed at the time that Sir Horace's decision to fight on the 26th saved us from disaster, and everything that I have learnt since has confirmed me in that opinion. It required great courage to make such a decision, contrary to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, and it was a decision which, I believe, history will not only justify but commend. A Commander-in-Chief is entitled to form his own opinion of a subordinate, and to act on that opinion, but when, after praising him publicly, he condemns him publicly, and for his change of opinion gives reasons which are wrong in almost every particular, his opinion ceases to carry weight.

F. Maurice

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

PARTICULARS OF OUR ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS PRIZE ESSAY, AND OTHER PRIZES

We are moved by the prodigious Propaganda lately launched in the interests of the so-called League of Nations to offer A PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS for an Essay on

"THE DISADVANTAGES AND DANGERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE."

It is self-evident, from the conventional orations and leading articles of its advocates, that few of our public men or journalists have ever sat down and seriously considered the Leap in the Dark to which they so light-heartedly invite the British people. Some have hardly been at pains to master the contents of the Covenant, which, it must in fairness be said, contains few of the pretensions they ascribe to it, just as it is totally destitute of serious safeguards. In any case, whether we believe in President Wilson's League of Nations or disbelieve in it, it is desirable that we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a document hailed by enthusiasts as the opening of the Millennium, and on the strength of which we are exhorted to disarm by land and sea as well as in the air. It was originally to have been a League of Civilized Nations—i.e. of the Allied and Associated Powers who had been compelled to combine against Kultur—to secure Civilization against any repetition of the horrors of Pan-Germanism. But that beneficent idea was long since discarded by our illusionists, who make no secret of their ambition to open the League to the aggressors at the earliest possible moment.

It is somewhat suggestive that whatever may be the case in the United States, where the League of Nations has become an acute Party controversy, almost the only enthusiasm it arouses in Europe—outside the ranks of its orators—is in the German Empire. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the original inspiration of the Draft Covenant did not come from the Fatherland, like others of "the Fourteen Points." Germany and her friends regard the League as offering the only promising and practicable avenue to the ultimate achievement of those aims over which the Pan-German League has temporarily come to grief. It is somewhat discouraging that the bitter and bloody lessons of 1914–19 should have left so many blind leaders of the blind among the higher personnel of British public life—even more so that any

Colonial statesman should be found echoing the catchwords they picked up in Paris.

"English-speaking" Politicians, who stand convicted of completely misreading all the signs of the times prior to the Great War, who consistently pooh-poohed the Potsdam peril and poured scorn and contumely on those who demanded that it be taken seriously, who preached—and practised—neutrality after Germany had taken off her mask, and thus did what in them lay to secure her triumph, are hardly the seers on whose political prescience a provident people would care to "go nap." This, in effect, is what we are asked to do, at the Mansion House and wherever "responsible statesmen" forgather, and exhort us to buy a pig in a poke.

We miss, in the sonorous periods of Mr. Asquith, in the picturesque and perfervid appeals of Mr. Lloyd George, in the subtle and sentimental argumentation of Lord Robert Cecil, any recognition of the realities of the world in which we live, or of the motives that move nations to mighty effort. These British statesmen are oblivious of the glorious history of the British Empire, as of the imperishable service Britons have once more rendered in saving the liberties of mankind, which must inevitably have perished had British action been governed by an International Committee, cocked up in Geneva, in which the casting vote, in 1914, might, in "the Assembly" of the League of Nations, have been held by Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and in "the Council" by President Wilson, then and for years afterwards a determined Neutralist. They forget what Downing Street has always ignored —namely, that the King's Dominions constitute of themselves a League of Nations founded on solid achievement, and commanding the respect and esteem of all communities whose good opinion is worth having. We equally miss, in their copious eloquence, any appreciation that the first duty of British statesmanship is towards the vast and various concourse of human beings of whom Great Britain is the trustee.

Having been at pains to examine and analyse the Covenant of the League of Nations—which, of itself, is comparatively harmless, save in so far as it encourages the Fool's Paradise—we are anxious that our readers should do likewise, all the more because meanings are being read into that document, on both sides of the Atlantic, by those who would exploit it to the detriment of the British Empire, whose dismemberment is the goal of every Anglophobe, foreign and domestic, as of all those who play the Anglophobe game for the sake of the votes of the disgruntled. The enthusiasm of every "Little-Englander" for the League of Nations should, *ipso facto*, give pause to all who are not Little-Englanders. It may be accounted for by the fact that the Covenant contains the seed of sufficient friction between Great and Greater Britain to achieve those purposes over which, so far, Little-Englanders have failed. In certain aspects the League of Nations is a great instrument of Imperial dismemberment—hence its popularity with the political pygmies of the Manchester School.

We therefore take the unusual step of offering this Prize for the best Essay on " The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire." The Pros must not be allowed to have it all their own way, without the Cons being so much as heard from. Many prizes will, doubtless, be available for the former, as the League of Nations is the fashionable craze of the moment in academic circles, while political preferment will, for a time, reward its votaries. Ultimately, however, British Common Sense, though dangerously slow in action, will once more assert itself, and another delusion will be dispelled. Meanwhile, to counteract the propaganda of the Covenanters, who in this country have had things all their own way so far, we invite the readers of the *National Review* to apply themselves to this problem, to clear their minds of cant, and to declare the faith that is in them, so that at least decision may not go by default, as would be the case were all activity and argument confined to one side.

To all competitors for our prizes we would offer one word of advice. Originality, thoughtfulness, insight, knowledge, and style are all elements in successful essay-writing, but the first thing in the present case is to familiarize oneself with the actual Covenant of the League of Nations. It is not enough to know what its advocates say or write about it. Few of them know it.

CONDITIONS OF THE
HUNDRED GUINEAS PRIZE ESSAY
OFFERED BY

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON

"THE DISADVANTAGES AND DANGERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE"

(1) Open to all British-born subjects of the King.

(2) The Essays should not exceed five thousand words in length, and should reach the Editor of the *National Review* (at 43 Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1) on or before January 10, 1920, but it is not advisable that they should arrive before December 25, 1919.

(3) All essays must be typewritten and unsigned, or signed

with a pseudonym, and accompanied by a sealed envelope, firmly attached to the MS., containing the name and address of the essayist. Legibility is all-important in this matter.

(4) The decision of the Editor of the *National Review* will be final. If in doubt as between the merits of the best essays, he will consult some recognized authority.

(5) The copyright of the Prize Essay or Essays will vest in the *National Review*, which will have the right to publish any essays in the Competition, but if any be so published that have not received any prize, the writers will receive an honorarium of £1 per printed page of the *National Review*.

(6) Contributors to the *National Review* whose handwriting or typewriting are familiar to the Editor are particularly requested —in the event of their competing for the prize—to get their MSS. typewritten elsewhere and to avoid making corrections in their own handwriting.

SPECIAL PUBLIC SCHOOL PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS

In order to encourage the younger generation to interest themselves in a vital question that threatens to be settled over their heads by unthinking elders, we offer a Special Prize of FIFTY GUINEAS for the best Essay on the above subject, confined to those *now, in statu pupillari*, at any recognized British Public School. In the event of the One Hundred Guineas Prize being gained by a Public School boy, this Special Prize will be awarded to the second best Public School Essay. Otherwise the conditions are the same as those governing the Hundred Guineas Prize.

A TWENTY GUINEA PRIZE FOR GIRLS

As it is equally important that girls should realize the threatened Leap in the Dark, we offer a Special Prize of TWENTY GUINEAS for the best Essay by any British girl under eighteen (i.e. born on or since November 1, 1901) on the same subject—namely, "The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire," to be written under the same conditions as regards time, space, etc., as the others.

In the untoward and unexpected event of none of the Essays reaching a reasonable standard of proficiency—of which the Editor of the *National Review* will be the sole judge—the prizes will be withheld, and the sum of £180 will be contributed by the *National Review* to some Fund for Disabled Officers.

N.B.—We have tried to make the conditions of the Competition clear, and believe them to be so, but, in any case, we cannot correspond on the subject.

THE ACID TEST

RUSSIA, as President Wilson has declared in one of his rare lucid moments, is an "acid test" of the capacity of the Allies to organize a stable peace. This man, whose omnipotent incompetence has compromised the Treaty of Versailles and who will probably go down to posterity as the "chief culprit of the Peace"—in the same way that Wilhelm will be the "chief culprit of the War"—had for once a happy inspiration when he expressed by means of this comparison the true signification of the world-wide rôle of Russia in the chemical reaction which will form the New Europe. This New Europe is not yet born—far from it. We are perhaps farther from it after the "Wilson Peace" than after the rupture of peace by Wilhelm in 1914; for the *spiritus rector* of this New Europe consists of the solidarity of the civilized nations in the defence of right as right and not solely as a national interest. The old formula was "Right or wrong, it is my country." The new formula will be, whether we wish it or no, "Right and only right, because that is my country's honour." When Russia rose as one man, despite the very deep pacifism of her people and in spite of the unpopularity of the regime, in defence of Serbia, it was not because the material interest of Russia impelled her. It would have been a thousand times better, as one Russian Minister tried—thank God, without success—to sacrifice Serbia to the Austrian "*straf*-expedition" and come to terms with the Central Powers for the division of the spheres of influence in Asia than to risk a war with them, at the expense of the very existence of the realm.

The Russian people rose against Germany with a splendid burst of conscious self-abnegation because their subconscious mind told them that this was not an ordinary dispute between Governments bickering over details, but that it was a supreme struggle for the birth of a new world—a world of solidarity between nations enjoying the same civilization and obliged to stick together in defence of their principles, incompatible with the theory of *Macht über Recht*. Similarly, if the British people, whose self-abnegation and power of resistance during the war can never be sufficiently admired, rose like a single man, this was certainly not only because the English Channel is not a serious obstacle, but because more than anything else they saw in this the cynical collapse of the principle of the validity of treaties on which all international life is based.

Countless sacrifices have been made on the altar of this new consciousness of human solidarity in the defence of Right, and when, thanks to these sacrifices and in spite of the intrigues of the

Hidden Hand, first of all around Wilson and then around the Socialist organizations, complete victory crowned these sacrifices with full success, the peoples had a right to expect that their statesmen assembled in council would find the necessary formula for punishing the guilty, indemnifying the molested, and laying down the principles of a League of Nations such that any future aggression, doomed to certain failure from this very fact, would become an impossible piece of folly.

This naturally would include the creation of an international juridical authority presiding over national interests without going against them, but completing them, and based, as I suggested in my "Mémoire secret" of March 1, 1918, upon a permanent representative body of parliamentary delegations forming a sort of World Parliament, where the naturally conflicting interests of the nations may be discussed in the light of conceptions of general utility and universal peace dominating them irrespective of Party conflicts within the national Parliaments. This would be all the easier to realize because at the moment of the Armistice all the irresponsible organizations of Eastern Europe had ceased to exist politically, and there was therefore no serious obstacle to prevent the creation of an organ of free and equal representation of peoples belonging to the same civilization for the purpose of supervising the development and means of defence of international law, without which true defence the life of right between nations is no more possible than the life of right between individuals, however civilized, if all at once, as in Russia in March 1917 by a stroke of the pen *à la* Prince Lvoff, they found themselves deprived of all administrative and police organization. But what happens in practice? The same routine and bureaucratic machines, certain of which are worse than the old ones because they are new, take six months to draw up a treaty worse in many respects than the Treaty of Vienna of a hundred years ago, and a "Covenant of the League of Nations" much more impracticable and hypocritical than the Pact of the Holy Alliance.

The autocratic power which those who became advertised as the "Big Four" have arrogated *motu proprio* to themselves has led to such blunders as would never have been committed by the old chancelleries without their instant dismissal resulting. The nations and their Parliaments remained outside the diplomatic kitchen, kept more secret than ever, and therefore subject to the vagaries of personal tempers and to the consequences of secret influences. As a result, the Peace, a bad peace, which robbed the victors of the elation of victory and the vanquished of the consciousness of defeat, was accepted by the weary peoples, desirous of finishing at any price. As accompaniment to the discordant concert at Versailles, mutterings of social revolution, which appears inevitable as a consequence of a firm resolution to replace Parliamentarism by Sovietism (a minority curbing the will of the masses by an organized hoax) on the one hand, and weakness towards demagogues on the other.

Whilst American public opinion was revolting against Mr. Wilson's attempts to impose upon them texts in formal opposition to the secular constitution and mentality of the inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere, the three Governments, Italian, British, and French, all in the throes of ever-increasing internal difficulties, suddenly decided almost simultaneously to ratify the Treaty. And lo and behold, contrary to the very bases of the principles of the sovereignty of States which forms the essence of international law, the Treaty becomes valid, not only for those who have ratified it, but in accordance with its incongruous text, for the whole world, which the Pact of the League of Nations with which it begins has the pretension to direct.

Now this Pact and the Treaty itself have omitted a small detail which, however, alone renders the whole edifice uninhabitable. This little detail is Russia. She has been set on one side, you see, because she is too complicated a country to understand and also—well, because . . . it was the will of the Hidden Hand which presided over the destinies of the nations at Versailles. It does not matter that all specialists in foreign politics and economists understand and do not hesitate to cry from the housetops, "No stable Peace without Russia; no recovery of European industry without raw materials from Russia; no cheap bread if Russia does not share in it; the inevitable revenge of Germany in five years' time if Russia is thrust, disgusted with the Allies, into the arms of Germany, perspicacious, obsequious, seductive!" All these warnings are in vain: the Hidden Hand has pronounced its judgment, which is that Russia, although an important instrument in the victory of the Allies, is to be treated as a conquered nation; she is to be provoked by pin-pricks without system or respite, so that at last she will lose patience and make the sign of a *rapprochement* with Germany. Then she will be cried out upon for "a traitor in the very essence of her soul, and will be banished from everywhere and left to the tender mercies of Germany, who by exploiting her will make good her lack of colonies and of raw materials, growing rich at her expense, will forget her lost territories and her ideas of revenge, and will be able not only to pay her debts to her conquerors, but also to enrich herself. Thus the Russians are to defray all the expenses of the war—a well-deserved punishment, for was it not they who by their Slavophilism let loose the war? Was it not they who invented Bolshevism? And finally, above all, was it not they who practically denied the civilizing value of the chosen people, made to direct the others towards material well-being, by emancipating them progressively from the idea of God and the consciousness of the hereafter ?

"Let this barbarian people, then, expiate the persecutions and pogroms practised by them by an economic slavery to the Germans, who, although in fault with regard to the West, can only be benefactors with regard to the East of Europe. Let the *Drang nach Osten*, legitimate enough in its essence—for have not the Germans a right to a place in the sun like any other people ?—become a reality ; cured once for all of their rapacity against those more developed than themselves, they may use their civilizing energies where their activity can only be beneficial. Let them obtain pardon for their crimes by transferring the burden to those most in fault—since they were at fault not with regard to the Serbs, Belgians, and French, but towards the chosen people themselves ! "

This reasoning, though cynically immoral, might appear to be advantageous to the Western democracies, finding themselves in an impasse on account of successive strikes, general lassitude, civic dishonesty, and the technical ineptitude of their governors. The "German-Jewish plot to sabotage the victory" has placed the victors in this dilemma : either to set aside the politicians affiliated to the secret associations directed by the Jews, by overthrowing the whole system of hypocrisy organized from within, and putting the outside questions into the hands of the true victors—citizen-soldiers led by their upright generals, thus running the risk of civil war, if not social revolution everywhere—or else to leave the wise Jews disguised under British, American, French, Russian, and German names to act and arrange things little by little at the expense of Russia by directing the attention and avidity of the Germans towards her. Like another Joseph sold by his brethren, Russia has seen herself superficially accorded a feeble and tardy help—to save appearances—whilst at her heart, in Moscow, the criminal authors of her ruin and degradation were systematically upheld in secret in their execrable work by the emissaries of the inspirers of Wilson and Lloyd George, trying to please their respective "Labour Parties," and deceived in turn by the professional revolutionary *carriéristes*.

As, however, through lassitude and hypocrisy, neither of the alternatives will be chosen, and it will be the *fait accompli* which will reign supreme until the puppets of the present "Parliamentarianism" are replaced either by upright and strong statesmen or by demagogues with conscience even more hardened than their pitiless arms, we are forced to anticipate that the Jews, by means of secret associations, and supported by the Press and the banks which they direct, will be for a limited time masters on the surface of things, with a sham peace as the result of the political and economic immolation of Russia by a shameful and unavowable agreement between the enemies of yesterday, who have arranged to drain her mutually under the hypocritical guise of helping her to a political reconstitution.

The evacuation of Odessa and Archangel; the quasi-recognition of the sovereignty of any allogenous group provided that it declares itself separate from Russia; the infamous system of "sanitary cordons"; the refusal to recognize the Government of Kolchak, recognized nevertheless by all Russians faithful to the engagements towards the Allies—and this in order to deprive the Russian Government of the use of funds belonging to her in Paris and London and to extort from her declarations and promises in disagreement with the will and rights of the Russian people; the prompt, effective military aid to the Esthonians, whose very existence was unknown to them five years ago; and the inexplicable delays in sending munitions and stores to Yudenitch, who was forced to implore the Esthonians to lend him a part of their surplus in order that the soldiers and officers should not be left without clothes and boots, not to mention arms;—all this is only the application of the same principle dictated to the Allied Governments by their secret counsellors: "Weaken the Russian as much as possible, so that the German can eat him for at least fifty years." Bolshevism outside the criminal and anarchical elements which supported and nourished it in Russia, as elsewhere, in its *planmässig* cruelty, hypocritically minimized in the West, is nothing but the secret desire to crush the bones of the Russian cow into a more convenient mouthful for the boa-constrictor, which is not only Germany, but international capitalism syndicated by Semitic brains and seeking to make good in the East its European losses. The same source is responsible for the adventure of Von der Goltz, prepared a long time ahead under the vigilant eye of the Allies. Hence the general *mise en scène* skilfully prepared for Russian Germanophilism, which it is necessary to expose in order to be able to explain to the Allied masses, credulous in all that relates to foreign politics, that nothing can be done against this natural tendency of Russians to treachery, and that it is better to leave them free to come to terms with whom they please.

God preserve us from generalizing and from accusing the Allied nations of intentional participation in this ignobly Machiavellian plan. Like the Russian people, as regards Lvoff and Kerensky, who paved the way to Bolshevism and to Brest-Litovsk, the Allied nations are not responsible, because, in reality, in the West the people are no more supreme than in the East. They must not, in justice, be condemned *en bloc*, for they know not what they do; minors long ago, in the hands of their kings and their nobles, they have remained minors still, in the hands of Mandels and Longuets, Isaacs and Smillies, Schiffs and Gomperses. But never, never will the Russians forget the hospitality which some of them have enjoyed during their exile at the hands of certain of the Allies. Ever will remain graven in letters of gold in their memories outbursts from noble hearts like the following:

> When I meet Russians of my acquaintance I am inclined to ask them to forgive me, to tell them that it is not my fault, that I cannot be held responsible, that it is no wish of mine that they should be forsaken and deserted until in their despair they may even be tempted to turn to our enemies for succour. If we had not offered to help and had not led them to believe in us the case would not have been so bad. (E. A. B. Hodgetts, *Russian Outlook*, August 9, 1919.)
>
> But there is one Power we miss in all this—the Power which met the brunt of the German shock while the rest of the world got ready; the Power that mobilized in the Allied cause some 21,000,000 men; that lost—killed in action—2,500,000; that lost in other casualties 3,500,000, of whom 1,500,000 are absolute invalids and badly mutilated; that lost in prisoners 2,000,000, of whom half died in prison; a Power whose armies at the beginning of February in 1917 numbered 14,000,000 men under arms; who fought during the war over a front of 3500 miles, and who had there pitted against her one-third of the whole German Army, two-thirds of the whole Austrian Army, all the Hungarian Army, and two-thirds of the whole Turkish Army; a Power who took as prisoners of war 400,000 Germans, 300,000 Hungarians, 300,000 Turks, and 1,000,000 Austrians. I speak of poor, ever despot-ridden Russia. I have said China enjoyed a unique position; but I spoke in haste. Russia, who raised three times as many men as we planned to raise; Russia, whose losses if imposed on us would have made every home in this land a house of mourning; Russia, whose men in battle-front, unarmed and unequipped, stopped the German onrush of cold steel with bare breasts and clenched fists, so saving us and Europe from slavery; Russia, whose people and rulers stood forefront, our friends, even in the hours of our sore and most threatening distress;—this Russia, with this record, is mentioned in this Treaty, but only with ominous words that presage her national destruction. (Senator Knox in the Senate, September 1919.)

The unfortunate thing is that in events involving masses, individuals, and even insignificant minorities, can change nothing. Sodom was not spared, in spite of the prayers of its saints. Russia has been in jeopardy in spite of the civic enthusiasm and the burning faith of her truly Christian minorities. The wheel of history, however, is pitiless. It breaks those who fall asleep at its summit and who suddenly awake and find themselves underneath. It breaks those who fall asleep for their moral responsibility towards the whole of social and political international life. Such was the awakening of Germany in 1918; let us earnestly hope that this will not be the awakening of the Allied democracies in 1925!

The plan of satiating Germany with Russia in order that whilst digesting her she may sleep, and thus give the Allies time to recover, would have been politically wise outside all spiritual and practical morality if the Germans were not Germans and the Russians were Turks. Now the Germans are a proud and industrious nation, with a passion for the *Vaterland,* not only as regards her enrichment but as regards her fame. They will never forget the humiliation through which they are passing, and they will do anything to efface the memory of it by a striking revenge—a revenge which will be not only commercial but political. The Russians, too, are neither indolent nor fatalists, like the Turks. It is not for nothing that in spite of very difficult historical conditions they were able to form that immense empire, where, in spite of certain defects of detail against which we struggled, there was, if we may believe the statements of impartial foreigners, a far greater freedom of work and of constructive thought than presently under Wilson and Lloyd George. The Russians will not be fooled *à la Turque.* They are not rabbits to be swallowed by the German boa-constrictor under the benevolent eye of the Allies after a previous injection of the saliva of Socialist-Communist propaganda. The Russians, after their bitter experiences, have awakened to the realities of life. They have suffered much and understood much. They will no longer be trapped by vague phrases and promises. They have become both realists and deeply religious—reconstituting the Orthodox Church as a supreme moral authority, independent of the State, not mixing in current politics, but by its structure crowned by the Patriarchate, taking care that the Russian State should be Christian in its conception and in the practice of its administration. Such a Russia as this cannot be swallowed by Germany, and the Germans know it—hence their cringing before Russian national feeling; hence their suggestion for aid and succour " on credit " ; hence their promises of support for the whole of the Russian Eastern policy ; hence the Orthodox crosses on the tunics of the German soldiers in Courland ; hence the sale of German products in Russia, not only for credit, but at a loss, " to regain the ground lost and to purchase the favour of the Russian beauty." The Russo-German alliance, should it materialize, would be, as things are now, not the absorption of Russia by Germany, but a productive and efficient co-operation with which the Western democracies, guided by infatuated and semi-Bolshevist incompetents, will not be able to cope either by political, commercial, or certainly military means. If, as there are numerous indications, Japan should, for her part, enter into a similar co-operation, no force in the world would be capable of dominating it, and the centre of gravity of world-politics would be felt much more in Moscow than in London. Now that Russia is cured of her malady of consequent Socialism, known as Bolshevism, it is not she who needs the Allies, but the other way about. The " acid test " that from an international point of view she represented during this period, to test whether the Allies—victors thanks to her and to German Socialism not less than thanks to the devotion of their admirable troops and civil population—are ripe for the practice of "international morality." This acid test has shown that the guiding mentality of the victors is not yet ripe for victory over their international selfishness and amorality. Thus, as everything is paid for here below, and as the only real school of man is experience by suffering, we must have the courage to say that the social composition of the political structure of the Allies will soon have to be modified either by evolution or by revolution in order that the "League of Nations for the Defence of Right" shall not be, like The Hague Conventions, a "scrap of paper" which one is ashamed to call to mind, but that it may become a reality inscribed in the minds of all those on whom is laid the terrible responsibility of governing the democracies.

The future opens radiant before Russia, abandoned by men but visited by God; her expiation will come as the result of her suffering and of her repentance. This future is misty and sulphurous for the West! God grant that the Russians in their future glory and prosperity may stand the moral "acid test" better than did their late Allies when it was a question of raising a hand to put an end to Bolshevism; and when, passing through the moral and physical tortures of the same world-malady from which we have just emerged, the Christians of the West cry to us for help, may God inspire us to forget and to succour! To succour by word as firm as deeds. To succour by the Christian standard unfurled in the eyes of the world against the subtle lie of socialistic materialism!

A. N. Briantchaninoff
(President of the Congress of the Slav Societies in Russia)

AMATEUR ADMINISTRATION

With the end of the railway strike and the opening of Parliament the question of National Economy has again come to the front, and Mr. Lloyd George is being advised that little can be done with the pruning-knife, and that the only weapon which can be usefully employed is an axe. That the country cannot go on spending two million pounds, or even one thousand pounds, a day in excess of earnings is so obvious that comment is needless, but so far, no one amongst the public seems to have put forward any clear views as to the reason for this national extravagance, or evolved any scheme for the reduction of expenditure. There have been numerous articles and letters on the subject in the daily Press, and although all agree that the nation is indulging in an orgy of extravagance, there are differences of opinion as to the best means of coping with the situation. One eminent authority advocates a return to the sound practice of Treasury control, another insists that the primary duty of controlling departmental expenditure rests with the Minister in charge of the Department, and yet a third solves the situation by saying " Sack the lot," whilst all are unanimous in advocating a large reduction in the staff of the Government departments. According to the latest returns there has been an excess of expenditure over revenue for the half-year amounting to £281,000,000, so that it is clear that a mere reduction in establishments would do little to stop National bankruptcy. I venture to suggest that one of the reasons for this inability to curb our expenditure is Amateur Administration, by men whose experience has been principally acquired during the war, and who find it difficult—indeed often impossible—to adjust their perspective to conditions of peace.

The great change which the war has made in our public services is not generally realized. In pre-war days the various departments were staffed by trained, competent, and disciplined men, who were thoroughly trustworthy, and well versed in the business of government, and the permanent officials of the old Civil Service, with its great traditions to live up to, could be counted on to keep in check the vagaries of Ministers, who, as at the present time, were rarely men of great outstanding ability. I am afraid so much cannot be said to-day, as not only have many new departments been created during the war, the staffs for which have had to be hurriedly picked up anywhere, but the flower of the nation, including many men of the old Civil Service, lies buried in France, Mesopotamia, and other war zones, and as the best of the men called in to fill appointments in new departments have long since been relieved and returned to their pre-war occupations, our public offices are now, to a certain extent, occupied by amateurs and charlatans who in pre-war days would never have had the remotest chance of employment.

It must not be taken for granted that every man who volunteered for war service (that most elastic term), and who was recruited from the United Kingdom, America, India, China, and even Nigeria, was actuated solely by patriotic motives. A great many volunteered for what they could pick up in the way of jobs and honours, and there are many examples of men, of no conspicuous ability, who, by beating the drum on the housetops, and proclaiming themselves saviours of the nation, were taken at their own value. Some have been discovered and sent to oblivion, but there are many remaining in snug billets, at home and throughout the Empire, doing no good and wasting public money. It must be borne in mind that the responsibility does not rest alone with the officials at the headquarters of the various ministries; there are thousands of irresponsible officials scattered over half the world spending with alacrity money which ultimately comes out of the pocket of the British taxpayer, and I had a letter some time ago from an officer holding a high administrative appointment who, after detailing the magnificent works of public improvement he was carrying out regardless of expense and without estimates, concluded his letter with the words, " It is great fun."

It is, I believe, not sufficiently realized that a reputation gained in war, where money is no object, is no recommendation whatsoever for an administrative appointment in time of peace, where economy is a tremendous object. For one thing, it is very much easier to obtain a reputation and honours in war, and all of us who have served in a war zone can give quite a number of instances of perfect fools settled down in administrative appointments, who carried on in some mysterious way, and who, if they had fairly competent staffs and were wise enough to leave them alone, would appear regularly in the honours lists, one peculiarity of war being that once a man gets a start with " honours " they accumulate automatically.

These are, however, the men who, on the strength of their decorations, are desirous of obtaining permanent appointments in the service of the State, and too often succeed in doing so. I go so far as to say that no man, whose reputation rests solely on what he did, or was supposed to do, in the war, should be considered competent for a responsible administrative appointment in the public service, unless he has been subjected to a severe scrutiny and examination, and that the soldier whose breast is a rainbow of colour should, in the first instance, be regarded with suspicion. I was in a club the other day when

Field-Marshal Lord Haig came in to lunch, and a man with me observed that it could not be the Field-Marshal because he had only two rows of ribbons. It was, however, Lord Haig, thus showing that a man's reputation need not depend upon the number of rows of ribbons on his coat.

I desire to make it clear that I am not for a moment suggesting that our great public departments are entirely staffed by incompetent officials, or that every soldier with five rows of ribbons is an ass; what I wish to emphasize is that the fable of the ass in the lion's skin holds good to-day, and that our many hundreds of good and true officials are swamped by the influx of men devoid of talent and administrative ability, and they have therefore to suffer fools as gladly as they can. It is also an unfortunate fact that many of the men imported into the public services during the war are not gifted with that peculiarly high sense of honour and personal integrity for which the old Civil Service was so justly proud, and what the Americans call "graft," which was formerly unknown, is becoming deplorably common. The remedy is not to adopt Lord Fisher's proposal and sack the lot, but to reconstitute the departments, both at home and overseas, and ruthlessly to weed out every man who is not pulling his weight. This is not being done, and, to my knowledge, a head of a certain department, who offered to dispense with the services of several highly paid men, was told that a reduction in numbers was required, and that the removal of a number of underlings would make a better show.

The war has also led to the revival of the patronage system, so strongly condemned by the Civil Service Commission in 1853, who observed in their Report that "Admission to the Civil Service was indeed largely sought after, but it was for the incompetent and the indolent or incapable that it was chiefly desired, and that no pains were taken in the first instance to secure a fit person for a vacant office." A case in point is a recent appointment in the Admiralty, which was made the subject of a question in the House of Commons, and was severely criticized by every respectable engineer in Westminster, because it was considered that the appointment in question was of sufficient importance to have been made publicly and by the selection of the best man for the post.

A popular fallacy, which has many adherents, is that the introduction of business men into Government departments would introduce business methods in Government work, but, as a matter of fact, the rules framed by Government for the transaction of its business are, if adhered to, perfectly businesslike, and are, in principle, the same as those used by the business man, but they are not, and cannot be in detail, the rules which guide a private individual or a public company, and that is one of the chief reasons against the control by Government of industrial enterprises. The public descant on the evils of red tape and the accumulation of files and minutes, but the business of Government is far greater than the greatest private business, and is so woven interdepartmentally that minutes must be written, files accumulated, and records maintained of all transactions; there are naturally abuses of the system, and it is these that come to the notice of the public. There can be no greater mistake than to put a business man in charge of a public department, and to permit him to run it on his own lines regardless of the procedure in other departments; the result must be chaos, and that has, I believe, been found out more than once during the course of the war. Moreover, the head of a great business concern is, more often than otherwise, like a fish out of water when he is taken away from his particular organization, which has grown around him to such an extent that he is frequently merely the titular head.

What is required in Government departments is more efficiency, more zeal, and more sense of responsibility by the rank and file, and appointments of men to high offices strictly on their merits, less interdepartmental jealousy, a modification of the system of water-tight compartments, and absolute financial control. The Government of India has been the subject of much obloquy and reproach for her conduct of the Mesopotamian campaign, but the individuals of the great Civil Service of India have nothing to learn in the matter of efficient and economical administration, largely because they understand the meaning of the words "financial control."

Assuming, then, that it is possible, in the course of time, to reconstitute the public departments, to weed out the incompetents, and weld the old pre-war ministries and the new ministries into one homogeneous whole, that alone will not give the nation a credit balance, unless it is accompanied by a determination to limit expenditure to what is really essential and necessary, and that is a basic fact which Amateur Administrators accustomed to war methods find it quite impossible to grasp. For example, it may be very desirable to equip the new Army with guns and rifles of a later pattern than anything which was used in the war, but can the nation afford it, and will the old equipment not do to carry on with for the time being? The same reasoning applies to the Navy, the Air Service, and other spending departments, whilst in the matter of the development of Mesopotamia and Palestine, if works are not to be immediately productive or to be met from the resources of the country, they should not be undertaken, as otherwise the British taxpayer will have to foot the bill. A nice point arises as to what is a productive work, and there the strictest accounting is required. I have seen works called productive and self-supporting which, on analysis, were nothing of the kind, no charge having been made for the use of labour corps, freight on railways, and many other incidental charges.

During the war, the spenders of public money got into lamentably slack ways, and the Reports of the Select Committee on National Expenditure are full of startling examples of inefficiency. An estimate of expenditure should bear some resemblance to the actual cost of the work, but what are we to think of an estimate for a rolling-mill to cost £630,000 which actually reached £1,200,000 ? Inland Water Transport Works, estimated to cost £109,000, which reached £1,911,000 ? and so on *ad infinitum.* The much-advertised Port of Richborough was, I am informed, the most expensive concern in the way of dock works which has ever been known, and is closely followed by the National Shipyards and many other war works. I believe hundreds of millions of pounds were thrown away during the war, due to Amateur Administration and the neglect to take available expert advice, and although it is no use crying over spilt milk, there must now be reform and execution of the absolutely necessary works on sane lines if the nation is not to go bankrupt.

Before the war, when we were guided by business principles, plans and specifications for public works were carefully prepared, and tenders taken from contractors of repute, but during the war, when works of every kind were required in a hurry, regardless of expense, contractors were told to carry on, and were paid a commission on their gross expenditure. Whilst making every excuse for the necessities of war, there is no reason to continue the practice in time of peace.

Unfortunately, as a result of the war, the whole nation is afflicted with an epidemic of unrest, slackness, and laziness, and as an instance of the extent of the epidemic a Canon of the Church told me recently that members of his staff, who had been on duty in France, had returned quite unfit to resume at once their parochial duties. What we have to do now in this country is to start afresh as a business nation, working on business principles, which are the same for Government as the private individual—namely, buying nothing we cannot afford to pay for, and getting rid of incompetent employees and amateur administrators, whatever their position. Moreover, it is for Government to set the example as the controller of the public purse.

GEORGE C. BUCHANAN

"THE ASSYRIANS CAME DOWN"

A FLIGHT FROM URMIEH

"Good morning, gentlemen! They're fighting way back, but I guess your boys'll whip them."

The speaker, a burly young fellow of about five-and-twenty, dressed in a blue serge suit and carrying a rifle slung over his shoulder, was tramping along the main street of the village of Takan Tappeh when we met him, on a bright, hot day early in August of last year. The place was packed with his fellow-countrymen, their wives and children; part of the great refugee movement from Urmieh.

Ever since the commencement of the war in 1914, the Assyrians, Nestorians, Armenians, and other Christian peoples from the Urmieh district have been threatened and harried by the Turks and Kurds. They received certain spasmodic assistance from the Russians from time to time, but this was, of course, completely withdrawn after the Russian Revolution, and consequent removal of their forces from Armenia and the Caucasus. They struggled on gamely, however, and actually defeated the Turks on at least two occasions. During the month of June 1918, help in the form of arms, ammunition, and money was promised to them by our Government, and the mission of handing it over to them was entrusted to a squadron of the 14th Hussars. The transfer was to take place at Sain Kale, which lies some two hundred miles north-west of Hamadan and fifty miles beyond Takan Tappeh. Two squadrons, with a convoy of three hundred camels and pack-mules carrying the munitions, left Hamadan during the second week of July 1918. One of these remained at Bijar, ninety miles along the route, for the purpose of keeping open communication, while the other proceeded forward with the convoy.

The army of Assyrians (or Jelus, as they are called locally) having fought and defeated the Turks who lay between Urmieh and Sain Kale, met the convoy at Sanjud—a village about fifteen miles south of Sain Kale, towards the end of July. With flags flying, they advanced in forward bodies, giving the impression of trained and disciplined troops. There were some two or three thousand, all mounted, and our people were quite impressed at the time. No doubt it was in the nature of a ceremonial review and had been well rehearsed! The whole party then marched back to Sain Kale, where the convoy was to be handed over. There was then much rejoicing, and formal visits and compliments were exchanged between our troops and the Jelus, but the next day the first batch of the refugees arrived, and the following one they began to pour into the place. They were the wives and children who had been left behind in Urmieh. Worried by the increasing activity of the Turks and getting uneasy at the long absence of the fighting men, they had decided to throw themselves on the mercy of the British, and accordingly the whole population of the district, variously estimated at between fifty thousand and eighty thousand, set out for Hamadan. As soon as the army saw their wives and children, they broke up at once into a disorganized rabble—each man joining his own family—and for purposes of warfare became practically negligible. Some five hundred Turks and Kurds were following up the refugees, and our squadron went out a few miles beyond Sain Kale and drove them off, afterwards acting as rear-guard and allowing time for the refugees to get away.

While the foregoing events were happening I had been in hospital at Hamadan, and when I reached Takan Tappeh I found that the squadron and convoy under the command of W. had gone on to Sain Kale. I had with me a few men who had also been on the sick list, and found S. with one troop camped on the far side of the town near a stream. The little village of Taken Tappeh lies in picturesque enough country. To the west the rolling downs of Kurdistan stretch away in a succession of ridges which gradually melt into blue distance. To the east a red-hued, rocky ridge rises to meet the hard steel-blue of the sky. Southwards the white road winds down the valley and eventually disappears some ten or fifteen miles away through a gap in the hills, on its way to Hamadan and civilization. The village itself is a collection of flat-roofed mud-houses, and a little stream of clear water wanders deviously past, over its pebbly bed. Willows and poplars grow along its banks. A large, square house, with two marquees in the garden, lies close to the town; this is the residence of the local Sirdar or large landowner of the district.

On my way through Bijar I had an interview with M., the political officer, who gave me a rough idea of the situation. He said that the Sirdar was a friend and could be trusted, and advised me to call on him as soon as I arrived at Takan Tappeh. Accordingly I sent Kassim, my interpreter, to inquire whether it would be convenient for him to see me one hour before sundown (i.e. about six o'clock). The answer being in the affirmative, S. and I set forth.

Persia is a land of etiquette. It is imperative that you should ride when you pay a visit, and it is considered *infra dig.* to ride a gelding. Further, you must have your armed escort of two or three men, and the more clatter and noise you make on your approach the better. On this occasion three or four servants were waiting for us outside the marquee in which we were to be received, and conducted us into the "Presence." The floor of the tent was covered with a thick carpet, the centre of which was occupied by a square table and five or six chairs, and the Sirdar rose from one of these as we entered. He was an oldish man with a grey beard and moustache, and was dressed in a black frock coat, trousers, and black patent-leather shoes; a huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles adorned his nose, adding to his venerable appearance. Having shaken hands, we all sat down (including the interpreter) and commenced a long and rather wearisome exchange of compliments, framed, no doubt, in most flowery language by the time they were translated into Persian, the original text being of entirely British make, such as: "Thank him, and tell him I hope he's well, and all that sort of thing, you know!" In the meantime cups of weak tea had been produced, and a bowl of sugar. The Persian usually first fills his mouth with sugar, and then drinks his tea, but if you think it preferable you may absorb it in the conventional manner.

The good wishes on both sides having been dealt with, we proceeded to more interesting matters: the latest news of the Turks, and which village the Kurds last raided. Pious hopes were expressed by our host for the success of the British arms, and numerous questions as to when the railway would be made through Persia—more particularly to Takan Tappeh!—to which we made the "soft answer" that, in this case, "turneth away" inquiry. Presently there was a lull in the proceedings, and another round of tea was brought in. This was the signal for us to attempt to break away, but we were pressed to remain, and the next course proved to be glasses of a strange pink liquid, made, I believe, from cherry juice, with lumps of snow floating about in it. The snow is collected in the winter, and kept in deep holes during the summer. I always viewed it with suspicion as a happy hunting-ground for microbes. Having taken our medicine, we made another attempt, and this time, after numerous and varied expressions of goodwill, succeeded in making our escape.

S. and I walked into the village and were amazed to find the place packed with people, more of whom kept continually pouring in. Each family was more or less distinct and self-contained. The father in front, on a pony, his rifle and bandoliers slung over his shoulder, next the women and children, either walking or riding, the former wearing white sunbonnets, such as one used to see in the West of England. Some of the more affluent had carts and wagons drawn by oxen, but how they had got them along the so-called road—a precipitous mountain track—was a mystery to us.

Our American-speaking friend gave us much and varied information. He said: "Wall, about fifty thousand, I reckon, and it'll take three days for them to pass," in reply to our anxious inquiries.—" Have they any food or money ? "—" Wall, some have and some haven't. The Kurds got a good deal."—"Has there been any fighting with the Persians ? "—" The dirty skunks were firing on us in the villages and we killed a few." He then proceeded to question us : " How many troops here ? "—" Oh a good few."—" How far is it to Hamadan ? " " What is the road like ? " etc. etc. ; and then a question with which we were to become familiar in the course of the next few days : " Can you change some Russian notes for me into Persian money ? "

Having at last got rid of our friend we stood in the street for some time and watched the crowd passing. The most noticeable feature was the extraordinary variety of head-gear. Bowler hats, straw hats, cloth caps, fur caps, turbans, Russian military caps, and pointed white felt caps—such as affected by the clown in the circus—all were there, and a host more. Their clothes ranged from ordinary European suits—which the tailor delights to describe as " Gent's Lounge "—to the wildest and most flowing Eastern robes of every hue. All were armed to the teeth with rifles, revolvers, automatic pistols, and, in a few cases, swords. Verily, a wild-looking crowd, and when we reflected that our total strength at Takan Tappeh was two officers and eighteen men, of whom four were too sick to move, we began to wonder how we were going to maintain even a semblance of order. All that day the refugees arrived in a continuous stream, and by the evening a pretty useful crowd—perhaps some five or six thousand—had collected in and around the village.

There was little enough that we could do to keep law and order with the number of troops at our disposal, but it was most remarkable what deference and obedience a British uniform commanded, and a picket of one N.C.O. and three men policed the village successfully. I watched one youthful private controlling the congested traffic, like the policeman at Hyde Park Corner, and, though unable to speak a word of their language, he succeeded in making himself understood and was obeyed unquestioningly. At sundown the village was cleared, and the gates at either end of the bazaar closed to prevent looting during the night and to minimize the danger of fire. During the evening we heard a good many rifle-shots which caused us some uneasiness until we discovered the cause. Sergeant S., on being consulted, opined that it was " only them Jilos shooting fish "—which was quite correct. For the benefit of those of my readers who are unacquainted with the British soldier as he is found in India, I must explain that the word " Jilo " means " Hurry up ! " in that peculiar language used by him. A somewhat apt metamorphosis of " Jelu " !

I was woken up at 5.30 next morning by my servant, who informed me that there were two men waiting to see me. One was a stoutish man, dressed in a brown canvas uniform with a blue stripe down the seams of his breeches, the whole surmounted by a slouch hat. Rount his waist a bandolier, and hanging at his side a Mauser pistol in a wooden case. He introduced himself as Aga Petros, commander of the Assyrian Army, and his companion, a slight, good-looking man of about twenty-five years of age, as his brother. I sent over to M., the political officer, a most capable Canadian, member of the Dunster Force, and we held a conference on the general situation. Petros had, like many of his countrymen, spent a good deal of his time in America, and spoke English fluently. He told us that he estimated the total numbers of the refugees at fifty thousand, and that it would take the whole of that day and the next for them to reach Takan Tappeh. He himself had come straight through and had left W. and the squadron at four o'clock the previous evening. The situation was not very clear, and he agreed with us that we should collect as many fighting men as possible in support of the squadron. He asked for the assistance of three or four British soldiers to collect his men and separate them from their families, and thought he would be able to provide at least a hundred to start back that evening. He then departed with his four men, and S. and I had breakfast.

There was no ration bread, or, indeed, rations of any sort. We were provided with money, and bought flour, meat, milk, eggs, and vegetables for the men, and grain and hay for the horses. At the end of each month a full and complete account was furnished of all outgoings, supported by receipts, a fairly laborious addition to one's ordinary duties. The flour was issued as a ration, and the cooks made flat "chupatties," or unleavened bread. On this particular morning, S.'s servant, an ingenious individual, produced two most delicious and very light scones. We were a good deal mystified as it was the first time we had seen any attempt at risen bread, but on inquiry found it had been produced with a pinch of Eno's Fruit Salt! While the bottle lasted we had the best of bread, but it was soon finished, and we reverted to the unleavened variety again.

After breakfast I walked over to see how Petros was getting on. I found him surrounded by a crowd of cut-throats, all of whom were expostulating and talking at the top of their voices, and it was easy to see what was happening without Petros' explanation: "None of these men wish to return. One says his wife is ill, another that he has lost two children and believes they have become attached to another family and have gone on down the road. Until we can halt the whole nation and separate men from their families it is hopeless. I might succeed in separating them now, but the moment my back is turned I shall lose them again. Do you think we could halt them all for a day?"

"No," I replied, "there is no food to spare up here, and it is essential that they should push on to Bijar as quickly as possible. Every day they halt along the road means a very greatly increased consumption of food." I did not add what I thought privately—namely, that the whole crowd were too demoralized to be of any use until they were rested and retrained, and would, indeed, be only a hindrance in the event of an advance by the Turks. However, Petros had collected about thirty followers who, he averred, were reliable, and we determined to use these as additional police, to keep order along the road and to furnish a picket with a machine-gun (of which there were five or six) on the hill above the town in case Kurds should attempt a raid.

In the afternoon a Russian contingent arrived. They consisted of thirty officers and fifty or sixty men, as well as three or four hospital nurses. They had with them two heavy-looking mountain guns, and it transpired that they had left another behind, and the ammunition *for all three*! A colonel was in command. He spoke French, and told us that they were part of a Mission sent to help the Armenians, and had been more or less cut off from Russia, but that they now hoped to return there as quickly as possible. They made us realize for the first time what we had already vaguely feared: the danger of an outbreak of infectious disease amongst this undisciplined mob, who, for the most part, were totally innocent of any ideas on the subject of sanitation. They told us that they themselves had had several cases of cholera and acute dysentery, and that the road between Sain Kale and Takan Tappeh was literally strewn with dead bodies of men, women, and children who had fallen by the way. They put the numbers at anything between five hundred and a thousand, the deaths having been caused by cholera, typhoid, typhus, dysentery, exhaustion, and the attentions of small bands of Kurds, who followed the refugees, keeping to the hills parallel to the road, and pouncing down when opportunity offered. Shortly after our interview with the Russians, the Sirdar, Said Afshah, and his brother, Yerman Lashkar, appeared in our camp. This was most unusual, as when about to make a call he would always send a messenger "to prepare the way," and it was evident that something had happened to upset him considerably.

Refusing the customary tea and cigarettes which we offered, he at once commenced his tale of woe. "The Christians have raided my villages at Ganagatch and in the surrounding district. They have stolen sheep and cattle, hay and corn, and murdered the inhabitants. The head-men have just come in and reported this to me. Will you send troops to guard these villages and prevent such lawless behaviour." I thought of my fourteen men, all of whom had been on duty all day and a good deal of the night;

I wondered how anything was to be done. However, I promised to do all that was possible, and with this somewhat vague assurance my visitors departed.

S., accompanied by six men, went out to the nearest village that evening. He arrived there just as it was getting dusk, and dismounted. Leaving the horses in charge of a couple of men, he took with him the remaining four, and, with fixed bayonets, pushed on into the village. Two or three shots were fired at them by some of the refugees, who had run out of the place on seeing them coming, but taking no notice of this demonstration, they advanced into the main street, which appeared to be completely deserted. When they were half-way through, however, they saw a Jelu creeping out of one of the houses, carrying some carpets and a sack of flour, which he had evidently just looted. S. gave the order to fire, and the man fell dead. The party patrolled the village for an hour, but as all seemed quiet, and the inhabitants began returning to their houses, they came back to camp.

The story of this incident went round like wildfire among the refugees, but instead of causing resentment and discontent as might have been the case, it was accepted as justice in the same way that everything the British did was considered right, and no further cases of looting were reported. There was again no disturbance during the night, rather to our surprise, and daybreak the next morning saw the apparently never-ending stream creeping painfully along the dusty road again. I noticed that it was accompanied by a fresh manifestation: large flocks of sheep being driven along with the crowd. We concluded that the reason we had seen no sheep before was that, being slow movers, they had been out-distanced along the road, and were just beginning to arrive. We were soon disillusioned!

Once more the Sirdar descended on us without notice, this time to complain that all the sheep had been stolen out of Takan Tappeh during the night, and were now being driven up the road. This was a nice state of affairs! But we felt something must be done, so about ten mounted men started off with orders to stop all flocks of sheep and drive them back along the valley. Meanwhile the Sirdar was told to bring all owners of lost sheep to the camp, where they would be given an opportunity of identifying and recovering their lost property. In about two hours' time flocks of sheep began to appear, and about ten o'clock something like three or four thousand had been collected. Petros, whom we had invited to be present, assured us that a good many of the sheep really did belong to his people, and having a slight knowledge of the East and its ways, I felt sure that there was not much to choose between the statements made by either side, as far as veracity was concerned. The Eastern and the Irishman are born exaggerators, and as the Sinn-Feiner demands a republic and hopes for Home Rule, so the Eastern invariably asks for a good deal more than, in his wildest moments, he expects to get.

The identification of the sheep proceeded wonderfully peaceably. Once again the Jelu had admitted the right of Britain to decide, and except for one unpleasant incident all went well. This was caused by one of the men to whom I have already alluded as wearing pointed, white caps, a member of a tribe that comes from the mountains north of Urmieh, and the least tamed and most lawless of the refugees. The man in question began to drive his sheep back towards the road before he had been given permission to do so, hoping to slip away unobserved. Two of our men rode round and stopped him, indicating that he was to return to the fold and his companions in distress, whereupon he levelled his rifle at Corporal T. The private with him knocked it up immediately with his sword, which he was carrying drawn, and it went off, without doing any harm. In order to impress upon the man that such things are " not done," his sheep were confiscated without further argument, and he himself was awarded twenty strokes with a hastily constructed cat-o'-nine-tails, Petros agreeing with the finding and sentence of the court. After this, peace reigned, and when the Persians had collected about six or seven hundred sheep, the Assyrians were allowed to drive the remainder away.

M., the political officer, said that he heard that the Patriarch of the Assyrians had arrived, and suggested that he and I should call on him. We found him after a good deal of difficulty (there must have been at least ten thousand people camped around the village), and were proceeding to introduce ourselves and our business through an interpreter, when his sister, who was seated beside him on a carpet, began, to our surprise, to speak in excellent English. She was an exceedingly capable and clear-headed woman, and gave us some account of their march down: how they had left Urmieh when Turkish shells began to fall in the town, how Turks and Kurds had followed and harassed them, how two out of their three carts, containing most of their worldly belongings, had foundered on the mountainous rocky tracks, and how delighted they had been when at last they saw British uniforms and felt that they were safe.

Meanwhile, " His Beatitude," as he was referred to, a short, bearded man of about fifty, sat smiling benignly, not understanding a word of the conversation. M. asked him, through his sister, if he would help us to put a stop to the looting which had been taking place, pointing out that it was highly discreditable for a Christian army to behave towards Mohammedans in such a way; and he promised to issue an edict and do all he could to help. M. and I then returned to camp.

During the next morning some of our fellows from the squadron came down from Sain Kale, and in the afternoon I noticed that the crowd of refugees was beginning to thin out a bit, and by nightfall they had practically all passed through Takan Tappeh. I was heartily glad to see the last of them, as I had a constant stream of people wanting to see me to settle disputes or lend them money, etc. The American Consul, Dr. Shedd, and his wife, left with the refugees, and he died of cholera a day or two afterwards. It was a terrible experience for her, and they lost everything.

There were some interesting, though sad, cases amongst the refugees. One elderly man was introduced to me by Petros, who told me that he was one of the richest men in Urmieh. He spoke excellent English, and informed me that he had spent several years in New York as a young man. He said that along the road they had been attacked by Kurds, his wife and two daughters had been massacred, and all his carts, goods, and money taken, and that for the last three days he had been literally begging his way. His boots had worn out, and his feet were tied up in pieces of rag. If one had the time and inclination one could write a book on the horrors of the flight of these wretched people from Urmieh. However, as far I was concerned my personal experience of them ceased the next day, when I rode out and met the squadron and heard their story. An account of their doings, interesting though it would be, is outside the scope of this narrative, which is only intended to cover my own personal experiences during this time.

Although for some time afterwards stragglers would occasionally arrive in our camp, I saw no more of these miserable people until a couple of months later, when on my return to Mesopotamia I passed through the miles of double fly marquee tents where they are now housed. Whether they can ever be repatriated and settled in their own country only the future will show, but at least they should be allowed for in the new World Settlement, and given the opportunity previously denied them of developing and thriving under the protection of Britain or some other Christian nation.

A. E. H. FETHERSTONHAUGH

THE LITERATURE OF TENNIS

It is rather curious to find that while there are constant references to the game of Tennis, or *le jeu de paume* as it is called in France, in all kinds of literature, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the number of books wholly or largely devoted to the game is so small. Diligent search, indeed, has not discovered more than eighteen publications which can fairly be called books on Tennis. The earliest, and the only one in the Italian language, was written in 1555: there are nine in French—the first in 1599, the most recent in 1898: the remainder are in English. There was no book on Tennis published in England before 1822; the next, in 1875, appeared in Tasmania; the latest, in 1909, was printed in Philadelphia.

It may be said, however, that these books contain practically the whole of the early history of the development of games with ball and racket, and a fairly complete history of Tennis on the Continent and in the British Isles up to the year 1898. The full history of English and French Tennis in this century, and of Tennis in America and Australia, where the game was introduced in the seventies of last century, has not yet been gathered together in book form, though the annals of the game have been recorded in various periodicals.

Some of these eighteen books are now absolutely unobtainable: most are very rare, not more than four or five are at all commonly met with. Nearly all the writers on Tennis have taken themselves seriously; nearly all seemed to have been impressed by the dignity of there subject; that this was no ordinary game, but the most perfect yet devised by the wit of man; and the great majority of authors have some pretensions to literary style. Tennis is a game of many complications. It has constantly in past days been said to be a kind of moving chess: while I have heard its greatest living professor, Peter Latham, more than once say that many of the effects of spin, side, etc., that are seen on the billiard table in hitting the " still " ball are reproduced in the tennis court with the moving ball. It is obvious, therefore, that any practical treatise to be of value must be written by an author with a complete working knowledge of the game, and all except two of the books were written by players of tried ability, and, in some cases, by players of pre-eminent skill. As early as 1599 we find a book by Forbet, a French *paumier*, as the tennis professional is called in that country. Three others have followed his example: Pierre Barçellon in 1800 and Charles Delahaye in 1898—both champions of France—and, in 1909, Frederick Tompkins, a member of one of the most celebrated English tennis families, whose forbears have been connected with the game since 1750 at least.

The modern authors include three of the greatest amateur players who have appeared—Mr. J. M. Heathcote, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, and Mr. E. H. Miles. Two others, Mr. Julian Marshall and Mr. W. C. Marshall, were almost first-class exponents, and Mr. R. Lukin, the earliest English writer on the game, was among the best of his day.

The first book on our subject is entitled *Trattato della Palla.* Its author was one Antonio Scaino, a priest who was born near Brescia in 1534. The book describes the varieties of ball games known in Italy at that time. Four plans of courts are given, one of them being the court in the Louvre, built by King Francis I or by his son, Henry II, who were both keen players. The plan, on rather a large scale, shows a court in all main essentials like a court of the present day. In 1599, forty-four years after Scaino had written, the rules of the game were published for the first time. The little book in which they are contained has the following title:

L'Utilité qui provient du Jeu de la Paume au Corps et à l'Esprit

Traduit du Grec de Galen en François avec un declaration de deux doutes qui se trouvent en comptant le jeu de la Paume, le tout depuis augmenté des raisons aux difficultés qui peuvent advenir jouant à iceluy, avec les regles du jeu de prix.

Par Forbet l'aisne, Maistre en cet exercice. A Monsieur le Comte d'Auveigne.
Paris chez Thomas Sevistre, 1599.

Nothing of Forbet is known beyond his name, but tennis-players owe him a great debt for furnishing the first written laws of their game. These laws have been altered in many respects as the court and the implements of the game developed, but the fundamental principles are the same. It is also interesting to observe that there were prize competitions as early as 1599. Forbet's rules were printed in the next book, which appeared in 1632, entitled *Le Jeu royal de la Paume,* by Charles Hulpeau. They were reprinted in 1659 in *La Maison académique,* a French treatise on various games, which was reissued in a long series of editions under the title of *La Maison de Jeux académiques,* and *Académie universelle des Jeux* up to the end of the eighteenth century. The later editions are still readily obtainable.

Hulpeau makes one statement of great interest. He says that at that time (1632) the origin of scoring by fifteen, etc., was unknown because of its antiquity. It is probable that not one person in every thousand who plays the modern game of lawn tennis stops to think a moment why the scoring is done by fifteen. If they were to inquire no one could tell them more than that the same question had been asked nearly three hundred years ago, and that it was not possible to answer it then. Various conjectures have been made that the method was taken from the sciences of geometry or astronomy, but the problem has never been solved.

After Hulpeau's book, we are faced with a gap of one hundred and thirty-five years. This is all the more disappointing in that the first half of these years was a time of great prosperity for Tennis both in England and France. In 1657 there were over one hundred regular courts in Paris; one hundred years later the number had sunk to about twenty. References to the game at this time in contemporary literature, however, enable us to carry on the history of the game, and the names of several *paumiers* of this era have transpired, but no other book devoted to Tennis appeared until 1767, when M. de Garsault published his *L'Art du Paumier-Raquetier et de la Paume.* M. de Garsault was a careful writer and described very minutely the court, or rather courts, for there were two kinds, the *jeu quarré* and the *jeu de dedans,* extant in his day. He mentions that the King had a court in each of his palaces at Saint-Germain, Compiègne, and Versailles. Sixteen years later there appeared, at Neuchâtel, a book of the greatest interest to tennis-players. It is entitled *Traité sur la Connoissance du Royal Jeu de Paume,* and its author was M. de Man . . . . x, an amateur of Lyons. In this book, for the first time, are recorded not only the names of a number of players, both professional and amateur, but descriptions of their methods and of their strong and weak points are given.

The next book is a practical little treatise written by a great professional player, Pierre Barçellon. It is called *Règles et Principes de la Paume,* and is now practically unobtainable. I only know of one copy in a private collection. This book appeared in 1800, and in the same year M. Bajot, more renowned as a player of the game known as Long Paume than of the game of Tennis, published a poem, *Eloge de la Paume.* This was republished with notes and an historical sketch in 1816, and there were further editions in 1824 and 1854. M. Bajot was a clerk in a Government office, and the game of which he was so fond (then played on a space near the Champs-Elysées) was kept up in the Luxembourg Gardens largely by civil servants until the beginning of war. The historical notes in M. Bajot's book formed the groundwork of M. Edouard Fournier's valuable chapter on the history of Tennis in *La Paume: Son Histoire et sa Description,* Paris, 1862. This book, which has a number of plates at the end, appeared the same year that the court on the Terrasse des Feuillants in the Tuileries Gardens was built—a landmark between the ancient and modern game. The book was a most valuable addition to the literature of the game. In addition to the historical and descriptive chapters it gives (for the first time since M. de Man . . . . x, nearly eighty years before) accounts of the great players of the day, and earlier names of amateur players since 1740, etc., lists of courts, etc. The spelling of the names of English players is hopelessly inaccurate, as, indeed, some of the titles assigned to them. Meanwhile the first book on Tennis in English had appeared. Its author, Mr. R. Lukin, was secretary of the Tennis Club, which had its headquarters at James Street, Haymarket. His little treatise, published by Rodwell, appeared in 1822, and contains a carefully written and lucid description of the game, with many valuable hints on playing, which are as true to-day as when they were written. Mr. Lukin makes a first attempt at a code of rules in English, but he gives no information on the style or methods of the great players of his day. It was over fifty years before the next treatise was written. This was by Mr. S. Smith-Travers, who introduced Tennis into Australia. He had played the game very keenly when at Oxford, and he built a court at Hobart Town, taking an English professional (Stone) out with him. His book is, like Mr. Lukin's, scarce, but is met with now and again. In 1876 and 1877 there appeared in *The Field* a series of articles, which were collected in book form in 1878 by Horace Cox, under the title of *The Annals of Tennis*, and this is by far the most complete account of Tennis that has been yet published.

Mr. Julian Marshall, the author, was a scholar as well as a tennis-player, and he spent years in gathering material of all kinds, and in unearthing every possible source of information. The result is an extremely interesting account of ball games from the earliest times, illustrated with many plates of courts, rackets, etc., and with quotations from every kind of work. Mr. Marshall divided his subject as follows: Tennis Abroad; Tennis in England; The Court and Implements; the Laws and their History; and The Game. He gives a Code of Laws, which have been in use in England ever since. *The Annals of Tennis* is now rare. There was only a small edition originally, while a few copies of an édition de luxe were also printed.

Charles Vatel's *Notice historique sur la Salle de Jeu de Paume*, Bernard, Versailles, 1883, is very largely devoted to the famous *Serment de Jeu de Paume* at Versailles at the beginning of the French Revolution. There is, however, a chapter on the early history of the court, and other information here and there, which is of interest to tennis enthusiasts. No better book on Tennis, from a practical point of view, has been written than the volume in Badminton Library, 1890, which includes Tennis, Rackets, Lawn Tennis, Fives. The Tennis section was entrusted to Mr. J. M. Heathcote, the greatest amateur player of his time, and there are contributions by the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, most graceful of stylists, and Mr. W. C. Marshall, an architect as well as a player, who did a great deal for the development of courts. In the same year there was a volume on *Tennis, Rackets, and Fives* in Messrs. George Bell's All England Series, the writer on Tennis being Mr. Julian Marshall, who gives a curious piece of information not mentioned in *The Annals*—namely, that a court was once built on a large French sailing-ship.

Messrs. Hachette's Bibliothèque de Sport contains a volume on *La Paume et le Lawn Tennis*, 1898. The writers on *La Paume* are M. E. de Nauteuil, who was responsible for the historical portion, and the famous French professional, Charles Delahaye (Biboche), who gives some most practical hints. Mr. Eustace Miles published *Rackets, Squash, Tennis*, in the Isthmian Library Series, 1902; and in 1907 Mr. Alderson Horne collected some of his delightful articles written in the *Saturday Review* at various times, and had them privately printed with some other matter under the title of *Musings in Common Place Lane*. The most recent book is *Court Tennis*, by F. C. Tompkins, who is now professional at Philadelphia. This little treatise, which consists chiefly of hints, was published by Lippincot in 1909. Such, then, are the eighteen books on Tennis. Besides these one may mention the little *Handbook of the Tennis and Rackets Association*, 1911, which contains the Rules, list of Courts, etc.; and a pamphlet giving the names of amateurs and professionals playing in England, and some other information, by the present writer (Messrs. Mudie, Coventry Street, 1913).

There are many books, of course, on sports and pastimes, and encyclopædias, which have a short description of Tennis, some of these being most hopelessly inaccurate and misleading, others being obviously the work of experts. Among these may be mentioned Blaine's *Rural Sports*, Johnson's *Sporting Dictionary*, Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, some of the editions of Hoyle's *Games*, Walker's *Games* (the author here acknowledges his debt to Mr. Lukin), Rees's *Encyclopœdia*, *The Encyclopœdia Britannica* (the later editions have excellent articles on the subject), *The Encyclopœdia of Sport* (in the first edition, 1898, the Tennis article was written by Mr. G. E. A. Ross: in the second, 1911, it was brought up to date by myself), *The New Book of Sports*, being articles reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, 1885, and containing one entitled "The Other Tennis," of which, I think, Mr. Herman Merivale, a keen player, was the author; *Tennis Cuts and Quips*, by Julian Marshall, 1889, being articles chiefly on Lawn Tennis and a few on Tennis reprinted from *Pastime*; *The House on Sport*, 1898, published in aid of the *Referee* Christmas Dinner Fund, and containing a correct and interesting section on Tennis by A. E. R. Kennedy and W. H. Cohen; *Fifty Years of Sport at the University*, containing an account of the University Tennis matches by the present writer; *The Book of the Ball*, by A. E. Crawley; *Sports* *et Jeux d'Adresse*, by H. René d'Allemagne, with a long section on *La Paume* and some interesting illustrations; *Les Sports et Jeu d'Exercice dans l'ancienne France*, by J. J. Jusserand.

There is a short life of Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey, K.G., published by George Newnes, which contains a chapter on his tennis—he was amateur champion for several years; and some account of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton's tennis career is given in *Alfred Lyttelton*, an account of his life by Edith Lyttelton (Longmans, Green and Co., 1917). Mr. Ernest Law's *History of Hampton Court Palace*, and Mr. Jesse's *A Summer Day at Hampton Court*, both furnish a good deal of information and some valuable illustrations of the most historically famous court in England built in the Palace in 1530. Mr. Gordon Inglis's *Sport and Pastime in Australia* has a few pages on Tennis in Melbourne and Hobart.

Articles in reviews, magazines, periodicals, etc., include a little-known article in the *London and Paris Observer*, January 5, 1834, signed Encellus, of which the style and general trend leads one to the conclusion that it was written by Mr. Lukin; "Lusio Pilaris," by George Cayley, *Edinburgh Review*, January 1878; "Some Developments of Modern Tennis," by J. M. Heathcote, *National Review*, June 1894; two articles by E. H. Miles in 1900—one in the *Windsor Magazine* and one in *Outing*; several interesting articles in the *Field* and other papers, by Mr. A. E. Crawley, and the following by the writer of these Notes, "Mr. Gould's Tennis," *National Review*, June 1908; "Tennis," *National Review*, September 1913; "Jeu de Paume de Versailles," *National Review*, April 1918; "Some Records of Great Tennis Players," *Bailey's Magazine*, April 1918; and a series of articles in the *Field* from Christmas 1910 to January 1915 at intervals, entitled "The Tennis Courts of England."

Reports of matches up to the seventies of last century are very meagre and generally inaccurate. A few are to be found in the *Sporting Magazine* and *Bell's Life*. In more modern days the *Field* has been to the fore in recording Tennis information, and a great number of papers have correspondents on Tennis thoroughly conversant with the game. Among the correspondents to the *Field* have been Mr. Julian Marshall and Mr. Ross, whose knowledge of the game to-day is unsurpassed. There is rather more verse than might have been expected. One of the famous drinking songs of Jean le Houx, who was an advocate of Vire about 1600, is almost entirely about Tennis (*Vaux de Vire*, 2^{me} recueil, xiii). Mr. Marshall, in *The Annals*, describes in full "Carmen de Lu do Pilæ Reticulo, Bello comparato victoria et pace perpetua indeventura," by R. Frissart, Paris, 1641. This is a poem in Latin hexameters, in which the war between the kings of France and Spain is compared to a long and close match at Tennis. There is a short seventeenth-century poem entitled "Fortune's Tennis Ball," but beyond the title it has hardly a mention of the game. In *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1691, we get the well-known song beginning:

My mistress is a Tennis Ball
  Composed of cotton fine—
She is often struck against the wall—
  Or Bandied under-line.
But if you will her mind fulfill
You must pop her in the hazard still.

A scarce little book entitled *The School of Recreation*, 1736, has a page or so of description of Tennis, and a song which begins:

When as the Hand at Tennis Plays
  And men to Gaming fall,
Love is the Court, Hope is the House
  And Favour Serves the Ball.

The various editions of Bajot's *Eloge de la Paume* have already been mentioned, all of them are now extremely scarce. In *La Paume: Son Histoire et sa Description* is a set of verse written on the occasion of the opening of the court in the Tuileries Gardens in 1862; and the Rev. G. Dawson Damer, Mr. Courtenay Boyle, and Sir William Hart-Dyke each wrote some verses on the occasion of the first week's Tennis at Lord Wimborne's (then Sir Ivor Guest's) court at Canford in December 1879. Mr. Courtenay Boyle, in his rhyme, brings in a famous tennis adage, of which many players know the truth:

Small profits come from quick returns,
  George Lambert says, and many's
The wholesome rule of which one learns
  The truth when playing Tennis.

The three sets of verses were printed and are preserved in the play-book at the Canford court. The best-known poem on Tennis is J. K. S.'s "Parker's Piece," which begins:

To see good Tennis! what diviner joy.

It was first published in the *Cambridge Review* in 1891, and afterwards in *Lapsus Calami.* All the greatest tennis heroes of the time are celebrated in the poem. Most of them used at that time to play at Cambridge fairly frequently. That part of the poem in which they are mentioned is as follows:

When Lambert boasts the superhuman force,
Or splits the echoing grille without remorse:
When Harradine as graceful as of yore
Wins better than a yard upon the floor;
When Alfred's * ringing cheer proclaims success,
Or Saunders volleys in resistlessness;

---

* The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

When Heathcote's service makes the dedans ring
With just applause, and own it's honoured king;
When Pettitt's prowess all our zeal awoke
Till high Olympus shuddered at the stroke;
Or when receiving thirty and the door
The novice serves a dozen faults or more,
Or some plump don, perspiring and profane,
Assails the roof and breaks the exalted pane:
When "vantage, five games all, the door is called,"
And Europe pauses breathless and appalled,
Till lo! the ball by cunning hand caressed
Finds in the winning gallery a nest;
These are the moments, this the bliss supreme,
Which makes the artist's joy, the poet's dream.

The title, "Parker's Piece," is explained by the fact that at that time there was a court in East Road close to Parker's Piece, which was leased by George Lambert from 1889–91. In February 1900 some verses appeared in the well-known Cambridge publication, the *Granta*, and in some privately printed poems the Baroness Wentworth has two sonnets on Tennis.

Though Tennis is mentioned in a number of plays, especially of the seventeenth century, there are not many in which it is more than a passing allusion. The chief exception is Thomas Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, 1792, where one whole scene takes place in the parlour of a tennis court while a match is going on between "Will the Marker" and "the famous Frenchman." No attempt has, I think, been made to represent any playing part of a court on the stage. In Shirley's *True Widow*, 1679, there is a considerable dialogue about Tennis, and also in *A Courtly Masque: the World Tost at Tennis*, by J. Middleton and J. W. Rowley, 1620. The great days of the game of Tennis, both in England and abroad, were in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. There were during a great part of these centuries thousands of courts of one kind or another, and all classes played the game from the King, in elaborate courts such as we have to-day, downwards. Many of the courts were no doubt rough structures. It is not surprising, therefore, to find mention of the game in every kind of writing, both in French and English: court memories, poems, plays, diaries, letters, philosophical and ecclesiastical works, etc. Constantly one comes across casual allusions to the game, the ball, the racket, the court, etc.

There are numerous instances in Shakespeare. The most familiar is from Henry V:

K. Henry. When we have matched our rackets to these balls
We will in France by God's Grace play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler.
That all the courts of France will be disturbed with chases.

The following are only a few of the many other authors who mention the game in one way or another: Chaucer, Michael Drayton (*Battle of Agincourt*), Chapman (*Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*), Gervase Markham (*Country Contentments*), Sir Philip Sidney (*Arcadia*), Dr. Bramall, Bishop of Derry (*In Defence of True Liberty*, 1655), John Hewytt, D.D. (*Nine Select Sermons*, 1650), Samuel Pepys—there are several well-known allusions to Tennis in the Diary—John Lock (*On the Human Understanding*), Hobbes (*Leviathan*), Ned Ward (*The London Spy*), Guy de Berville (*Vie du Duguesclin, Connétable de France*), Rabelais (numerous references), Brantôme (*Mémoires*), the Abbé Fleury (*Histoire ecclésiastique*), Montaigne, Lippo Manno, Venetian Ambassador in Paris at the end of the sixteenth century, Rousseau (*Emile*), Dallington (*The View of France*).

At the end of the seventeenth century Tennis was already losing some of its popularity and becoming more of a spectacle than an amusement: in the eighteenth century it still further declined in favour, and the mentions of it in contemporary literature become very much scarcer, but that it was still a fairly generally known game in France may be gathered from a passage in Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, 1784:

> *Bartholo.* Souviens-toi qu'un homme sage ne se fait point d'affaire avec les grands.
> *Figaro.* Je m'en souviens.
> *Bartholo.* Qu'ils ont quinze et bisque sur nous par leur état.

I know of no modern novel with any description of Tennis, though mentions of it are to be found now and again; for instance, in Mr. John Galsworthy's *Country House*. But in the great majority of cases where the word Tennis occurs in modern novels and elsewhere, the authors refer to Lawn Tennis. Even in the catalogue of a well-known public library I found recently Mr. Smith-Travers's *Treatise on Tennis*, and Mr. H. W. W. Wilberforce's *Lawn Tennis* entered under the same heading.

E. B. Noel

ART AND BOOK SALES DURING AND AFTER WAR

The outbreak of war with Germany a few days after the conclusion of the art and book sale season of 1914 produced a curious effect of confusion and dismay in Bond Street. A long series of phenomenally successful seasons had brought great prosperity to the dealers, money was plentiful, and anxiety to obtain fine things, regardless of price, had never been keener. Galleries and shelves were well packed with valuable stock, and the autumnal invasion of American collectors and dealers was looked forward to with every anticipation of good business. But the Americans were, for the most part, still on the Continent when war was declared, and when, after manifest difficulties, they got back to England *en route* for New York, they were more anxious to get home than to buy articles for which they would find great difficulties in the way of transport. And so very little business was done. That the war would be " over by Christmas " soon became an obvious false prophecy. The late autumn came and winter followed, and the great clearing-houses for objects of art, such as Christie's, and for books, such as Sotheby's, did not resume business.

Apart from two Red Cross sales in February and April 1915, Messrs. Christie did not venture to start their regular sales till May, and Messrs. Sotheby followed soon after. It is obvious that if the Stock Exchange is closed little or no business can be done in stocks and shares, and with Christie's and Sotheby's closed there can be very little buying, and consequently not much selling. The decision to start was taken only after mature consideration, and rather in the nature of an experiment which might at any moment be abandoned. The conditions existing were so entirely without precedent, the future so uncertain, the obvious certainty of to-day being upset on the morrow, that the concensus of opinion of the oldest and most far-seeing dealers had very little practical value. We can look back on those old days of confusion and divided opinion with mixed feelings. There was scarcely a discordant note in the confidence of final victory over the unspeakable German barbarians, whose *kultur* was of the thinnest veneer, and who, from the " poltroon " at Amerongen to the scavengers in Berlin, have earned the undying hate and loathing of civilized humanity all over the world. But the art and book sales were set going, and have gone on triumphantly ever since. The Red Cross sale at Christie's in April 1915, when the splendid total of £37,383 was realized for the sick and wounded, was felt to be a severe test of the resiliency of the market, and it seemed to guarantee the success of other sales. And such indeed it proved. The first two big sales were held "on the premises." On June 7, Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley began the twelve days' sale of the Sydney collection at Frognal, Chislehurst, the first day realizing nearly £15,000; and four days later Messrs. Christie began to sell Sir Walter Gilbey's art and literary collections, which totalled up to £35,513. Then followed in July the C. T. D. Crews collection with a total of £25,194, and in August that of Jeffery Whitehead with one of nearly £16,000.

The elimination of the Hun as a direct buyer was more than counterbalanced by the increased activity of the United States in the matter of pictures and books. There is reason to suspect that a good many purchases, private and otherwise, of fine things by agents from neutral countries found their way to Germany during the first year or two of the war; but if they did so it could only have been for solid cash. In Germany there has apparently only been one important picture sale, that of Baron Albert Oppenheim, fixed for October 1914, but not held until March 1917, with an official total of 4,222,500 marks. How far the total, like many other German things, was "faked" it is impossible to say, but we do know that the value of the mark at the time of the sale had depreciated by about fifty per cent. In France there was an almost total cessation of important art sales for the first two or three years of the war, but they were revived long before the Armistice, one alone, that of the artist Degas, realizing over £400,000, in addition to heavy auction charges; in May and June last two exceptionally choice collections of drawings and pictures, those of M. François Flameng and of M. Lebœuf de Montgermont, realized 1,827,450 francs and 3,213,000 francs respectively, plus auction charges. In New York the sales at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square, under the "American James Christie," Mr. Thomas E. Kirby, have been of continuous and increasing importance—General Brayton Ives, 1915, $547,321 (£107,464); Catholina Lambert, 1916, $592,000 (£118,400); and George A. Hearn, 1918, $763,623 (£152,726); whilst two imported collections, those of Professor Volpi (Davanzati Palace) and Signor Bardini producing respectively nearly a million and half a million dollars. At the Anderson Galleries, also in New York, the various sales of duplicates from the H. E. Huntingdon library have produced many thousands of dollars, whilst the Halsey prints brought $377,000 (£75,000), and during the past season Mr. Herschel V. Jones's library, with its total of $391,854 (£78,370), for 1727 lots, set up "records" which must hold the field for a long time—to mention one only: his copy of Milton's *Comus*, 1637, for which he paid $9200 only twelve months previously, sold for $14,250.

To return to English sales: the lean season of 1915 was followed by one of considerable importance, though the pre-war general average was not yet reached. Omitting the £50,742 total of the Red Cross sale, five art auctions and one book sale ran well into five figures; Mr. T. J. Barratt's pictures, etc., brought over £32,000; Sir Trevor Lawrence's porcelain and objects of art, £25,270; Mr. S. E. Kennedy's porcelain, £26,272; the Milbank jewels, £15,152; Mrs. Golding Palmer's pictures, £11,000; and the fifth portion of the Huth library, £15,639. If the art sales of 1916 were below the average, those of 1917 more than exceeded the usual output; fourteen sales at Christie's and four at Sotheby's passed the £10,000 limit, the Hope heirlooms alone producing £134,000, and, in addition, the Red Cross appeal brought in £71,404. Again, in 1918 the results were still better, for at Christie's eighteen sales and at Sotheby's seven sales ran into five-figure totals, and, in addition, the fourth and final Red Cross sale totalled £151,119 at Christie's.

As season succeeded season it became abundantly evident that the slump in books and pictures, so volubly predicted during the early stages of the war, had not materialized. It seemed evident to many people that the fine arts would be the first to feel the effects of war. Many were expecting to pick up rare books in the sixpenny boxes, and to be implored by the picture-dealers to take fine old masterpieces at their own valuation. But the sixpenny box got rather meaner than before the war, and there were no war-price bargains to be got in Bond Street. The fact is there was no slump in either pictures or books. There have been fluctuations; things purchased just before the war at extravagant prices naturally suffered when and if resold soon afterwards. The most interesting literary sales during the last two seasons have been of collections which have had time to "mature," and have thus yielded a hundredfold in the way of profit—the famous and unrivalled Morrison collection of autograph letters and historical documents, and further portions of the Sir Thomas Phillipps collection of MSS., and the choice Huth, Pembroke, and Christie Miller libraries. The founders of all these collections had a highly developed sense of the skill of collecting, and much of what they conserved has greatly increased in value and interest as time went on. The founders did not live to witness the justification of their tastes, as shown by the enormous profits which their investments realized. A curious illustration of the reverse of this is ready at hand in the Fairfax Murray sale at Christie's, 1917–18. Some of the choicest and rarest books in this collection were purchased within the last few years at the Pembroke, Huth, and other sales, and most of them showed an appreciable loss on the prices paid by Mr. Murray—losses which would most certainly have been transferred into profits if the library had been kept intact for another half a dozen years or so. Murray dropped a small fortune over one item alone, the Block Book of the *Apocalyptic Visions of St. John, circa* 1460, fifty leaves, for which he gave £2120 in 1914, only brought £950 at his recent sale at Sotheby's. The losses which his estate sustained over some of his books were doubtless, in part, covered by profits on the others, as, for instance, on his set of the Kelmscott Press books printed on vellum (except the Chaucer and *Earthly Paradise*), which realized £1200, and on some of the William Morris MSS., of which that of *The Earthly Paradise* brought in £330. Other instances on all fours with Mr. Murray's experience might be quoted, but it is only necessary to mention one: the MS. of Browning's *Asolando*, for which the late Joseph Hornstein gave £990 in 1913, went for £410 at Hornstein's sale in 1918.

If the 1918 season of art and book sales was remarkable, that which closed in July last was phenomenal. It is revealing no secret in stating that Messrs. Christie's season was ended with the biggest turnover in the history of the firm—a history which takes us far back into the dim first years of George III's reign; and that of Messrs. Sotheby's must be well above the average. At Christie's, one day's sale of jewels alone (June 25) resulted in a total of £163,114, and during the season four other jewel sales, in round numbers, brought £200,000. Up to July seventy * pictures had sold for 1400 guineas and upwards, the highest number since 1913, and the third highest since 1885. A few of the big sales only can can be mentioned—Earl of Home, furniture, objects of art, and pictures, £52,937; Sir George Drummond, pictures, £150,899; L. Neumann, furniture and objects of art, £70,272; and the Neumann and other pictures, about £155,000—in other words, nine days' sales produced nearly £330,000, or only about £70,000 less than the total of the 2213 lots in the great Hamilton Palace sale of 1882. Sotheby's totals do not bristle with such big figures, but they are none the less formidable—Mr. Yates Thompson's twenty-eight MSS. and two printed books realized £52,360 in one short afternoon; the eighth portion of the Huth library reached £23,793; Lord Mostyn's little parcel of old plays, £40,873; the first two portions of W. J. Leighton's books, £17,096; P. M. Pittar's library, £15,581; and a further selection from Sir Thomas Phillipps' MSS., £9207.

From what has been said—and many important general details have had to be left unsaid—it will be seen that the art and book sales during the war and the first season of peace have been extremely satisfactory, far more so, indeed, than could have been foreseen early in 1915. It must be understood that the laws which govern ordinary commercial enterprises do not obtain in the highly special sphere of art and book sales. Death duties and legacies have to be met at once, and executors have to dispose of collections without much regard to the state of the market, or as to the law of supply and demand. There is no time to "prepare" the market. The fear of a slump in prices has probably been the reason for many collections being held back from the sale-room—collections for the sale of which there was no immediate urgency—and for small consignments of pictures and other objects of art, which make up the bulk of each year's sale. That fear, I am convinced, was groundless. With regard to prices paid for pictures and drawings, Mr. A. C. R. Carter, in his invaluable handbook, *The Year's Art*, shows that in 1913 eighty-five were sold for 1400 guineas and upwards; in 1914 the number was thirty-eight; in 1915 it dropped to four only; in 1916 eight only reached that limit; in 1917 the number had jumped to fifty-nine; in 1918 it was fifty-three; and between January to July 1919, as already shown, the number was still considerably higher. If space permitted, it would be very interesting to give a complete list of all the pictures which sold for 1400 guineas and upwards in 1918 and 1919; but we must content ourselves with a minimum of 2000 guineas, and even so the number is very great.

---

* To this number should be added seven others which exceeded that amount in the remarkable sale of the late R. H. Brechin, held in Glasgow last March by Messrs. R. and J. Edmiston, when ninety-five pictures brought nearly £38,000.

ARTIST	TITLE	SIZE	PRICE IN GUINEAS AND YEAR	
Sir J. Reynolds	Mrs. Siddons as "Tragic Muse"	9⅛ × 56	52,000	1919
Franz Hals	Pt. of Joseph Coymans	37 × 29	25,500	1919
Jan Steen	The Spendthrift	36 × 40	16,200	1919
Sir J. Reynolds	Pt. of Mrs. Freeman	50 × 40	14,800	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of Mrs. Colin Mackenzie	48 × 38	12,000	1918
Franz Hals	Pt. of a Gentleman	37 × 29	12,000	1919
J. van Ruysdael	Landscape	37 × 50	12,000	1919
J. van Ruysdael	Coast Scene in Norway	39 × 48	9,500	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Master A. Mackenzie	28 × 33	7,800	1918
C. F. Daubigny	Le Retour du Troupeau	41 × 75	7,800	1919
P. de Hooghe	Woman cutting Bread and Butter	26 × 20	7,600	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Linlithgow	34 × 48	7,400	1919
J. B. C. Corot	L'Isle Heureuse	74 × 55	6,800	1919
James Ward	Pt. Miss G. Musgrave	34 × 27	6,800	1919
Geo. Romney	The Warren Family	95 × 72	6,600	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Lt.-Gen. Mackenzie Fraser	49 × 38	6,400	1918
T. Gainsborough	Coast Scene	39 × 49	6,400	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Port Ruysdael	36 × 48	6,400	1919
M. Maris	The Sisters	39 × 24	6,200	1918
F. Guardi	Fête on Grand Canal	16 × 26	6,200	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Zurich	11 × 17	6,200	1919
G. Romney	Pt. of Mrs. Lowther	30 × 25	6,200	1919
G. Romney	Another of same lady	30 × 25	6,000	1919
Sir W. Beechey	Daughters of Lord Chesterfield	63 × 46	5,700	1918
Sir J. Reynolds	Pt. of the Artist	30 × 25	5,700	1919

Artist	Title	Size	Price in Guineas and Year	
J. F. de Troy	Reading from Molière	29 × 36	5,000	1919
G. Romney	Indian Chief (J. Brant)	50 × 40	5,000	1918
J. B. C. Corot	Evening	48 × 32	4,800	1919
J. Israels	Age and Infancy	44 × 33	4,800	1919
G. Romney	Pt. of Mrs. M. Burgoyne	29 × 24	4,400	1918
Sir J. Reynolds	The Misses Paine	49 × 38	4,200	1918
Sir J. Watson Gordon	Pt. of Sir Walter Scott	50 × 40	4,200	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of Mrs. H. Houston	35 × 27	4,100	1918
John Constable	On the Stour	23 × 30	4,000	1918
Roger van der Weyden	Madonna and Child	33 × 27	4,000	1919
Rembrandt	Head of Old Man	11 × 9	4,000	1919
Velasquez	Mariana of Austria	26 × 41	3,900	1919
Sir H Raeburn	Pt. of Colin Mackenzie	49 × 38	3,800	1918
Sir A. Vandyck	Queen Henrietta Maria	49 × 39	3,700	1919
T. Gainsborough	Pt. Miss Elizabeth Dymock	29 × 24	3,600	1918
Jacob Maris	Amsterdam	32 × 57	3,600	1918
M. Maris	Girl with Goat and Kid	9 × 12	3,600	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Bonneville	36 × 48	3,600	1919
C. F. Daubigny	On the Oise	15 × 26	3,600	1919
J. Israels	Grace before Meat	40 × 66	3,500	1918
Sir J. Reynolds	Pt. of a Lady	49 × 39	3,500	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of Lt.-Col. A. Mackenzie	92 × 59	3,200	1918
T. Gainsborough	Pt. of Lady A. Ponsonby	29 × 34	3,200	1918
W. Holman Hunt	Lady of Shallott	72 × 56	3,200	1919
J. van der Heyden	View in Holland	15 × 18	3,100	1919
G. Morland	Gipsies' Tent	33 × 42	3,100	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Windsor Castle	11 × 17	3,000	1918
J. M. W. Turner	Worcester	11 × 17	3,000	1918
J. M. W. Turner	Saumur	11 × 17	3,000	1918
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of Margaret Wedderburn	34 × 26	3,000	1918
A. Mauve	Scheveningen	35 × 70	2,900	1918
J. M. W. Turner	Ludlow Castle	12 × 17	2,800	1918
J. B. Pater	Fête Champêtre	17 × 21	2,700	1919
P. Potter	Cattle in a Pasture	12 × 13	2,700	1919
Sir E. Burne-Jones	Beguiling of Merlin	72 × 43	2,600	1918
J. M. W. Turner	Lucerne from the Walls	12 × 18	2,600	1919
John Hoppner	Pt. of Lady Vernon	94 × 57	2,600	1919
F. Goya	Pt. of Pepe Illo	25 × 19	2,500	1919
A. Mauve	Ploughing	19 × 33	2,500	1919
Paul Potter	Farm Scene	14 × 24	2,450	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of A. Houston	29 × 24	2,400	1918
Sir T. Lawrence	Pt. of Mrs. Simeon	30 × 25	2,400	1919
G. Romney	Pt. of Mrs. Freeman	35 × 27	2,350	1919
H. G. E. Degas	Les Blanchisseuses	16 × 23	2,300	1918
F. Hals	Head of a Cavalier	14 × 11	2,200	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Dudley Castle	11 × 16	2,200	1919
Sir J. Reynolds	The Piping Shepherd	33 × 24	2,200	1919
G. Romney	Lt.-Gen. Sir C. Stuart	50 × 40	2,100	1918
Fred Walker	The Bathers	36 × 84	2,100	1918
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of Sir J. Montgomery	49 × 38	2,100	1918
H. G. E. Degas	Artist in his Studio	15 × 11	2,100	1919
J. M. W. Turner	Sun of Venice	12 × 18	2,100	1919
Sir H. Raeburn	Pt. of Mrs. Allen	29 × 24	2,000	1918
H. G. E. Degas	The Dancer	21 × 29	2,000	1918

Our list is in many ways interesting, but chiefly because it is a fairly accurate indication of the artists whose works to-day are most in favour with collectors in this country and in America. In 1917 and in 1918 Raeburn topped the list in the matter of prices —in 1917 at 24,200 guineas for the *Macnab*, " who left behind him thirty or forty little Macnabs without ever having been married," and this picture. But this year's record sees Raeburn an indifferent fifth on the list. For a few brief weeks Mr. H. W. Bruton, of Gloucester, enjoyed the distinction of knocking down the highest priced Reynolds at auction, the portrait of *Mrs. Freeman*, which belonged to Lord Redesdale, and, strictly speaking, his claim even now holds good, for it is quite well known that the Duke of Westminster's *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* was not sold at Christie's at 52,000 guineas, although there was a genuine bid of 50,000 guineas. The Duke evidently wanted an absurd price for his picture, which many regard as not so fine as the Dulwich version. The " American millionaire " is not such a fool as many English people—with things to sell—sometimes think. He does not mind paying a big price for a fine article, but he does not often pay an absurd sum for an inferior one, or one around which a good deal of sloppy sentiment has accumulated. Even at 50,000 guineas the *Mrs. Siddons* would have been a magnificent investment, seeing that it was acquired by Earl Grosvenor in 1823 for 1750 guineas. Nearly every picture in our list tells the same story of profitable investment, and to go into details of all would be tedious, but a few may be worth quoting. The late Sir George Drummond, in 1891, paid Messrs. Laurie and Co. £2500 for his splendid Franz Hals, which now returned 25,500 guineas to his estate. The second Hals was one of the surprises of the season, and was long in the possession of a person who, because the name of Nicholas Berghem was inscribed on the back of the canvas, assumed it was by that artist, who was not a portrait painter, and under this name it was catalogued and sold. Probably the vendor would have been happy if he cleared £100 by the sale; as things turned out it has brought him a respectable little fortune. The splendid Daubigny, *Le Retour du Troupeau*, 1877, which Lady Drummond bought at her late husband's sale for presentation to the Montreal Art Gallery, was one of the famous pictures in the Secretan collection, and sold for 42,500 francs, plus 5 per cent., in 1889, but probably Sir George Drummond paid much more for it than that.

Several unfamiliar names will be found in our list. The most surprising of all is, perhaps, that of James Ward, who ranks as the fourteenth. His works rarely reach three figures in the saleroom, and it is curious to note that this very portrait of *Miss Musgrave* was offered in the same rooms in May 1905, and was bought in at 1600 guineas. J. F. de Troy, with the brilliant

Reading from Molière, established a record both for England and for France, but of late years there has been a manifest appreciation of his work, with corresponding auction prices. Sir J. Watson Gordon, a worthy successor of Raeburn, has only on one previous occasion reached three figures in the sale-room, and then, as now, it was for a portrait of *Sir Walter Scott*, Lady Napier's property, and painted in 1820, selling for 1500 guineas; the whole-length of the great novelist, sold last February, was painted in 1830 for Robert Cadell, Scott's publisher. The appearance of M. Maris high up in the list, of his brother Jacob, of Joseph Israels, and A. Mauve lower down, is probably not a permanent one; for the moment they are in favour with collectors and so their works sell at high prices. But, as with other third-rate artists in the past, the levelling will come with time. The same may be said of Degas, with his fleshy, undraped *concierges* and market-women, and his unattractive ballet-dancers. Matthew Maris will always have at least one merit—that of rarity, which will never belong to Degas, for the contents of the latter's atelier, sold in Paris, 1917–19, contained hundreds of his pictures and drawings. Degas, the Diogenes of modern painters, died in 1917 at the age of eighty-three; he lived to see a picture, twenty-nine by thirty inches, which he sold for 500 francs, realize 435,000 francs (£17,400) at the Henri Rouart sale in 1912; the first and third in the above list belonged to the late Sir William Eden, the hero of Whistler's *The Baronet and the Butterfly*, whilst a fan-mount with a view of the stage and ballet-girls, in gouache, was purchased at his sale for 680 guineas for presentation to the nation. Another point suggests itself in scanning the foregoing list: it may be questioned if any one of the artists in the first two-thirds of the list made, in any one year, anything like the amount now paid for a single picture. For instance, at the Raeburn sale in 1877 forty-nine of his portraits did not produce half the amount realized last year by his portrait of *Mrs. Colin Mackenzie*. There were many minor features in the picture sales of the last year or two to which one might profitably allude in detail if space permitted—such, for instance, as the high prices paid for drawings by Copley Fielding, David Cox, Birket Foster, and many others—prices which approximate to those paid during the seventies and eighties of the last century, when water-colour drawings by British artists were at their market zenith.

From a literary point of view the most amazing sale of the past season was that of Lord Mostyn's collection of early English plays, which had been reposing for centuries in a Welsh mansion almost entirely unknown and unrecorded. There were over three hundred and eighty plays, ranging in date from about 1565 to 1681, and of these the extraordinary number of forty-nine appeared during the sixteenth century. Two are the only known copies, four are of unrecorded editions, and many others are of the greatest rarity. Six ran well into four figures, a measly-looking little "uniquity" of forty leaves, H. Medwall's *Fulgens et Lucres*, printed probably about 1520, realizing £3400; W. Wager's *Enough is as Good as a Feast*, 1560–65, £2600; two copies of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, £1200 and £1000; *Fidele and Fortunio*, 1585, the foundation play of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, £3020, and the precursor of *King Lear*, 1605, £1950. Rare early plays turn up every season from quite unexpected quarters, but such a remarkable series as that of Lord Mostyn has never before come into the market. There is no reason why it should not be duplicated, for there must be other copies of these, and equally rare plays, lying *perdu* in the undisturbed libraries in ancient country mansions in Great Britain. Some unsuspected rarities also came up for sale at Sotheby's in the portion of the library of the Marquess of Ailesbury, of Savernake Forest (March 3–5), Caxton's *Cato*, 1483, seventy-six leaves, which brought £950. Unregistered rarities from Lord Vernon's library at Sudbury formed one of the features of last year's sales, comprising hitherto unknown copies of the first four folio Shakespeares (of which the first, or 1623, realized £2100), and a number of early quartos, also unrecorded, as well as the superb MS. of *Le Roman de la Rose*, executed for François I, with a full-page portrait-miniature of the King, surrounded by his courtiers, receiving the MS. from the scribe who kneels at his feet, *circa* 1520. The history of the MS., from 1804, for which the Lord Vernon of Dante fame paid 87 guineas in 1838, and which now realized £2100, was traced by the present writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* of July 11, 1918.

The great sensation of the past season in the way of beautiful books was provided by the sale of Mr. Henry Yates-Thompson's twenty-eight MSS. and two illuminated printed books at Sotheby's on June 3. Again, as with the Mostyn plays, no exactly parallel sale can be found in the annals of the English auction-room. Mr. Yates-Thompson formed his collection during the last thirty or forty years, and finally thinned his MSS. out to a hundred examples. One of the most beautiful was the little *Hours of Jeanne II, Queen of Navarre*, dating from the fourteenth century, and with one hundred and eight miniatures; for this Lord Ashburnham paid 70 guineas in 1847, and Mr. Yates-Thompson purchased it for about £500; it now found a new owner at the enormously advanced figure of £11,800, by far the highest amount ever paid at auction in this country for a MS. Pretty much the same story in a restrained form might be told of many of the other MSS. The beautiful Aristotle, printed on vellum at Venice by Andreas de Asola, 1483, which Mr. Yates-Thompson described as "the most magnificent book in the world," from the Ashburnham sale of 1897, yielded its owner the comfortable profit of £2000, with the pleasure of its possession for twenty years thrown in. From the most beautiful book of the fifteenth century to that of the nineteenth is not a wide step, except in point of time, and whilst fully appreciating the ancient, it is well to know that the modern masterpiece of typography is not without honour, as was seen when the presentation copy from W. Morris to Sir E. Burne-Jones of the Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896, printed on vellum, realized £915 on July 7 last; the published price of this issue was 100 guineas. Even the vast quantities of books cleared out by the owners and sent to Red Cross sales all over the country have not been unproductive of incidents in the romance of book prices, for a spirited bidder, at one such sale in Sussex, procured for two shillings a copy of the original Brussels edition of *Don Quixote*, 1607–16, and this returned him £33 10s. at Sotheby's on April 10 last. From a literary and historical point of view, the most widely interesting and varied sale of recent times has been the dispersal of the unrivalled collection of autograph letters and historical documents formed by the late Alfred Morrison of Fonthill. These were dispersed in four portions during 1918–19. Anything that had a human interest appears to have enlisted Mr. Morrison's sympathies, and so there is hardly a name of eminence in any walk of life which was absent from his portfolios. The richness of his collection has been, in part, revealed in the series of splendid catalogues, which he from time to time printed for private circulation up to the period of his death. Little is known of what Mr. Morrison paid for his autograph collections. The most precious "lot" of all, the last letter ever written by Mary, Queen of Scots, the night before her execution, "ce mercedy a deulx heures apres minuit" (February 8, 1587), appears to have cost £400, and it would have realized anything up to £5000; but prior to the day of the sale it was secured by private purchase by a small group for presentation to the nation. Some interesting correspondence concerning this letter appeared in *Notes and Queries* in 1898. Other letters of the Queen, of infinitely less historical importance, fetched from £340 to £360; one from her to her son James I brought £210. Letters of Napoleon I and Vespucius sold for £435 and £390 respectively; three of Oliver Cromwell varied from £195 to £300 each. The MS. of Burns's *Banks of Doon* sold for £300. Of the many series of letters, the correspondence between David Hume and Rousseau, went for £195; the Blessington Papers for £130, Swift's correspondence with "Vanessa" (Mrs. Vanhomrigh) for £300, purchased for the British Museum; whilst the Hamilton-Nelson Papers, which remained unsold at the first sale at £2500, were sold piecemeal in the eighteenth or concluding day's sale, and showed a total of £2331. Equally unrivalled and infinitely more extensive, but of less general interest, a further portion of the classical, historical, topographical, and genealogical collection of MSS. and autograph letters collected by Sir Thomas Phillipps * was sold in June last, realizing £9207. The most noteworthy lot was a series of forty-six letters and other documents of Sir John Fastolf, 1449–59, which realized £690. A unique copy of the earliest xylographic picture known relating to America, a large wood engraving 13½ inches by 8¼ inches, representing savages of Brazil, and struck off at Augsburg about 1500, fetched £470; it had cost fifteen guineas in 1861. It may be pointed out that quite a number of the Phillipps MSS., etc., appear to be bought in at the various sales, for they keep on cropping up later on. For instance, the volume of Shakespeare quarto plays, which sold last June for £710, is apparently identical with the one knocked down for £170 at the sale in May 1917. Beyond recording the fact that Mr. James Buchanan purchased for £5000 and presented to the British Museum the Log of H.M.S. *Victory*, Lord Nelson's Flagship at the Battle of Trafalgar, we must pass over unnoticed a great variety of important manuscripts and literary documents, which have come under the hammer during the war and the season which followed on the Armistice.

But there is one literary feature which cannot be so disposed of, and that is the Huth library. This sale began in June 1911, and portions have been annually offered ever since, except in 1915, when the horizon was full of clouds of doubt and uncertainty. So far the Huth collections have produced over £290,000, which includes the estimated amount paid for the Shakespeare section, now at Yale University, which was sold privately, but it omits the thirteen manuscripts and thirty-seven printed books bequeathed to the British Museum—undoubtedly the gems of this magnificent library. It is estimated that Mr. Huth spent about £120,000 on his library, so that here again we have the triumphant vindication of a hobby pursued with knowledge, taste, and judgment. The succession of " profitable investments " is almost monotonous, for hardly anything which Mr. Huth bought shows a decline in value. But the more pleasant side of book-collecting is always interesting even to those who do not indulge in that fascinating pastime. Early English literature and the productions of the early English printers formed the chief features of Mr. Huth's library, and he was fortunate in securing examples at prices which now seem ridiculous, many being practically unique, and most are of excessive rarity. In the following list we have made selections from the seventh and eighth portions of the Huth sale, which seem to offer the most general interest, but comparatively much larger .profits were scored on books less well known than most in this list:

---

* An article on Sir Thomas Phillipps as " The King of Manuscript Collectors " appeared in the *National Review*, June 1910.

Author	Title	Date of Purchase and Cost	Price Realized
Reyard, Col. N.	French in Canada, 1693, 14 leaves	1864, 20 gs.	£185
Unknown	Richard Cœur-du-Lion, 1528	1864, £92	£610
Unknown	The Royal Book, Caxton, 1487	1862, £350	£1800
Sackville & Norton	Ferrex and Porrex, 1570–71	1865, £26	£250
Sackville & Norton	Tragedie of Gorbuduc, 1590	1864, £43	£120
Sidney, Sir Philip.	Arcadia, 1590	1864, £63	£355
Sidney, Sir Philip.	Astrophel and Stella, 1591	1871, £42	£580
Sidney, Sir Philip.	Apologie for Poetrie, 1595	1867, £66	£420
Skelton, John	Merie Tales, 1567	1864, £25	£360
Smith, Capt. John	Map of Virginia, 1612	1861, 15 gs.	£220
Spenser, E.	Shepheardes Calendar, 1579	1865, 30 gs	£720
Spenser, E.	Shepheardes Calendar, 1581	1870, £9	£195
Spenser, E.	Faerie Quene, 1596	1865, £40 10s	£222
Spenser, E.	Three Familiar Letters, 1580	1869, £9 10s.	£220
Still, John	Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575	1864, £64	£700
Surrey, Earl of	Songes and Sonnets, 1587	1858, £42	£500
Unknown	Tales and Quicke Answeres, 1535	1864, £67	£560
Taylor, John	The Sculler, 1612	1861, 18 gs.	£112
Taylor, John	New Testament, English MS., 1420	1857, £159	£340
Taylor, John	New Testament, Tyndal's, 1549	1855, £50	£260
Pfintzing, M.	Tewrdannckh, vellum, 1517	1857, £140	£580
Thomas, Gabriel	Account of Pennsylvania, 1698	1867, 4 gs.	£144
Unknown	Tinker of Turvey, 1630	1860, 16 gs.	£110
Tofte, Robert	Alba, 1598	1865, £26	£390
Trumbull, John	McFingal, 1782 (Washington's copy)	1868, 50 gs.	£225
Turberville, Geo.	Epitaphs, Epigrams, etc., 1570	1869, 150 gs.	£570
Turberville, Geo.	Booke of Faulconrie, 1575	1870, 20 gs.	£260
Vander Donck, A.	Nieuw-Nederlant, 1655	1861, 15 gs.	£116
Vespucius, A.	Mundus Novus, 8 leaves (1502–08)	1867, 30 gs	£403
Vespucius, A.	Mundus Novis, another edit., 4 leaves	1866, 25 gs.	£580
Vespucius, A.	De Ora Antarctica, etc., 1505, 6 leaves	15 gs.	£230
Vespucius, A.	Paesi Novamente retrovati, 1507	12 gs.	£400
Virgil	Eneydos, Caxton's press, 1490	1860, 130 gs.	£380
Voraigne, J. de	Golden Legend, Caxton, 1493	1847, £147	£340
Voraigne, J. de	Golden Legend, W. de Worde, 1527	1854, 30 gs.	£300

The 1919 season of art sales has included two remarkable collections, one inherited by the vendor, the Earl of Home, and the other formed within comparatively recent years by the owner, Mr. L. Neumann. The former contained some especially fine pieces of old silver (a pair of Charles II vases produced, at 280 shillings per oz., £2777 12s.; and a Queen Anne oval cistern, at 98 shillings per oz., £1183 6s. 9d.); Queen Elizabeth's ring, 1020 guineas; a pair of Sèvres jardinières, by Thevenet, sen., 1758, 1950 guineas; and among the few articles of furniture was an Adam satin-wood commode, which brought 1700 guineas. The Neumann furniture included some fine examples of French workmanship, a Louis XV marqueterie secrétaire by Dubois producing 2200 guineas; another secrétaire of the same period, acquired at the Lyne Stephens sale in 1895 for 960 guineas, now realized 5800 guineas, and a suite of Louis XV furniture, consisting of a settee, eight fauteuils, and four chairs, 8500 guineas; a Louis XVI gold snuff-box enamelled with Boucher subjects, 1760, sold for 1200 guineas; and a marble group of Venus and Cupid by Coysevox went at the same price. This season, as last, high prices have been paid for English furniture, especially Chippendale and Heppelwhite, a pair of arm-chairs by the former selling for 1750 guineas, and a suite of furniture (a settee and six arm-chairs) by the latter for 1950 guineas. Three panels of seventeenth-century Brussels tapestry realized 2950 guineas; and a set of five Persian silk rugs for the record price of 13,000 guineas. The silver-gilt cup, traditionally said to have been presented to Sir Francis Drake by Queen Elizabeth, brought £3800; and a silver-gilt nef from the Malcolm of Poltalloch collection, £3300. Among the jewels mention can only be made of the magnificent pearl rope of three hundred and fifteen well-matched pearls, which established a record at £41,500. Arms and armour, and a thousand and one other things, contributed towards the grand total of one of the most remarkable art seasons of this or any other generation.

W. Roberts

"I AM A COVENANTER"*

[*As the British Press has failed to do justice to President Wilson's remarkable campaign of education on behalf of the League of Nations, we reproduce another of the impressive series of addresses in which it is to be feared the President grievously overtaxed his strength. Sceptical as we may be concerning the object, we cannot but admire the zeal and devotion of its apostle.*—EDITOR *National Review.*]

I CAME back from Paris bringing one of the greatest documents of human history. One of the things that made it great was that it was penetrated throughout with the principles in which America has devoted her life. Let me hasten to say that one of the most delightful circumstances of the work on the other side of the water was that I discovered that what we called American principles had penetrated to the heart and to the understanding, not only of the great peoples of Europe, but to the hearts and understandings of the great men who were representing the peoples of Europe. I think that I can say that one of the things that America has had most at heart throughout her existence has been that there should be substituted for the brutal processes of war the friendly processes of consultation and arbitration, and that is done in the Covenant of the League of Nations. I am very anxious that my fellow-citizens should realize that that is the chief topic of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the greater part of its provisions.

The whole intent and purpose of the document are expressed in provisions by which all the member States agree that they will never go to war without first having done one or the other of two things, either submitted the matter in controversy to arbitration, in which case they agree to abide by the verdict, or submitting it to discussion in the Council of the League of Nations, and for that purpose they consent to allow six months for the discussion, and whether they like the opinion expressed or not, that they will not go to war for three months after that opinion has been expressed, so that you have, whether you get arbitration or not, nine months' discussion, and I want to remind you that that is the central principle of some thirty treaties entered into between the United States of America and some thirty other sovereign nations, all of which are confirmed by the Senate of the United States. We have such an agreement with France; we have such an agreement with Great Britain; we have such an agreement with practically every great nation except Germany, which refused to enter into such an arrangement because, my fellow-citizens, Germany knew that she intended something that did not bear discussion, and that if she had submitted the purpose which led to this war to so much as one month's discussion she never would have dared go into the enterprise against mankind which she finally did go into. And therefore I say that this principle of discussion is the principle already adopted by America. And what is the compulsion to do this? The compulsion is this—that if any member State violates that promise to submit either to arbitration or discussion, it is thereby, *ipso facto,* deemed to have committed an act of war against all the rest. Then, you will ask, do we at once take up arms and fight them? No. We do something very much more terrible than that—we absolutely boycott them. Let any merchant put up to himself that if he enters into a covenant, and then breaks it, and the people all around absolutely desert his establishment, and will have nothing to do with him, ask him after that if it will be necessary to send for the police. The most terrible thing that can happen to any individual, and the most conclusive thing that can happen to a nation, is to be read out of decent society.

---

* **An address delivered by President Wilson at Kansas City on September 6.**

There was another thing that we needed to accomplish that is accomplished in this document. We wanted disarmament, and this document provides in the only possible way for disarmament by common agreement. Observe, my fellow-citizens, that just now every great fighting nation in the world is a member of this partnership except Germany, and inasmuch as Germany has accepted a limitation of her army to one hundred thousand men, I don't think, for the time being, she may be regarded as a great fighting nation. And you know, my fellow-citizens, that armaments mean great standing armies and great stores of war material. They do not mean burdensome taxation merely, they do not mean merely compulsory military service, which stays the economic strength of the nation, but they mean the building up of a military class.

Again and again, my fellow-citizens, in the Conference at Paris, we were face to face with this situation: that, in dealing with a particular civil Government, we found that they would not dare promise what their General Staff was not willing that they should promise; and that they were dominated by the military machine which they had created, nominally for their own defence, but really—whether they willed it or not—for the provocation of war. And so, as long as you have a military class, it does not make any difference what your form of government is. If you are determined to be armed to the teeth, you must obey the orders and directions of the only men who can control the great machinery of war. It is not merely the cost of it (armament), although that is overwhelming, but it is the spirit of it, and America has never had, and I hope, in the providence of God, never will have, that spirit.

And there is no other way to dispense with great armaments except by the common agreement of the fighting nations of the world. And here is the agreement They promise disarmament, and promise to agree upon a plan. But there was something else we wanted that is accomplished by this Treaty. We wanted to destroy autocratic authority everywhere in the world. We wanted to see to it that there was no place in the world where a small group of men could use their fellow-citizens as pawns in a game; that there was no place in the world where a small group of men, without consulting their fellow-citizens, could send their fellow-citizens to the battlefield, and to deal in accomplishing something dynastic with some political plan that had been conceived in private, some object that had been prepared for by universal, world-wide intrigue. That is what we wanted to accomplish.

The most startling thing that developed itself at the opening of our participation in this war was not the military preparation of Germany—we were familiar with that, though we had been dreaming that she would not use it—but her political preparation; to find that every community in the civilized world was penetrated by her intrigue. The German people did not know that, but it was known in Wilhelmstrasse, where the central offices of the

German Government were, and Wilhelmstrasse was the master of the German people; and this war, my fellow-citizens, has emancipated the German people as well as the rest of the world. We don't want to see anything like that done again, because we know that democracy will only have to destroy that form of government; and if we don't destroy it now, the job is still to be done, and by a combination of all the great fighting peoples of the world to see to it that the aggressive purposes of such government cannot be realized, you make it no longer worth while for little groups of men to contrive the downfall of civilization in private conference.

My fellow-citizens, it does not make any difference what kind of a minority governs you, if it is a minority. And the thing we must see to is that no minority anywhere masters the majority. That is at the heart, my fellow-citizens, of the tragical things that are happening in that great country which we long to help and can find no way that is effective to help—I mean the great realm of Russia. The men who now are measurably in control of the affairs of Russia represent nobody but themselves. They have again and again been challenged to call a Constitutional Convention. They have again and again been challenged to prove that they had some kind of a mandate, even from a single class of their fellow-citizens. And they dared not attempt it; they had no mandate from anybody. There are only thirty-four of them, I am told, and there were no more than thirty-four men who used to control the destinies of Europe from Wilhelmstrasse. There is a closer monopoly of power in Petrograd and Moscow than there ever was in Berlin, and the thing that is intolerable is not that the Russian people are not having their way, but that another group of men more cruel than the Tsar himself is controlling the destinies of that great people. And I want to say, here and now, that I am against the control of any minority anywhere. Search your own economic history, and what have you been uneasy about? Now and again you have said there were small groups of capitalists who were controlling the industry and, therefore, the development of the United States. Seriously, my fellow-citizens, if that is so (and I sometimes have feared that it was), we must break up that monopoly. I am not now saying that there is any group of our fellow-citizens who are consciously doing anything of the kind, and I am saying that these allegations must be proved. But if it is proved that any class, any group anywhere is without the suffrage of their fellow-citizens in control of our affairs, then I am with you to destroy the power of that group. We have got to be frank with ourselves, however. If we do not want minority government in Germany, we must see to it that we do not have it in the United States. If you do not want little groups of selfish men to plot the future of Europe, we must not allow little groups of selfish men to plot the future of America. Any man that speaks for a class must prove that he also speaks for all his fellow-citizens and for mankind ; and then we will listen to him.

Then there was another thing we wanted to do, my fellow-citizens, that is done in this document. We wanted to see that helpless people were nowhere in the world put at the mercy of unscrupulous enemies and masters. There is one pitiful example which is in the hearts of all of us. I mean the example of Armenia. There was a Christian people, helpless, at the mercy of a Turkish Government which thought it the service of God to destroy them. And at this moment, my fellow-citizens, it is an open question whether the Armenian people will not, while we sit here and debate, be absolutely destroyed When I think of words piled on words, of debate following debate, when these unspeakable things that cannot be handled until the debate is over are happening in these pitiful parts of the world, I wonder that men do not wake up to the moral responsibility of what they are doing. Great peoples are driven out upon a desert where there is no food, and can be none, and they are compelled to die, and then men, women, and children are thrown into a common grave so imperfectly covered up that here and there is a pitiful arm stretched out to heaven, and there is no pity in the world. When shall we wake to the moral responsibility of this great occasion ?

And so, my fellow-citizens, there are other aspects to that matter. Not all the populations that are having something that is not a square deal live in Armenia. There are others. And one of the glories of the great document which I brought back with me is this : that everywhere in the area of settlement covered by the political questions involved in that Treaty, people of that sort have been given their freedom and guaranteed their freedom. But the thing does not end there, because the Treaty includes the Covenant of the League of Nations. And what does that say? That says that it is the privilege of any member State to call attention to anything anywhere that is likely to disturb the peace of the world, or the good understanding between nations upon which the peace of the world depends, and every people in the world that have not got what they think they ought to have is thereby given a world-forum in which to bring the thing to the bar of mankind. There never before has been provided a world-forum in which the legitimate grievances of peoples entitled to consideration can be brought to the common judgment of mankind. And if I were the advocate of any suppressed or oppressed people, I surely could not ask any better forum than to stand up before the world and challenge the other party to make good its excuses for not acting in that case.

To reject that Treaty, to alter that Treaty, is to impair one of the first charters of mankind. And yet there are men who approach the question with passion, with private passion and Party passion, who think only of some immediate advantage to themselves or to a group of their fellow-countrymen, and who look at the thing with the jaundiced eyes of those who have some private purpose of their own. When, at last, in the annals of mankind, they are gibbeted, they will regret that the gibbet is so high. I would not have you think that I am trying to characterize those who conscientiously object to anything in this great document. I take off my hat in the presence of any man's genuine conscience, and there are men who are conscientiously opposed to it, though they will pardon me if I say ignorantly opposed. I have no quarrel with them. It has been a great pleasure to confer with some of them, and to tell them as frankly as I would have told my most intimate friend the whole inside of my mind and every other mind that I knew anything about, that had been concerned with the conduct of affairs at Paris, in order that they might understand this thing and go with the rest of us in the confirmation of what is necessary for the peace of the world. I have no intolerant spirit in the matter, but I also assure you that from the bottom of my feet to the top of my head I have got a fighting spirit about it. And if anybody dares defeat this great experiment, then they must gather together the counsellors of the world and do something better.

If there is a better scheme, I, for one, will subscribe to it, but I want to say now, as I said the other night, it is a case of put up or shut up. Negation will not save the world. Opposition constructs nothing. Opposition is the speciality of those who are Bolshevistically inclined. Again I assure you I am not comparing any of my respected colleagues to Bolshevists ; but I am merely pointing out that the Bolshevik spirit lacks every element of constructive opposition. They have destroyed everything, and they have proposed nothing. And while there is a common abhorrence for political Bolshevism, I hope there will not be any such thing grow up in our country as international Bolshevism, the Bolshevism that destroys the constructive work of men who have conscientiously striven to cement the good feeling of the great peoples of the world.

Is it not a great vision, my fellow-citizens, this of the thoughtful world combined for peace, and this of all the great peoples of the world associated to see that justice is done, that the strong who intend wrong are restrained, and that the weak who cannot defend themselves are made secure ? We have a problem ahead of us that ought to interest us in this connexion. We have promised the people of the Philippine Islands that we will set them free. It has been one of our perplexities how we should make them safe after we set them free. Under this arrangement they will be safe from the outset. They will become members of the League of Nations, and every great nation in the world will be obliged to respect and preserve against external aggression from any quarter the territorial integrity and political independence of the Philippines. It simplifies one of the most perplexing problems that has faced the American public.

But it does not simplify our problems merely, gentlemen. It illustrates the triumph of the American spirit. I do not want to attempt any flight of fancy, but I can fancy those men of the first generation that so thoughtfully set this great Government up, the generation of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the Adamses—I can fancy their looking on with a sort of enraptured amazement that the American spirit should have made conquest of the world.

If anything that I have said has left the impression on your mind that I have the least doubt of the result, please dismiss the impression. And if you think I have come out on this errand to fight anybody, please dismiss that from your mind. I have not come to fight or antagonize any individual or body of individuals. I have, let me say, without the slightest affectation, the greatest respect for the United States Senate; but, my fellow-citizens, I have come out to fight for a cause. That cause is greater than the Senate; it is greater than the Government. It is as great as the cause of mankind and I intend, in office or out, to fight that battle as long as I live. My ancestors were troublesome Scotchmen, and among them were some of that famous group that were known as the Covenanters. Very well, there is the Covenant of the League of Nations. I am a Covenanter!

THE CONVOY SYSTEM

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

As the reasons for the convoy system which was employed for the last eighteen months or thereabouts of the war appear to be somewhat misunderstood by a large section of the public, and also by some writers on naval affairs, the following remarks on the advantages and disadvantages of the system are made for the purpose of conveying some idea of the reasons which govern the whole system of convoy.

It is not proposed here to deal in any way with the actual working of convoys, but merely with the causes which brought about the institution of the convoy system. In discussing the convoy system it is desirable to consider

(i) its disadvantages, and
(ii) its advantages.

Disadvantages.—To put ships into convoy is the most wasteful method of utilizing the carrying tonnage of the country that can possibly be devised, and this for obvious reasons. These reasons may be briefly stated as follows:

To organize your convoy system it is necessary to have convoy assembly ports, as clearly you cannot make every port of loading an assembly port. On the American coast (and I shall only deal with Atlantic convoys) certain ports were selected as being as convenient and central as was feasible. Assembly ports must, of course, have space to assemble their convoys, and convoys were at times very large. These ports were, from south to north, Hampton Roads (Virginia), New York, Halifax (N.S.), and in the summer months Sydney (C.B.), and, when the submarine menace became pronounced off Halifax, Quebec. We have, of course, at all times, and we had particularly during the war, a very large volume of trade with America and Canada, and though a large proportion of this trade may load at the assembly ports, a very large portion does not, and that portion has accordingly to be dispatched to an assembly port instead of proceeding direct to the unloading port in the United Kingdom. And here enters another important factor. Ships are not all of the same speed—a fact which is sometimes forgotten. It became, therefore, necessary to divide convoys up more or less according to their speed. Convoys were thus formed of "slow" (about 180 miles a day), "medium" (250 to 270 miles a day), and "fast" (300 miles a day or more). Now it is worth considering what might happen, and what in fact actually did happen on occasions to the ordinary tramp steamer which loaded, say, at Galveston, New Orleans, or any Gulf port. On completion of loading she would sail for the nearest assembly port for slow convoys, i.e. Hampton Roads, distant nearly two thousand miles. She might, perhaps, be delayed from weather or other causes, and on arrival find that a convoy had just sailed. She then had either to remain at Hampton till the next convoy sailed, in some ten or more days' time, or proceed to another assembly port to pick up a convoy there. New York was of no use, as that port was used for fast convoys only, and she therefore had to proceed to Halifax, distant some seven hundred miles, where she might or might not fit in with a convoy at once, but more probably had to wait there for a few more days. The waste of time involved in these proceedings and the expenditure of fuel is too evident to call for much comment, but it is no exaggeration to say that it might well happen, and probably did happen fairly often, that a ship loaded at one of the southern ports of the United States did not sail for the United Kingdom in convoy until such a date as under ordinary conditions, and sailing direct from her loading port, she might reasonably have expected to have discharged her cargo in England and have been on her outward voyage again.

A second and most important point which greatly lessened the carrying power of our available tonnage was this. It has been stated that for very necessary reasons convoys were classed as "slow," "medium," and "fast." Approximately, we may say that "slow" convoys were 8-knot speed, "medium" 11-knot speed, and "fast" anything over 12 knots, but a very large number of ships came between those speeds; many ocean cargo-carriers have, for instance, a speed of from 9 to 10 knots. These ships, therefore, were not fast enough for a medium convoy, and they had of necessity to go in a slow convoy. The speed of a convoy is like the speed of a fleet; it is the speed of the slowest ship, and therefore the 10-knot ships were at once brought down to 7- or 8-knot ships, a daily loss in mileage of at least fifty miles and a loss in time of certainly two days, and perhaps more, in the trip across, to say nothing of the additional danger incurred by slow speed in the submarine zones. Certain of the fastest ships, such as *Olympic*, *Mauretania*, etc., I believe ran independently the whole time, relying on their speed for protection, and this principle was without doubt correct. The *Justicia*, another large and fast ship, was in convoy when torpedoed and was probably not making more than 14 knots. It would be difficult, and indeed almost impossible, to say what the loss in carrying power amounted to from this cause alone.

These two causes, just discussed, are two of the principal objections against the convoy system, and though it is practically impossible to say, without going into most laborious statistics, by how much the carrying power of our available shipping was diminished, I should not be beyond the mark in saying that convoy diminished our carrying power by 10 per cent.; or, to put it another way perhaps more easily understood, if prior to the starting of the convoy system we had 2500 ships available, the moment the convoy system started we only had the carrying power of 2250 ships.

But if these were the two main objections to convoy, there were others of almost equal importance. The introduction of convoy, from its very nature, must immediately largely increase the danger of loss from maritime risks, and such losses did occur, and whether ships are lost by torpedo, collision, or grounding is immaterial, for the main fact remains that you have lost a certain amount of carrying power. Nothing but the supreme seamanship and care displayed by the Mercantile Marine (to whom I mentally take off my hat every time I think of convoy work) prevented these losses from being greatly more severe than they were. For consider what convoy involved: it involved the complete negation of every principle which the average master in the Mercantile Marine is brought up on. He had to go along on a black, dark night without lights and with other ships within a few hundred yards of him also without lights, and it must always be remembered that the average merchant ship is not fitted in the same way as a warship to alter speed easily from the bridge, and that in the early days of convoy many ships were most uncertain in their steering gear. To their eternal credit, the masters of the Mercantile Marine not only faced these difficulties cheerfully, but they did far more, for they overcame them. The country has little knowledge of the debt they owe these men, who had the anxieties and the responsibilities of coming over in convoy under such conditions, with perhaps twenty-five thousand troops in the convoy, where one mistake might well have meant the loss of a couple of thousand lives. Further than that, convoys were called upon to manœuvre as a fleet, a wholly novel proceeding to masters, for it was necessary in the case of emergency to so manœuvre the convoy, and they were constantly zigzagging, which required most careful timing and attention.

Further objections to the convoy system, though not of the same importance as those previously mentioned, were these: That a very considerable organization was required to deal with ports of assembly and getting the right ships to the right ports at the right time as far as possible. New signal-books, etc., had to be inaugurated in several languages; for convoys included not only our own ships, but also those of our Allies and neutrals. Signalmen had to be trained and supplied to all ships, and various extra fittings had to be installed in all ships in convoy. These were, however, comparatively minor difficulties and were gradually overcome. These, then, were the main disadvantages of the convoy system, and they were very considerable, as has been shown. We will now look at the advantages of the convoy system.

Advantages.—The main advantage was the certainty that the presence of an escort ship, well armed, with the convoy would immediately lessen the losses of ships from gun-fire attack by enemy submarines, if it did not, indeed, completely stop such attacks. The presence of the escorting cruiser was a safeguard against attack by gun-fire from enemy submarines or raiders, but was not, as many people seem to imagine, any protection against torpedo attack, except possibly the very small protection gained by the better look-out probably kept by the warship. When, however, the convoy was further protected by the destroyer escort, then, and then only, torpedo attack became for the enemy a much more difficult and hazardous proceeding; but destroyers were not capable of escorting convoys across the Atlantic owing to limited fuel, weather, etc., nor, had they been capable, could we have ever had sufficient numbers to so employ them, for, building hard as we were, we never had enough of these invaluable craft during the war. Destroyer escort was therefore strictly limited to some four or five hundred miles, but their escort was in the most dangerous area. Beyond this area convoys were always open to torpedo attack.

A further advantage of the convoy system was this, and it was partly practical and partly sentimental. Masters of merchant ships faced all the dangers of submarine attack on their ships without flinching, but they did not like—and small blame to them—being shelled when they had taken to their boats, nor did they like being captured and placed on board the enemy submarine. From a practical point of view we could ill afford to lose the services of such highly trained and gallant men as the masters were, and from a sentimental point of view public opinion was shocked and uneasy at the failure to prevent such diabolical brutalities (*Belgian Prince* and others, and firing at boats full of women) as the German submarines were guilty of. It was thought, and rightly so, that convoy would greatly lessen, if not entirely prevent, these deeds.

Still another advantage existed, which may or may not have been considered by the authorities concerned. A certain feeling existed in the country, and possibly in part of the Mercantile Marine, that the merchant ships were taking more than their share of maritime risks as compared with the Navy. The public were harrowed by the lurid details of large passenger ships being sunk, boats shelled, and so on; and they had vividly pictured for them the average slow tramp-steamer plodding along at 8 knots with a cargo of food and being chased and sunk by a submarine. They asked, and perhaps naturally enough, "Where was the Navy?" This was, of course, purely a matter of sentiment, but sentiment sometimes goes a very long way. If, however, they saw the Navy, or such part of the Navy as was concerned in escort work, coming along with a convoy and taking equal or greater risks, *then* the confidence of not only the public but also the Mercantile Marine in the Navy was restored; and undoubtedly the presence of the escort ship with the convoy did very greatly enhance the good feeling and mutual understanding which it is essential should exist, in war-time particularly, between the Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

A further effect of the convoy system was that enemy submarines very soon began to appreciate the fact that attack on convoys when under destroyer escort was by no means so simple as it had been when dealing with single ships, sometimes unarmed, owing to the vast improvement in the offensive powers of our small craft in the shape of depth-charges, etc. They were therefore constrained to endeavour to attack convoys before the destroyer escort had joined, and this meant that attacks had to be made farther out at sea and not in the bottle-necks of the English or North Channel. It is easy to see how important this was, and how much the chances of escape of a convoy were increased.

These, then, were the main advantages of the convoy system, but before balancing the advantages and disadvantages it is necessary to remember that the principal advantage of convoy was partially countered at once by the enemy. He reasoned, logically enough, that if he were precluded by the convoy system from sinking ships by gun-fire, then guns were not of much value in his submarines. He also realized that convoy (except when protected by destroyers) was no real protection against torpedo attack. Accordingly he increased his torpedo and diminished his gun armament in the bulk of his submarines, but at the same time he set about building what may be called super-submarines of such gun-power and capabilities as would enable them to attack convoys by gun-fire unless such convoys were protected by powerfully gunned men-of-war, and not merely by an armed merchant ship. By the time these latter were approaching completion the war was drawing to a close, but one such attack certainly did take place, and with some success, as the escort ship was lightly armed and outranged by the guns of the submarine, and had the war continued these submarines would have proved a source of considerable danger.

Having now considered the relative advantages and disadvantages of the convoy system, it becomes possible to consider whether, and if so when, the convoy system became necessary. This really resolves itself into a plain equation, which may be stated as follows: If the loss of carrying power, when ships were working independently, due to submarine action, was greater than the loss of carrying power due to bringing into operation the convoy system, plus the anticipated loss from submarine action (for submarine action would not, obviously, completely fail owing to convoy), then the convoy system was justified; otherwise it was not (excluding all sentimental reasons). If A represents loss of carrying power from submarine action when ships were independent, and B represents the estimated loss of carrying power owing to convoy system, and C represents the estimated loss from submarine action when ships were in convoy, then if A were greater than B plus C, convoy was justifiable. This looks simple enough, but is by no means so simple as it looks, for though A might be known accurately, B was not at all easy to estimate and opinions were certain to vary, while C was an absolutely unknown quantity for there was nothing to go on, and could only therefore be guessed at. No one was in a position to solve this problem with any pretence of accuracy except those who had *all* the details before them, and only the Board of Admiralty had these details. It is therefore somewhat astounding to find a man like Mr. Pollen committing himself to such opinions as he expresses in his recent book, *The Navy in Battle*. Whether the Admiralty seized exactly the right moment or not to start convoy is a matter which no one can say who has not got the necessary statistics; I have not got those statistics, nor do I imagine Mr. Pollen has either, but I should say that the Admiralty were not very far wrong in their moment of starting convoy. Nothing but the direst necessity could warrant us in starting convoy before it was necessary. Our carrying power in April 1917, which was absolutely vital, not only to us but to our Allies, was already seriously reduced, and, as I have shown, convoy reduced our carrying power still more seriously. It was for the Board of Admiralty to say, for they *only* knew all the facts, whether the circumstances were such as to justify our going into convoy. They decided that convoy was necessary when it was started, and their decision was in all probability right.

But Mr. Pollen states on p. 27 of his book, speaking of what he calls the old regime, that " it had from the first under successive Chief Naval Advisers repudiated convoy as though it were a pestilent heresy. In June 1917 the very men who as absolutist advisers had taken this attitude were compelled to sanction the hated thing itself." I hold no brief for the then Board of Admiralty or any other Board, but there never was a more misleading statement than this. The Board are accused of having " repudiated convoy as though it were a pestilent heresy." No doubt they did so, for, not being fools, and realizing what convoy meant, they fully recognized that convoy *was* "a pestilent heresy," which it is, and that nothing justified it except the direst necessity, which did not then exist. In June 1917, or slightly before, conditions were entirely different. Unconditional submarine war was in existence, the condition of dire necessity *had* arisen, and accordingly convoy started. Had the Mercantile Marine been put into convoy before the real necessity existed, much hardship would have ensued, and the Admiralty would have rightly been held responsible.

In the same place Mr. Pollen goes on to say that "it [i.e. convoy] was in its nature so simple and so obvious that it did not take long to get it into working order." Far from being obvious, the convoy system was so little obvious that it was bitterly opposed by many prominent shipowners and shipping companies, who realized the extraordinary difficulties and the loss of carrying power involved. They saw clearly the great drawbacks to convoy, and they opposed convoy accordingly, and this was natural enough. Nor was it "in its nature so simple," by any means. It was, I should say, of all the naval operations in the war, perhaps the most complex and difficult one to bring into successful existence. Nothing was simple in it. The organization of the assembly ports was not simple; the getting of the right ships to the right ports at the right times was not simple; the running of a convoy itself was far from simple. I should greatly like to hear the candid opinions of those who were responsible for convoy work ashore and afloat of this statement that it was "so simple," and I should like Mr. Pollen to hear them too. Up to the very day of its termination the whole convoy system was continually being altered and improved as experience revealed its weak points, and so very much the reverse of "simple" was convoy work that nothing but practical experience was able to produce the results that were finally achieved, and those results were by no means perfection even after eighteen months' experience.

It is also stated in *The Navy in Battle* (p. 370): "The reorganization of the Admiralty was immediately followed by the adoption of the convoy principle, and submarine losses were reduced to half. This long-advocated measure . . . justified the critics," etc. Whether the reorganization of the Admiralty had anything to do with the adoption of the convoy system at that particular moment I don't know, but, as I have pointed out earlier, the precise moment for the adoption of convoy is more in the nature of a mathematical problem that anything else, and that problem is only capable of solution by those who have the complete and necessary details. In war-time no one but the Admiralty could have those details.

"Convoy" is not a panacea against all evils, as seems to be imagined by many people; far from it. It is a complicated method of dissipating your available carrying power, justifiable under certain conditions, but wholly unjustifiable unless those conditions exist. If the adoption of the convoy system had only reduced submarine losses to half, as stated by Mr. Pollen, it would not have justified itself. It did, of course, do far more, for it brought the losses, on paper anyhow, down to something about one-tenth of what they had been. It would not be right to assume that this great reduction in losses was directly and entirely due to convoy, though undoubtedly that was the main cause, for there were other contributory causes. The offensive powers of our small craft in the way of depth-charges, etc., had been vastly improved, and they were taking heavy toll of the enemy submarines, which at once diminished the number of attacks; and, further than that, the *moral* of the German personnel was diminishing daily, both from internal reasons and from fear of the offensive powers of our small craft. Undoubtedly, for the last three or four months of the war, a large number of enemy submarines had, to use a common expression, the "wind up" badly, not all, for some attacks were skilful enough, but they were not what they had been earlier in the war when things were apparently going their way. These contributory causes had something to do with the reduced losses of merchant ships after convoy started. This reduction of losses was a reduction on paper only, and gives us no true indication of what the real position of the country was as regards its carrying power. For what is a loss? The Admiralty in their published list of losses took a loss as meaning a ship sunk or destroyed—in other words, a total loss; but when you come to consider the carrying power available for the country, a torpedoed ship is just as much a loss, even if she gets into harbour, as a sunk ship, for she is a loss of carrying power for precisely the time it takes to repair her, and torpedoed ships, if they are repaired, take away the men and material, both of which were scarce enough, and were required for new construction. The published list of losses and new construction were therefore merely guides, and not very trustworthy ones, as to the real position of the country as regards its carrying power.

The convoy system as a whole was undoubtedly successful, but a part, anyhow, of its success was due to the lack of initiative shown by the enemy in surface attack. No attempt was made to harass or destroy convoys (Atlantic) by surface raiders, and though such raiders would eventually be sunk or captured, the dispatch of raiders into the Atlantic was a perfectly feasible operation, and might have caused great loss before the raiders themselves were brought to book.

CONVOY

THE STRIKE AT CLOSE QUARTERS

On September 27 Smith, who was toying with *chota-hazri* and wondering if India were not, after all, a better spot than England, opened his *Daily Mail* and learnt of the Railway Strike. An account of how he and I spent the ensuing week may be of interest to the thousands of us who have seen strange places and done strange work—to whom the end of the strike brought not only a thankful relief at Government's victory over Bolshevism, but a feeling of regret that the excitement was over and we must return to our humdrum jobs.

Smith, staying at a country vicarage, faced his cold bath with unwonted pluck that morning, and after an excellent breakfast while rations still lasted dashed round to the nearest military authority. He received a cordial welcome, but it did not lead to work; so, after a fruitless visit to the railway station, he indited a State wire to the India Office and a letter to the Ministry of Transport. The *latter* was subsequently answered.

Sunday was a day of ill-borne impatient waiting (how long and how often have we waited whilst authority made up its mind —" took a decision "?), and Smith had an uncomfortable feeling that he had been making a fool of himself. But reassured by the appeal in the papers on Monday, he jumped in again, renewing and redoubling his efforts. It was, however, sad to find that people who could not drive motor-lorries, or had not their own cars, were quite useless to the Divisional Food Officer; while the railway objected to him in any capacity—even as a goods porter. I dare say many of us had fancied ourselves driving an express or operating a signal-box at a London terminus, and later realized, with disgust, how utterly neglected our education was.

Smith certainly found this when he pursued his quest the next day (Tuesday) at Paddington. No, he had never worked a capstan; never driven an engine; never studied signalling. The railway hadn't time to teach him now, and assured him that the duties of firemen, guards, ticket collectors, and carmen were much more technical than he had thought. However, if he was willing to do night work he could be a goods porter at Smithfield market, and should report at Paddington at five the following evening.

It was there we met. It seemed to me that he *looked* pretty much as I *felt*—chilly, a little doubtful, in no wise at ease.

It was a quaint collection that scrambled on to the lorry; loafers, clerks, retired officers, demobilized soldiers, free lances, boys at school, and undergraduates. Soon we were turning up Edgware Road in drizzling rain. At the best of times it is not a cheerful neighbourhood, and to-night it was dismal. No one seemed to know the whereabouts of Smithfield, and as we bumped through the mean and sloppy streets, depressing pictures flitted before our eyes and uncheerful thoughts slunk through our minds. Ugh! Soon we should be sweating under a merciless foreman, struggling with impossible loads in a yard under glaring gas-lamps, while an angry crowd from without threw rotten eggs and stones over railings of an altogether inadequate height. Ugh! Ugh! Oh, for "a peg" and a long chair, and the tropic Indian night! Still, there was a generous parcel of rations, the very sight of which warmed the cockles of the heart; and when Smith said, "If we're in for it, we're in for it," things did not seem so bad. The great thought—grandly, simply expressed—how it helps.

Further speculation was cut short by arrival at the market. The lorry turned through it and then down to the station underground. It seemed absurd that none of us had been aware of the existence of this large depot, though we must have passed by it times without number in the Metropolitan. A wonderful sight it must be in normal times, when the meat trains arrive in the early morning, and the enormous joints are unloaded with cranes and hoisted in lifts to the market above, and when the trucks from various destinations are being worked by hydraulic capstans each to its appointed position on the platform, and the traffic on the lines resembles that of a busy London thoroughfare. But now cranes and capstans lay idle, carts stood derelict without horse or driver, and goods of all descriptions, piled in hopeless confusion, cumbered the space.

A genial official met us. "You've brought the rations, haven't you?" he asked. "We'll have the canteen going and we'll do our best. There's tea and butter and salmon and ham and cheese and strawberry jam. First, gentlemen, let me show you the foremen's lobby. That's where you can smoke when you have an 'easy.' Now, what time would you like your first meal?" We voted for 9 P.M. and proceeded to the foremen's lobby, a quaint room and windowless, panelled with innumerable lockers, and cheered by a large gas-stove and an inappropriate war picture of Labour shaking hands with the Army.

At six o'clock we began our work, which was to discover the goods for London delivery from out the general mush, bring them on trolleys to carts, and load them.

We soon found that experience is needed in what is apparently the simplest work, and that the railway authorities were not going to let us increase the confusion. The result was that, as the foremen were on strike, we were given very little work to do.

For instance, to load up a cart implies a knowledge of the carman's rounds and of the geography of obscure streets in various parts of the City. The work throughout the night was desultory and intermittent; we unpacked one truck of sunlight soap and loaded half a dozen carts, and ate enormous meals at the canteen, which was run by volunteers, and very well run too.

One learnt, of course, a few lessons; the necessity of addressing packages clearly, and of packing them securely, the unpleasant sharpness of the tin bands they put round tea-boxes, and the fact that if you employ more men than there is work for, a few will do *all* there is while the rest will do *none* at all. One had noticed something of this in one's own job in past years perhaps: that first night at Smithfield confirmed and emphasized the truth.

Work was over at 4 A.M., and as the lorry was not to come for several hours, Smith and I walked home in the early morning, getting a final cup of tea from Gray's Inn coffee-stall. We were disgusted to think that nineteen shillings a night was to be paid for such a slack job. On the other hand, even if little work was actually done, the readiness of the men to come forward was a nasty fact for the strikers.

We put in three nights at Smithfield Station, long enough to make one want to see more of many of the chaps working there. The numbers unfortunately increased, though the amount of work remained the same; some men (and among them one of the best workers) managed to come straight off the day shift to the night shift, spending the whole twenty-four hours underground, thus coining money at a rate of £500 a year. Many spent the whole night in the foremen's lobby smoking and playing nap, or comfortably asleep in the dense atmosphere. But they always woke up at meal-times. One longed for the merciless foreman, whom imagination had conjured up on that first journey down. We had now found it better to save time by taking a taxi to Holborn Viaduct and walking to the station; after all, there were numbers of police about and the risk was negligible. One night our work was varied by an hour of feeding and watering horses at the stables near by, for which eight volunteers were needed; and though strikers and their friends, and individuals whom charity impels us to designate as " others," attended us on the way back, no damage resulted.

Meantime a few of us had made ourselves familiar with capstans and turntables, and could work trucks to the places where they were required. Others showed an aptitude for making out invoices correctly and in packing trucks the right way. As, however, we do not want the Editor to get angry letters from consignees whose goods were damaged or went astray, we do not here set down what goods nor whose goods we packed, nor where we sent them.

The capstan is a device of delightful simplicity, and I had often seen it when on board ship without knowing or caring how it worked. Actually, all that one had to do was to put on three half-hitches of rope, hook the other end of the rope on to a truck, and press the foot-lever as required. Care, however, was needed, and the responsibility rests with the operator to see that others are standing clear of danger, and quickness is also required of the man who keeps by the truck and has to put on the hand-brake at the right moment. At first we went through the laborious process of drawing trucks towards us with a direct pull, the hook being fixed to the side of the truck. When the truck got level with the capstan it was, of course, necessary to repeat the whole process, and get the truck on from another capstan farther down. On one unfortunate occasion a youth fixed the hook on to the front of the truck. The truck came on and the wheels went over the rope. I insisted on cutting the rope where it was frayed, to obviate the possibility of an accident months afterwards. Later a friend from the canteen showed us the proper way to get a truck along. This was to put the rope round a dummy, fix the hook behind the truck, and so propel the truck away from one with whatever force was required. The hook then fell off automatically at the right moment, and the truck went gaily on to its destination.

On Saturday night there was to be no work at the goods station, so Smith and I determined to strike out a new line. We were at this time in touch with the patriotic and efficient organization at the Carlton Club, and were holding ourselves in readiness to join the special division of police or the militia which was being organized. We should learn there the psychological moment where we should be better employed in helping to keep order than in doing railway work.

We made another visit to Paddington, and having professed our knowledge of horses, were ordered to report to the department which was organizing that work at 38 Eastbourne Terrace. Within ten minutes of getting there Smith was on his way to the stables at Victoria Docks, while I was being taken, with three others, in a taxi to the stables at Smithfield where I had worked before. Three volunteers had proceeded us. We passed the pickets under the protection of armlets issued by the R.S.P.C.A. It was, however, considered expedient that the six men should live inside, while I was to be responsible for their catering and comfort and fetch in their meals. At no time did I suffer any molestation, and the pickets invariably treated me with courtesy. The next day, in accordance with instructions, I wore my uniform, but meantime the absence of trouble was, I believe, in no small measure due to the influence exercised in the neighbourhood by the foreman of the stables. He was a fine old chap who had served the railway for thirty-seven years, and when his men went on strike he refused to leave his horses. He had been looking after a hundred of them almost unaided. It was remarkable in what fine condition he had managed to keep them.

Saturday evening was an awkward time to start catering, but the foreman's wife came to the rescue and shared her meals with the men. I went out and managed to get some supplies: tinned milk, tea, jam, tinned salmon, and kippers, and I don't think the men did badly. I could get no blankets that night, but there were sacks in plenty.

Saturday had been a tiring day, as I'd come off work at 6 A.M. and had had little sleep, and it needed an effort to be at the stables early on Sunday morning. After the men's breakfast—and it was an excellent breakfast the foreman's wife produced—I got a train on the Metropolitan to Paddington, and had a pleasant talk with the conductor, who was, I imagine, an earl in private life. He didn't exactly say it, in so many words, but "there is always something," and one may hope, may not one? The genial manager of the G.W.R. Hotel provided me with a fine parcel of food, and I could now devote myself to procuring blankets. The railway had none, shops were, of course, closed, and I was on the point of confessing my failure at Eastbourne Terrace when I remembered I had once been Q.M. of an Indian unit.

A military staff was in residence at the G.W.R. Hotel, and Colonel X was most sympathetic when I stated my business. He rang up "Q" at Carlton House Terrace. "Here's an officer," he said, "who wants blankets. Being an officer, he has, of course, come to the military authorities to get them." He soon fixed things up, and I bundled my parcel of food into a taxi and set out to interview "Q," and obtained not only an order on the depot at Regent's Park for eighteen blankets, but a car in which to deliver them to the stables. It must be borne in mind that taxi drivers were unwilling to drive to such places. At Regent's Park I drew my blankets, and, to make a good job of it, six mattresses and six pillows, proceeding proudly to my destination—made a triumphal entry, with pickets opening the door. Alas, next day I had to fetch them all back again!

I could now turn my attention to the work the men were doing, and changing into my "porter's" clothes took a turn at feeding and watering and sweeping—and returned to my club to find the strike was over.

Smith and I had a good dinner the next night, and a bottle between us of the best champagne one can procure in these degenerate days. "You missed the best part of all," he said, as we started on the wine. "When I got down to Victoria Docks there were some volunteers dressed up to the nines in breeches and gaiters. A vet. came clad in a shirt and trousers. "Any thrush," he asked, "in these stables ?" "Yes, sir," answered eagerly one of the gaitered ones. "I believe there are a couple of nests up there."

We'd had five perfectly good interesting days. We fed well, were paid well, and such work as we could do we did. The strikers did not hit us nor hurt us, and more than once they helped us. There is nothing in the railway work we saw that a person of subnormal intelligence could not do satisfactorily after a very short period of instruction. To take a train from London to Edinburgh in eight and a quarter hours must require considerable skill and experience. To operate signals at Clapham Junction calls for knowledge, intelligence, and care. Otherwise there doesn't seem to be anything much in the art or mystery of being a railwayman; railway workers, as a class, are not a skilled trade: and in this fact is probably the reason of the failure of the strike.

J. F. AND K. D.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

THANKS to the "blazing indiscretion" of an indignant American journalist, the American public have been afforded glimpses behind the scenes of the Paris Peace Conference that have been rigorously denied to less favoured European communities. These know infinitely less of the inner history of the Second Treaty of Versailles than they do of the Congress of Vienna. The older Professional Diplomacy, so despised by the Amateur Diplomat, was an open book as compared with the supersecretiveness, not to say furtiveness, affected by the White House and Downing Street in the process of making the world safe for Democracy. At a given moment in the august deliberations at the Quai d'Orsay, Mr. Lloyd George persuaded his brother-Plenipotentiaries to shrink into a Committee of Four and, so to speak, "go to ground," thereafter their operations became shrouded in impenetrable mystery. No one was allowed to know where the Big Four met, whom they met, when they met, what they did or did not do; any hint as to their decisions invoked dire pains and penalties. Some light on the extraordinary coyness of the Peace Conference—which was originally to have obtained "open covenants openly arrived at"—is now supplied from Washington, and though we could not defend the violation of semi-official and social confidence, of which the author (Mr. Bullitt) has been guilty, now that his information is public property in an official document it becomes our duty to reproduce it, for the benefit of the British, who appear to have been the victims of yet another of those mystifications in which our Prime Minister and his unhappy entourage excel. This must also be said in palliation of Mr. Bullitt's transgression—namely, that he received gross provocation from Mr. Lloyd George, who, having exploited Mr. Bullitt's enthusiasm, cast doubts on his very existence in the House of Commons, because it had become inconvenient to confess that the head of the Coalition Government had been intriguing with the "bloody baboonery," as the British War Minister described the Soviet Power in Russia. Nor was the outrage to Mr. Bullitt attenuated by the subsequent semi-official description of the Bullitt revelations as "a tissue of lies."

Mr. Bullitt told his story to the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, who subsequently printed and circulated it. We have received a copy of this interesting document from an American friend, to whom we are indebted. If it be nothing but "a tissue of lies," it is the cleverest and most circumstantial fraud ever perpetrated, and its author is entitled to immortality as one of the world's really great malefactors. Let us say at once that no one who has been at pains to read these hundred and thirty closely printed pages, giving chapter and verse for every statement adhered to by the witness, for a moment accepts Mr. Lloyd George's characteristically impulsive disclaimer. No one in Washington, whatever view may be taken of Mr. Bullitt's conduct or judgment, regards his charges and allegations as otherwise than substantially accurate. We enable our readers to form their own opinion by giving them the facts, which, owing to the Railway Strike or some other cause, have not so far been set forth in intelligible fashion in the London Press, though some sensational snippets were cabled over by correspondents who had not the full official Report before them. Englishmen can only regret that the head of their Government should ever have been involved in this Bullitt business, and being in it should not have had the courage to "own up" and confess that during the acute attack of Bolshevikitis to which he succumbed in Paris, he was more than anxious to establish liaison with Lenin and Trotsky, utilizing for that purpose the services of Mr. Bullitt. The affair can only serve to confirm the impression that, whatever may be Mr. Lloyd George's gifts—genius, as his friends call them—they do not lie within the sphere of foreign affairs, which demand sagacity, steadfastness, and accuracy. It would be ten thousand pities if the picturesque methods he has found so successful in promoting his brilliant career, which have hitherto been practised mainly upon his own compatriots, should take an extension into the more delicate domain of international susceptibilities. It matters relatively little that the British Parliament should be misled on matters of fact from the Treasury Bench. It only concerns ourselves, and is part of the game as played at Westminster by its chief votaries, amid the applause of audiences who enjoy hearing statements which they know to be false and which the speaker knows to be false; humbugs and humbugged thoroughly understand one another. The "wilful diffusion of political error with regard to a matter of fact" is the supreme Parliamentary art, which brings great glory to all distinguished practitioners, though the smaller fry are liable to come to grief should they so far forget themselves as to ape their betters of the Front Bench hierarchy.

Probably no speeches of our generation were more admired by the *cognoscenti* than those marvellously ingenious orations in which a few years ago an Attorney-General, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Postmaster-General gave the House of Commons to understand that no Minister had dabbled in Marconi shares, whereas several Ministers had "invested," not "speculated," in

American Marconis, an offspring of the parent company. We all remember the prodigious buckets of whitewash applied by all the Mandarins of all Parties—especially such "Highbrows" as Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey—when the slip was through an accident discovered, and hypercritics affected inability to distinguish between one kind of Marconi share and another. It was then established and demonstrated that there was a gulf fixed between the code governing Right Honourable and honourable men without the "Right." It has been steadily growing ever since, and to-day no Parliamentarian turns a hair if a statesman charges a journalist with inventing "a tissue of lies," and the journalist produces prima facie evidence that if there have been any "terminological inexactitudes" it is the other way about.

This is surely a bad opening to the League of Nations, though, if Geneva became a clearing-house for lies, it would serve a useful purpose, and operations might open with the strange story retailed by Mr. Bullitt on September 12, before Senator Cabot Lodge and his colleagues of the United States Senate. We may pass over Mr. Bullitt's autobiography during the war. Suffice it to say that, having been on the editorial staff of a great paper—the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia—he toured the Central Empires prior to the United States' entry into the war. By that date he was evidently regarded by the State Department as "a European expert," being given an important confidential position in the American Peace Delegation which accompanied President Wilson to Paris. This brought him into close and constant touch with the American Plenipotentiaries, especially Colonel House, who evidently held him in high esteem. Mr. Bullitt became Chief of the Division of Current Intelligence Summaries, and had access to many of the most important and secret documents, several of which he displayed before astonished Senators. They are either genuine or they are forgeries, but so far no one has cast doubt on their authenticity. They include Lord Robert Cecil's original outline of the League of Nations and many elaborate drafts and revises by President Wilson, the publication of which has produced no slight commotion in American political circles by giving a decidedly different genesis to the Covenant to that circulated by interested partisans. The general effect is to heighten the part played by American statesmanship and American draftmanship and to diminish the rôle of the suspected Britisher, who appears to have been content to say "Ditto" to President Wilson. The Covenant is his and no one else's. The Republican Party have no right to father it on Great Britain or to pretend that it was "a plot" of Lord Robert Cecil, General Smuts, or any one else connected with the British Government. This blessed League of Nations was never heard of in England or Europe until it was espoused in Washington. Then, unfortunately, to oblige the President—and, as they foolishly thought, the American people—the thing was taken up by British Highbrows, and many of us think a disastrous document was signed and incorporated in the Peace Treaty, of which it has been the undoing.

However, we are not concerned in these pages with this aspect of Mr. Bullitt's evidence, interesting though it be if only because it establishes his credentials as a man in a considerable official position who was thoroughly *au courant* of what was going on behind the scenes of the Paris Peace Conference. He varied these labours by undertaking Special Missions for the American Delegation—one to Switzerland and the more famous to Russia. For the latter he received instructions from Mr. Lansing on February 18, but to understand the circumstances we must remember that the French Socialist newspaper (*L'Humanité*), in attacking M. Clemenceau, had disclosed the awkward fact that early in January Mr. Lloyd George, fresh from his " anti-Bolshevik " triumph at the polls, was pressing the French Government to invite the Bolshevik Government of Russia to the Paris Peace Conference. This curious episode has been rigorously " turfed up " by the Downing Street Press, but Mr. Bullitt, in his " tissue of lies," gives the whole story of the repeated efforts of the Hôtel Crillon and the Rue Nitot to compromise the Peace Conference by opening relations with the Bolsheviks, upon whom Allied troops, notably the British, were simultaneously waging war. He produced or " faked " (see " Bullitt Exhibit No. 11 ") " Notes on Conversations held in the office of M. Pichon at the Quai d'Orsay on January 16, 1919. Preliminary Discussion regarding the Situation in Russia." According to this Report Mr. Lloyd George, so to speak, " took the floor " with a long rambling statement, complaining—we may almost say " as usual "—that there had been " a serious misconception " of his proposals (revealed by *L'Humanité*), which had not contemplated any " recognition " of " the Bolsheviki Government," but merely an invitation to " all of the different Governments now at war within what used to be the Russian Empire to a Truce of God . . . to send men here to give, so to speak, an account of themselves." There were, he declared, only three possible policies—namely, (1) Military Intervention, which was " pure madness "; (2) a Cordon, which, being " not a health cordon but a death cordon " at the expense of " our friends " in Russia, was a policy which, " as humane people, those present could not consider." He next belittled the efforts and prospects of General Denikin and Admiral Kolchak, of whom the former was occupying " a little back yard near the Black Sea," while the latter " had been collecting members of the old regime around him and would seem to be at heart a monarchist." The third policy was the British proposal "to summon these people to Paris to appear before those present, somewhat in the way that the Roman Empire summoned chiefs of outlying tributary States to render an account of their actions."

We had imagined Mr. Lloyd George in many divers rôles, but never, we confess, as a Roman Emperor summoning his satraps to the judgment seat. If it be wicked in Russians to be "Monarchist," is it congruous in a democratic Peace Conference to assume these imperial airs and graces? He pooh-poohed the claim of eminent and representative Russians already in Paris, for instance, M. Sazonoff, who was "nothing but a partisan," and advised his auditors to settle the Russian question on his lines, "or make fools of themselves." Then, if we may believe Mr. Bullitt, "Mr. Lloyd George referred to the objection that had been raised to permitting Bolshevik delegates to come to Paris. It had been claimed that they would convert France and England to Bolshevism. If England becomes Bolshevist, it will not be because a single Bolshevist representative is permitted to enter England. On the other hand, *if a military enterprise were started against the Bolsheviki, that would make England Bolshevist, and there would be a Soviet in London*" [my italics]. Can we wonder at the slump in British prestige since the Armistice left our policy and our honour at the mercy of such a mouthpiece? This is Mr. Lloyd George's estimate of his own country, his interpretation of the last General Election, his conception of the duties of a Coalition Government. It is "up to" the Downing Street Press to tell us in what respect we could be worse off under "a Wee Free" or even a Labour Cabinet. Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Arthur Henderson ever indulged in such unmitigated drivel, which was doubtless inspired by "my friend, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald." We can now understand why we are invited by the Coalition claque to dismiss the Bullitt revelations as "a tissue of lies." Unfortunately there is vraisemblance about every sentence he puts into the mouth of Mr. Lloyd George, who ended his discourse at the Quai d'Orsay with a formal demand that the Great Powers should summon to Paris Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks. Thus originated the "Prinkipo" fiasco for which President Wilson subsequently stood sponsor, and was clearly "a put-up job" between the Rue Nitot (Mr. Lloyd George's lodging) and the Hôtel Crillon (the American headquarters).

After M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, had made the sensible suggestion that the French Ambassador to Russia (then in Paris), M. Noulens, should be consulted, President Wilson declared "that he did not see how it was possible to controvert the statement of Mr. Lloyd George," referring to an incident at a recent New York meeting, where he had made a casual reference to Russia, stating that "the United States would do its utmost to aid her suppressed people. The audience exhibited the greatest enthusiasm, and this had remained in the President's mind as an index to where the sympathies of the New World are." With all respect to the President, this seems a somewhat slender and rickety foundation for a foreign policy. There are many intelligent persons in New York, and his meeting might conceivably have been stirred by imagining that the President was pledging the aid of the United States to rescue the unhappy Russian people now under the Bolshevik harrow. However, he interpreted the applause otherwise, and now "concurred with Mr. Lloyd George's view and supported his recommendation," all the more as, like Mr. Lloyd George, he had "received a memorandum from his experts which agreed substantially with the information which Mr. Lloyd George had received." President Wilson added "he thought the British proposal contained the only suggestions that lead anywhere. It might lead nowhere. But this could at least be found out." M. Pichon once more urged that "Ambassador Noulens" should be heard; Mr. Balfour suggested the Dutch Consul lately in Petrograd as a witness; Baron Sonnino stated that the Danish Minister to Russia, M. Scavenius, could "give interesting data on the Russian situation." The assembly "seemed to think that it might be desirable to hear what these gentlemen might have to say."

Who may have been Mr. Lloyd George's "experts" on Russia we have no means of knowing—certainly not Sir George Buchanan, late British Ambassador in Petrograd, who has been "frozen out" by amateur diplomats, being a sound judge with first-hand knowledge. President Wilson's chief adviser in this untoward affair is believed to have been Mr. W. H. Buckler (half-brother of Mr. Henry White), who had conferred with Litvinoff, the recent Bolshevist emissary in London. Mr. Bullitt was unable to produce—and was apparently reluctant to forge—Mr. Buckler's Report on Litvinoff's propositions, but he gave the Senatorial Committee (see "Bullitt Exhibit No. 14") "Secretaries' Notes of a Conversation held in M. Pichon's room at the Quai d'Orsay on Tuesday, January 21, 1919, at 15 hours." The company, according to this document, consisted of five Americans—namely, President Wilson, Mr. R. Lansing, Mr. A. H. Frazier, Colonel U. S. Grant, and Mr. L. Harrison. Any of these gentlemen, who, presumably, are all adherents of the President—or they would not have been there—could have exploded the Bullitt disclosures if they were only "a tissue of lies." They have preferred silence. Mr. Lloyd George was supported by Mr. Balfour, Sir Maurice Hankey, Major A. M. Caccia, M.V.O., and Mr. E. Phipps, who are equally reserved as their American and French confrères—apart always from the Downing Street repudiation of Mr. Bullitt. M. Clemenceau, M. Pichon, and distinguished French officials, Signor Orlando, Baron Sonnino, Baron Makino, and others are likewise dumb. In fact we are beginning to suspect that Mr. Lloyd George's attack on his quondam American friend is among many utterances that on reconsideration he would prefer to have expressed otherwise.

On this second occasion, M. Clemenceau described the company as assembled to decide what should be done as regards Russia. President Wilson thereupon proposed a modification of the previous British proposal, and suggested that " the various organized groups in Russia " should send representatives, not to Paris, " but to some such place as Salonika," to " meet " representatives of the Allies and " draw up a programme upon which agreement could be reached." Baron Sonnino (not being an amateur diplomat) suggested that, in the first instance, representative Russians already in Paris, to wit, M. Sazonoff, should be heard. Various objections were raised, e.g. that if some Russians were heard, others would wish to be heard. " M. Sonnino explained that all the Russian Parties had some representatives here, except the Soviets, whom they did not wish to hear. Mr. Lloyd George remarked that the Bolshevists were the very people some of them wished to hear." Both President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George strongly supported the former's Salonika suggestion, the President adducing some serious argument, and warmly disclaiming any sympathy with Bolshevism, as he hoped, by his diplomacy, to promote " a reaction against Bolshevism." M. Clemenceau pointed out that Litvinoff was setting a cunning trap for the Allies, judging by the Report of Mr. Buckler, which the President had read—because, when the Bolshevists first seized power they made a breach with " Capitalist Governments " on questions of principle, but were now offering " funds and concessions as a basis for treating with them." These, in M. Clemenceau's opinion, were " valueless," but were they listened to, the Bolshevists would be able to say to their own people, " We offered them great principles of justice, and the Allies would have nothing to do with us. Now we offer money and they are ready to make peace." He was not, however, prepared to oppose President Wilson's proposal, having no counter-proposition to make, and some " speedy solution " was desirable. Baron Sonnino stuck to his guns, advising that the Allies combine the anti-Bolshevist elements in Russia into one strong Government, and support them, as they could not stand without such help at present. It was a measure of " self-defence " for the Allies, as Bolshevism was dangerous to more than one of them.

A long and desultory discussion ensued, Mr. Lloyd George frequently talking as though he held a watching brief for the Soviet—magnifying their military power and emphasizing every objection to opposing them, his obstruction being substantially assisted by the dismal declarations of the American President and the French and Italian Prime Ministers that none of their nations would contribute any troops to a campaign against the Bolshevists, nor was it evident that they would contribute anything else. Mr. Bullitt's disclosure is of capital importance in establishing what had long been suspected but could not be proved—namely, that " the Allied and Associated Powers " had no grasp of the portentous Russian problem, nor any conception that they were losing in the East the war that had been won in the West by " the Allied and Associated " armies. The Peace Conference, in a word, failed miserably over President Wilson's " acid test," and acquiesced in the British-American proposal, President Wilson being invited to draw up a proclamation inviting the various Russian groups to meet at some selected spot. This materialized in the notorious " Prinkipo proposition " in the teeth of Baron Sonnino's warning that only the Bolshevists—who alone could gain by it—would respond, as proved to be the case. It was the first home-made humiliation of the Paris Peace Conference.

It is of peculiar interest here, because its failure paved the way for Mr. Bullitt's Mission to the Soviet, which was the next item on the pro-Bolshevik programme, in which the American and British Governments had inveigled their confrères. By the middle of February " Prinkipo " was manifestly a frost. The guests declined the picnic in the Sea of Marmora. On February 18 Mr. Bullitt received marching orders from Mr. Lansing to go to Russia, and was furnished with the necessary passports. He told the Senate Committee, " On the very day that Colonel House and Mr. Lansing first asked me to undertake the Mission to Russia, I was dining at Mr. Lloyd George's apartment to discuss Russian affairs with his Secretary, so that I had a fair idea of the point of view of every one in Paris." Mr. Lansing instructed him to obtain the release of the American Consul, Mr. Treadwell, imprisoned in Petrograd by the Bolshevists, and from Colonel House he obtained an appreciation of American policy, in a conversation of which we get a brief résumé—" The idea was this: Lloyd George had gone over to London on February 9, as I remember, to try and adjust some labour troubles. He, however, still insisted that the Prinkipo proposal must be renewed or some other Peace proposal must be made, and I arranged a meeting between him and Colonel House, which was, I believe, to take place on February 24, at which time they were to prepare a renewal of the Prinkipo proposal, and they were both prepared to insist that it be passed against any opposition of the French." According to Mr. Bullitt

—he is our sole authority for all these startling assertions, not one of which has been specifically contradicted:

> I arranged this meeting through Mr. Philip Kerr, Mr. Lloyd George's confidential assistant. However, on the 19th day of February, M. Clemenceau was shot, and the next day Mr. Lloyd George telephoned over from London to say that as long as Clemenceau was wounded and was ill he was boss of the roost, and that anything he desired to veto would be immediately wiped out, and therefore it was no use for him and Colonel House, as long as Clemenceau was ill, to attempt to renew the Prinkipo proposal, that Clemenceau would simply have to hold up a finger and the whole thing would drop to the ground.

No slight tribute to the personal prestige of "the Tiger," as of Europe's debt to him. His was the only restraining influence on the wild-cat schemes of amateur diplomats working overtime to convert the glorious victory of 1918 into a "draw," if not a defeat. Fear of M. Clemenceau deterred the pro-Bolshevik conspirators from open frontal attack; they elected for this secret mission to Lenin and Trotsky concerted behind the stricken statesman's back. As the chosen emissary told the Senatorial Committee, "therefore it was decided that I should go at once to Russia to attempt to obtain from the Soviet Government an exact statement of the terms on which they were ready to stop fighting. I was ordered, if possible, to obtain that statement, and have it back in Paris before the President returned to Paris from the United States. The plan was to make a proposal to the Soviet Government which would certainly be accepted."

The CHAIRMAN (Senator LODGE): "These orders came from the President?"

MR. BULLITT: "These orders came to me from Colonel House. I also discussed the matter with Mr. Lansing, and Mr. Lansing and Colonel House gave me the instructions which I had."

Colonel House told Mr. Bullitt that, in return for an Armistice by the Bolshevists, the United States would be "prepared to press the Allies" for a promise to withdraw all their troops. It was not, however, necessary to obtain from the Soviet any promise to pay their debts, though a statement to that effect would be useful in France. According to his own account, Mr. Bullitt was more favoured than mere Englishmen, who have been wholly unable to ascertain British policy towards Russia. "I further had an intimation of the British disposition towards Russia. As I said before, I had discussed the matter with Mr. Philip Kerr and Sir Maurice Hankey, and Colonel House asked me to inform Mr. Kerr of my mission before I went. It was to be an entire secret from all except the British. . . . I told him [Mr. Kerr] all about it, and asked him if he could get Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George to give me a general indication of their point of view on Peace with Russia; what they might be prepared to do in the matter. Mr.

Kerr and I then talked and prepared what we thought might be the basis of Peace." In corroboration of this strange tale, Mr. Bullitt declared that he had received the following "personal letter, which I regret greatly to bring forward, but which I feel it necessary in the interests of an understanding about this matter." Mr. Kerr has not pronounced it to be a forgery, so we give it for what it may be worth.

BULLITT EXHIBIT No. 16.

Private and Confidential.

BRITISH DELEGATION, PARIS,
February 21, 1919.

MY DEAR BULLITT,—I enclose a note of the sort of conditions upon which I personally think it would be possible for the Allied Government to resume once more normal relations with Soviet Russia. You will understand, of course, that these have no official significance and merely represent suggestions of my own opinion.

Yours sincerely, P. H. KERR

Not being interested in Mr. Philip Kerr's "personal" opinions, either on the Bolshevik or the Boche, or taking them quite so seriously as he takes himself, we may spare our readers the private secretary's ultimatum to the Soviet. It would effectually leave Russia and the Russians in the hands of the Bolsheviks without any hope of escape, except through the good offices of Germany. It was a confession that the Allied and Associated Powers could not cope with this baboonery.

The American-British proposition conveyed by the Bullitt Mission to Russia (Mr. Bullitt was only "one week in Russia") must have caused infinite joy to Lenin and Co., being, in effect, a throwing up of the sponge by the Entente, who were humbly seeking Peace. Mr. Bullitt interviewed Tchitcherin and Litvinoff, and "had a conference with Lenin." He returned to Paris with "Bullitt Exhibit No. 17"—namely, "Text of projected Peace Proposal by the Allies and Associated Governments"—in fulfilment of his instructions "to go in and bring back, as quickly as possible, a definite statement of exactly the terms the Soviet Government was ready to accept. The idea in the minds of the British and American delegation were [*sic*] that if the Allies made another proposal, it should be a proposal which we would know in advance would be accepted, so that there would be no chance of another Prinkipo proposal miscarrying." Our gifted amateurs had hit on the ingenious idea that would never have occurred to professionals—namely, to make sure of the Soviet's acceptance by inviting them to draft their own terms. It was doubtless hoped to present M. Clemenceau with the *fait accompli* of "a Russian Peace" in the unexpected event of his surviving his assassin's bullet. But the conspirators were attacked by "nerves," and "Bullitt Exhibit No. 17" came to naught. If it is all a myth invented by Mr. Bullitt he must be a genius. The Soviet terms—

of seven clauses—ended thus: " The Soviet Government of Russia undertakes to accept the foregoing proposal provided it is made not later than April 10, 1919 "—in a word, it was Lenin's turn to issue an ultimatum. Nor can we be surprised that, feeling he had an uncommonly " soft thing " in the shape of " English-speaking " diplomacy to deal with, the Soviet went a step farther. Mr. Bullitt was handed " an additional sheet," containing the following proposition: " The Soviet Government is most anxious to have a semi-official guaranty from the American and British Governments that they will do their utmost to see to it that France lives up to the conditions of the Armistice." Mr. Bullitt ingenuously informed the Senators " the Soviet Government had a deep suspicion of the French Government ": M. Clemenceau was not born yesterday.

During his Mission, Mr. Bullitt sent a number of telegrams from Helsingfors " in a confidential code of the State Department," which he preferred not to produce, but he sufficiently indicated their substance, mentioning that they had provoked a congratulatory telegram from Colonel House on his successful diplomacy. He sent one " strictly personal to Colonel House," requesting the latter to show other telegrams to Mr. Philip Kerr, so that Mr. Lloyd George might be at once informed in regard to the situation, " inasmuch as he had known I was going, and inasmuch as the British had been so courteous as to offer to send me across on a cruiser. When I got to London and found that the torpedo-boat on which I had expected to go was escorting the President, Mr. Lloyd George's office in London called up the Admiralty, and asked them to give me a boat in which to go across." On returning to Paris, Mr. Bullitt was " incidentally informed by Colonel House . . . that copies of my telegram had been sent at once to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour." Next we have " Bullitt Exhibit No. 18." being his Report on his Mission, " addressed to the President " and the American Peace Delegation. Mr. Bullitt handed copies personally to Mr. Lansing, Colonel House, General Bliss, Mr. Henry White, and a second copy to Mr. Lansing for the President. The proposal of the Soviet Government was appended to his Report. He discussed the whole subject for two hours with Colonel House, who " was entirely and quite decidedly in favour of making peace, if possible, on the basis of this proposal." Mr. Bullitt also spent a day in discussing it with the other American Commissioners.

Then follows a statement painfully interesting to Englishmen, which is, however, no surprise to any of us who happened to be in Paris on or about April 1, when this unhappy affair appropriately culminated, and the French capital was resounding with " Lloyd George's Bolshevik intrigues."

> The next morning I had breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George at his apartment. General

Smuts and Sir Maurice Hankey and Mr. Philip Kerr were also present, and we discussed the matter at considerable length. I brought Mr. Lloyd George the official text of the proposal—the same official one, in that same envelope, which I have just shown to you. He had previously read it, it having been telegraphed from Helsingfors. As he had previously read it, he merely glanced over it and said, "That is the same one I have already read," and he handed it to General Smuts, who was across the table, and said, "General, this is of the utmost importance and interest, and you ought to read it right away." General Smuts read it immediately, and said he thought it should not be allowed to lapse; that it was of the utmost importance. Mr. Lloyd George, however, said that he did not know what he could do with British public opinion. He had a copy of the *Daily Mail* in his hand, and he said, "As long as the British Press is doing this kind of thing how can you expect me to be sensible about Russia?" The *Daily Mail* was roaring and screaming about the whole Russian situation. Then Mr. Lloyd George said, "Of course, all the reports we get from people we send in there are in this same general direction, but we have got to send in somebody who is known to the whole world as a complete Conservative, in order to have the whole world believe that the report he brings out is not simply the utterance of a Radical." He then said, "I wonder if we could get Lansdowne to go?" Then he immediately corrected himself and said, "No; it would probably kill him." Then he said, "I wish I could send Bob Cecil, but we have got to keep him for the League of Nations." And he said to Smuts, "It would be splendid if you could go, but, of course, you have got the other job," which was going down to Hungary. Afterwards he said he thought the most desirable man to send was the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil's brother; that he would be respectable enough and well known enough, so that when he came back and made the same report it would go down with British public opinion. Mr. Lloyd George then urged me to make public my report. He said it was absolutely necessary to have publicity given to the actual conditions in Russia, which he recognized were as presented.

That afternoon Mr. Bullitt saw Mr. Balfour with Sir Eric Drummond, when "Mr. Balfour was thoroughly in favour of the proposition." President Wilson seems to have become more wary, referring the question to Colonel House, "as was his usual course"; to this Mr. Lloyd George agreed, saying he would "go at least as far as we would and would follow the lead of the President and Colonel House." Signor Orlando was alleged to be in favour of the House–Bullitt–Lloyd George policy, which involved leaving Russia to stew in the Bolshevik juice with the certain prospect of her becoming an annex of Germany. Mr. Bullitt cautiously informed the Senate Committee, "The French, I believe, had not yet been approached formally on the matter." In other words, the intriguers were still afraid of M. Clemenceau.

By this time tongues were freely wagging, to say nothing of pens, and our super-secret diplomats could not even screw themselves up to face the responsibility of publishing the Bullitt Report (though Mr. Lloyd George "desired me to make it public"). It now sees the light for the first time. That President Wilson was uneasy over Colonel House's unhappy diplomatic venture is clear from his reluctance to see Mr. Bullitt, and the President was quoted to the latter by Colonel House as saying "he [the President] had said he had a one-track mind and was occupied with Germany at present and he could not think about Russia, and that he had left the Russian matter all to him, Colonel House." But even the latter was also infected by the general panic, and declined the responsibility of publishing the Bullitt Report, and ultimately Mr. Bullitt threw up his official position and returned home a bitterly disillusioned man, breathing fire and slaughter against President Wilson and all the other half-hearts who, having put their hands to the plough, had looked back. But that is another story which concerns only the Americans.

Englishmen are responsible for their Prime Minister and cannot but regret his conduct in this matter. Mr. Bullitt was asked by Senator Knox, "Did not Mr. Lloyd George in a speech to Parliament assert that he had never received the proposal with which you returned from Russia? Have you a copy of his speech?" Mr. Bullitt answered:

> About a week after I had handed to Mr. Lloyd George the official proposal, with my own hands, in the presence of three other persons, he made a speech before the British Parliament, and gave the British people to understand that he knew nothing whatever about any such proposition. It was a most egregious case of misleading the public, perhaps the boldest that I have ever known in my life.

Mr. Bullitt added that he cut this statement out "and sent it to the President, and I asked the President to inform me whether the statement of Mr. Lloyd George was true or untrue. He was unable to answer, inasmuch as he would have had to reply on paper that Mr. Lloyd George had made an untrue statement. So flagrant was this that various members of the British Mission called on me at the Crillon a day or so later and apologized for the Prime Minister's action in the case." *

Will this matter remain where it is? Can any man, even a Prime Minister, dispose of such a narrative merely by describing it as "a tissue of lies"?

L. J. Maxse

---

* In response to a request by Senator Knox, Mr. Bullitt read the following report of what had passed in the House of Commons (April 16):

"Mr. Clynes. Before the right honourable gentleman comes to the next subject, can he make any statement on the approaches or representations alleged to have been made to his Government by persons acting on behalf of such government as there is in Central Russia?

"Mr. Lloyd George. We have had no approaches at all except what have appeared in the papers.

"Mr. Clynes. I ask the question because it has been repeatedly alleged.

"Mr. Lloyd George. We have had no approaches at all. Constantly there are men coming and going to Russia of all nationalities, and they always come back with their tales of Russia. But we have made no approach of any sort.

"I have only heard reports of others having proposals which they assume have come from authentic quarters, but these have never been put before the Peace Conference by any member, and therefore we have not considered them.

"I think I know what my right honourable friend refers to. There was some suggestion that a young American had come back from Russia with a communication. It is not for me to judge the value of this communication, but if the President of the United States had attached any value to it he would have brought it before the Conference, and he certainly did not."

AN AUSTRALIAN PLEA FOR EMANCIPATION FROM IRELAND

LITERATURE dealing with the Irish question has multiplied exceedingly in recent years, and now requires special libraries for its accommodation. Yet it does not follow that the subject even approaches exhaustion. No subject ever does become quite exhausted. There may still be room for a book embodying the idea that an Irish Republic is necessary to Great Britain and to the Empire—more necessary to them than to Ireland itself. This idea has no bearing on Home Rule or on any form of autonomy inside the Empire. It is a matter of absolute independence, for the Empire's good and the Empire's selfish profit. Supposing Ireland, on second thoughts, refused to be independent, which is only advanced as a grotesque impossibility, it might even be a matter of making it free against its will—of pushing it out of the Empire if it declined to go out. There are precedents in plenty for such an act. England itself was more or less pushed out of an empire once, though the true inwardness of that ancient Roman episode has been much disputed. Also, the Orange Free State was taken into the British dominions in 1848, and ejected in 1854. The question of the Unionist and Protestant minority in two or three counties has to be considered, but, after all, is it so large a difficulty as it looks? In fact, is all Ireland so large as it looks, or as it sounds? It may be that the island is really a habit—perhaps a bad habit like alcohol, perhaps a foolish habit like the top-hat, perhaps only an habitual habit.

In the time of, say, Henry III, when the habit was taking root, Ireland was a matter of supreme importance. The great Angevin property which, including the nominal supremacy over Scotland, stretched from the Pentland Firth to the Spanish border, had gone to pieces. The Scottish supremacy, whatever it was worth, had been sold back by a foolish Crusader. The French provinces, the homeland of seven English kings, had been lost by the Crusader's more foolish brother, and the reigning family was marooned in England among mostly alien subjects. Ireland then represented nearly five-eighths of what remained, and to abandon it would have been equivalent to a confession of utter failure, and a relinquishment of the empire-building industry. Under these conditions the island loomed wonderfully large on the political horizon, and acquired an importance that it has never lost. The reality may have departed, but the feeling remains, just as the legend of the Holy Roman Empire remained long after the fact was dead. To-day, Ireland stands for about one-four-hundred-

and-fortieth part of the area of the Empire, instead of five-eighths—say, decimal something-very-small, with two naughts before the small figure. It is a shade larger than Tasmania, the baby member of the Australian Commonwealth; less than one-third the size of New Zealand, less than one-fifth the area of Newfoundland, and smaller than the smallest member of the South African Union. It is greatly to the credit of its people that so minute a place should have made so much history and so much excitement. Greece and Palestine have also made names out of all proportion to their size, but still the case of Ireland is unusual. With it all, the fact remains that even in the present crowded state of world politics, such a Power as the British Empire could probably acquire another Ireland any day of the week.

The relative value of the island, apart from its size, is far from being what it was. In the days before wealth began to be measured in terms of coal and iron and oil, land—almost any kind of land that was not mere sand—was the principal form of riches. Pastoral soil, agricultural soil, and soil with trees on it for the building of ships—these things, above all others, meant power. Even rocks, if they were damp rocks, had a value which they no longer possess, wherefore the north of Scotland once stood for a larger proportion of the strength of the British League of Nations than it does to-day. In fact, it is only 174 years ago that the men from the damp rocks of the north of Scotland invaded the English Midlands, and might have taken London with better leadership. Ireland, as a small place which is short of coal and iron and scant of timber, has ceased to have anything like its old relative price in the scheme of things. From being a place of first-rate cash importance it has sunk to be tenth-rate. There may be a revival when a coal and oil scarcity compels the world to think more of water-power, but in water-power Ireland hardly compares with the Scottish Highlands, and could be dispensed with. Even if the mediæval habit of loot—plain loot, not the company-promoting variety—still prevailed in the British Dominions, Ireland is a poor place in which a brigand might look for portable property. For the company-promoting business—say as a field for a gold or nitrate or petroleum swindle—it is even less promising.

There remains the idea that Ireland, in the hands of its own Government or a foreign Government, would be a standing menace to England in a military and naval sense. The same idea once existed concerning North-Western France and many other parts of France. England waded in blood for two or three centuries to avert the alleged danger. When Calais was lost there was a feeling among professional pessimists that the end of all things was at hand. And certainly there was some semblance of reason behind the Continental delusion, for seven successful invasions of England have come from that side, and eleven unsuccessful ones. This is beginning the record with William of Normandy, and leaving out Romans, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Danes, Norsemen, and other small beer. But Ireland, as a foothold for a foreign invader of England, was always a failure. The solitary record of Irish invasion dates back to the days of the island's independence, when the misguided islanders sent an army across by invitation to help the Saxons against their Norman enemies, and in so doing incurred an animosity which cost them dearly. It is just possible that a Monroe doctrine of Europe might be necessary to prevent Ireland becoming an outlying State of the American Union, but apart from that possibility an independent Ireland would be in the same category as Belgium or Holland, or even Greece—a place from which an enemy might occasionally have to be warned off. It is on the road to no place in particular save America, and it is the key to nowhere. Past experience shows that, save for any new risk or chances from the West for which there is no precedent to guide us, the business of warning an enemy off Ireland is child's play compared with that of protecting the Low Countries. Even Louis XIV, at the height of his power, and with the command of the sea, found Ireland a hopeless jumping-off place for an invasion of England. An Italo-Spanish force in Elizabeth's day, and the French of the Revolutionary period, had even worse fortune. Yet Louis XIV had the Irish Government—such Government as there was—behind him.

The establishment of an independent Ireland—not an autonomous or Home Rule Ireland—would cause changes throughout the Empire. They look like desirable changes. In Great Britain and all the Dominions—over thirteen million square miles already acquired, and some more in process of acquisition—the person of Irish birth would become automatically an alien, without a vote, or a seat in a Parliament or in a State Legislature, and probably without a seat on a municipal council or local governing body. If he proved an undesirable alien he would presumably be sent back from all-the-Empire to his own little island. (This, of course, is a matter with a reverse side to it, for the undesirable English or Scottish alien in Ireland would be sent back from the little island to all-the-Empire.) No doubt many of the new aliens would apply for naturalization, but that would presumably be granted only if the authorities were convinced that the applicant sincerely abjured the Irish Republic and all its works. If any person obtained naturalization on what appeared to be satisfactory evidence, and afterwards used his position to foster some new brand of anti-British agitation or to stir up strife between Britain and a friendly Government at Dublin, his certificate would be liable to cancellation. People born on British territory of purely Irish parents would, in the ordinary course of things, have a choice between retaining their British nationality and putting away foreign ambitions, or becoming Irish subjects and politically disqualified. As regards Irishmen abroad, the only change in their status would be that they would exchange the protection of a British Ambassador or Minister or consul for that of an Irish one. The general protection of the League of Nations would always remain. If any foreign Power was less civil or less considerate to the subject of a small State than to the wandering citizen of a very great Empire, it would be a matter for regret, but even the Irish Republic would be by no means the smallest of States. The Irish question, which has a habit of creeping into the politics and the Parliamentary debates of every elected legislature in the Empire, could be barred under the new order as an interference with the affairs of a foreign and amicable Government.

The position of the people of British descent in Ireland who refused to become subjects of the Republic is the eternal stumbling-block, but it is a question whether it is anything like so large as it looks. There is no positive evidence that their position would be worse than that of a separate class in any other Republic, and, in any case, they would be under powerful protection. No doubt there would be among them a steady tendency to realize their property and withdraw. The war has accustomed the Great Powers to shifting nations at short notice and in the midst of strife. The gradual, almost imperceptible removal of even a million people, assuming it possible that such a number decided to remove, would not be so vast a business as it looked, say, in 1914. The Presbyterian element in Ireland was a diminishing one according to last census, and it is probably the one about which most trouble would arise. No doubt the new Irish Government would be fully awake to its responsibilities in the matter. Against an independent State which practises hostility to a neighbour there are sudden and strenuous methods of blockade, bombardment, and the exaction of indemnities, which cannot well be practised against an integral part of a country's own dominions. It would be a matter of outside pressure instead of inside pressure. An Irish Parliament and Government and President would be hostages, like any other set of rulers, for their country's good behaviour. Should the Protestant population of North-East Ireland drift back to its ancestral homes to replace the returned Irish, the United Kingdom would be greatly strengthened by the exchange, and the restored population would be better employed than in holding the fort against a multitude of irreconcilable aliens. It would be less soured and would lose its hostile expression. The loss of Ireland's contribution—Sinn Fein Ireland's contribution—to the defence of the Empire would be nothing worth mentioning. The loss of its contribution to the finances of the Empire is not worth mentioning either—possibly, if the accounts for a series of years were carefully analysed, it would be found that there was no contribution, for the tax-gatherer has had no great luck on the island. Doubtless the new Government would issue its bonds for some proportion of the joint debt, and the value of them would be proved in time. Great Britain is accustomed by this time to plenty of doubtful securities.

There are four possibilities in the case of Ireland—that one-four-hundred-and-fortieth part of the Empire which is allowed to keep the other four hundred and thirty-nine parts awake at night—the place which has no unusual value, and is merely the oldest bad habit that England possesses.

One is the extirpation of the hostile population, which is an out-of-date device, and makes an unspeakable splash on the page of history. That sort of thing was done in the days before printing, when history had no page worth mentioning, but it cannot be done now by any nation with a soul to be lost.

Another idea is the conversion of the people to a different way of thinking. This includes religious thinking, the sectarian question and the political one being inextricably mixed. So far the conversion of Ulster, from which the hostile elements were, to a great extent, driven out by force, has been little more than half completed, and it is a question if it is not even farther from completion than it was twenty years ago. The conversion, either political or religious, of the other Provinces has not begun yet. Doubtless Irish Roman Catholicism, if left alone on its island, would sink into mild indifferentism or agnosticism, as it has done in France and elsewhere. No sect, not even Covenanters or Puritans or Pharisees or Early Christians, can keep up a high pressure of enthusiasm without any audience except itself. A future generation might witness the spectacle of an Ireland which had ceased to go to church, and had let its fanes fall into disrepair, opening negotiations for readmission to a Federated Empire, both parties having ceased to care who kept or lost old Londonderry in the Stuart days.

A third possibility is to maintain the *status quo*, and to continue for ever and a day living with a brawling woman in a narrow house (it was originally the brawling woman's own house). This means that Great Britain must remain the one well-advertised exception to the theory of self-determination, and take up the job that Austria has abandoned. It also means that some of the Dominions may grow very, very weary of the Imperial connexion, for they also carry the Irish burden. In all manner of unexpected places all over the earth Sinn-Feiners fight elections, get into Parliaments and local governing bodies, intersperse proceedings with motions concerning Home Rule, and organize strikes on the general principle that the headquarters of the Empire being the enemy, all the Empire is the enemy likewise. A reason why some of the Dominions may yet take the law into their own hands and recognize any sort of an Irish independent State—kingdom or republic or anarchy or oligarchy—is that it would thereby turn certain persons into disqualified aliens, and remove their trouble out of local politics. In other words, some of the Dominions may secede from Ireland.

A fourth device is the strategic retreat. All the Allies effected remarkable strategic retreats during the late war, and that from Mons is a matter of especial pride. No one denies that it was a profitable and creditable move. The retreat from Belfast would be a still bigger event, and it ought to prove even more profitable, if well managed.

JAMES EDMOND

THE
NATIONAL REVIEW

JAN 8 1920
UNIV. OF MICH.

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

December 1919

Episodes of the Month	
Romanism and Militarism	By HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD
Moslems and the Tangle in the Middle East	By MAJOR-GENERAL LORD EDWARD GLEICHEN, D.S.O.
Old Diplomacy and New Manners	By RED PASSPORT
The Soul of the East End	By T. G. WAKELING
Cromwell Myths	By HISTORIAN
The Rise and Spread of the Rat	By MISS FRANCES PITT
A Pilgrimage	By WILFRID EWART
A Diary of the Russian Revolution	By A. K.
"Heritage"	By HON. NEVILLE LYTTON
Engineering for Women	By MISS RACHEL M. PARSONS
The War in Uganda	By H. R. WALLIS, C.M.G.
The Indiscretions of the Admirals	By L. COPE CORNFORD
Our Prize Essays	

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR AT
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission to Canada at the special rate of 1½d.

Price 3s. net

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

Founded 1856

Patrons:
Their Majesties the King and Queen

Remember at

CHRISTMASTIDE
our SAILORS
away from home.

IN the hour of our peril it was their self-sacrifice and devotion which, by God's Mercy, Saved us from Starvation and made possible our Glorious Victory.

Now that the danger has passed we have the chance of proving our gratitude.

The Missions to Seamen asks you to let its Chaplains and other Workers act as your representatives in giving every

BRITISH SAILOR

a right royal welcome, this Christmas, in 124 Ports all over the World.

At the Institutes, from London to Sydney and from Hong Kong to Buenos Aires, there will be the Christmas dinner, games and gifts which we should like to give them in our own Homes, while in the Sailors' Churches they will gather to celebrate the birthday of

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

A large sum will be needed for all this; we shall not grudge it, shall we? they have proved themselves worthy.

Gifts of any amount, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged by

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., Secretary
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 442. DECEMBER 1919

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

A Gloomy Outlook

November has been a month of almost unrelieved gloom from every point of view. We can only hope that recent events may exercise a sobering effect on irresponsible statesmanship, and give pause to politicians whose thoughtlessness is immeasurably more dangerous to the body politic than the wildest talk of our street-corner tub-thumpers. Owing to the folly of those who refused to listen to reason, and insisted on perverting the Peace Conference from its proper function—namely, making peace with a beaten enemy—the whole Treaty of Versailles is in jeopardy, and there are rumours of future wars if not their absolute certainty. By flying in the face of all experience and trying to do everything at once, though the business in hand was sufficient to slake the ambitions of any moderate megalomaniac, the "Principal Allied and Associated Governments," as they christened themselves, ran a serious risk of achieving nothing, and of having to do the whole work of the Peace Conference over again. Governments never confess their blunders—if knowledge is not their forte, omniscience is assuredly their foible—but in the face of the ascendancy conceded in Paris to the Americans it is not now open to any of the Big Four to treat the American Senate's rejection of the Second Treaty of Versailles as an immaterial incident, which leaves matters very much where they were, and merely casts upon America's associates the duty of taking up the burden over which she has faltered. Owing, it must be admitted, in the main to the weakness of Downing Street —which by steadfastly co-operating with France and Italy would have served everybody, especially the United States—the Covenant of the League of Nations was allowed to be superimposed upon the Peace Treaty and to cripple many of its provisions on the fond and foolish assumption that such was the condition of American co-operation in upholding the settlement. In the event, the League of Nations—despite its American origin—became as a red rag to a bull to enough American politicians to cause the defeat of the whole Treaty, which without the League would have been ratified. So far as the United States is concerned, Europe is left with nothing, neither the League, which was alleged to be the apple of every American's eye but proved to be an apple of discord, nor the Treaty, which was transformed to secure America's support and to meet the vagaries of her President. This highly disagreeable development is rendered inconceivably more dangerous to civilization by the British Prime Minister's unconscionable attitude towards Russia, which has probably dealt a heavier blow to peace than the recalcitrancy of the Senate. Indeed, it may be said without any risk of exaggeration that should Mr. Lloyd George succeed in throwing a Bolshevik Russia into the arms of impenitent Germany, another great war has been rendered so inevitable that the only doubtful question is its exact date. Can we wonder, as we gaze upon the ruin of the brilliant victory of 1918 and note, on the one hand, an America that rejects any and every international obligation, and a Russia that is to be left "to stew in her own juice," that there should be a distinct and menacing revival of militarism in Germany, or that Hindenburg and Ludendorff are once more in the picture?

Retrospective Wisdom

It is always easy to be wise after the event, and every one must now realize that our British League of Nations enthusiasts made a painful blunder from their own point of view in launching their recent propaganda, of which Lord Robert Cecil has been the central figure. In this wicked world good intentions are by themselves inadequate to produce the desired results. Some knowledge of men is necessary for men of affairs, and in foreign politics knowledge of foreigners is indispensable. Because Americans speak the same language as ourselves, our Right Honourables, few of whom have so much as seen New York, perversely persist in treating the United States as though it were inhabited by Englishmen who happen to live on the other side of the Atlantic, and whom they credit with entertaining towards Great Britain, as a quasi-"Mother Country," the same amiable feelings that animate her towards them. There could be no more childish delusion; but in excuse for those of our statesmen who have never crossed the Atlantic, it must be said that the very few among them who have "done the States" are no wiser, as may be gathered from the series of well-meant but thoroughly mischievous speeches of the Lord Chief Justice of England, who since his return from his Washington Mission has habitually given British audiences a completely false impression of the American attitude towards John Bull. Naturally, when speaking in our midst in the genial after-dinner atmosphere of City banquets, American Ambassadors are wont to expand into emotionalism. In such moods, being human, they say things which doubtless they feel at the moment, but which have no reference to realities. The outstanding and governing feature of Anglo-American relations is, as has been frequently pointed out in the *National Review*, the unreasoning suspiciousness of the American masses of everything British. Those of our Right Honourables as have any perception of this elementary fact seek to discount it as a foreign importation into the United States, either from Germany or from Ireland. Some simpletons imagine that American Anglophobia would be extinguished the moment we capitulated to Sinn Fein or one of its variants under their numerous *aliases*. But such cowardice could only develop dislike into contempt, which is by far the most dangerous sentiment that one country can cherish towards another, though, unfortunately, this truism has not yet been assimilated by those unworthy Britons who exhaust themselves in apologizing for our existence as a Great Power.

National Prejudice

It were wiser to recognize the fact, with all its consequences, that nothing we can say or do will disarm an ingrained national prejudice, which can only wear out with the lapse of time, as the people of the United States acquire some knowledge of international problems, such as has been driven into our insular selves by the hardest of all taskmasters. Most of our public men, in their misdirected zeal and lack of imagination, go the wrong way to work to overcome Transatlantic dislike, believing, as they do, that "Anglo-Saxon" gush will solve all Anglo-American problems, though it notoriously acts as a tonic to Anglophobia. Captain Mahan, who was a wise and good friend of both nations, once remarked to the present writer: "If only our two countries would frankly recognize that they are foreign nations, and not expect too much of one another, there is no reason they should not remain good friends." We have borne this aphorism in mind ever since we heard it, and have endeavoured to live up to it. Americans, it must be admitted, expect little or nothing of Great Britain except craft and guile, and detect Machiavellism where there is none; Britons, on the other hand, treat them as though they were "a nation of idealists," and are stupefied when they fall short of the character-part attributed to them by the post-prandial orators of the Pilgrims' Club and the English-Speaking Union. The present tragic fiasco of the League of Nations only serves to confirm the wisdom of Mahan, who, had he been alive, would have joined forces with President Roosevelt in trying to save the United States and Great Britain from a perilous movement which promised *ab initio* both to spoil the Treaty and to imperil the subsequent peace. This is exactly what has happened, but worst of all is the gratuitous misunderstanding that has arisen between our two nations, which have sufficient difficulties of their own without inventing extraneous ones. It cannot be said too often that there was no audible mention of any League of Nations in this country or in any European country so far as we know—unless it be Germany, where Herr Erzberger had written a book emphasizing the advantages of such a development from the enemy's point of view—until President Wilson startled the world by proclaiming the League to be the predominant issue. Thereupon British orators and British journalists joined in the hue and cry, encouraging the notion that under the ægis of "this mighty instrument for good" the world would imbibe "Anglo-Saxon ideals" and everybody would live happily ever afterwards. But even when enthusiasm was at its highest on Front Benches and in newspaper offices, and "our own correspondent" in New York or Washington was daily misleading his readers as to the sentiment of the United States, there was no appreciable response or popular belief in the League of Nations either among Englishmen or Englishwomen.

THERE was necessarily reaction from war strain, and some toying with the Millennium by dreamers and intellectuals, while astute Pacifists fastened on the Wilsonian panacea as a lever for disarmament in general, especially the disarmament of Great Britain.

But our people never lost their heads and remained comparatively unmoved towards "an American fad," which it was assumed from President Wilson's declarations held a similar place in the affections of the American masses as, say, the Prohibition movement, which at one time was running like prairie-fire from San Francisco to New York, only to peter out in this country under the nickname "Pussyfoot." General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil, it is true, espoused the Wilsonian creed with all the fervour of acolytes, while the silence of more sceptical British Ministers contributed to the legend which ultimately killed the League in the United States—namely, that it was dear to the heart of John Bull, and should therefore be viewed with suspicion. Its one valid recommendation to the average man in the Old World was that if the Allies adopted the Covenant the United States would stand by any treaty to which the President affixed his signature, and which he was allowed in a large measure to shape; without the League, we were told, there was no hope of the Allies securing any measure of American support for the settlement. We are now in a position to appraise the judgment of those who thus argued, and allowed Mr. Wilson to obstruct almost every effort to make a decent and durable Peace, which would, at any rate, secure Europe against any recurrence of the Pan-German peril. We should like to know what our thoughtless statesmen imagine they have to show as compensation for their capitulation almost all along the line to Presidential pretensions. It now transpires, what was shrewdly suspected at the time, that although Mr. Wilson was habitually accorded the place of honour at the Peace Conference, and frequently treated as a demigod, as a matter of fact he was the weakest vessel among the assembled Plenipotentiaries. Whereas M. Clemenceau spoke for France, while Mr. Lloyd George could, unfortunately, commit Great Britain, and Signor Nitti effectively represented Italy, President Wilson neither spoke nor acted on behalf of the United States, being totally unable to "deliver the goods" in the shape of Ratification, which France, Italy, and Great Britain have alike completed, while the American Senate contemptuously tears up the handiwork of a President whose European tour is hereafter likely to be regarded as the most humiliating episode in the annals of the White House.

"An American Fad"

Article 2

ALTHOUGH Englishmen keenly resent—and their sentiments are shared by all Colonials—the monumental follies perpetrated by our Talking Men ever since the Fighting Men retired into the background, and Messrs. Lloyd George and Bonar Law replaced Sir Douglas Haig and Admiral Beatty as the custodians and champions of British interests, they are not entitled to quarrel with the Senate for rejecting the Treaty, which was well within its constitutional cognizance, though we remain of opinion, which is now general on this side of the Atlantic, that it was unfortunate that the Paris Peace Conference should have been so ignorant of the American Constitution and nicely balanced powers of Executive and Legislature. It was, in the first instance, President Wilson's duty, as a leading authority on American constitutional law, to explain his own limitations to his confrères, as it was difficult for them to ask him for his credentials, though there is no excuse for responsible statesmen ignoring Article 2 of the American Constitution: "He [the President] shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Every cloud, however, has its silver lining. The Senate's rejection of the Treaty has some bright aspects. The League of Nations had been made a pretext by false economists for scrapping all our national defences at the very moment they have proved their inestimable value both to ourselves and to the rest of the civilized world, while leading cranks were eagerly anticipating the golden moment when they could dismember the British Empire and partition our possessions among our fellow-members of the League. All this tomfoolery has been cured by the salutary douche administered by Senator Lodge. The reputed enthusiasm of America for the Covenant was, as we have pointed out, the League's one asset in European eyes and the one argument that could only be met by a flat denial. But any one who until the last few weeks hinted at a possible fiasco in Washington was regarded as little better than a lunatic. If anything was certain in the eyes of those who wished to believe it, it was that U.S.A. was "a unit" for the League of Nations, whatever divergencies there might be on other aspects of the Treaty.

THAT delusion has now disappeared, and the whole Peace must be considered *de novo*, with the bottom knocked out of the League, though the amour-propre of its Parliamentary partisans will not allow them to admit as much, and they hasten to declare that because America has deserted the sacred cause, British efforts on its behalf must be "redoubled"! We gain something else in reaching realities. It is common knowledge that Lord Robert Cecil, General Smuts, and their co-Covenanters were busily working for the early election of Germany as a full-blown member of the League of Nations, while Lord Hugh Cecil demands that we love everybody, including the Germans. It was pretended that the Allies ran no risk in admitting Germany to an international club already containing the United States, who would always be able to keep the Fatherland in order. It was even declared to be a positive advantage to have Germany operating in the open instead of driving her to underground and backstairs intrigue. As though she ever would, or could, abandon intrigue in any shape or form, which is the very breath of her nostrils! Nor is the United States any safeguard against German machinations inside or outside the League, because the Peace Conference taught us that the White House has no more understanding of German mentality and German designs than Downing Street. But whatever may have been America's capacity as a Special Constable in restraining Germany, this argument for admitting the latter to the League goes by the board now that America declines to join her own club. Even the eloquence of Lord Robert Cecil will scarcely persuade his compatriots to enter political partnership with Germany in the absence of the United States—still less will he succeed in tempting the French to stultify and endanger civilization by putting the Burglar on the Bench.

Compensation

ANTAGONISM to Great Britain is so ingrained a feature of American Party Politics, and "tail-twisting" so popular a pastime with American Politicians, that we are naturally apt to debit this vagary with the deadlock over the Peace Treaty in the United States Senate, and the bitter opposition to the League of Nations. Anglophobia has been no small factor, as already explained. But we misread the situation unless we also realize that, besides the traditional sentiment towards anything John Bull is supposed to favour, there was a chronic feud between the Chief Executive and the Legislature, which came to a head over this blessed Covenant. The Senate

Deadlock

regarded the President as a usurper who was exploiting the Peace Conference to encroach on the authority of that body, and to curtail its legitimate power of treaty-making. Every one now recognizes that he made two egregious blunders—namely, (1) in his partisan appeal for a Democratic majority at last year's Congressional Elections, which the voters resented and refused; (2) in excluding the Senate, now a predominantly Republican Assembly, from participation in the Peace Conference, which he treated as an exclusively executive affair that only concerned him and such henchmen as he chose to take with him to Paris. This was a challenge that any self-respecting Senate was bound to accept, and at which a Republican Senate not unnaturally jumped. It is strange that a practical politician like Mr. Wilson should have thus played into the hands of enemies lying in wait to trip him up. It is unfortunate that "Associated" nations should be called upon to pay the piper of this vendetta, for which common fairness compels us to recognize that the President is mainly to blame, and which he embittered by public sarcasm at the expense of the hostile Senators. In Republican circles in America there is also a disposition to criticize European statesmen for following the Presidential example in ignoring the existence of the Senate. It would have been wiser for the Allied and Associated Powers to have established some liaison with Senator Lodge and his colleagues on the Foreign Relations Committee, but this would have been a delicate operation in the face of a President flushed with an overweening sense of his own autocracy.

J. B. Machiavelli

We would not have our readers on either side of the Atlantic imagine that we resent the action of the Senatorial majority in a quarrel forced upon them. We are not enamoured of the League of Nations as expounded by any of its apostles. So far from regarding it as a prelude to the Millennium, in our view it is bound to breed ten quarrels where one sufficed before. It would stir up a veritable hornets' nest all over the world at the expense of British Administration, which would be made impossible by American politicians working in conjunction with American Anglophobes and disgruntled minorities in any of many places where Britain holds a Mandate under the League of Nations. President Wilson has told us in terms that his most cherished clause of the Covenant is that which enables any Power to interfere in any other Power's affairs. This may be all very well for the United States, and may appeal to certain of her politicians, because she stoutly declines to touch any Mandate with a barge-pole, and therefore runs no risk of interference by outsiders in any territory under her control. They would be provided with many pleasant picnics at our expense, and we should be constantly haled before the International Tribunal, to be set up in Geneva, on which there would be a due sprinkling of enemy judges or " neutrals " anxious to ingratiate themselves with Germany by making themselves disagreeable to Great Britain. We can understand the enthusiasm the League of Nations arouses among Little-Englanders, who had long looked forward to shedding the British Empire, but until the Draft Covenant appeared lacked the machinery. We cannot understand how any one who is not a Little-Englander can view it with any other feeling than misgiving, and we appreciate the wisdom which inspired Mr. Hughes's attitude towards the Fourteen Points, which more sheep-like statesmen swallowed with more zest than they ever showed over the Ten Commandments. If the American Senate should rid us of the Covenant we could forget the tactics which, for propagandist purposes, induced opponents of the Wilsonian League to pretend that it was the Machiavellian machination of sinister John Bull. We make no prophecy as to probable developments. All that is clear is that the American Senate has refused to ratify the Treaty in any shape or form, either with or without Reservations. The question will be reopened in the new Session, when the Administration will make a fresh effort to save the Treaty, which would be ratified any day of the week but for the incubus of the Covenant, which Senator Knox some months ago proposed to delete. It is not exhilarating to be told that decision may be postponed until after the next Presidential Election.

More Compensations

AMONG salutary results of the Washington *dénouement* will be a closer communion between France and Great Britain, whom marplots have tried to embroil on relatively two-penny-halfpenny questions since the Armistice. Is it extravagant to hope that British and French statesmanship will take advantage of a crisis which appreciably increases the anxieties of all peace-loving Powers by making a serious effort to re-establish their relations with their nearest neighbour and most powerful Ally, Italy, on their former firm and friendly basis? We are not ashamed or afraid to say that Paris and London have both exhibited a painful lack of consideration for the susceptibilities of Rome. They have not allowed their own countries to gain the full advantage of the admirable French and British diplomacy which succeeded in detaching Italy from the Triple Alliance at that fateful moment in August 1914. It will always remain a feather in the cap of Sir Edward Grey and the British Foreign Office—which has received many more kicks than ha'pence during the war, and which certainly has been discredited by some Amateur Diplomats attached to that unlucky Department—that Italy should have been found fighting for Civilization against Kultur, seeing that for many years she had been the close and intimate ally of the German Emperor, who had spared no pains to keep her within the German orbit. In pre-war calculations we were compelled to assume that Italian Divisions might be added to German Divisions, and Italian Dreadnoughts to German Dreadnoughts. The whole history of our time would have to be rewritten had the Giolitti policy prevailed, as seemed at one moment probable when Prince Bülow was actually offering the Italians more Austrian territory than they could hope to gain in war. We hear much to the detriment of "secret" diplomacy, but in those days Europe was governed by discreet diplomats—who have some advantages over the "shirt-sleeves" variety—and what mattered most when the life of the nation was at stake was that Allied diplomacy should beat German diplomacy; and if wiseacres now tell us that Sir Edward Grey paid too high a price for Italy's intervention at the turning-point of the war in 1915, our answer is that no price could have been too high except in the eyes of those who were indifferent whether we won or lost the war, which is, we suspect, the sentiment that inspires most campaigners against the Treaty of London, by virtue of which we gained an Ally essential to the victory of the Entente.

Reconsideration

The whole Italian problem must now be reconsidered without American intervention, and we must laboriously retrace the many false moves we have made, and, together with France, associate ourselves with the legitimate aspirations of our Mediterranean Ally. More than ever before does the peace of the world depend on the solidarity of these three Powers. Italians must not allow themselves to be unduly annoyed by the manifestations of a handful of Jugo-Slav enthusiasts in the British Press, who represent very few persons except themselves. Unofficial Britain desires and demands that official England regard Anglo-Italian friendship as a cardinal object of British policy. The unofficial British view ultimately prevails in Foreign as in Home affairs, and despite the Vaticanist cliques in our public offices—who would ruin England to please the Pope, and who are partially responsible for any Anglo-Italian difficulties that may have arisen—sanity will triumph in this case, and Englishmen and Italians will only wonder that there should ever have been any cloud over their relations. Unofficial British opinion shares the surprise expressed by the *Spectator*: "We do not understand why the Allies still hesitate to admit Italy's just claim to this thoroughly Italian port [Fiume]." We appeal to M. Clemenceau to set this matter right without any further delay. Downing Street could no longer refuse to follow his lead on the ground that "the President objects," which appears to have been the stock British excuse on three questions out of four at the Peace Conference. By satisfying Italy on a question which was long since settled by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the French Government would be taking a long step towards the revival of the Entente between three Great Powers whose alliance should be permanent, and who ought to have worked together to make a tolerable Treaty, regardless of Transatlantic interference in questions that Americans have never understood, and now never will. Europeans don't interfere in American affairs. Why can't Americans leave Europe alone and confine themselves to those common questions that concern us all? It matters not a red cent to "the plain people" of the Great Republic who possesses Fiume. But it matters much to Englishmen and Frenchmen that Italy should enjoy security.

The Indispensables

THE French President is always a welcome guest in this country, none more so than Monsieur Poincaré, who has played a conspicuously honourable and courageous, albeit unostentatious, part throughout the Great War. Never was a visit more timely or more brilliantly successful from every point than that of our latest and most distinguished royal guest. There was nothing conventional in his reception—no need for the visitor to simulate more cordiality than he felt or for us to organize artificial enthusiasm. The whole affair, from start to finish, was natural, spontaneous, and popular. As the spokesman and representative of heroic France, which is nearer and dearer to England than ever before, President Poincaré could afford to say what he thought, while his audiences could join in the great Anglo-French demonstrations in London and Glasgow without any *arrière-pensée.* Our two nations stand in more urgent need of one another than ever before, when the ubiquitous forces of International Finance are working overtime to part them. In counteracting our local Pacifist and Potsdam Parties, who are acting under a *mot d'ordre* on behalf of the common enemy of mankind, we can all co-operate, and must do so even if it involves for some of us some sacrifice of amour-propre. Frenchmen will never talk English, nor Englishmen French, and each will be surprised and annoyed by the other's linguistic deficiencies. But at least we can be kind towards one another's faults, and think rather of the many fine national traits which so pre-eminently fit these two great peoples to understand and appreciate one another, and to lead the Liberal world—using that word in its less narrow and more comprehensive sense. French officials of all grades, especially in the Foreign Office and Colonial Service, must restrain suspicions of England that are only worthy of remote townships in the Middle West. Englishmen, on their side, wherever they may be, must frankly and unreservedly recognize that France is a great Colonial Power, and means to shoulder her share of the White Man's Burden. Because her administrative methods may be different from ours, it does not necessarily follow that they are past praying for, or that it is any good Englishman's business to obstruct French "mandates." There is room for both Powers, and their very existence demands that they stand together four square to all the winds that blow. In a word, they are mutually *Indispensable.*

The Enigma

THE speech in which, after many tergiversations and an amount of back-stairs intrigue at which we can only guess, the British Prime Minister set forth the Russian policy of his Government, will ever rank among the most painful incidents of the present Parliament. It is impossible to read it without a deep sense of personal shame and humiliation, and a feeling that such an exhibition by the national spokesman will inevitably be expiated by the country for whom he spoke. There surely must be some motive for the amazing course which Mr. Lloyd George has steered in international affairs ever since he obtained his mammoth majority a year ago, by claiming to be "the man who won the war" and the only man who could win the Peace. Is it that a not too strong head has been completely turned by phenomenal success, and that he has become a megalomaniac who is a law unto himself, and follows nothing but his own whim? This may explain the enigma, but we doubt its being the correct interpretation. Your megalomaniac, as a general rule, is sublimely careless of all consequences, and is no respecter of persons. He tramples upon everybody who thwarts him. This is the approved attitude of the Superman of whom Prussianized Germany has produced prize specimens. It is, however, anything but Mr. Lloyd George's pose. It is true that he contemns the Unionist Party and flouts all Unionist opinion, but the Unionist Party is nowadays so "tame" that it could hardly hope to inspire respect in a practical politician. Contempt is anything but Mr. Lloyd George's attitude towards other Parties. He is for ever seeking to ingratiate himself with Mr. Asquith and the Wee Frees, and is never so happy as when he can quote his former chief on behalf of any Ministerial action, or can persuade one of the latter's lieutenants—for example, Viscount Haldane or Viscount Grey—to accept some official position, while it is common knowledge that he has constantly tempted Mr. Asquith himself to tread the path trodden by his quondam followers, the Churchills and the Montagus, and join the Coalition. Towards "Labour," again, Mr. Lloyd George is as obsequious as Mr. Bonar Law is obsequious towards him—he was generally believed in Paris to have brought over Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Lansbury, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald to help him in drafting the Peace Treaty, while there are few things our Prime Minister is not prepared to do to gain the applause of Mr. Smillie or Mr. Thomas. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to describe him as a courtier rather than a Superman whenever strikers are about. His colleagues have considerable difficulty in restraining him from capitulating to any demand, however preposterous, presented by Trade Union officials.

No doubt the perpetual flattery of Conservative colleagues has convinced Mr. Lloyd George that they will submit to anything rather than risk a rupture, thus inevitably increasing his arrogance towards them and their items. But this would scarcely explain the moral support he has given Lenin and Trotsky ever since he was detected last January in cajoling the French Government into inviting the bloodstained Bolshevists to the Paris Peace Conference. There must be some motive, some method in such madness. It cannot be dismissed as mere "impulsiveness" or "irresponsibility." It is the only question on which Mr. Lloyd George has been consistent and insistent, though his native timidity has, from time to time, deterred him from publicly pursuing his design. We believe that the true explanation of the riddle lies in the fact of which mention has often been made in these pages—namely, that the present Prime Minister is even more in the hands of the International Jew than any of his predecessors. International Jews, or their understudies, have been his principal advisers in foreign affairs and, *au fond*, disguise it as they may, the International Jew is pro-German. He was largely responsible for Ministerial innocence of German designs before the war, and his entire influence was thrown in favour of British disarmament during the period in which Germany was making feverish preparation. He no less favoured British neutrality when, at last, Potsdam put aside its Pacifist mask and came out in its true colours in August 1914. The International Jew could not prevent Germany from losing the war, though he made more diplomatic efforts on her behalf than we wot of, but at the Peace Conference he had a situation after his own heart, and a very active and powerful agent of his policy. The Jewish objectives in Paris were three in number: (1) to prevent Germany from paying any Ally any substantial share of the costs of the war; (2) to hamstring independent Poland by denying it Danzig; (3) to weaken Russia so that she should ultimately become a German hinterland. The chief British Plenipotentiary—the only one who counted—espoused all these causes, to the perpetual wonderment of the French, who asked themselves: "Does Great Britain wish Germany to regain in the East all, and more than all, she has lost in the West?"

The Explanation

Colonel Ward

OUR Premier's latest performance can but serve to confirm the sinister suspicion that some "Hidden Hand" has pulled the strings of Downing Street and involved Great Britain, and through Great Britain her Allies, in this unspeakable ignominy. But while fully prepared to shoulder our own fair share of guilt, and acknowledging that Mr. Lloyd George took the initiative on the Big Four against Poland and against Russia, the other Allied and Associated Powers have nothing to boast of. They could have stopped the rot at any moment. The outlook would be immeasurably less depressing had President Wilson, instead of chasing rainbows, confined himself to fulfilling the "acid test," which he declared to consist in the Entente policy towards Russia. The latest debate in the House of Commons originated in an ominous speech in the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, in which Mr. Lloyd George suddenly revived the ill-starred Prinkipo proposition, which optimists supposed to have been decently interred, thus indicating that he was still itching for *pourparlers* with the Russian Soviet. This provoked much disquietude in the ranks of the Coalition, which found powerful expression in an impassioned speech from Colonel John Ward, who, fresh from intimate association with the Omsk Government and Admiral Kolchak, could not contain his indignation and contempt for the policy of abandoning friends who had stood by us, merely because they are in difficulties. Colonel Ward's first-hand information concerning Bolshevism and anti-Bolshevism produced a great effect on the House of Commons, which was not a little concerned to learn that another of its Members, Colonel L'Estrange Malone, had been on some mysterious Mission to the Bolshevist Government, "*à la* Bullitt," and had actually brought back "Peace proposals" from Lenin. The repugnance of Colonel Ward and the Press campaign to the policy of "shaking hands with murder," as it was promptly designated by the *Daily Mail*, gave pause to the Cabinet, and it was only on November 17 that Mr. Lloyd George took the House of Commons into his confidence and disclosed the full odium of his purpose.

As Colonel Ward scornfully reminded the House of Commons, "We went to Russia for our own purposes. They may have been mean and contemptible purposes, because they saved, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of our men," but we could not ignore the past, nor our own definite promises. "The whole of the Powers that supported us through the war went to Russia to reconstruct the Russian Front, to take off as much pressure as possible from our Army and their own. We were all out for a selfish purpose—to save our men—and we made promises in the performance of that duty, and it is rather mean at this time of the day to repudiate what we did then." As regards the ridiculous legends concerning Admiral Kolchak, who had been denounced as a reactionary and "a dictator," Colonel Ward could only give his own personal impression. "The moment the supreme Governor was appointed he appeared in my wagon. He could speak fairly good English. I had never met a dictator, and never dreamt that I might have to meet one until I met Admiral Kolchak that night," when Colonel Ward gave the Admiral "our democratic view of what a Government ought to be," and he read to the House Admiral Kolchak's declaration of policy to the Allies, on the strength of which their assistance had been promised last May: "I make war, not on the Russian people, but only on the criminal and mutinous organization of the Bolsheviks. Neither vengeance nor persecution is my object. Those who have perpetrated no atrocities and committed no crime have nothing to fear from me, and all who have been forced against their will to help the Bolshevists in their work will receive from the Government a complete amnesty." The Admiral stated that he had assumed office in order to establish "justice and freedom, and to give security and bread to the harassed and famine-stricken population. In every place through which our armies have passed it has been my wish that justice be restored, legal administration and legal rights re-established, the law-abiding protected, and the law-breakers punished." Admiral Kolchak also declared that he had no intention of retaining office a single day longer than the interests of the Empire demanded. "As soon as Bolshevism is finally crushed, my first care will be to call for a general election and a National Constituent Assembly; . . . my desire is that the election should be conducted on the basis of universal suffrage. To this Constituent Assembly I shall hand over all my powers in order that it may, without coercion, freely decide the future government of my country." Such was the "reactionary" who is the bugbear of "organized Labour" and the Wee Frees.

The Kolchak Declaration

"Plunder and Terror"

After Colonel Ward's testimony, of which we have only given samples, it would have been impossible for Mr. Lloyd George, or any other Parliamentarian to attempt any glorification of the Bolsheviks, or to denounce their opponents as "adventurers"—as Mr. Asquith had done in a shameless speech. It was the last thing an astute tactician would contemplate; and the Prime Minister opened his disastrous declaration by a wholesale denunciation of the Bolsheviks, of whom he had not a good word to say. There was, he declared, general agreement all round the House of Commons as to the "horror" aroused by "the principles and the practice of the Bolshevist reign in Russia. Their only difficulty is as to the best way of dealing with it. The chariot of Bolshevism is drawn by Plunder and Terror. It is not a democratic Constitution. There is no principle ever laid down by any of my Right Hon. or Hon. friends opposite [i.e. the Wee Frees or the Labour Party] which would square with any constitution that the Bolsheviks had ever set up." Mr. Lloyd George quoted the latest proclamation of Bolshevism, which he commended to the British working man, because, whatever opinions there might be as to our proper policy in Russia, "it is vital to the security of the country, to its future prosperity, that there should be no two opinions as to the principles of Bolshevism and their application." This proclamation imposed compulsory labour on the Russian people in these terms: "We raised discipline in the Army. We must now raise Labour discipline. Labour Saturdays must be devoted to fuel-work; all instructions connected with the fuel crisis must be carried out, not under threat of punishment, but in accordance with the promptings of conscience. . . . All causes of delay must be punished severely." As Mr. Lloyd George put it to the Labour Members: "Ca' canny is punished in Bolshevik Russia—any failure to produce output promptly and in sufficiency. If the workmen of this country are under any illusion as to what Bolshevism means, if they are under the impression that it means emancipation, all that they have to do is to read the Bolshevist proclamation." That was a new note in the Prime Minister, possibly struck with the object of tempting "British reactionaries" to say, "After all, there is something to be said for these Bolsheviks, who are not such lunatics as we imagined."

A Policy of Perfidy

It might have been supposed that as the head of the British Government was so penetrated with a sense of the horrors of Bolshevism, he would at least give British moral support to those gallant and devoted Russians who, amid every discouragement, are endeavouring to stem the plague. In fighting Russia's battle against criminal lunacy Admiral Kolchak, General Denikin, and General Yudenitch are likewise fighting our battle and the battle of every civilized Power. They are surely entitled to British, French, and American sympathy, all the more as the Governments of all three countries recognize domestic "Bolshies" as deadly enemies? There was no such manifestation in the speech of our Prime Minister, who was far keener on a paltry effort to convict Lord Northcliffe of inconsistency and to wriggle out of Mr. Bullitt's damning indictment of himself—Mr. Lloyd George's attack on the latter recoiling on his own private secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr. We are less concerned with these personal vendettas than with the deplorable declaration of policy. Our "obligation of honour," which he acknowledges, to those whom we had invited to risk their lives in a common cause merely demanded that we should "at any rate equip them with sufficient material strength to enable them to hold their own in the territories where they were fighting." We have discharged that debt both to Admiral Kolchak and to General Denikin! "Our first concern must be for our own people, and there is no surer road to Bolshevism than through bankruptcy. It was the beginning of the Revolution in France, and it had a good deal to do with the Revolution in Russia, and . . . we should sink in the same morass as Russia is in now, and here sitting as a Government we were bound to take that into account." Then it should have been taken into account at an earlier stage, when Mr. Churchill was allowed to pledge our honour—as we think he wisely and rightly did—to the anti-Bolshevik cause. There is something else that any wise Government would take into account before blowing hot and cold on civil war—namely, the danger against which Colonel Ward solemnly warns us of raising a mountain of hatred against Perfidious Albion in the minds of the 180,000,000 inhabitants of the Russian Empire—Bolsheviks against whom we have fought, anti-Bolsheviks whom we are to betray—if we allow a treacherous Welshman to determine British policy.

Still Worse

THIS was bad enough, and all that is decent in the House of Commons shivered as Mr. Lloyd George expounded the policy of perfidy naked and unashamed. But there was much worse to follow. After confusing the issue, in which art he is adept, and incidentally giving all possible encouragement to Bolshevism by treating it as an irresistible tidal wave that its opponents could not hope to withstand—though it is common ground that the Bolsheviks are but a minority, and according to President Wilson a contemptible minority, of the Russian people—the Prime Minister startled and shocked the House of Commons by suddenly revealing himself as an old-time Russophobe. It is with shame and grief that we quote what he said, but this catastrophic passage has long since gone round the world, to the dismay of all our friends and Allies and the delectation of all our enemies, who will make more capital out of it than out of anything said by a British Minister since Mr. Gladstone's untoward tribute to Jefferson Davis during the American Civil War. Mr. Lloyd George's *gaffe* is infinitely worse than Gladstone's, because Great Britain is under profound obligations to Russia for her preeminent services at an earlier and most critical phase of the war. Without the pressure of Germany's " Eastern neighbour," Paris and Calais might not have been saved at the Marne and at Ypres. It is pitiable, when Russia is in the Slough of Despond, that the head of our Government should permit himself to speak thus: " Denikin and Kolchak are fighting for two great main objects. The first is the destruction of Bolshevism and the restoration of good government in Russia. Upon that he [*sic*] could get complete unanimity amongst all the forces, but the second is that he is fighting for a reunited Russia. *Well, it is not for me to say whether that is a policy which suits the British Empire.*" It is hinted that in relapsing into Russophobia Mr. Lloyd George was echoing the opinions of his colleague at the Foreign Office—a pre-war Russophobe—but we should hope that Lord Curzon nowadays knew better. The inspiration, like much of Mr. Lloyd George's policy, more probably proceeds from some International Jew, and it was significant that the speaker—a Radical—fortified himself with the authority of the only Jew who ever attained the British Premiership. Mr. Lloyd George reminded the House of Commons " there was a very great statesman, a man of great imagination, who certainly did not belong to the Party to which

I belong, Lord Beaconsfield, who regarded a great, gigantic, colossal, growing Russia rolling onwards like a glacier towards Persia and the borders of Afghanistan and India as the greatest menace the British Empire could be confronted with. I am not on that now," etc. That it is a tragedy for Russia to be the victim of this cruel and cowardly attack while she is battling for very life goes without saying. It is no less a tragedy for England that sentiments should go forth in her name for which she may pay even more dearly than for the kindred folly which enabled the same speaker to declare four years ago: "When this war broke out we were on better terms with Germany than we had been for fifteen years. There was not a man in the Cabinet who thought that war with Germany was a possibility under the present conditions." (Mr. Lloyd George, City Temple, November 10, 1914.) We have had to pay £8,000,000,000 for this pre-war misjudgment of Germany. What will our Premier's post-war attitude towards Russia cost?

A Page from the Past

HOWEVER disgusted we may be at Mr. Lloyd George's treatment of Russia, we have no right to be surprised. The legend of which he enjoyed the benefit during the war has encouraged many persons to forget that, just as in 1919 he would desert Russia, so in August 1914 he was equally anxious to desert France. The silly silence of the Asquithian Party is largely responsible for an even exaggerated impression of Mr. Asquith's feebleness when the great decision was demanded of him. His main difficulty was his Chancellor of the Exchequer, who remained so unmoved when Germany went on the warpath that during many critical hours and days when the fate of modern Civilization literally trembled in the balance, Mr. Asquith dare not break with his Pacifist first lieutenant. Mr. Lloyd George was at the head of that large majority of Liberal Ministers who were in favour of repeating the Gladstonian policy of 1870, and leaving France to her fate, i.e. to be destroyed and dismembered by Germany. There is no mystery or doubt about the facts, which have been publicly confessed by Mr. Lloyd George himself, and we suggest that the Press generally should, in justice to the ex-Prime Minister, who had great difficulties to contend with, publish the present Prime Minister's own account of those days, which he gave to an American interviewer in the early months of the war, when the facts were fresh in his mind and he was anxious to prove what a good Pacifist he had been. Here are his words, never repudiated: "If Germany had been wise she would not have set foot on Belgian soil. The Liberal Government, then, would not have intervened. Germany made a grave mistake." (Mr. Lloyd George in an interview with Mr. Henry Beach Needham, *Pearson's Magazine*, March 1915.) In other words, had Germany attacked France from the east instead of from the north, Liberal England would, according to Mr. Lloyd George, have rightly been "too proud to fight." There is no excuse for astonishment that a statesman who could arrive at such a conclusion at such a moment and deliberately declare it in cold blood some months afterwards should to-day advocate the desertion of our only friends in Russia when they most need our help.

Militarist Revival

As is only natural and indeed inevitable, the statesmanship of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers has stimulated "militarism" in Germany. Had such been the object of the White House and Downing Street, they could scarcely have proceeded otherwise than they did. As we know, these buildings are inhabited by Illusionists with little practical knowledge of the affairs of the international world which they set out to regulate. In dealing with a nation of born bullies like the Germans, the one and only policy—unless we wished to fight the Great War anew in yet more frightful form and with infinitely more appalling results—was to teach them that they were a beaten people with no reasonable prospect of retrieving the situation, who must pay the full penalties of defeat, and drain the cup of humiliation to its dregs. Anglo-Saxon politicians pursued a precisely opposite course. They discarded the wise counsel of France, who has only too much reason to understand the Boche better than casual overseas tourists, and evolved a doctrine of their own, which combined every fault by setting all the Allies by the ears and encouraging the enemy to hope for a reversal of her defeat by leaving the East at her mercy. Our Illusionists on both sides of the Atlantic—it would be hard to say which was the most unreasonable—insisted that they knew better than any one else and would only listen to other amateurs. Everything in the nature of an "expert" was taboo. Mr. Morgenthau, the able American Ambassador in

Constantinople, had no more say in his province than M. Jules Cambon or M. Camille Barrère in theirs, though all three would have saved the Big Four from some of their biggest blunders. Sir George Buchanan, late British Ambassador in Petrograd, and Lord Hardinge, the Permanent Head of our Foreign Office, who really know something of European affairs, were equally set aside in favour of General Smuts of South Africa, who apparently looks at every international problem from a Low Dutch point of view. Mr. Philip Kerr and Mr. Bullitt were also on the ground, though rarely on the spot. Mr. Lloyd George's advisers in the Rue Nitot ran a neck-and-neck race in ineptitude with President Wilson's body-guard at the Hôtel Crillon.

Tails Down

THE key to Anglo-American policy at the Peace Conference was the belief that, with the substitution of a camouflaged Republic at Weimar for the old Kaiser regime, there had been "a complete change of heart" in Germany, who must be taken to the bosom of civilization directly circumstances permitted, and but for the fear of public opinion in their two countries, President and Prime Minister would have accepted General Smuts's advice "to let bygones be bygones" by forthwith enrolling "penitent Germany" as a full-blown member of the League of Nations, with all the rights and privileges appertaining to that position. But for French opposition many other follies would have been perpetrated, the grotesqueness of which are now demonstrable. M. Clemenceau could not, however, infuse sense or judgment into his opinionated colleagues nor save them from themselves, as may be gathered from the deplorable patchwork of the Treaty which, with a spurious appearance of "sternness," is in many places almost apologetic towards Germany, emphasized as it was by assurances, public and private, that there was no serious intention of carrying out those provisions that she specially objected to, and that the last object of the Allied and Associated Powers was to make "the new regime" expiate the sins of the old. This was throughout common talk in the entourage of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, and has crept into several of the latter's speeches on the Peace. "Give Germany a chance" is the constant burden of his song. He need not worry. Germany will take every chance that comes her way and make a few more on her own account. She fully appreciates that American and British politicians are for some undiscoverable reason fearful of the victory gained by Allied arms, which they have known how to *saboter*—to use an expressive French phrase alleged to have been lately heard on the lips of Marshal Foch. As a result of these deplorable diplomatic operations, while " the tails " of all the Allies have steadily fallen since the Armistice the enemy tail has correspondingly risen. It is, of course, true that, as always in Peace and War, German propaganda is ready to exploit to the uttermost any degree of foreign folly, the latest phase of which takes the shape of agonizing appeals on behalf of German babies from our " Fight the Famine " faction, who, be it remembered, remained comparatively calm over the appalling sufferings deliberately inflicted by German fathers—with the approval of German mothers—on French babies.

"Starving Germany"

WERE there a substantial substratum of truth in the cry of " Starving Germany " the whole population must have perished last winter, when we were told the same piteous tale as to their plight that is again with us. There probably are many poor people short of food in Germany just now, as in many other countries, though more so in the latter—for example, Belgium, devastated France, parts of frozen Italy, ruined Serbia, broken Rumania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Russia. All these communities have a prior claim on Allied effort and Allied benevolence, because they are, or have been, Allied peoples fighting with us in a common cause. There is only too much reason to believe that the " German famine," of which we hear a disproportionate amount, is manipulated for ulterior political purposes—there are certainly a suspicious number of " defeatists " enlisted in the movement; and as they can generally harden their hearts against the sufferings of any of our friends, they can hardly expect us to sympathize with our enemies, or to agree that German babies have prior claim on milch cows that by treaty, as well as by elementary justice, belong to France. How far the whole of this " Pity-poor-Germany-who-is-sorry-for-what-she-has-done " outcry is a mere screen made in Germany to hide " militarist developments," we cannot say; but in any case, before there is any importation of food at the expense of communities German arms have scientifically wrecked, there should be a redistribution of the huge food hoards which abound in the German Empire, especially in Prussia. Whatever may be the case as regards the rest of the population, the military caste is "full of beans," and is taking advantage of Allied and Associated vacillation by organizing formidable demonstrations ostensibly around Hindenburg, but actually for the benefit of the Hohenzollerns, without whom Prussian Junkers—and many other Germans who are not Junkers—feel lost. A pretext was found for these manifestations in the recent appearance of the former Chief of the Staff in Berlin to give evidence before the War Inquiry, whose investigations usually stop short just as they become interesting. This brought into the streets every partisan of the Kaiser, headed by Ludendorff, who had been taking a rest-cure after his not very edifying literary labours.

Hindenburg

MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG is deservedly the most popular of Germans, if only because he is the one war leader who has not written a book of recriminations. He may not be brilliant, and he has the reputation of being a brute, but Germans admire brutes, and at least he kept his end up until Ludendorff's tragic collapse in the summer of 1918, which brought down the whole *posse comitatus* of the Great General Staff. According to the *Times*' Berlin correspondent, these Hindenburg demonstrations were elaborately organized by Army officers, University professors, and teachers in the elementary schools—some schools having a holiday in honour of the national hero—the youthfulness of the demonstrators being especially noticeable, though when the Lutzow Corps Guard of Honour paid a semi-official visit to Herr Helferrich's house, where Hindenburg was staying, the affair was regarded as serious. There is, as the writer reminds us, "the Military Monarchist Party, which never for a moment acquiesced in the present situation," while at the other extreme are the Communists or pseudo-Bolshevists, who, however, we refuse to regard as a serious danger to a State so well organized as Germany. The Monarchists openly aspire to upset the Republic—with them it is merely a question of opportuneness, and it may be that not a few so-called Republicans of the Erzberger and Scheidemann variety are ready to be upset. The German masses generally are not seeking trouble, and Germany appears to be freer from strikes than some victorious nations, though we are told that a general strike would be resorted to should the Militarists seriously threaten the Republic. We used to be told that the German working man, being a Socialist, would sooner strike than go to war. We know better now. These are among the legends with which credulous visitors to Berlin are invariably filled. The present gimcrack Republic could probably be upset as easily as it was installed—though it is confidently stated that "the Counter-Revolution is postponed."

Hohenzollernites

On reading the seemingly drastic Disarmament Section of the Peace Treaty, we might somewhat rashly conclude that Germany had ceased, or was about to cease, to be a serious military factor. At the moment she has probably the largest army "in being" of any Power in the world, and is devoting herself with her customary thoroughness and resource to evading the Allied and Associated restrictions. There are computed to be some 700,000 men under arms in Germany to-day, while Herr Noske, the Defence Minister, and the only "live man" whom Revolutionary Germany has so far thrown up, is organizing a great force of armed Special Constables, ostensibly to protect society against Spartacists—the bogy trotted out to justify every form of military activity. These "Special Constables," according to the *Times'* correspondent, lately marched by the thousand in columns of four abreast through the streets of Berlin; "they carried arms, bags of hand-grenades, and were accompanied by machine-gun detachments. They are understood to have been recruited mainly, if not entirely, from the non-commissioned ranks of the German Imperial Army." Similar forces are alleged to exist in all the big German towns; the total organization aggregating 300,000—"they constitute a formidable force and are thoroughly disciplined." So far they do not appear to have sought any mandate from the League of Nations, and are doubtless liable to receive an injunction from the Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, who up to date is the only outward and visible sign of the League's existence. It is not surprising to learn that the German Government have tried to prevent Allied officers from wearing uniform when on duty in Berlin. Our only wonder is that the request was not acceded to by the Allied

Governments as part of the policy of "propitiating" Germany. Some observers declare that the German Military Party has reached the point of "deliberately preparing for armed action against the Allies," Herr Noske being "a warming-pan" for the coming Restoration. Most German officers belong to "a Hohenzollern League," which makes no secret of its designs, while a minority have formed "a Republican Association." It is significant that the redoubtable Noske has taken action against the latter, though he is theoretically a Republican, while leaving the Hohenzollernites unmolested.

"Secret German Army"

Sir Frederick Maurice, the military critic of the *Daily News*, who is always worth hearing on military questions because his balanced judgment rests on exceptional knowledge, is inclined to pooh-pooh the accounts of "a secret German army" in certain organs of the British Press. He declares (see *Daily News*, November 20), "it is ridiculous to suppose that Germany could have prepared, or be preparing secretly, an army of 700,000 men," as there were to-day scattered over Germany commissions of Allied officers engaged on various tasks in connexion with the enforcement of the Treaty, and, according to Sir Frederick, "the Allied Powers may be confident of obtaining early and reliable information of any military measures which may be contemplated on the other side of the Rhine, but there are reasons which make it quite impossible that the Germany of to-day can take aggressive military action." General Maurice points out that the whole German railway system has been disorganized by the immense strain of the war, and by the surrender of great quantities of rolling-stock under the Armistice, so that to-day it was not capable of more than meeting "the bare necessities of the population during the coming winter." Germany could not concentrate and supply any such army as 700,000. Moreover, the food situation made it impossible to ration large military forces, whose concentration "would simply mean that a large part of the population would either starve or perish from cold during the coming winter." We confess to not being entirely convinced. Germany habitually starves her civilians for the benefit of her troops, and we doubt whether the old Adam is yet dead with a man of the type of Noske at the head of the military administration, and Hindenburg as the national hero. Sir Frederick Maurice also quotes a number of British business men in Germany who tell substantially the same story—namely, that Germany has very little to sell and is practically without raw materials, whence he infers that "Germany knows perfectly well that in these circumstances she is quite helpless, and that a renewal of the Blockade would spell for her almost irretrievable disaster. It is therefore nonsense to talk of the Germany of to-day as possessing any real military power, and as constituting a menace to the security of others." Again we are not entirely convinced. We know those "British business men" who go to Germany, and, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, get hold of the wrong end of the stick because they take the one which the local propagandist puts into their hands. It is not enough to know German and to meet Germans—you must be an expert in German psychology before your opinion is of the least value upon anything you see or hear in Germany. Unfortunately, neither the British business world nor the British Army nor the British Navy contain many such specialists, and there are few fairy-tales which our various "Missions" are not prepared to absorb and retail at this end. On the other hand, General Maurice, who is no alarmist, admits "there are many and increasing indications that Revolution is in the air, and the situation will almost certainly get worse as the pinch of winter is felt. Those who know best what is going on to-day are anticipating that a reactionary rising in Prussia may break out at any time, and will be the signal for a Red rising in South Germany." Such is the position a year after the Armistice placed prostrate Germany at the feet of the Allies. One year of Wilson-cum-Lloyd George diplomacy has gone far to undo the glorious labours of Foch, Haig, and Beatty.

Ex-Kaiser

It is so rare for the *Daily News* and *Morning Post* to agree that the fact that they are at one upon the burning question of the trial of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm deserves to be recorded. Needless to say, our contemporaries arrive at a common conclusion by different routes. The *Daily News* is "agin" the indictment of Wilhelm because the Germans dislike it, and because it would hurt and humiliate them. The proposal is scouted in Bouverie Street as a mere manifestation of "hate." On similar grounds the *Daily News* would revise the Second Treaty of Versailles until it was palatable to the majority of Germans. In other words, it would, after its tradition, invite the enemy to dictate the Peace, but then we can never forget that had the *Daily News* been listened to in August 1914, Great Britain would have remained neutral. Its opinion need not weigh with us. Vastly different is the authority of the *Morning Post*, which is probably the favourite organ of our readers, and one whose judgment they justly respect, as we do. Our contemporary denounces the threatened trial of the ex-Kaiser because it would be making a scapegoat of the Monarch for a whole people. As the *Morning Post* insists, the German nation were as guilty of every war crime as their Ruler. "Every enemy soldier and statesman who have spoken make it perfectly clear that, willingly or unwillingly, they were but the instruments of a nation bent upon securing the dominion of the world." We cordially agree, and would not let this criminal community off one jot or tittle because its ruler was tried. But Wilhelm II was the ringleader and arch-criminal, and unless every other criminal is to be let off he should have his deserts, all the more because he represented his people, who would feel his punishment in their own persons, especially if accompanied by Swingeing Indemnities. If he escape it will be whispered abroad that it was due to "dynastic reasons." In our opinion the cause of monarchy demands the accountability of Sovereigns who defile their robes. But the *Morning Post* may be reassured—we doubt whether there is any serious determination in Downing Street to press the matter, and we shall be agreeably surprised if there be an ex-Kaiser trial either in London or elsewhere. Our Chameleon might be violently in favour of arraigning the ex-Kaiser on Monday and dead against it on Tuesday. The Law Officers have their work cut out to keep such a Government up to the mark. We do not believe what we read in the Press concerning this trial. Note that so far there has not even been a demand for Wilhelm's extradition from Holland.

No less than three General Elections were held on Sunday, November 16—namely, in Belgium, Italy, and France. All were conducted by *scrutin de liste* in place of the older system of

General Elections

scrutin d'arrondissement—the creation of larger constituencies being expected to increase the independence of the elected by diminishing their dependence on the electors. Whether any different result would have accrued had the constituencies remained as they were, far be it from us to say. All three countries were regarded as taking a plunge into the unknown, and prophets were chary of prophecy, though there is nothing surprising in the results, which, generally speaking, are such as might have been anticipated from everything we had heard concerning the condition of the countries involved. Belgium was known to be reeking with Socialism as the not unnatural result of the prolonged and painful experiences of the last five years, culminating in somewhat shabby treatment meted out to King Albert's Government by the Principal Allied and Associated Powers at the Paris Peace Conference. President Wilson and his colleagues not only refused to pay Brussels the compliment of constituting it the capital of the future League of Nations—Geneva being preferred—but were somewhat lukewarm in supporting legitimate Belgian claims against the intolerable pretensions of the Dutch to control the national waterway on which the existence of their neighbour depends. Complaint is likewise heard that "the Allied and Associated" have been ungenerous in the crucial matter of Reparation, despite many fine speeches and categorical pledges given during the war. Be the cause what it may, the Conservative forces of Belgium have sustained a severe check, and the Socialists have been able to make many gains, though success has, on the whole, gone to the less extreme section of the Party. In any event, the great Catholic majority of thirty-five years' standing disappears, and the old Chamber, which contained ninety-nine Catholics, forty-five Liberals, forty Socialists, and two Christian Democrats, is replaced by an Assembly approximately distributed as follows: seventy-one Catholics, thirty-four Liberals, seventy Socialists, and eleven miscellaneous. The Socialists polled about 645,000 votes, the Catholics 620,000, and the Liberals 310,000. The most disquieting feature of the Belgian elections is the triumph at Antwerp of the official Socialist list, headed by that snake-in-the-grass M. Huysmans, of the Internationale. The De Brocqueville Cabinet, which has borne the heat and burden of the war, necessarily retires, but as the Socialists have not an absolute majority they must perforce water their wine, and it may be that responsibility—should they join a Coalition Cabinet—will have its usual sobering effect.

Italy

COMPLETE calm prevailed throughout Belgium on this eventful day, while Italy—which, as all the world knows, is capable of considerable excitement—is reported as regarding her General Election with extreme apathy, less than a third of the electors condescending to go to the polls, which appear to have left things as they were but for the great Socialist gains in Northern Italy. The Nitti Cabinet secures a majority of some kind, though not perhaps a very reliable one. Happily the Giolitti faction was smashed to smithereens, and the hoary intriguer who once had three hundred followers in the Italian Parliament now has only eight, despite the fact that the Paris Peace Conference brought much grist to the mills of those who argued that Signor Salandra and Baron Sonnino, in espousing the cause of the Entente in 1915, put Italian money on the wrong horse. Signor Giolitti, as an old Parliamentary hand and partisan of the original Triplice, has done everything he could to make bad blood between Italy and her Western Allies, in which sinister task he has, unfortunately, been substantially assisted by the unregulated impulses of President Wilson and the Jugo-Slav *enragés* of the British Press. It cannot be too often repeated that it is a sacred duty for sensible Englishmen to do what in them lies—and a bit extra—to counteract these pernicious activities and to preserve the fruits of the admirable labours of the late British Ambassador in Rome, Sir Rennell Rodd—to whom a competent contributor pays a well-deserved tribute—and the present Italian Ambassador in London, the Marquis Imperiali, a known and tried enthusiast in the Anglo-Italian cause. Never were our two countries more necessary to one another than they are to-day. Never were their enemies, open and secret, more eager to separate them. If Italy remains in the Entente there is some prospect of maintaining an Allied Peace, but should she, in her disappointment, gravitate back into the German orbit, there is every probability of another war, to be followed by "a German Peace," which has been brought measurably nearer by pseudo-Bolshevist follies in London.

France

The third General Election of November 16 was that of France, which M. Clemenceau had declined to postpone in order to gratify M. Briand, who has for some months made no concealment of his ambition to step into "the Tiger's" shoes. This was one of several unsuccessful efforts to destroy the Clemenceau Cabinet, which invariably perished owing to the Prime Minister's knowledge that the country believed in him and would punish any cabal calculated to humiliate his Government in foreign eyes. Therefore, when it came to a Division, the Briandites, the pseudo-Caillauxites, and other disgruntled politicians simply petered out, even though they could always reckon on the heart-whole support of the Defeatists of the Socialist Party, under the leadership of the French Ramsay Macdonald, M. Jean Longuet, grandson of Karl Marx. The Prime Minister's final and most notable triumph on the eve of the Elections gave him a Parliamentary majority of 192—namely, 324 votes against 132—when he demanded a vote of confidence, which the Deputies, whom he ruled more by fear than by love, dared not refuse under penalty of disappearing at the polls. M. Clemenceau simplified the electoral issue by announcing his own retirement, which he refused to reconsider despite the most earnest and even passionate appeals from Alsace-Lorraine and elsewhere. He succeeded—with M. Millerand, who is expected to succeed him in the Premiership—in organizing a great anti-Bolshevist *bloc* embracing every shade of Republican, and even some whose Republicanism may have been somewhat tepid. This mighty Coalition took the field on November 16 with signal success, though, as usual, those pessimists who habitually misread France predicted a great accession of Red voting strength under the influence of Lenin and Trotsky and their emissaries in the big industrial centres. Never was fatuous prophecy more completely falsified. Never had the friends of France more abundant justification for the faith that is in them. At a time when all Europe stood in urgent need of a sober and steadfast lead against the forces of anarchy and disruption—at a moment when Downing Street was in its most vacillating and perfidious mood—France once more turned resolutely in the right direction, her Bolshevists being literally "snowed under."

Clemenceau Victory

THE French General Election was, however, more than a negatively anti-Bolshevist victory. It was a positive Conservative triumph such as we should have witnessed this year in England were there any man at the head of our Conservative Party capable of rising to the occasion. The new Chamber of Deputies promises to be the least Radical of the last thirty years, moderation almost everywhere beating the wilder elements, while of 626 Deputies no fewer than 350 sit for the first time. It is a magnificent tribute to the inspiring political leadership which, alone among the Great Powers, France has enjoyed at this momentous epoch. The French voter, speaking generally, appears to have gone to the polls animated mainly by one idea—namely, to show his confidence " in the old man " whose faith has never wavered, and to which she owed her salvation. The tribute was all the more impressive because the Prime Minister stood aside, simply demanding support for his policy of appeasement, reunion, and reconstruction. His venomous enemies fared very badly, from M. Longuet, the leader of the French " Bolshies," and M. Brizon, their most blatant spokesman in the Chamber, to M. Franklin Bouillon, whose acrid attacks on the Clemenceau Cabinet are not generally credited to pure and unsullied patriotism. Almost everywhere disaster overtook the extreme Socialists — Lille being a noteworthy exception — while the Moderates of that Party fared better. Next to the open and avowed " Defeatists," the Radical Socialists—who once sat at the feet of M. Caillaux and followed his traditions so far as they dared, and hated M. Clemenceau because he is a patriot—suffered most, especially in the working-class constituencies. On the other hand, M. Mandel, not usually regarded as a popular character—M. Clemenceau's exceptionally clever *chef de cabinet* (principal private secretary)—gained a notable triumph, because in the absence of his chief he had become a conspicuous target for the *sans patries.* Equally healthy was the success of all those Socialists who had been excluded from their Party for supporting the National cause in war. Among outstanding episodes of the Election were the defeat of M. Augagneur (ex-Minister of Marine), M. Renaudel (Director of *L'Humanité*), General Sarrail (somewhat distrusted by non-politicians), M. Messimy (ex-Minister of War), Sadoul, the renegade soldier who has joined the Bolsheviks, and the following Ministers, who were exceptions to the general rule, which brought success to supporters of the Prime Minister—namely, M. Clementel, M. Colliard, M. Lafferre, and M. Morel. Among victors were—besides all the other Ministers: General de Castelnau, General Maudhy, M. Briand, M. Viviani, M. Painlevé, M. Barthou, M. Léon Daudet, M. Maurice Barrès, Captain Fonck, and M. Albert Thomas. The Army will be strong in the new Chamber. M. Caillaux' former constituency of the Sarthe returned a posse of Conservatives. Nothing has yet been settled about the next Government as M. Clemenceau remains in power until January, when we are told that he is likely to succeed M. Poincaré in the Presidency!

Viscountess Astor, M.P.?

ALTHOUGH it is dangerous to prophesy unless one knows—and the result of the Plymouth election will only be announced the day this number of the *National Review* appears—we shall nevertheless venture to congratulate Lady Astor on her memorable triumph in being the first woman to sit at Westminster. To us it is frankly inconceivable that a constituency with the historic background of the great Devonshire seaport, with its outlook over the world, could for a moment contemplate returning either of her opponents in a contest dominated by her fascinating personality, to which the Press has done less than justice by representing her as a frivolous woman whose speciality consists of smart repartee. Lady Astor has admittedly a gay and ready wit which never deserts her, and it has stood her in good stead throughout a strenuous battle, but nothing could be more absurd or unfair than to treat her as a *farceuse.* She is a serious and determined lady with a single-minded devotion to social service of all kinds. She is one of those rare sentimentalists with a really golden heart, and her phenomenal popularity in Plymouth is the result of many years of wholly admirable, because unostentatious, endeavour altogether outside electioneering and without any ulterior purpose. She simply can't help being kind and generous to every one with whom she comes in contact, because she is made that way; she is ever ready to expend herself for a friend, or an enemy; and those who know Plymouth best declare that, except Lady Astor, very few Unionists could hope to hold the seat for the Government.

Having said so much, we shall express the hope that as Member for Plymouth she will concentrate on the questions she understands and on which she can contribute enlightenment to a male assembly, and that she will resolutely eschew all temptation to embark on the stormy seas of international affairs, where good intentions are by themselves but dangerous guides. The comedy of the Plymouth election consisted in none of the incidents of which we heard so much from our newspapers, but in the vigorous campaign of the Coalition candidate against the "Bolshies"—whom she smote at every turn—as the pledged supporter of a Government whose head is regarded throughout Europe as the arch-protector and patron of Lenin and Trotsky, who owe more to Mr. Lloyd George than to any living man, unless it be General Ludendorff. We trust that Lady Astor will not follow the perilous lead of her leader, who, when he had collected the anti-Bolshevist vote last December, at once turned round and for international purposes became a Bolshevist. We believe her to be too honest for any such tergiversation, but we have heard Lloyd-Georgism defined by an expert as "a great de-spiritualizing influence."

Sorting Themselves

THE *Westminster Gazette* maintains a pathetic show of faith in Mr. Asquith's star. While affecting to regard all as being for the worst under the worst of all possible Governments, our sea-green incorruptible contemporary invites us to imagine that all is for the best in the best of all Liberal Parties, and would persuade us that the country is yearning for the restoration of "the Old Gang." Mr. Asquith must know better. He is neither foolish nor conceited, however much he may be encompassed by foolish and conceited people. We hear much of the need of a seat being found for him, but we notice no plethora of seats in the market, and his recent refusal to tempt Providence in Fife is significant of his own opinion of his prospects. The suggestion that recent Coalition reverses, which are likely to continue, indicate any revival of "Wait-and-Seeism" in the country is simply grotesque. Many younger members of the Liberal Party are aware of the truth and realize that there is no future for their Party or their principles under the present auspices, just as Conservatives realize that Bonar-Lawism spells death, disaster, and damnation to everything for which the Conservative Party has ever stood. Sir Donald Maclean, as Liberal Leader in the House of Commons, is a mere warming-pan, though there is no one for whom to keep the place warm unless it be Mr. Lloyd George, and it is towards the present Prime Minister that an ever-increasing number of Radicals and Liberals are nowadays looking. There are no visible differences of opinion between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George unless the latter be more "advanced" than the former, and it is only natural, in view of his past and the growing restiveness of Unionists under a crypto-Bolshevist, that men should be anticipating the moment when Coalition politicians will sort themselves out with some regard to the fitness of things. It would be infinitely healthier from every point of view that Mr. Lloyd George should cease to pose as a patriot or masquerade as a champion of law and order when his every instinct draws him towards Limehouse and many Limehousers are awaiting him with open arms.

Unionist Misgivings

THE Wee Frees are not the only Party in considerable concern as to their political future. Thoughtful Unionists are no less restive than ardent Radicals, and the malcontents have this in common, that both regard a situation as unhealthy in which the great historic Parties approximate to one another and Party Politics degenerate into a battle royal between Tweedledums and Tweedledees as to who shall "get away with the boodle." It suits a man of Mr. Bonar Law's temperament "to a T" that the whilom "Unionist" Party should swallow all its labels, turn its back on a not ignominious past, and become a demagogue's decoy. The "Unionist Leader" has conveniently jettisoned any convictions that ever incommoded him, and self-complacently proclaims the whole duty of Conservatives to consist in supporting the Coalition, which is so proud of its war record that it proposes to perpetuate itself in peace, though no inkling is vouchsafed as to its policy beyond the catchword "Reconstruction," which, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. Mr. Bonar Law's "Unionist" colleagues are understood to share his contentment with the Coalition, and only ask that things should remain as they are. But outside the charmed circle of smug self-satisfaction different views prevail, and an ever-increasing number of

Unionists would prefer that Radical programmes should be carried out by Radicals, Labour Programmes by the Labour Party, leaving the Unionist Party to pursue the progressive policies it inherited from the greater leaders of the past, which were conceived in a Conservative spirit and not liable to be deflected by every Socialistic breeze. Time-serving is all very well, but a Party that only serves time not only loses its own soul—which "practical politicians" so called may not mind—but ultimately its very *raison d'être.* If any of our readers can adduce a passable reason why a voter should cross the street to "vote Bonar Law" as against "Lloyd George" or "Asquith," we should be grateful. Can we be surprised at the Coalition slump in every constituency when no one knows for what it stands to-day—still less where it will be to-morrow. Before Mr. Bonar Law gets his blank cheque, even so tame a body as the National Unionist Association will desire further and better particulars as to what he proposes to do with the proceeds.

A Possible Premier

LORD ROBERT CECIL is being assiduously pushed for the Premiership by a certain group of Peers and Members of Parliament, who not unnaturally feel that anything would be preferable to the treacherous Welshman, of whom an increasing number of Britons are equally sick and ashamed. The Press looks kindly on this movement, partly from a feeling of remorse at the disservice that was done by the overbooming of Mr. Lloyd George as a war-winner. Leading articles in leading journals habitually describe Lord Robert as "the most influential private Member in the House of Commons." He is undeniably a possible Premier, but the question is, of what Government? The Progressive Press are pressing his claims upon the country even more ardently than their confrères, and almost any day one may read in the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Daily News*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Nation*, and latterly the *Globe*, which appears to have turned its back on its past and joined the Wishy-washy Brigade—of his pre-eminent qualifications as "a Conservative statesman." It was not ever so. We seem to remember not distant days of unconcealed animosity against "the Hotel Cecil" in general and Lord Robert in particular, who was then in the blackest books of the children of light, and held up to public obloquy as an obscurantist in religion and a reactionary in politics. His advocacy of the League of Nations, coupled with his Cobdenism in an age when that mid-Victorian creed is discredited, are responsible for his great and growing popularity with Little-Englanders, who look to the League of Nations to disarm and then to dismember the British Empire. The Radical Press treat their new hero as though his views on foreign affairs were indistinguishable from those of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and in his platform campaign Lord Robert appears to be drifting towards Cobden's ideal of "the international man." Radicals doubtless feel that should he become Conservative leader we should have continuity of Foreign Policy. So we might, but Radical Foreign Policy is founded on the sacred principle of subordinating the interests of our friends to those of our enemies. We do not write thus with any idea of belittling Lord Robert's claims to the Premiership, but to suggest that as he is *persona gratissima* with all Progressive forces, he should become Progressive Premier when Mr. Lloyd George fails them, as he ultimately fails everybody—leaving the Conservative leadership to some one who believes less in the League of Nations and more in the British Empire.

"A Gamble"

AN acute controversy is raging upon the subject of the issue of Premium Bonds, which should be decided one way or the other by "a free vote" of the House of Commons as these pages appear. If the House of Commons be unfit to settle this question without the pressure of the Government Whips it is unfit for everything. Premium Bonds are "a gamble." They do not pretend to be anything else, and our withers are unwrung by the hysterical denunciation of all the Chadbands and Stigginses—who thank God they are not as other men—though we should not be surprised if some of them have an occasional "flutter" on the Stock Exchange—after the manner of our "Marconi Ministers"—or that whenever they can they buy cheap and sell dear. Life, after all, is one prolonged gamble, and there is no country where the gambling spirit is more inveterate than England, for all our virtuous airs over foreigners. In issuing Premium Bonds the Government are neither inventing nor introducing gambling, because it is here already. They merely recognize the existence of what is common knowledge, and seek to divert an enormous amount of money now wasted into more profitable public channels. That appears to us to be the whole issue, and most of the objections are beside the mark. Sir Robert Kindersley, the Chairman of the National Savings Committee, which has done admirable work, is the only opponent to produce a serious adverse argument to Premium Bonds—namely, that the public would sell their War Savings Certificates in the hope of drawing a prize. This would be regrettable, but we should hope it might not be on an excessive scale, and in any case the capital would not be lost either to the individual or the State, while there would be an immense accretion of money now squandered on betting, cards, and other popular forms of speculation, which stand most to lose should the House of Commons have the sense to give this interesting experiment a trial, which we believe would be successful beyond all anticipation and attended by few of the evils that archbishops and other men who live out of the world conjure up. There is one practical reason that has converted many bankers to Premium Bonds—namely, the amount of British money that will otherwise find its way into foreign State lotteries.

King and Prince

ALMOST the only incidents of the past month that can be contemplated with satisfaction are associated with the Crown. Its prestige grows as that of Governments and Politicians decline. If things go on as at present, it will not be so much a question of "making the world safe for Democracy" as of appealing to the Monarchy to save Britain from the Party Demagogues. It was a wonderfully happy inspiration that moved the King to invite his subjects to celebrate Armistice Day by suspending whatever they were doing, and stand at reverent attention for two minutes in honour of our illustrious dead. Never did any suggestion more closely coincide with the mood of a nation, and throughout the King's Dominions and over the ocean highways at the appointed moment (11 A.M., Greenwich time in England) men, women, and children left off whatever they were doing and thought of what they had lost, returning to their work with renewed zest and hope. His Majesty's subjects are grateful to the King for proposing this Great Silence,

THE ROMAN MISCHIEF-MAKER

HER TEACHING AND PRACTICE

By

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD

THIS book, as its title indicates, deals from a purely unsectarian standpoint with the Roman Church as a disintegrating factor in domestic, civic, and international affairs, a fomenter of strife in the nation and the home. Special emphasis is laid on the hostility shown by the Church to the Allies during the War, and the evidence of its mischievous activities is set forth in detail. The evils of sectarianism, of clerical obscurantism, and the absurd powers reposed in the Catholic priesthood, are indicated, with special reference to Ireland and Canada. The concluding chapters treat of Rome's failure as a moral agent, and the strange doctrines of the Church's leading saint and moral theologian, St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Price 7s. 6d. net

NATIONAL REVIEW OFFICE
43 Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W. 1

ORDER FORM

To Mr...Bookseller

I enclose 7s. 6d. Please send me a copy of "The Roman Mischief-Maker" by H. E. M. Stutfield. Published at the National Review Office, 43 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

Name...

Address...

...

which was religiously observed. They are no less grateful to the Prince of Wales for the extraordinary élan and enthusiasm with which he has carried through his Canadian tour. His sense of enjoyment and irresistible, because natural, charm, coupled with an amazing and unsparing sense of duty, has left an ineffaceable impression on all the peoples of the Dominion, who greeted him as their future King and bade farewell to a personal friend. Private letters corroborate the enthusiastic public accounts of the Prince's tour. In a literal and most lovable sense he came, he saw, he conquered. During a subsequent flying visit to the United States —happily kept clear of politics and without international significance—Americans had an opportunity of understanding Canadian and British sentiment towards the Kingship, and why there is no Republican movement under the Union Jack.

ROMANISM AND MILITARISM*

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error,
Let him hear my song.
TENNYSON, *The Captain*

CARDINAL BOURNE, preaching in Westminster Cathedral in 1915, and quoting from a previous sermon delivered from the same pulpit by Monsignor Croke Robinson, said very truly that "it is only the Catholic Church that dares to say to a man, 'You must.'" Writing in the *National Review* for June 1918, with the above utterance in my mind, I observed that Romanism and militarism were twin plagues of the modern world; and this article is designed to indicate why, and in what ways, they are twins. In drawing a parallel between the militarist systems of Rome and Potsdam I have no wish to make any unfair use of the prejudice which the war has naturally raised against everything German, a prejudice which is being freely exploited by Catholics in order to injure in popular estimation German scholarship, theology, and Biblical exegesis, a German-made Reformation, and a Royal Family with German blood in its veins. If we condemn German actions and qualities we should condemn them, not because they are German, but because they are bad, and this principle also holds good when we are dealing with the Roman Church. Of the two plagues priestcraft, in my opinion, is the more serious; it is deeper, more fundamental and far-reaching, more illusive, subtle, and penetrating. Militarism is, or was until quite lately, a more pressing danger threatening our material interests, our lives, our liberties, our property, and our peace: Jesuitism, once more triumphant in the Papal organization, is a disease of the soul, poisoning life at its source, and doing, as Carlyle says, "deadly execution on the general soul of man."

The spirit of the Papacy is the spirit of Junkerism, and the analogy between the workings of the two systems is extraordinarily complete. Both have the same political philosophy of absolutist mediævalism, are embodiments of the autocratic idea—the idea, that is to say, of the dictator and tyrant. In either case we are left with the impression of remorseless power, exercised without mercy or scruple, and moulding the individual will with a view to its subjection, and that of the *orbis terrarum*. Militarism frankly enthrones authority in the region of material things; Rome, while pretending that its kingdom is of God, covets no less than Junkerism a purely secular and intellectual domination. It was

---

* This article is a chapter in the author's new book, *The Roman Mischief-Maker*, about to be published by the *National Review* (7s. 6d. net).

Germany's idea that it was her right—nay, her duty—to impose her culture on the world by force of arms, for its good as well as hers. She claims to have so absorbed the quintessence of all that was best in the cultures of Greece, Rome, France, Italy, and England, that these cultures are now superfluous. The Latin Church claims, in precisely similar fashion, that supernatural enlightenment was vouchsafed to her hundreds of years ago, and that subsequent knowledge is wholly subordinate to that all-sufficing inspiration. "We Kings of Prussia sacrifice to the State, not only our life, but also our honour," said Frederick II; and the Roman zealot is equally ready, not only to sacrifice his life, but to cast truth and honour to the winds for the sake of the organization he serves.

The Junker's notion that nations exist for the benefit of divinely ordained rulers is precisely that of the Church. The Kaiser and his supporters are political Ultramontanes; the Pope is a spiritual (and would-be temporal) Kaiser. William II's insensibility to modern ideas was often a grief to enlightened and progressive Germans. "A united empire obedient to one will" was his aspiration. "There is only one master in the empire," he said, "and I am that one—I tolerate no other." "La tradizione son io" (*I* am tradition), said Pius IX; and the Vatican Council freely accorded him the boon of autocracy he craved. The ecclesiastic thinks himself entitled to interfere and dictate in all sorts of matters outside his own sphere; the German dictators, their chief in particular, had similar ideas. Both make absurd claims to universal knowledge; each thinks he is the chosen instrument of the Lord, responsible to the Creator alone, and justified in using any means for the attainment of his ends. The Kaiser told his soldiers that if he ordered them to shoot down their relatives, brothers, or even parents, they must obey his commands without murmuring. Rome, through the mouth of her chosen prophet in the moral sphere, St. Alphonsus Liguori,* says that a son must denounce his father, a father his son, a wife her husband, to the Inquisition—to be, perhaps, tortured or burned. An oath made not to do these things is not to be observed. The Kaiser made the school, the university, and the theatre "the instrument of the monarch," just as the French-Canadian bishops now make them the instrument of the Church's aggrandizement. The Pope and Kaiser alike demand, and receive, the adoration of their faithful subjects. An American orator recently likened the Hohenzollerns to those sacred apes in India who had been worshipped so long that they had come to believe in their own divinity; the occupants of the Holy See are in the like sad case. Prince Henry of Prussia told his august and Imperial brother that he was going abroad, "not for fame or laurels, but to preach the gospel of your

---

* *Theologia Moralis*, iv, 250

Majesty's sacred person" *; and the sycophants of the Vatican surround the Pope with the same fearful atmosphere of adulation and betray a similarly distressing lack of humour; they told Pius IX that he was "the living Christ," the "Lamb of the Vatican," "God that condemns"; and I believe that His Holiness enjoyed the flattery. Other pontiffs have been garlanded with similar flowers of eulogy. The German royal family, and not a few German commoners, have always displayed a species of proprietary interest in the tribal Jehovah whom they worship, and whom they familiarly designate "our old God." He dwells, as they tell us, "high above Cherubim and Seraphim and Zeppelins," and sometimes he came down to help his "ally," the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince to break the Franco-British lines. To quote from Mr. Barry Pain's fine verses in the *Times* of August 28, 1914:

> Led by Wilhelm, as you tell,
> God has done extremely well;
> You with patronizing nod
> Show that you approve of God,
>
> Kaiser, face a question new—
> This—does God approve of you?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Impious braggart, you forget;
> God is not your conscript yet.

But God, apparently, *is* the Pope's conscript, and also the conscript of the priest. God is regarded by the Church as the Pope's Vicar in Heaven, the passively obedient executor of the Papal will; the episcopal servant of God, in some Catholic theory, is made judge of the world, and "his Master in heaven ratifies the sentence which the servant pronounces on earth." Thus God Himself, as Tyrrell says, is brought down to the level of a bishop and takes His orders from Rome. An archbishop addressed Pius X in the following words: "O inconceivably exalted power! Heaven suffers earth to prescribe the kind and measure of its decisions." Pope Urban II said that "the hands of the priest are raised to an eminence granted to none of the angels, of creating God, the Creator of all things." Others speak of the priest as being "equal in grandeur to God Himself," as the "creator of the Creator," and exalted "above all that is called God or that is worshipped." The eminent Jesuit, Bourdaloue, declares that Christ submits Himself to the priest in the Sacrament, becomes his subject, and renders him the most prompt and exact obedience. The priest's character enables him to "command his Sovereign Lord, and make Him descend from heaven." †

---

* *What is Wrong with Germany?* by W. H. Dawson, p. 101.

† For further details on this rather repulsive subject see *Mediævalism*, p. 71; Michelet's *Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille*; Gladstone's *Vaticanism*; Robertson's *The Papal Conquest*; and other works.

"Veneration for the Hohenzollern dynasty," said a Radical leader in Germany, "has been erected into an ecstatic and mystic religion." "Narrow-mindedness in political, religious, and social matters has traditionally driven from Germany the best elements of the nation," says Mr. Dawson: Döllinger, Tyrrell, Mivart, Loisy, and many other brilliant Catholics, were they now alive, might say exactly the same of Rome. A general level of mediocrity—I think myself that the intellectual level in Germany is often placed lower than it ought to be—is thus established in both systems. Germany has been described, rather unfairly I think, as a community of second-rate brains: the brain of the average Jesuit is far from being even second-rate—the levelling influences of the militarist organization in either case will hardly be questioned. In the making of both systems we seem to detect the slow grinding of a big and complicated machine, and the operatives of the Jesuit political mechanism were seldom men of high quality. Head and heart alike were lacking. Loyola and a few other early Generals of the Society were exceptionally able men, but the intense mediocrity, the absence of any outstanding merit, in the later leaders have not been the least of the causes which have contributed to the Order's undoubted failure. Under Teutonic militarism and Romanism alike we find a people remarkably unanimous in their ideas and discipline, akin in their ignorance concerning the thoughts and prepossessions of other nations, submissive to a fault to their own rulers, but equally determined to ram their notions of what is right down the throats of other people. Both have been saturated from their earliest infancy with certain doctrines which it is considered unpatriotic by the one, and impious by the other, to oppose or even question. The four great educational weapons, the school, the university, the theatre, and the newspaper, are in both systems under the control of the central power, which takes care that they all shall teach the same lesson. History is adulterated in Germany for the benefit of the ruling caste, though the adulteration is less outrageous than the absurd travesties of historical facts served up to the pupils in Catholic schools. The children hearing the same things from their nursery days until the time comes when they emerge into the outer world—things which are seldom so much as questioned in what is considered reputable society—become permeated with notions which it is blasphemy to contradict; and people brought up in a system based upon the negation of free will and independent judgment are easily welded together for the purpose of common action. "Prussia," said a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for May 1918, "has proved the power of authority to shape the mind of a people. It is a frightful discovery, pregnant with horror." True enough: but it was Rome, not Prussia, that invented the process and was the first to prove its horror.

It is arguable, no doubt, that the autocratic system which has had such disastrous results was the system best suited to the psychology of the individual German, and it is no less possible that a similar system may fit in with that undeveloped mentality which is a characteristic of the vast majority of the Church's followers. In either case we observe a curious mixture of cleverness and fatuity. A certain inhumanity, a lack of sympathy which hindered their agents and rulers from correctly gauging the quality of the peoples with whom they had to deal has been the curse of both systems. Both were cunning and worldly-wise, but both overshot the mark with their somewhat limited cleverness. In the deeper psychology both have proved melancholy failures. The Germans failed owing to their inability to estimate the motives which prompted their enemies' action. They appear to have a correct appreciation of the Russian psychology, but they do not possess, they never did possess, any real knowledge of the true Britain, the true France, or the true America. Sympathy is a necessary qualification for the understanding of human nature; and they blundered hopelessly as to the character, the political conditions, and the resources of the Allies, and the ignorance born of their insolence and contempt led them to their ruin. In like manner the protagonists of the Papacy showed themselves to be very clever in certain directions, but the terrible narrowness of Romanism cramps their vision and confounds their best-laid schemes. They fail to appreciate correctly the significance of events or the springs of action in minds different from their own. Their ignorance in this respect, and the frequent misconceptions which arise from it, lead them sadly astray; a Pope, misled by the reports of his agents, is apt to find himself landed in impossible positions from which he cannot withdraw without serious loss of prestige. The strait-waistcoats he would impose on mankind are indignantly rejected: his decrees, void of solid backing, pass unheeded; his encyclicals are mere *brutum fulmen* to a world that has other things to think of than mediæval speculations. A considerable talent for practical affairs, though limited in scope owing to a narrow experience of human nature and a necessarily cramped outlook on life, is marred by an "incredible intellectual childishness." "Astute as the high officials of the Curia are on their own ground, remove them from it by a hairbreadth and their wisdom is folly: they live in a world of abstractions; contact with the actual is to them what the first pale light of dawn is to ghosts—it falls upon them and they disappear. They are ignorant of our language, our institutions, our character; they do not see that the episodes on which they rely are episodes only—backwaters lying out of the stream of our national life." *

Both organizations have the same objects and the same method, coercion and repression, but each combines policy with its dictation. The Vatican formula is more consistently affirmative than the German: it says "You must," while the Junker rather favours "*Verboten*" ("You mustn't"). "Military witless obedience" is the rule of conduct enforced by the Jesuit Order, as described by those who have escaped from the tentacles of that ecclesiastical octopus. The Jesuit militia is drilled into a sort of Prussian Guard of clerical regulars, a body whose members are enjoined to persuade themselves that all demands are just.* The soldier outside his barracks is temporarily a free man; but the Jesuit never escapes the barrack atmosphere; he is always an ecclesiastical slave, because, where blind, unthinking passivity is imposed by religious autocrats, a man's mind and will and judgment are never his own. The pressgang system of artificially forced vocations, employed to fill the Order's exhausted ranks by means of novices of tender years, is as cruel as it is pernicious: conscription is far more merciful. Dissensions exist, and murmurings are heard in the ranks of both armies. Those of the German army have recently erupted into flame, and an upheaval of a similar, though probably less sanguinary, nature will probably occur some day amongst the Romanist rank and file when they get more education.

---

* *Studies in Modernism*, by the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, p. 100.

The German is great on "massed psychology," and Tyrrell tells us how the Jesuit rulers seek to discourage private friendships and mutual confidence among their subjects and to attach them to the central authority, not as an adhesive mass, but as separate units, and so to exalt official at the expense of personal qualifications. Both serve a divinity of their own making. The German idolizes a *Deutschland über Alles*, and the Jesuit is taught that every member of his exalted Order who dies in it is predestined to eternal salvation. Militarism is no more unscrupulous than sacerdotalism in the methods employed to secure its absolutist ends: the German contempt for ethical sanctions, which has so disgusted the world of late years, is largely shared by a religion whose moral theologians tell us that we need not resist temptation when it becomes a bore, and that sin is a ladder whereby we may mount more easily to heaven. Sometimes, as in France before the Dreyfus affair, the pair joined forces and worked together in the cause of reaction, as in all probability the Vatican and the Central Powers were working together in the early days of the war. The clerical Press at the time of the Dreyfus case extolled the methods of Attila as a means of spreading the faith, thus slightly anticipating the Kaiser's celebrated advice to his soldiers in China. Both Rome and Potsdam are brutal, for autocracy results almost inevitably in the degradation of character; and neither appreciates the effect which their brutality has on the conscience of the world. The stupid savagery which sent poor, old, innocent Jean Calas to be broken on the wheel is matched by the criminal folly of the men who butchered Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt. The wicked, senseless deeds reacted in either case injuriously on the perpetrators.* But the Church aggravates the offence of her brutality by pretending that she is brutal to please God. They are both alike in professing a firm belief in the efficacy of frightfulness; but the Hun is frank about being frightful for patriotism and *Weltmacht*: he at least makes no false pretences as to his motives in terrorizing. Rome, on the other hand, affects to burn and torture so-called heretics for their own good. Cruelty is always hateful; cruelty in the name of Christ is not only hateful but irrational. We rave rightly against the calculating brutality of the Hun, but that is no reason why we should forget the much greater brutalities of the still existent Inquisition—that " glory of Spain," over whose " flaming pyres " and " benevolent vigilance " good Catholics may still be heard rhapsodizing. The German war-lord burning and slaying in the name of a tribal deity, and with the philanthropic motive of shortening the war, is a more congruous figure than the ecclesiastic who slays and racks in the name of the gentle Jesus, and out of compassion for the victim's soul. Prussia, with all the vile things standing to her account, would hardly do so vile a thing as that.

---

* *Autobiography and Life of G. Tyrrell*, ii, 447

Germans and Jesuits share in a self-complacent conviction that their system is the finest in the world, and that nothing else can touch it; but the Jesuit has the better claim to originality. He was first in the field, and his powers of adaptation, his ingenious devices for crushing out any germ of independent impulse, the skill he showed in earlier days in framing disciplinary ordinances and privileges, have never been surpassed. Loyola had more faculties lodged with him as supreme authority than ever Ludendorff had. He devised an elaborate mechanism, with a complicated system of checks and counter-checks which worked with remarkable smoothness, for the attainment of the Society's multifarious ends; and the Popes of to-day are reaping the fruits of his assiduous labours. There were many grades in his Order, and advancement depended on the absolute discretion of the superiors. Moral worth or, as he called it, " purely natural goodness " was no more a title to promotion in his eyes than it was in the Kaiser's: without absolute obedience there could be no holiness. He had a no less efficient secret service than the Germans. There was a continuous flow of correspondence and communication from every organ of the

---

* Compare the brutish folly which inspired the edicts of Rome against the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. On February 16, 1568, *all the inhabitants* were condemned to death by the Holy Office as heretics—" probably the most concise death-warrants ever framed." (Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Part III, chap. ii.)

Society *; reports in writing were sent in every week to the Provincial, who in his turn reported to the General, and, to ensure the reports being confidential, an efficient system of code-words and ciphers was invented. The same splendid secret-service system, *espionage*, eavesdropping, informing, and denouncing; the same trickiness, subterranean working, and intrigue—a spy in every corner, an ear to every keyhole—existed as in the German system to-day. The Germans, as we know, have their secret information-bureaux telling who are friends, who enemies, who is to be trusted and who is not, and the extent of their resources; their large banks and traders in foreign countries kept elaborate *dossiers* for the use of the Home Government and for the ruin of rival firms. Elaborate organizations and schemes, careful co-ordination, resourcefulness in small matters, patient application to detail, trade, finance, industry, and other methods used by the Jesuits, were the levers employed by the Germans in their peaceful penetration of rival States. The peaceful (and highly commercial) penetration of China in 1581 by the Society of Jesus lasted over a century, and was extremely profitable to certain Fathers, but the usual scandals occurred, and Pope Clement XI in 1715 at last brought his mutinous crew to heel by a strongly worded Bull. The Jesuits are helped in their machinations by the very potent instrument of religion, which is lacking to the German. In social matters, too, the Germans are at a disadvantage with the men who have, and always have had, a number of influential women at their beck and call, and are thus able to dominate a considerable section of what is called "Society."

The famous French General Mangin told us not long ago that collectively there are no people more untruthful than the Germans, or more facile in changing their tone according to circumstances. Of the Church's talents in this direction I shall have frequent occasion to speak hereafter. In aggressive ambition, the abuse of hospitality, in treachery and intrigue against the States that give their members shelter and a home, there is not much to choose between the two systems, and their methods are almost identical. Other nations are groping their way painfully and imperfectly towards a brotherhood of peoples; Rome and Potsdam have done their utmost to prevent union or assimilation. There are no such patriots, in a sense, as the Junker and the Jesuit, but their patriotism is of that sour, rancid order which always ends by troubling the world. Both Jesuit and German are undesirable aliens, but the Jesuit is much the more undesirable of the two. Both are working, not for the country they are making their temporary home, but for the great organizations they respectively serve; and, while the German is an efficient and useful worker, the Jesuit, as a rule, remains nothing but a parasite on the community to which he attaches himself. The domination of Rome, if such an event were nowadays thinkable, would be, in the long run, a far greater evil for the world than the triumph of Teutonism. It would not be pleasant to be under the Prussian jack-boot, but men could still at least call their minds and souls their own. The pursuit of knowledge would go on unchecked, for, as I have said, I think the cramping influence of Junkerism upon the intellect is sometimes exaggerated: I do not believe that even the German rulers were really obscurantist. *Verboten* in small things is annoying, but *Verboten* in the larger empire of the spirit means self-mutilation. It is irksome to be forced to walk on one side of the street when you want to walk on the other; not to be able to think as you like on vital matters is destructive of character and intellect. The soldier in militarist countries is generally a good servant, but nearly always a bad master, and the same may be said everywhere of the ecclesiastic. Personally, if I must have my life ordered by a drill-sergeant, I would rather he were a soldier than a cleric.

---

* See *The Jesuits*, by W. C. Cartwright.

Weltmacht oder Niedergang (world-dominion or downfall) was the war-cry of the Prussians, and downfall has been their portion. Arrogance and insolence, meddling and mischief-making have proved the ruin of the great German Empire. The same things, added to a narrow intolerance and obscurantism, will some day be the ruin of the kindred autocracy, Roman ecclesiasticism. We have rid ourselves—for ever, let us hope—of the first great world-nuisance: let us now get to work on the second. The war against the deadliest and most debasing of all tyrannies, the tyranny over the human mind and spirit, must go on. Popes who seek to spread Catholic truth and serve God by "the shedding of blood" must be taught sounder doctrine. There need be no bloodshed; our armies will not, like the armies of the Hun, leave a red trail of carnage and ruin in their track. Our most lethal weapons will be quill pens and typewriters; for ammunition we shall have science, history, criticism, biblical exegesis, comparative mythology —and common sense. In the admirable words of Lord Morley, we must say to the priests, "You have so debilitated the minds of men and women by your promises and your dreams that many a generation must come and go before Europe can throw off the yoke of your superstition. But we promise you that they shall be generations of strenuous battle. . . . You may do your worst and still humanity will escape you; still the conscience of the race will rise away from you. . . . We shall pass you by on your flank; we will not exterminate you; we shall explain you." *

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD

---

* *Critical Miscellanies*, i, 80

MOSLEMS AND THE TANGLE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

There can be but one opinion about the condition of affairs in the Middle East at the present time, and that is that they are in a state of hopeless chaos. The break-up of Turkey has spread wild confusion among the Moslems, not only thereabouts but in all parts of the world. Effete and corrupt as has been the administration of the Ottoman Empire for many centuries, the downfall of the chief Moslem State has, so to speak, knocked the bottom out of the Mohammedan world, and the countries which owe allegiance to Islam are pausing in dismay—for the authority of the Representative of the Prophet has largely disappeared for the time being, and no one knows whether it will be reinstated or whether another Representative will be forced on them by the victorious Allies.

And now, say the Moslems, on top of this desperately disquieting consideration come rumours of new-fangled ideas of "self-determination," of every nation for itself, of autonomy, of independence for small nations, and all the rest of it. The Allies are talking of dividing up the Turkish Empire and of giving independence to Syria, to Kurdistan, to Arabia, to Mesopotamia, and even to Armenia. If this should be done, say they, the power of the greatest Moslem State will be gone, and the Sultan's authority will suffer a grievous loss of prestige. Meanwhile there are reports that Syria is to be placed under the French, and Palestine under the Jews, and Mesopotamia under the British; and, worst of all, that the Italians are to have a large slice of Asia Minor, and the Greeks are to have all the coast-line. What is the meaning of this? The Allies say they are giving "self-determination" to these provinces, yet the only country which receives real independence is the barbarous and resourceless country of Arabia, whilst rich and highly civilized Egypt is still to remain under British rule. It is, indeed, quite evident that the Europeans are bent on destroying the Ottoman Empire and dividing up the rest of the Mohammedan Middle East among themselves.

But it is in the religious aspect that the crux of the situation lies; for to the Moslem his religion is literally dearer than his life, and any attempt on the part of the Christian to tamper with it would be resented to the uttermost parts of the earth. Yet the whisper has gone forth that the Khalifate is in danger, and that although the British said some time ago that Constantinople and Thrace would remain as integral parts of the Ottoman Empire, yet they are talking of removing the Sultan, and they are backing up the

Sherif of Mecca (under the name of the King of the Hejaz) and extending his influence, even unto Damascus. Is it possible that they mean to set him up as the Khalif?

Now regarding this question it must be remembered that although undoubtedly King Hussein has more of the Prophet's blood in his veins than the Sultan of Turkey—who, indeed, does not profess to have any at all—yet the last representative of the Abbasid dynasty handed over the Khalifate in the sixteenth century to the Ottoman Sultan Selim I. It is true that the poor man could not help himself, for he was threatened with destruction if he refused; but, none the less, he did actually nominate Selim as his successor, and the line has continued in the person of the Padishah even unto this day. Tradition, sanctioned by the holiest men in Islam, is sacred; and whatever personal feelings other Mohammedans may bear to the Turks, they all (with the exception of the Shiahs, the followers of the King of the Hejaz, the Wahabis, and the Moors of Morocco) look upon the Sultan of Turkey as their Khalif.

Small wonder, then, at the restlessness of Islam. As for Turkey, the exhaustion of that Power has so far prevented her from taking any active steps. Her armies are disbanded and scattered far and wide; most of the men have made their way to their desolate homes and villages in Anatolia and elsewhere, finding their fields untilled, their cattle gone, their families starving, and no provisions to be obtained; and the merchants and agents to whom they looked for the ordinary business of life, i.e. the Armenians, have all been murdered or driven away. Others in desperation have taken to the hills and formed bands of marauders, who prey on the little traffic that is left. In Kurdistan the people have taken to murdering British officers; farther north again, the army of Mustafa Kemal is collecting adherents and threatening danger. In Constantinople nothing has been done; the Allied troops are in charge, but in the absence of a settled policy from home they have received no orders; and the C.U.P. is, in spite of the disappearance of Enver and Talaat, gradually regaining some power. In Azerbaijan and Baku a number of the more brilliant intellects are gathering and issuing dangerous propaganda; the Pan-Turanian spirit is not dead; the reflux of recent events has naturally left the Tatars and Moslem Georgians much disturbed; whilst the Armenians are on all sides surrounded by enemies and appealing distractedly for the food and help which cannot be given them. Mesopotamia, being wisely administered by British officers, is quiet for the time being, and Persia, under the British ægis, is placidly getting to work to help herself. But Afghanistan is by no means friendly, and there are serious symptoms of unrest among our own seventy millions of Moslems in India.

It is to the latter that we must here devote a little space. Far be it from us to foreshadow the approach of a revolt amongst these our most loyal subjects, who have backed us up with blood and treasure throughout the long years of the most colossal war on record; but in order to be able to quiet their apprehensions we should try to make a serious attempt to understand their view of the situation. It must be remembered that many influences have been at work in order to sap their loyalty: German propaganda, Bolshevik propaganda, and particularly Turkish and religious propaganda have been in full blast during the war; and even Hindu extremists have had a certain effect in forming an opinion amongst them; but through it all they have remained loyal to the British Raj, and have even given of their best to support us in the blood-stained fields not only of France but of Mesopotamia and Palestine as well. Although called upon to fight against the co-religionist subjects of the Power which to them enshrines the head of their religion—their Khalif—they gladly responded; for to them it was obvious that Great Britain was, in her own interests, absolutely constrained to fight the Ottoman Empire, and as good citizens of the British Empire they were bound to do their part. That was quite clear to them, and they did their duty nobly and well. But in fighting against the Turks they in no way gave up their spiritual allegiance to the Sultan. To them the temporal and spiritual questions were totally distinct—they always have been. The writer vividly remembers seeing, in the Sultan Abdul Hamid's private museum in the Yildiz Kiosk, a month or two after his abdication in 1909, a number of Arabic scrolls, bound in silver and couched in the most reverent and humble terms of adoration and submission to the Padishah. One came from Ceylon, another from Singapore; others, again, from the Punjab, Delhi, and Calcutta. Yet the signatories were all perfectly loyal British subjects. And again, when the Italians declared war on Turkey and descended in force on Tripoli, numbers of enthusiastic volunteers enrolled themselves in the North of India in order to go and fight for the Sultan. Large sums of money were subscribed, and the Moslem women, with wonderful zeal, threw their jewels, and in some cases their all, into the coffers that were collecting for the sacred cause. That was because the Italians were making, in their opinion, a totally uncalled-for assault on the country of the Padishah; and the Italians have ever since been anathema to Moslems throughout, one may say, the whole world. But there is, in any case, desperate religious loyalty throughout Moslem India * and beyond—as far as the Malay States and even China—to the Sultan of Turkey as being the Khalif, the Lieutenant, the Representative on earth

---

* Excepting, of course, the Shiah minority.

of the Holy Prophet Mohammed; and any action on the part of Christian or other Powers in interfering with his prerogative will be fiercely resented. Constantinople, too, as the residence of the Khalif, is in Moslem eyes an almost sacred locality, and his departure thence, whether voluntary or compulsory, would be looked on with lowering brows. The very idea, mooted by some well-intentioned but unbalanced Christian minds, of turning St. Sophia into a Christian church again, has already sent a thrill of fanaticism through the Moslem world; and should this in very truth be accomplished, the smouldering fire is likely to burst into a flame whose quenching no man can foretell. The recent hint, again, that, after all, it is likely that Constantinople and Thrace may be removed from Turkish dominion and the entrances into the Sea of Marmara and Black Sea placed under international control, will, it is feared, deeply irritate Mohammedan sensibilities. For the peace of the Christian world such a decision would undoubtedly be a thoroughly sound one; but Mohammedan susceptibilities, even outside Turkey, have to be seriously reckoned with, and a permanent international occupation of Constantinople would be certain to meet with strenuous protest from all True Believers.

Farther to the south, it looks as though Syria and Egypt would become the first serious bones of contention. The rise to power of the Arab tribes under the control of the King of the Hejaz has been looked upon with jealous eyes by other Mohammedans. Even in their own country the stern sect of the Wahabis, of whom Ibn Sa'ud is the chief representative, have for long been at daggers drawn with the ex-Sherif of Mecca; and the Shiahs on the eastern slopes of Arabia and in the lower basin of the Euphrates and Tigris are virulently opposed to him. The taking over by France of the Syrian mandate is objected to, not only by the majority of the inhabitants but most of all by the Arabs, who now claim to administer Damascus and the country to the south. As long as British troops were in possession things were quiet enough, for the Arabs—though, naturally, disliking all Christians—had fought shoulder to shoulder with us against the hated Turk, and disliked us less than any other Europeans. But now that the French are taking over charge, with a crowd of probably inexperienced officials, trouble is likely to arise; and unless a Governor of the stamp and genius of Lyautey—to whom Morocco owes its quiet and present prosperity—is installed, there is much fear of difficulties with the Arabs in the near future.

Egypt is still a closed book, and we will not venture to discuss the vexed question of its future status and administration. The unrest is, on the surface, much more due to political than to religious questions; but those in authority know that, below the surface, religion and the treatment of the Padishah are very vital factors in the situation, and recognize that such questions will have to be envisaged with much delicacy and tact. The solution of the Zionist question and the future administration of Palestine is also being closely watched by the Brotherhood of Islam; and though, with our broad-minded views regarding rival religions, we are not likely to favour one at the expense of another and precipitate trouble, still our steps must be taken warily and in accordance with the common policy of goodwill towards the Mohammedan religion.

But this is precisely what the ordinary Moslem does not understand—and small blame to him! He looks upon all Christians, and most of all on the French and Italians, as enemies. Of the Alemanni he has had enough: they came, they boasted, they fell; there is nothing more to be made out of them at present. But for the Inglizi he has always had, up till now, a great respect: affection, no; fear, a little, for what they can do and have done; respect, yes. When Turkey was beaten by the Inglizi the Moslems were ready to acknowledge it, and they were satisfied when Mr. Lloyd George said that Constantinople would remain Turkish—the news was carried throughout the Moslem world; but since then, they say, nothing has been done. They were quite ready to acknowledge us as top-dog, and would have acquiesced, more or less placidly, in our settling their countries for them, so that they could enjoy a little peace and quiet. They would, no doubt, in many cases have preferred the old ineptitude of Turkish rule; but as that was not to be had, the general view (although there were many exceptions) was that they had to make the best of it, and that the Inglizi would not let them down very badly. But when they heard that the French and the Greeks and the Italians were to have a hand in the settlement and take some of their country, that was indeed a very different matter. And Armenia—that devastated, boundaryless country, whose inhabitants had, of course, been useful to them, but on whom they looked as the Russians did upon the Jews—Armenia was to become an independent kingdom, or a republic, and on Turkish soil! To them it looked as though the Inglizi were weakening and could not hold what they had taken; their respect for us began to diminish, and uneasiness was in the air. Stories about the Khalif were in circulation, wild rumours about self-determination began to spread, and Egypt, they heard, was going to throw off the British yoke and declare her independence. No wonder that in the present situation there is unrest.

Had we, six months ago or more, been able to declare a definite policy, both in Egypt and in the whole of the Middle East, the Moslem would have acquiesced—grumblingly perhaps, but there would have been no strength to resist. Now, however, that—thanks chiefly to the indecision of the U.S.A.—nothing has been done, and their strength—moral, perhaps, more than physical—is reviving, the situation becomes more difficult from day to day. Suspicions regarding their religion are being aroused, and British prestige is declining. It is not yet too late to act, but in a few months, or possibly weeks, it will be.

In the eyes of all Mohammedans it is the British Empire, and no other Power, that counts in the settlement of the world. To them we represent, not one of the Christian (and hence inimical) Powers but an impersonal Empire whose subjects number by the million not only Christians, but Moslems, Hindus, Brahmins, Buddhists, and heathen; and they differentiate us completely from other European, i.e. merely Christian, Powers. Our responsibility is enormous, for on us, and no other, depends the peace of Islam.

We cannot pretend, after such a universal upheaval, to bring order into the Eastern world merely by a few strokes of the pen, or by marking on the new maps boundaries which no self-respecting Oriental could be expected to observe. But we can make a good beginning by a policy of reassurance as regards Moslem religious susceptibilities, by keeping a firm and directing hand on the headquarters of Turkish authority, and by refraining from the introduction of sudden and startling political changes for which the Mohammedan world is not yet ready.

EDWARD GLEICHEN

OLD DIPLOMACY AND NEW MANNERS

It was by a pure chance that I found myself on the platform of the Rome station on October 16. A little crowd was there, collected before an Italian Minister's carriage, whose saloon was adorned with flowers. In the crowd I noticed several of the Italian Cabinet Ministers collected round a central figure, one of the best known and most beloved with which Rome has been acquainted for many years. Sir Rennell Rodd was leaving the Italian capital, with Lady Rodd and their daughter, on a visit to the King of Italy at S. Rossore, previous to abandoning the scene of his labours of the last eleven years.

I stopped to speak to him, and mixing afterwards with the little group of friends, with many of whom I was acquainted, I could not help being struck by the universal expression of sympathy and regret which accompanied his departure. "I have not come here in an official capacity," said a prominent Cabinet Minister to me, "but simply and solely as a friend. We Italians feel that we are losing a friend to-day, and we politicians who understand that the bonds of amity between our two nations must ever be drawn closer, feel, besides, that England is losing the best servant whom ever she placed in the post of Ambassador to the Quirinal."

Thinking again over this little episode, it has certainly seemed strange to me, since my return to England, that I have seen no notice in any of the newspapers of the self-sacrificing and unceasing work which this able public servant has done for his country during some of the most difficult years of her history. Such, I suppose, is the fate of diplomatists, be they great or small, but in this particular case it does not seem to me that the conduct of the Press has been characterized by an excess of gratitude.

It was a pleasure to me to know Sir Rennell Rodd many years ago as a private friend. It has since been my privilege to know him as an ambassador, and especially during the years of the war, when my duties took me frequently to Rome. Chance willed it that I happened to find myself in the Italian capital in those critical moments of August 1914, when it seemed that the question of Italy's neutrality was trembling in the balance, and also at one of those most interesting evening parties which Lady Rodd was then giving at the Embassy, and at which the presence of certain guests afforded material for the unwearying tongues of the capital to argue as to the amount of political friendship which England was then enjoying as opposed to her rival, Von Bülow, at the Villa Malta.

I was again in Rome in May 1915, when the question of Italy's intervention seemed still undecided. The same good humour, the same unruffled exterior characterized the Ambassador. Nothing external appeared able to shake his calm. A diplomat of the old school, and therefore a silent man by profession as far as concerned the secrets of his office, he had, nevertheless, the power of infusing the serene confidence born of long experience into those who surrounded him. It was, in fact, during the tumultuous days which passed in Rome during the first fortnight of May 1915 that a story was told me which illustrates the man. Watchers were not absent in those days to report on the goings-in and the comings-out of the various ambassadors, and, from the expression on their faces deductions were drawn as to the negotiations which were then whispered to be on foot with regard to Italy's neutrality. One day it was rumoured that a hitch had occurred, and the Interventionalist Party in Rome gave expression to their disappointment. It appeared that Sir Rennell Rodd had been seen walking towards the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, muttering to himself. The mystery was soon cleared up. The English Ambassador was, as a matter of fact, merely taking his afternoon walk, and was finding temporary relief from the cares of his office by translating to himself the *Odes of Sappho*, which he has since published in that exquisite little volume, *Love, Worship, and Death*.

His refined scholarship constituted, in fact, one of the ties that endeared him to a people where culture is still respected. His patience and determination in gaining any object which he thought was for the good of his country were equally known in the political world of Rome. Convinced as he was that the interests of Italy and England should run parallel, any discordancy between them seemed to him a merely temporary incident produced by some individual misunderstanding, and which, therefore, should be unravelled and dissipated. He never swerved from his object, but avoided anything approaching violence of language, since his long experience had taught him that any attempt at driving an Italian politician was doomed to disaster. The interests of Italy ran parallel to the interests of England. Of this he was convinced, and should any divergence take place it should be harmonized by mutual understanding.

An indefatigable worker, he not only wrote almost all the political dispatches with his own hand, but was cognizant of the smallest details that passed in the correspondence of the Embassy, and the attachés connected with the several departments used to make their reports to him daily. From what I have heard from a friend of mine, who was in the Department of Overseas Trade, it was he, in fact, who, among the higher authorities, insisted most strenuously on the setting up of the great commercial mechanism now established in our embassies and legations, and put under the various commercial counsellors and secretaries. The mention of the word "secretaries" reminds me naturally of the Staff of his Embassy, and, in my now fairly varied experience of embassies and ambassadors, I am bound to say that the Embassy in Rome has always seemed to me one of those in which the relations between the Ambassador and Staff were most cordial. Sir Rennell Rodd had certainly the art of getting what was best out of a man, and it was impossible for his Staff not to respect one whose personal labours were protracted far into the night.

Since the signing of the Armistice my duties have not taken me to Rome as frequently as they had done during the war, but I have carefully followed in the papers all the news which has been given to the Press, during the Congress of Versailles, in homage of that new and most grotesque fetish which goes by the name of "open diplomacy." As far as can be judged from these publications, it certainly seems that the opinion of the experts has not been too zealously sought after. I have never seen that either Sir Rennell Rodd or M. Barrère have been summoned to take part in the deliberations of the Supreme Council, and I believe that the Marchese Imperiali was called on one sole occasion. It may be, of course, that I am in error here, and that both the English and French Ambassadors in Rome were called upon for their advice, for it certainly seems an obvious course, when England and France have both of them master experts with the experience and the acumen of Sir Rennell Rodd and M. Barrère, that they should be summoned to give their respective countries the benefit of their years of knowledge, and to endeavour to free us from the web which we have woven for ourselves, or which has been woven for us, in the Adriatic. Future history only will prove what the exact facts have been which have led to the present impasse on the Dalmatian coast, what the British Ambassador's advice was to the Government, and if that advice has been accepted, in part at any rate, or merely discarded. The latter fate has been too often that of our best ambassadors!

RED PASSPORT

THE SOUL OF THE EAST END

Not until at the distance of time shall we understand the great part the East End of London has played in the war, nor appreciate the splendour of the offering it made so willingly for King and Country. Other parts of the Empire have done their share nobly, but in that grey sordid third of London throbbed a passionate loyal heart, that by instinct knew and understood the magnitude of the task that lay before us, and was under no illusion as to the sacrifice that had to be made. In the parlance of the boxing ring, we were " out to fight to a finish, and for a time we should get it in the neck ! " Long contact with aliens had given an idea of the enormous military power of the Germans, but with quiet stubborn purpose the blue-eyed, fair-haired men offered themselves for their country's defence. They were untrained, unmilitary, but they were going to see the enemy ; their faith in themselves was unlimited. Then came Lord Kitchener's call to the Nation, and the East End rose. The women heard, and understood that theirs was not the least part that had to be played in the great drama. That theirs was the task to speed the willing and to spur the lingering. Tears would fall later, and hearts ache for those they loved, but royally they gave *all* they had to give.

From those regions of vast potential energy that lie east of most that is bright and pleasant came serried ranks of stern men, toil-worn, horny-handed, slow of speech ; but full of a grim determination to see the game through, meeting and joining up with the brilliant rush from the West End, the 'Varsities, and Public Schools. From the north-east came the smaller in stature but nimble-witted clerks. From the more easterly parts swept in the men from the contingent farm lands ; while from the south came engineers and powerful men from the docks.

A glorious brotherhood ! Welded into a force that was irresistible. " It does not matter who rules us," was hardly heard in that great heart of London. The fighting instinct that had lain dormant for a hundred years stirred. The men awoke as from a dream. Hot blood surged through their veins till it possessed them. How should they know it, but across the ages their ancestors were calling ; touching chords, awakening memories, bringing back the fighting lust that through generations had been sleeping, cramped and smothered by years of peace and the struggle for life, till across the void soul answered soul, and the men of the East End, with the mists cleared away, saw the Path of Gold, steep and rugged, stretching away into the unknown.

Germany might be armed to the teeth, but what did it matter ? With each defeat a torrent of anger swept through the districts, and the men crowded up to take the places of those who had fallen. What of the shortage of guns ? That would be made good in time. Now they asked nothing more than to place their warm, living bodies between the German guns and the country they loved so well. With a childlike faith in Kitchener they clamoured for the "right to fight," sure that in the end "it would be all right."

"I can't make out what is the matter with my old man," complained an East End wife; "he's so irritable and silent I can't get a word out of him." It was only for a time. Men gathered in little knots at the street corners; few words were spoken, each man seemed to know his neighbour's thoughts. There were few concerted movements; a talk with the old women, and they slipped away to join. No boasting, no ostentation. Rejected at one place they tried at others, till they got into the Army in some capacity. Not for the money. That would be cruel to say, for in most cases it was much less than the weekly wage; but for the glory of it all. Only to stand between England and those who hated her, and sought to bring her down to the dust. The chances of death and suffering were taken as a matter of course and put on one side. Ahead gleamed the Path of Gold, and towards it they strove. Through the dull, dreary maze of training, through the mud and rain of Flanders, till the day when, breaking the monotony of trench warfare, they burst like the sea its bounds, and under the roar of the counter-barrage they fought, fainting and falling at every step forward—ever forward—till they had broken the Hindenburg Line.

"The strongest nerves will win," Hindenburg had said, and many of those who won came from within the sound of Bow Bells. How little the German professors, with all their deep peering into nature, understood the psychology of the British, and how much they might have learnt from the songs the soldiers sang—"A Long, Long Way to Tipperary," with the sad strain of resignation and determination running through its melody, might have given them pause and suspicion, while "The Long, Long Trail," wailing of death, breadth, and solitude, would have converted into a certainty that it was not written any force should prevail against the men who sang these songs. For they came from the innermost heart of the nation, the deepest recess, brought out just when needed, and like Drake's drum "sound only when England is in peril."

From the first it was clearly understood that it would take time to turn from peace to war. But brain gave of its best, and bone and muscle backed up with all its power. An invaluable leaven, hardly required, but present, was given by the rush of boxing men to join, for with them they took the immutable law against a foul blow that has done so much to stiffen our armies in the field, and arouse their anger and determination that unsportsmanlike deeds should be paid for to the full. "You take this war as a sport," complained a brilliant French officer. In no other way could the British have taken it but with their jokes and laughter; but there was underlying all a stern purpose, as our Allies finally learnt. In no other way, suffering awful losses, could the thin line of khaki have retreated only to gather together again with a song and a shout, and fling itself on the advancing hordes of Germans in the tragic months that followed March of 1918. At home old men might harass themselves with doubt and wives might weep; but the great soul of the Army, knowing what it was to have its back against the ropes in the ring, smiled grimly, and edged away to wear out the strength of its opponent and find more room to fight again. In the East End an audience loves a game fighter, even when he is getting the worst of the round, and when he recovers himself the house rocks with applause. "I can't make out what is the matter with you at home," said a young soldier home on leave in 1917. "We've got Jerry beat, leave him to us, but don't let us down." That such a remark should ever have been necessary from those who faced death stings now with a terrible force. Lord Kitchener was idolized in the East End, and his death sounded the first doubt. "What shall we do?" asked a young soldier with tears in his eyes. "I only want my discharge," replied his companion; and yet they took the next train for France.

In 1915 Lord Derby sounded his call to the nation, and again came the splendid rush, till the overworked doctors could do no more, and an order went out to enrol Derby recruits without medical examination, and call them up later, in groups, according to age. "Give me the honour of being a soldier if only for a day," pleaded a cripple boy. "It's no good," said the sympathetic sergeant, "but stand in the back row." Men were being sworn in in batches and passed to the reserve; so he took the oath, only to be finally rejected at a later date.

Recruiting is a delicate plant; three times it stopped dead on account of injudicious speeches from politicians over the question of who should go first, young unmarried men or those with families dependent upon them? And yet it was a simple and plain question until meddled with by politicians. "Shall every man do his bit?" would have given the answer, and nothing further need have been said. It was an unwritten law with the great soul that was throbbing to stand in the lines between defeat and all that England stands for. Wife, children, home were placed on one side: day after day men crowded up, waiting hours in the rain for the chance of striking a blow for the country, and perhaps a bloody death. Waiting, so silent, stern, and patient, it was clear that here was a force to be reckoned with that would not know final defeat, but would go on fighting grimly, dying, if need be, but with its teeth in the enemy's throat. "Fit" or "unfit" was all that mattered in those glorious days. To get into the Army and have one smack at the Germans before going under. They lied fluently to pass the doctors, and who shall blame them? Yet, clear as day, they saw that death waited straight ahead; but there was no faltering. Some great principle seemed to stand out like a star in the murk of the political storm, and towards that they strove. This was the first great gift of the East End to the Empire. Let it be clear that the period dealt with is that from 1914 to the beginning of 1916.

That women must weep was never shown to be more true than in those early days of the war. The little homes were given up, the future loomed dark; yet no woman held her man back. His silence for days had made the mother's heart to sink with dread. "It might be worse if I don't go, mate"; and she had just nodded and gathered her child in her arms. So several families lived together in one house, to eke out their separation allowances. It might have been thought that under such stress the words "war-babies" would not have been uttered by those who were in more comfortable circumstances: that this might have been spared the women who had given so much; for it is more difficult to give when there is so little than where there is much and the loss is not so severe. That the women felt the slur there can be no doubt; but it was treated with a dignified silence that killed it.

"Drunkenness among women" was the next accusation by those who knew little about their subject; and conjectures as to what would happen when the men came home on leave was the next move. But we have the records of the police courts to show for these fears—not even the normal number of cases—and the men have all been home on leave! These wonderful women, by some tacit agreement, did not wear black for those who had fallen on the field. The honour was enough, and yet the old mother's face, as she leaned over her gate with the fatal War Office telegram in her hand, was tragic in its despair. While the young widow's pale, thin face with the lines of suffering showed where the iron had bitten deep. "Are these the soldiers my daddy kills, mummy?" asks a little chap. His mother, a baby in her arms, turns with a haunted look in her eyes: "No, dear, they are our own men."

The little girl, three months a wife, who brought her husband up to enlist, and sat weeping outside the examination room, was angry when he was rejected, and said: "But we want men, don't we?" She had sunk herself, her welfare, and all she loved in

England. How little we know of these women of the East End! To see a wife with a tiny child waiting outside an examination hall, till a young man with broad shoulders came out and made towards her. Her wordless question as he stooped and lifted his child in his arms. "Class A, dear!" and just smiled into her white face. As they went away she held the fringe of his coat in her hand. Surely these women should make us think of the great soul in sordid dwellings.

Young girls were criticized in the early days of the war. Sermons were preached on their shortcomings. They were seen with their pig-tails hanging down behind their backs, arm in arm with soldiers. How the fog of our island clouds our preceptions! The old Army, splendid and glorious, was wiped out. Now civilians came into play. Brothers, cousins, friends joined up. The Army became the people, and because a boy had changed his coat for a tunic should he change his character and become a libertine? So the girls, with intuition and unfailing insight into the future, and under no delusion as to what would be their fate should the Germans win, nor as to the chances against those they loved, gave the boys of their best, and when the last farewells—often for ever—were said, wept for a time, then dried their tears and went to make shells. British men fight best for the love of home and their ladies—a splendid combination—calling forth everything that is good in a man.

At Waterloo, one Sunday night, some Australian and American soldiers were watching the gathering for the leave train. The wait was tedious. Presently a soldier brought out a mouth-organ, and the strains of the old dances the East End loves floated over the crowded station. In less time than it takes to tell, soldiers, wives, and sweethearts were footing it merrily. An orgy, if you like, but no drink: there was none to be had for love or money. Soon it came to an end, and the train steamed out. The crowd dispersed: the Australians and Americans disappeared. Had they waited they would have seen the women weeping bitterly, hopelessly—a girl fainting—but their work was done; they had sent off their men in good hearts with a happy memory, perhaps the last they would ever have of Blighty! What did the Australians and Americans think? Or did they, by the grace of God, know? We are more unkind to ourselves than ever a stranger would be. Is it, then, too much to hope that in the future we may be more understanding?

It was one of the mistakes of the war to think that the East End objected to the military in recruiting. The men recognized the driving force of the Army: realized the necessity for it, and had little patience with the civilian element. "Well, what have *you* done in the war?" was often the clinching sentence to an argument. The women were keen on the honour of the King's uniform, little boys would cross the road to salute an officer. A man in uniform who behaved badly would quickly have the honour of the regiment thrown in his teeth. There was a disturbance at one end of a poor street and a crowd had gathered. As an officer passed a red-haired woman called to him from an upper window. "Here, officer, see that man up there? He's a disgrace to his uniform, he is: hit him on the backside with yer stick." "A disgrace to his uniform"—the King's uniform—that's what it was that rankled—any punishment was meet for the man who stained the King's honour, and yet the trouble was not much and in other clothes would have been passed over. There is a rough code of honour in the East End among the mass of the people, clear as crystal and straight as a dart.

In battle the men's thoughts turned to home. Repeated inquiries as to what men said when hit all give the same reply, "Mother, oh, Mother!" followed the cry of agony of many a stricken East End boy. And the mother at home was going on with her day's work, hoping and praying that "all was well" with her son.

The atmosphere in those days was electrical. There was a calm assurance that even though the German Army might be trained to the last hair, yet the men meant to have a round or two till the old country could get her fighting forces in the field. They would "get it in the neck," they knew, but it had to be done, and so the wonderful days passed. Our Army was retreating and we were apparently getting the worst of the fight, and yet with each disaster more and more men came up. Then Conscription came in, for the numbers in reserve must be shown to be enormous for our Allies' sake. It was a curious position, for the men had lived in the tradition of "One volunteer is worth ten pressed men." But the measure was taken in the same quiet, steady spirit; there were no reflections on those who had waited, if there was a good cause. It was realized that some had harder home ties, that one could shoulder a heavier burden than another, and it would not have paid a man to remind another that he was a "conscript." Perhaps the only time feeling was shown was when a conscientious objector raised his voice in a recruiting station; there arose then a swift, savage murmur that brought the order from an officer: "Take that fellow out of here, quick." There was blood in that murmur: he was young, single, and a sniveller to boot; many of those waiting there were men with large families dependent upon them.

Then, as the men left, women took up their rôle of watching for shirkers, and often picked on the wrong men. But a rebuff did not discourage these women of the East End. A boy stood naked before the doctor. "Hum, a trifle thin in the wind. How old are you?" he asked. "Eighteen and a half," said the boy. "Don't reject me, sir, I can't stand it." A girl had leaned out of her window that morning and called softly, "Here, you on the path, yes, you with the suit on, why don't you go into khaki? Why don't you join the Army? 'Fraid of the Germans?"—spit. East End women were determined that there should be few slackers, and more than once an armlet had to be given to a man to save him from feminine violence when for some good reason he could not go. And here let me say the great bulk of claims for exemption were not made by the Cockneys but by aliens.

Zeppelin raids and, later, aeroplane raids hardened their spirits, but aroused the wrath of the men at the front. "We are used to it and are fair game, but it is thick for Fritz to go bombing our people at home!" And the memory has time and again driven the bayonet home where it might have been stayed. For our East End men are not cruel, and in them is deeply engrained the spirit of sport. But when the enemy, failing to break through in France, had gone over the top and bombed their defenceless homes, it was felt to be too much: and the fight would go to its bitter end. So deep is the love of home in these men's hearts that a wound severe enough to take them to "Blighty" was joyfully received; though in many cases it has terminated in death or deformity. The nursing sisters speak with wonder of the patience, bravery, and helpfulness of soldiers with dreadful wounds, and their cheerfulness under repeated operation; and then, when convalescence came, what joy it was to these men to walk, in their blue hospital suits with red tie, down the Commercial Road or saunter along the Bow Road with a pal. Simple pleasures these for those who have lived through a German barrage and then gone over the top, or opposed the German cannon with their rifles. On Armistice Day, in a ward of a great hospital within the sound of Bow Bells, wounded soldiers from the great fights that have helped to break the German power sang hour after hour, and cheered every one and everything. Towards night their excitement died down, and near midnight they sang very softly and exquisitely the hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save" . . . right through to the end. Then fell asleep.

There is in the East End a code of honour—a sense of proportion and a clearness of preception—that is a national asset. There were very few strikes during the war, and disputes do not loom darkly on the horizon now. A girl standing at a lathe was asked, "What will you do when the boy comes home and wants to run this machine?" "Walk out and let him have it," was her reply. "What will you do?" a woman porter on a station was asked, "when the man comes home and wants to start the trains?"

She turned a pair of twinkling eyes upon the questioner. "Stay at home with him," she said.

What shall we do with this passionate loyalty and love of country; for in no part of the country are there more loyal subjects of our King than east of Shoreditch? By the help of those fathers of the people, Mr. Will Crooks and Mr. Will Thorne, much has been done. But the time passes. Is the East End to be the hunting-ground of that foul product of our generation, the Bolshevist, with his dreadful creed of the nationalization of women, or of the Oxford crank, or of the Syndicalist, with their hatred of all that many thousands of the men from the East End have died for? Or will the thinking men of this country draw closer to the sterling hearts of this community, with its clear sense of right, and weld the whole into a realization for the future of that great and splendid brotherhood that flew to arms in 1914.

The dead are calling from the world-battlefields: from the mud of Flanders, from the soil of France, and from the plains of Palestine. "We have done our bit, see that you do not fail in yours." It is a sacred trust. Loyalty in the East End is there for the asking. Where, but in England, could a king ride among his people with but one solitary policeman as escort, and with a crowd of small boys hanging on behind, or riding on the steps of his carriage. The King with a broad smile of happiness, and the Queen, her motherly face expressing her anxiety, "Oh! boys, do be careful; mind the wheels!" It is the coming of the dawn. Let us see that its brightness is not overshadowed by the foulness of a smoke-screen. Ambition is present in every father's heart, not so much for himself—for life does not present many chances to East End fathers—but for his son. He would like his boy to get on and make his way and be better off than he is himself. But life is hard and the difficulties are great. The boy goes to work, and in many cases his chance has gone. So a genius may be stifled in a joiner's shop.

Education, as a *word*, is a parrot-cry: as a *reality*, it is a great possibility. Eight hours a day will probably be the working time. This will leave leisure hours. How are these to be spent, apart from necessary recreation? There are working-men's colleges and town halls in the East End. Let these be affiliated to London University, and let it be done soon. Do away with matriculation, as it is now understood, and for which no one but a schoolboy has time in these days. Let the lectures be held in the evenings at a time when the workers have been home and had a wash and their teas. Let them enter for their degrees in engineering, languages, joinery, literature, science, or whatever course may be deemed most suitable. Give them the opportunity to take a degree and satisfy their craving for advancement and the result will be of incalculable benefit to the Empire and a happier people; and the same spirit of emulation and determination that, in their fathers, carried them through the mud of Flanders to the Hindenburg Line will carry their sons forward in the battle of life. There is no need to fear but every reason to trust the Cockney.

The health of the East End is a vital question, and the statistics of the medical boards a blessing, for a danger known is half overcome. The military training of the men and youths of the country has had an extraordinarily good effect upon the physique of the nation. But this is not enough. The effect will pass away in time if it is not kept up. But happily this will fall within the scope of the Minister of Health to deal with. In the future the slums that sent out those brave hearts and gallant fighters who sleep their last sleep in that spot "that is for ever England" will pass away; and in their place will stand great factories, and away to the east, away from the smoke and murk, wide streets with good houses and gardens, the size of the allotments of to-day, so that each man, when home in the summer nights, can feel the wonderful sense of peace that comes from contact with the soil, and watch the fruits of his work growing in his garden. Hope and ambition free to all: and with the means to fulfil them at hand: the fighting chance that has been so clearly won in this great war. And from these homes will come craftsmen and perhaps politicians with brains, untrammelled—free to do their best—and these will help to carry on the New England that is slowly arising out of the sea of uncertainty. Coming through the wrack, like the daughter of storm, in the old way that our fathers knew and loved.

T. G. Wakeling

CROMWELL MYTHS

THERE were special reasons why the Cromwell depicted for us by nineteenth-century biographers should differ widely from the Cromwell of his own times. The long Whig tradition in politics, and the growing recognition by modern sympathizers with the Puritans, that Cromwell's was the outstanding figure of the most deeply interesting period of Puritan history were bound to lead to a reaction against the Royalist view that had been dominant for nearly two centuries. The ground had thus been prepared for the labours of Thomas Carlyle and Samuel Rawson Gardiner, so that a vindication of Cromwell and his times, at the hands of these two writers, was no surprise. Carlyle's work has held the field by reason of the sanction given to his labours by the far higher authority of Gardiner.

One result of the work of these two writers was that at least twenty biographers published appreciations of Cromwell during the nineteenth century. All based their books upon Carlyle and Gardiner, all unquestioningly accepted the work of these two writers, and not one was hostile to Cromwell or even critical in any real sense. A few of these biographies were written by eminent politicians and literary men, some of whom are still living, but not one has been the outcome of independent research.

Gardiner prefaces his *History of the Great Civil War* by recommending his readers to carry out the " difficult task of forming a judgment on the character and aims of Cromwell," and adds that, " if this is to be done with even an approximation to success, it is absolutely necessary to take Carlyle's monumental work as a starting-point." This commendation of Carlyle was given in a work covering part of the same ground as the great contemporary historian, Clarendon, an actor in the events he describes, whose *History of the Great Rebellion and Civil Wars* Gardiner entirely ignored. Hardly had the recommendation to study Carlyle been printed when, in the same year (1886), Mr. Walter Rye exposed the *Squire Papers*, by which Carlyle had been hoaxed, and eliminated forty-one pages from the later editions of Carlyle's *Cromwell*. Gardiner agreed with Mr. Rye that the *Squire Papers* were a fraud, but his confidence in Carlyle seems to have been undiminished, and it is probably owing to his praise of Carlyle that the latter's *Cromwell* has not shared the fate of his *French Revolution*, and been dismissed from the catalogue of books worth the attention of historical students. But Carlyle's mistakes, innumerable as they are, were by no means limited to the *Squire Papers* or confined to tampering with the documents he transcribed. There was a far worse error at the close of his book.

Readers of Carlyle's *Cromwell* will realize that his final chapter, entitled "Death of the Protector," is the culmination of the whole book. It is a pathetic description of the last days of a Puritan saint, written with all the verbiage and descriptive power at Carlyle's command, and was based upon a tract asserted by Carlyle (and by Carlyle only) to have been written by a Quaker called Harvey. To take this away is to emasculate Carlyle's work. To prove that it was a vulgar commonplace fraud is to show that Cromwell's nineteenth-century biographers had been more anxious to "write up" Cromwell than to tell the truth about him. This is my excuse for subjecting this tract to a closer examination than it has yet received. The tract in question contains twenty-three pages, and its title-page runs as follows:

"A collection of severall passages concerning his late highness, Oliver Cromwell, in his sickness. Wherein is related many of his expressions upon his death-bed. Together with his prayer two or three dayes before his death. Written by one that was then groom of his bedchamber. Entered according to order. London, Printed for Robert Ibbitson, dwelling in Smithfield near Hosier Lane End, 1659." An alternative title-page to the same (the only) edition states that it was "Drawn up and published by one who was an eye and ear witness of the most part of it."

This was entered in the Stationers' Register on June 7, and it was published on June 9, 1659, nine months after Cromwell's death, and a week after the Rump Parliament's Council of State had demolished Cromwell's crown, sceptre, and monument in Westminster Abbey.* Thus the motive for its publication is quite clear; it was a veiled attack upon the Rump, denounced in it as "carnal men, enemies to God's work," who, "by fair pretences, like Tobia and Sanballat," had crept into the room of "Instruments fit, faithful, and fearing God," who had been "discontinued and disused."

On the face of it the story, told by the tract as a whole, is highly improbable. No such lengthy account of the last moments of any statesman or ruler had ever appeared before or has ever appeared since. And, moreover, Sir Philip Warwick (1609–1683), the politician and historian, tells us, on the authority of Cromwell's physician, George Bate, with whom he was "intimately acquainted," that, "during all his sickness," Cromwell "never was in any such condition as distinctly to know what he did." He could not transact business, and if he could not transact business he was not in a condition to hold the conversations detailed in the tract. Yet Cromwell's modern biographers never fail to quote or to cite in full the death-bed prayer found in this tract, in spite of its careful phrasing (so unlike the utterances of a dying man), connected line of thought, and reference to those who "desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm."

---

* For further particulars and the reasons why the tract should be assigned to Henry Walker, the ironmonger, see *The Month* for January 1919, "Oliver Cromwell's Last Moments," and *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, xi, pp. 22, 42, and 62.

In this, Cromwell's modern biographers differ from his biographers, even of his own side, during the seventeenth century. For seventeen months after Cromwell's death no reference to or quotation from the tract upon which Carlyle set such store can be found, and the whole of Cromwell's contemporary biographers either ignored the tract or were ignorant of the whole of its contents. Thomas le Wright's *A more exact character and Perfect Narrative of the late right noble and magnificent lord O. Cromwell*, published in 1658, and the anonymous *The Pourtraiture of His Royal Highness Oliver, late lord protector*, published in 1659, are both innocent of all that it says. So, too, are Cromwell's three partisan biographers of 1659—Flecknoe, Dawbeny, and Carrington —the last of whom is most minute and accurate in all that he tells his readers. Once only was the prayer reprinted during the following year, in *The Perfect Politician*—a history of Cromwell written with a similar political motive by a certain "I. S.," and published in February 1660. But *The Perfect Politician* asserted that the death-bed prayer was uttered by Cromwell "on the night before he died"—that is, on the evening of September 2, 1658—while the tract relied upon by Carlyle claims that the prayer was uttered "within two or three days before his death." The tremendous storm which raged before Cromwell died, and the Royalist comment on this storm, account for this difference of opinion.*

After the Restoration, all Cromwell's biographers also disregarded the tract up to the year 1692, when the Whig bookseller, Nathaniel Crouch ("R. Burton"), reprinted the prayer from *The Perfect Politician* in his worthless little Life of Cromwell.

Then, finally, in 1738, Neal, in his *History of the Puritans*, set out a totally different prayer on the authority of Butler, one of Cromwell's "Major-Generals." Neal's source of information was probably the transcript of a paper ascribed to Butler by Bishop Gibson. This is now at Lambeth Palace, where Gibson was librarian up to about 1710.† Both versions cannot be true. Carlyle's tract was first cited as an authority by William Harris, in the year 1762, and again in Stace's scrap-book, entitled *Cromwelliana*, printed in 1810. *Cromwelliana* probably drew Dr.

---

* Cf. "Whether that prodigious storm of wind which so violently raged the day the old lord protector died did not verifie the old proverb that the Devil is seldom laid without a storm."—*University Queries*. "In a gentle touch by the by.—Cambridge, June 6, 1659." (*Thomason tract E*, 985 [14].)

† Gibson MSS., 930, f. 156. This MS. was printed in full in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, iii, p. 342. Bishop Gibson was born in 1669 and died in 1748. The MS. carries with it a greater appearance of probability than Carlyle's authority.

Lingard's attention to the tract when he was writing his *History of England*, and, accordingly, Lingard set out the prayer in the volume of his history published in the year 1829, at the same time assigning an author to it.

Dr. Lingard thought that the tract was written by one Underwood, a gentleman of Cromwell's bedchamber, who was sent by Secretary Thurloe to give Henry Cromwell the particulars of his father's death.* Had the tract been genuine there would have been a great deal to be said for this view, for Underwood is the only gentleman of the bedchamber of whom we know. But Carlyle (whose *Cromwell* appeared in 1845) chose to assign the tract to Charles Harvey, of whom nothing is known save that he is twice mentioned by the Quaker, George Fox, in terms which seem to imply that he was a menial servant rather than a "groom" of the bedchamber. Fox, in his Journal, mentions Harvey as follows: "And after a few days I was had before Oliver Cromwell by Captain Drury, and he brought me in before him before he was dressed, and one Harvey, that had come amongst friends [i.e. the Quakers] but was disobedient, he waited upon him." This was Fox's first meeting with Cromwell, and, according to his own account, they parted mutually pleased with one another. For, says Fox: "As I was turning, he [Cromwell] catched me by the hand and said these werds with tears in his eyes. Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour in a day together, we should be nearer one to the other, *and he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul*" [my italics].

The second time Fox saw Harvey was when Cromwell was dying, when he again says that Harvey was "one of his men that waited upon him." From a letter, probably written by him, and dated March 16, among the State Papers of 1654, signed "C. Harvey," Harvey's Christian name was probably Charles. With the exception of the passages I have cited and this letter, we have no further information about Harvey, though his name is mentioned in the Swarthmore MSS.†

---

* "This bearer, Mr. Underwood, is a very sober gentleman, was of the bedchamber to his late highness, and attended him in all his sickness, and can give your excellency a full account of all that past in this sadd occasion: to which purpose his highness [i.e. Richard Cromwell] hath sent him over to your excellencie that you might fully understand the particulars of God's dealinge with his highness your father through his whole sickness." (Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, September 7, 1658, *Thurloe State Papers*, vii, 374.)

The Life of Oliver Cromwell, by his descendant of the same names, which was published in 1820, asserts as follows: "It is undeniable that the evening before his death (Thursday the 2nd September) he was sufficiently himself to compose and utter the following prayer, which remains with the Cromwell family papers, and *is probably the one mentioned in a letter of Thurloe's to be sent to Henry.*" The passage italicized is untrue, nor is any copy of the prayer mentioned in the Report on these MSS.

† See Mr. Norman Penney's edition of the *Journal of George Fox* (1911). In Forster's *Life of Cromwell* there is an appendix, giving a list of names of those

Here is no evidence upon which to ascribe the tract to Harvey, and in addition to this it is quite evident that the writer of the tract was an enemy of the Quakers. For its author, after saying of Cromwell that he had to do "By reason of his great place with many of erring judgments, as well as others, the most obstinate of whom I have often heard him silence, discountenance their errors with the greatest detestation, especially when of fundamental consideration," goes on to add that, "As once, dealing with some of the Quakers, he rendered their opinions in the most dreadful yet truest character that I ever heard, saying that they were such as took the Crown off the Head of Christ, disrobed Him of His priestly garments, and denied His propheticall office by setting up a spirit of their own in the room of his, by the whole utterly making voyd His mediatorship who is God blessed for ever. *And that he had rather be buried alive under a heap of stones than in the least to countenance the same,* and much more which I have now forgot." The passage italicized conflicts very much with Fox's own account of Cromwell's attitude to the Quakers. There is, therefore, every reason for asserting that the tract was written by an enemy of the Quakers.

Recently the tract has been unhesitatingly assigned to Henry Walker, the ironmonger (whose many occupations included those of journalist, minister, and literary pirate), and pronounced to be one of this writer's numerous literary frauds.* The authorship

---

who took part in the "funeral" of November 23, 1658. Harvey and Underwood both appear in this list as "gentlemen" (not grooms) "of the bedchamber." Forster does not state his authority.

* See the *Cambridge History of English Literature,* vol. vii, p. 351, and *Notes and Queries,* 2nd Series, xi, pp. 22, 42, and 62. Henry Walker, who was Cromwell's preacher as well as journalist, attacked the Quakers very bitterly in his periodical, and was called "a liar" by Fox and his followers.

The following extracts from Walker's periodical prove the justice of Fox's denunciation. The reader should notice the use of the word "fundamental" in the second extract, applied also to the supposed denunciation by Cromwell of the Quakers.

"There is much wickedness committed by some of them [the Quakers] about London, cursing, swearing, and filthy uncleanness." (*Perfect Proceedings* for April 5–12, 1655.)

"Some papers were scattered about Westminster Hall this day that the Quakers do acknowledge that there is a Heaven and a Hell, the Scriptures to be a declaration from the Spirit and a Resurrection and Justification by faith in Christ. I should be glad to hear of their conversions. . . . For I do not remember that I ever met with one of them that would own these *fundamental truths.*" (*Ibid.*, May 21–28, 1655.)

"A letter from a godly minister advertises . . . that a woman at a Quakers meeting was strongly taken, posses't, carried home distracted and she is since dead. That she cried out of Devils, 'O good devils do not beat out mine eyes.' And was [*sic*] visibly seen by others to slap her in the face, and as if something ran up and down her body under her skin that bellowed in her like a calf." (*Ibid.*, June 28–July 5, 1655.)

"There is a speech of seven witnesses that have given it upon oath than an eminent Quaker coming to an Inn, had a conference with the Devil about bringing in of souls to him." (*Ibid.*, July 19–26, 1655.)

In the same periodical for February 22–March 1, 1655, will be found Walker's account of the tract does not much matter in comparison with the question whether it was a fraud or not; for if this tract was a fraud, Gardiner and the rest of Cromwell's nineteenth-century biographers are all placed in the same predicament. It is as well, therefore, to bring to light not only the ridiculous series of mistakes about the tract made by Carlyle and his friend Forster, but also the still more astonishing error contained in the tract itself.

Writing in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1856, on the "Civil Wars and Cromwell," John Forster commented as follows: "Mr. Forster, in his *Statesmen of the Commonwealth* (published in 1839), reproduced from one of the King's pamphlets a very striking account of the death-bed of the lord protector, written by a groom of the chamber in waiting on him. In this Cromwell was represented calling for his Bible, and desiring these verses from the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians to be read to him, in which the Apostle speaks of having learned in whatever state he was therewith to be content, for he could do all things through Christ which strengthened him. "Which read," the account proceeded, "said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them, *This Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest son died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.* Naturally enough, this affecting passage was supposed by Mr. Forster to relate to his son's death in battle, and Mr. Carlyle arrived also at the same conclusion so confidently that after 'eldest son' he put in 'poor Oliver' in printing it, at the same time carefully marking the words as an insertion."

M. Guizot, Forster continues, translated "died" by "fut tué," which was even more erroneous, and then goes on to point out that the reference was to Robert and not to Oliver Cromwell, junior, and to cite the register of Felsted parish church, where the burial of Robert Cromwell is entered as follows, under the year 1639: "Robertus Cromwell filius honorandi viri M^{tis} Oliveris Cromwell et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus sepultus fuit 31° die Maii. Et Robertus fuit eximiè pius juvenis deum timens supra multos."

Before proceeding further, I desire to point out that the passage italicized by Forster contains a very serious omission. In the original tract four dashes precede the word "died"—the original passage about Cromwell's eldest son running, "when my eldest son - - - - died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." The liberty taken with the text by Carlyle by omitting these dashes, terming them a "blank" and substituting in their place "poor Oliver" or, as he did in later editions, "poor Robert," was quite unpardonable..

---

of his interview with Fox. As S. R. Gardiner argued that Walker did not charge Fox with immorality, I have set out the above extracts in order to show what the charges brought by Walker against the Quakers really were.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

PUBLISHERS' SECTION

1919

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons Ltd.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Ltd.

Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin Ltd.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.

Messrs. L. N. Fowler & Co.

Mr. John Lane

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.

The Times Book Club

y

Webster's New International Dictionary

has acquired and maintains to-day a reputation unequalled by any similar work of reference. Its authority is unquestioned ; its utility is testified to by eminent men in every sphere of activity, who have used the Dictionary for years.

¶ If such men find WEBSTER useful it is because they realize the value of adding to their sum of knowledge at every opportunity and of checking the accuracy of their memory.

¶ In any test of general knowledge the surprising fact is not the little that we know but how much we know too well to know exactly. Test the truth of this yourself in this month's *National Review*. Are there not many words and terms therein the meaning of which you ' know ' but could not accurately define, and are there not numerous allusions with which you are at best but hazily familiar ?

¶ WEBSTER'S " NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY " provides the practical remedy for semi-comprehension such as this. Its daily use becomes a habit, keeping your memory refreshed, and transforming—with a minimum expenditure of energy and time—indefinite impressions into real and useful knowledge. With its vast range, its full and lucid definitions, its apt illustrative quotations, its convenient typographical arrangement, it is the ideal reference book for speedy consultation—a dictionary and an encyclopædia combined.

¶ Judge its value personally by testing it. We shall be happy to arrange for a copy of the new (1919) edition to be submitted for your inspection without any obligation on you to purchase it. Write for illustrated prospectus to-day

G. BELL AND SONS Ltd., York House, Portugal St., W.C.2.

2700 *Pages.*   442,000 *Entries.*   6000 *Illustrations.*

Price : Buckram, £3 net, and upwards in various leather bindings. Also an India Paper edition-de-luxe.

G. BELL & SONS LTD.

Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

EUROPE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY CHARLES SAROLEA, D Ph. and Litt. Professor in the University of Edinburgh, in which this well-known publicist deals with the present position of European diplomacy, and points out the way by which the ideals of the founders of the League of Nations may be resolved into a practical and effective instrument of lasting Peace. Crown 8vo. 6s. net

VICTORIAN RECOLLECTIONS

BY JOHN A. BRIDGES, a veritable treasury of pleasant memories—of Eton and Oxford as the author saw them—of the rural life of England, with its genial hierarchy of parson, doctor, and squire—of the New World in the fifties—of the politics and sport, the work and recreations of Victorian years.
Large Post 8vo. 8s. 6d. net

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE, 1870-1919

BY PROF. C. D. HAZEN. A clear exposition by a distinguished historian and attractive writer of the doctrines and policies which for 50 years kept Europe constantly in fear of war. A book of the greatest interest and value in estimating the possibilities of the future. Demy 8vo, with 14 Maps. 14s net

CLERICAL INCOMES AND THE COST OF LIVING

BY THE REV. CANON J. H. B. MASTERMAN, with contributions from ten representative Diocesan authorities. Few sections of the community have been more adversely affected by the new financial conditions than the parochial clergy; and this careful study of their position should attract considerable attention in view of the publicity which the subject is receiving in the press.
Crown 8vo. 5s. net

ESSENTIALS OF RECONSTRUCTION

Being twelve essays delivered at the Swanwick Summer School, 1919. Edited by LUCY GARDNER. A highly suggestive symposium of well-known social workers on outstanding problems of the time. United in the belief that only through the new spirit among men to which war conditions gave birth can these problems be solved. They seek to show how this spirit may be fostered and developed. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net

New Chess Books

MY CHESS CAREER

BY JOSÉ R. CAPABLANCA, whose brilliant victories at the Hastings Congress and throughout the country will assure a great demand for this book among Chess-players and students. Demy 8vo. 6s. net

CHESS OPENINGS ILLUSTRATED

BY J. DuMONT. Two volumes are now ready. I. The Centre Counter. II. The Danish Gambit. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each

POPULAR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

With Coloured and Black-and-White Illustrations

A CHRISTMAS CAROL
CHARLES DICKENS

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

By CHARLES DICKENS

Illustrated by 8 Coloured Pictures by HONOR C. APPLETON. Crown 4to, 170 pages, gilt top, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** net.

The CHILD OF THE SEA

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD

Illustrated in Colour by HONOR C. APPLETON. Crown 4to, **5s.** net.

An adaptation of Vasco Lobeira's "Amadis and Oriana." No better story book for children who love romance can be found.

". . . it is worthy of a place beside the 'Morte d'Arthur.'"—*Spectator*.

FAIRY TALES.

By CHARLES PERRAULT

Translated by S. R. LITTLEWOOD. With 12 Coloured Illustrations by HONOR C. APPLETON. Small 4to, **5s.** net.

"Miss Honor Appleton's delicate pictures in colour make this charming book very charming indeed."—*Times*.

OUR NURSERY RHYME BOOK

Edited by LETTY and FRANK LITTLEWOOD

With 12 Coloured and 80 black-and-white illustrations by HONOR C. APPLETON. Small 4to, **6s.** net.

"A splendid collection of riddles, alphabets, and games make up one of the most attractive books published."—*Lady's Pictorial.*

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

By WILLIAM BLAKE

With 12 Coloured Illustrations by HONOR C. APPLETON. Small 4to, **3s. 6d.** net.

"It is a joy to handle this truly lovely volume which all lovers of children should possess."—*The Child.*

THE BLACK PRINCESS

and other Fairy Tales from Brazil

By CHRISTIE T. YOUNG

6s. net.

"And if anything in all these should seem so wonderful as to be improbable, Miss Anderson's illustrations will testify to their absolute truth."—*Glasgow Herald.*

To be had of all Booksellers

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. Ltd.

A Beautiful Gift

ROMANCES OF OLD JAPAN

A Collection of Original Stories translated by

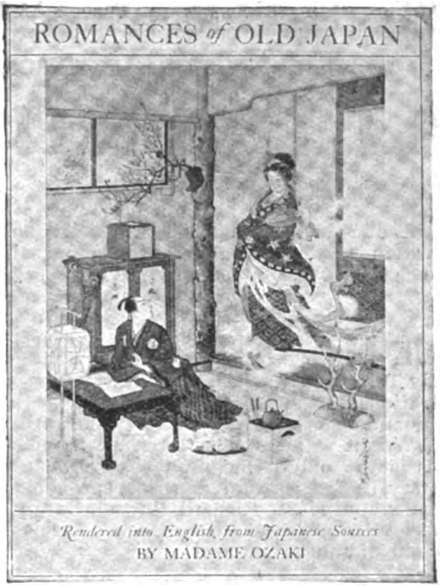
Madame YUKIO OZAKI

With 16 full-page Coloured Illustrations, and 16 full-page half-tones by well-known Japanese Artists.

Crown 4to. Boxed. **30s.** net

The real spirit of Japan materialised in text and illustrations. A wonderful atmosphere of fantastic imagery.

"Quaint, tragical, tender, and poetic tales that promise to haunt one's memory; full-page pictures, so exquisitely coloured that one plans to frame them. . . The season will see nothing more artistic than this *recherché* volume."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

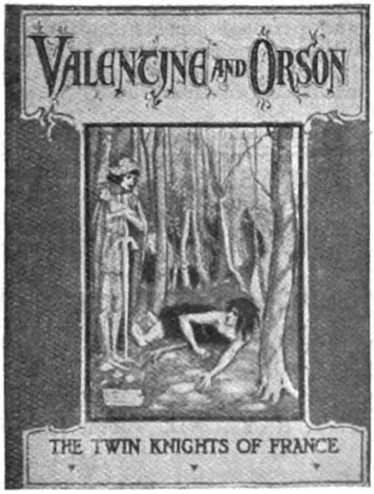

ROMANCES of OLD JAPAN
Rendered into English from Japanese Sources
BY MADAME OZAKI

PROBLEMS OF THE ACTOR

By LOUIS CALVERT

With Introduction by H. B. IRVING. **7s.** net

"Filled with sound sense and the fruits of ripe experience. I would place this into the hands of every dramatic student."—H. B. Irving.


VALENTINE AND ORSON
THE TWIN KNIGHTS OF FRANCE

New Children's Books

VALENTINE AND ORSON

The Twin Knights of France

An old French Romance Retold

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD

With 8 Coloured Illustrations by FLORENCE ANDERSON

7s. 6d. net

TONY O'DREAMS

By M. NIGHTINGALE

With 8 Coloured Plates and 100 Pen Drawings by C. T. Nightingale.

7s. 6d. net

A Book for Children, who will revel in the Adventures of Tony

From all Booksellers

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LTD., E.C. 4

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S New Books

MORE UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES

ALL AND SUNDRY

By E. T. RAYMOND. **Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.**

In this book Mr. Raymond does not limit himself to political personalities only, but includes figures in the Church, in literature, in journalism, in art and music. Mr. Raymond includes also character sketches of the Prince of Wales, M. Georges Clemenceau, President Wilson, and many other prominent people.

THE LIFE OF JOHN PAYNE

By THOMAS WRIGHT. With 18 Illustrations. Cloth, **28s.** net.

For 12 years before Payne's death in 1916 Mr. Wright was his most intimate friend. This is the official biography, and among literary celebrities who figure in the book are Swinburne, Sir Richard Burton, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Victor Hugo. It is a volume of unusual interest.

THE LIFE OF LIZA LEHMANN

By HERSELF. With a coloured frontispiece and 16 page Illustrations. Cloth, **10s. 6d.** net. (SECOND IMPRESSION)

Liza Lehmann's memories include a dinner with Verdi, conversations with Jenny Lind, anecdotes of Edward VII, Brahms, Mme. Clara Butt, and other celebrities.

OLD AND NEW MASTERS

By ROBERT LYND. Cloth, **12s. 6d.** net. (SECOND IMPRESSION)

"A book of essays full of charm, insight, and sympathy, and of the transmitted enthusiasm that is the basis of all good criticism."—*Daily News.*

COLLECTED FRUITS OF OCCULT TEACHING

By A. P SINNETT. **15s.** net

MY COMMONPLACE BOOK

By J. T. HACKETT. **12s. 6d.** net.

"This delightful volume . . . is likely to be of the greatest use to literary students of to-day. . . . Mr. Hackett, out of his richly stored mind, recalls at every turn the affinity and application of the ideas of the great poets, prose stylists, and thinkers whom he quotes."—*Contemporary Review.*

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH

By FREDERICK J. HARRIES. Cloth, **15s.** net.

The author has dealt with his highly interesting subject in a manner both critical and attractive. Not only has he examined Shakespeare's knowledge of Welsh characteristics through a study of his Welsh characters, but he has also collected much valuable information regarding the Celtic sources from which Shakespeare drew his material.

THE ARROW OF GOLD

By JOSEPH CONRAD. **8s.** net.

"If I were to be asked in which of Mr. Conrad's writings his genius shows itself at its highest power, I should answer, without hesitation, in this the latest of them."—SIR SYDNEY COLVIN in *The Observer.*

BOLINGBROKE & WALPOLE

By the Right Hon. J. W. ROBERTSON. Cloth, **12s. 6d.** net.

The author's aim in this book has been to present political history at once in its national and personal aspects, treating the personalities of politicians as important forces, but studying at the same time the whole intellectual environment.

NEW EDITIONS & IMPRESSIONS

TROPIC DAYS

By E. J. BANFIELD. Author of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber." Illustrated, **16s.** net. (SECOND IMPRESSION.)

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKMANSHIP

By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, M.A., Litt.D. Cloth, **15s.** net. (THIRD IMPRESSION.)

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES

By E. T. RAYMOND. Cloth, **10s. 6d.** net. (FIFTH IMPRESSION.)

"M. A. B." (Mainly About Books). An illustrated monthly magazine for book readers, and book buyers.

Send **3d.** to-day for a copy of the Dec. issue, and particulars of the special subscription offer.

T. FISHER UNWIN Ltd., 1 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2

Macmillan's New Books

PERSIAN TALES. First written down in the Original Kermāni and Bakhtiāri, and translated by D. L. R. LORIMER and E. O. LORIMER. With 16 Plates in Colour and Illustrations in Black-and-White by HILDA ROBERTS. Fcap. 4to. 20s. net.

ASSISI. Impressions of Half a Century. By Sir WILLIAM B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A. With 30 Plates in Colour and other Illustrations in Black and-White from Original Paintings and Sketches by the Author. Demy 4to. 42s. net

---

THIRD IMPRESSION

A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS. By STEPHEN GRAHAM, Author of "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem," "Priest of the Ideal," etc. 8vo. 10s. net

MISS EDEN'S LETTERS. Edited by her Great-Niece, VIOLET DICKINSON. With Four Photogravures. 8vo. 18s. net

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING. By EDITH WHARTON. Crown 8vo. 6s. net

LITERARY STUDIES. By CHARLES WHIBLEY, Author of "Political Portraits," etc. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net

RUDYARD KIPLING'S WORKS. Uniform Edition. 21 vols. 7s. 6d. net per vol Pocket Edition, 22 vols. Printed on thin paper, with gilt edges. Limp leather, 7s. 6d. net; blue cloth, 6s. net per vol. The Service Kipling, 26 vols. Blue cloth, 3s. net each.

PROFIT AND SPORT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA. Being a Second Edition, Revised and enlarged, of "A Colony in the Making." By CAPTAIN the LORD CRANWORTH, M.C. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. 21s. net.

AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By F. J. C. HEARNSHAW, M.A., LL.D., Professor of History in King's College, London. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

SNOW-BIRDS. Poems by ŚRÎ ĀNANDA ĀCHĀRYA, Author of "The Book of the Cave," etc. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A TREASURY OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH VERSE. From the Death of Shakespeare to the Restoration (1616–1660). Chosen and Edited by H. J. MASSINGHAM. Pott 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Golden Treasury Series*

PAN-ISLAM. By G. WYMAN BURY, Author of "The Land of Uz" and "Arabia Infelix." With Map. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

THE SPIRIT: GOD AND HIS RELATION TO MAN CONSIDERED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, AND ART. By Various Writers. Edited by Canon Burnett H. Streeter. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

THE IDEA OF ATONEMENT IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1915. By HASTINGS RASHDALL, D.Litt., D.C.L., LL.D., Dean of Carlisle. 8vo. 15s. net.

INDIAN FINANCE AND BANKING. By G. FINDLAY SHIRRAS, Director of Statistics with the Government of India; Fellow of the University of Calcutta, and Reader in Indian Finance and Currency in the University, 1914. With tables and charts. 8vo. 18s net.

Macmillan's Catalogue of Books Suitable for Presentation Post Free on Application

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.C.2

LIST OF BOOKS

BY

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen

Byways of Blessedness. 4s net, post free 4s 6d
The book expounds those right states of mind and wise modes of action which, when adopted under trying circumstances, bring about results fruitful of blessedness.

The Eight Pillars of Prosperity. 4s net, post free 4s 6d
This book is for business and commercial men, and for men and women who are anxious to achieve an honourable success in the various pursuits of Life.

From Poverty to Power. 3s 6d net, post free 4s
Shows how one may surely rise above adversity and poverty; how he may find and safely walk the path of material prosperity; how, also, if he wishes, he may go still farther, and, walking the path to truth, may reach the goal of spiritual peace.

All These Things Added. 3s 6d net, post free 4s
The reading of this book lifts and elevates and raises one from the worries and care of everyday life to think of higher aims.

Light on Life's Difficulties. 3s net, post free 3s 6d
This book is intended to be a strong and kindly companion, as well as a source of spiritual renewal and inspiration to those who aim at a life well-lived and made strong and serene.

Meditations for Every Day in the Year. 4s net, post free 4s 6d
This book must ever be a stronghold of Spiritual Truth and Blessing to all who read it, especially to those who use it for daily devotion and meditation.

The Life Triumphant. 2s 6d net, post free 2s 9d
Is a book of Strength and Victory, and tells how to triumph over Adversity and Evil.

Out from the Heart. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
This book lays down the first steps in the path of Enlightenment, and expounds the method by which the higher powers of the mind are cultivated.

Through the Gate of Good. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
The supreme aim of all religions is to teach men how to live.

Men and Systems. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
These Essays are remarkably fresh, original and inspiring, representing the matured thoughts of a gifted mind permeated with spiritual teaching.

Personality: Its Cultivation and Power. 3s 6d net, post free 4s
We see everywhere that it is men and women with Personality who win wealth, title, birth, name; everything that is considered to carry power and influence goes down before Personality.

Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
Contains many beautiful and choice thoughts upon the principles and methods of right living to ensure spiritual satisfaction, blessedness, and peace.

As a Man Thinketh. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
Shows how the man and his circumstances are the result of his thought, and how by rectifying his thoughts he can transform both himself and his circumstances.

The Shining Gateway. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
There are very few books which strike at the roots of Temptation like this one. Many a man has fallen under temptation simply because he has not understood its source and power.

One Life, One Law, One Love. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
The book must prove a light upon the path to all who are seeking for a strong, sane, and healthy outlook on life and death.

The Might of Mind, or How to Control and Use the Power of Thought
1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d

In the Garden of Silence. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
How to obtain soul satisfaction by meditation and quiet persistent effort.

Morning and Evening Thoughts. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
This book contains choice and stimulating thoughts for daily reading.

Life's Inspirations. 3s 6d net, post free 4s
This book cannot fail to inspire the heart of every reader, pointing out, as the Author does, how all around us are wonderful and beautiful inspirations, if we were only open-eyed enough to see them.

Our Mental Children. 1s 6d net, post free 1s 9d
A book dealing with Thought Force and their influence on life. Our thoughts are our Mental Children.

Above Life's Turmoil. 3s 6d net, post free 3s 10d
Shows how one can live a beautiful and happy life, free from uncertainty and anxiety.

Elements of Success. 4s net, post free 4s 4d
A book for the many who have hitherto failed through a want of right understanding.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION

L. N. FOWLER & CO.
7 IMPERIAL ARCADE, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

BEFORE AND NOW

By AUSTIN HARRISON. 6s. 6d. net.

"He has a keen vision. . . . Mr. Harrison has a vigorous and effective pen." *Times.*

"Vigorous and vehement."—*Graphic.*

THE LAST CRUSADE

By DONALD MAXWELL. With numerous Illustrations by the author in colour and in black and white. Crown 4to. The author of "Adventures with a Sketch Book" gives his impressions of Palestine in a volume which, while touching an interesting aspect of the war, is also a finished example of pictorial and literary art. 21s. net.

THE ROAD TO EN-DOR

By E. H. JONES, Lt. I.A.R.O. With Illustrations by C. W. HILL, Lt. R.A.F. This book, besides telling an extraordinary story, will appeal to everyone who is interested in spiritualism. The book reads like a wild romance, but it is authenticated in every detail by fellow-officers and official documents. 7s. 6d. net.

ON THE PATH OF ADVENTURE

By JULIUS M. PRICE. With numerous illustrations by the author. Mr. Price is a well-known war correspondent, and the present volume describes how, during the first four months of the fighting in France, he circumvented the authorities and penetrated, at great personal risk, to the war zone. 12s. 6d. net.

PATRON AND PLACE-HUNTER

A Study of George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. By LLOYD SANDERS. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net

"It is a great achievement of a biographer to make his subject understood; and herein has Mr. Lloyd Sanders admirably succeeded."—*Morning Post.*

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Unseen Hand in English History

By IAN D. COLVIN

Author of "The Germans in England"

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

MR. COLVIN'S book, "The Unseen Hand in English History," is an attempt to trace a national policy through more than two centuries of English History.

He discards the stock explanations of past events, as no more sincere than the explanations of our present politicans.

Constitutional and religious differences were the pretexts, not the real motives of our forefathers.

The course of our history was guided by the conflict of great organized interests.

Thus, for example, the Merchant Adventurers pulled the strings both in the Civil Wars and in the Revolution.

Great national questions like the balance of power, the balance of trade, naval policy, are passed in review; Adam Smith is examined in the light of history, and the author comes to the conclusion that we must return to a national policy founded on Production if the Nation is to survive.

NATIONAL REVIEW Office
43 Duke Street, St. James's
London, S.W.1

The
YALE REVIEW

Edited by Wilbur Cross.

Published October, January, April and July. Price in Great Britain, 3s. net. Annual Subscription 13s. net, including postage.

Acknowledged by the entire American Press as the foremost Transatlantic Magazine, and full of interest to all sections of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Westminster Gazette: "The *Yale Review* is more than an American Review; it is a cosmopolitan review, and that of the highest order."

Publishers in Great Britain:
J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD.
10-13 BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2

A Wonderful Christmas Gift

There is one Christmas Present which exactly hits the mark. However costly, it is not ostentatious; however cheap, not mean. It carries with it an implication of deliberate and individual selection for the taste of the receiver. It compliments without offence, and is a message of affection, intimacy or respect, always in the right taste. It greets in the giver's handwriting—almost the only gift which can do so with propriety. This gift is

THE RIGHT BOOK

A giver whose Christmas Presents are all books gives more pleasure than any expense, however great, could ensure. Almost anything else could have been chosen hurriedly, with unthinking perfunctoriness; but the gift that is a Book always implies care.

THE CHRISTMAS-GIVER'S EXHIBITION

of Books is Now Open. It is so conveniently arranged that selection is a pleasure; you can "taste" and try in comfort. A catalogue may be had free by post. Write for it to-day.

About 2000 Books specially suitable for presents (including the latest) are so Exibited that visitors can study them at ease.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

380 *OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.* 1

Secondly, attention should be directed to the use of the words "miles" in the entry of Robert Cromwell's death. Oliver Cromwell was not a soldier in 1639. The entry, therefore, was not exactly contemporary. And lastly, the whole entry is so unprecedentedly lengthy that there must have been a special reason both for styling Cromwell "honorandus vir," and also for the gratuitous testimony to his dead son's piety.

Forster continues: "Which remarkable addition to a simple mention of burial, we need hardly point out, is the rarest occurrence on that most formal of all the pages of history—a leaf of a parish register; where to be born and to die is all that can ever be conceded to either rich or poor. . . . The name of the vicar of Felsted in 1639 was Wharton; this entry is in his handwriting, and has his signature appended to it; and let it henceforward be remembered as his distinction, that long before Cromwell's name was famous beyond his native country, he had appeared to the incumbent of a small Essex parish as a man to be honoured."

A few hitherto unnoticed facts will explain not only what Forster terms a "tribute to the youth who passed so early away," but also that the "deep and mournful significance from the words which lingered last on the dying lips of his heroic father," had quite another meaning than Forster was aware of.

Cromwell's first cousin, Robert Cromwell, was executed in the year 1632 for poisoning his master, an attorney called Lane. Carlyle, of course, disbelieved this fact, and remarked that "anybody *can* poison an attorney and be hanged for it." But, in 1879, the Historical Manuscripts Commission (*Rep. VII*, Appendix, Part I.) calendared the Barrington MSS., and in 1881 the MSS. of the College of Physicians (*Rep. VIII*, Appendix, Part I.),* and these MSS. established the facts beyond a doubt. "Carrion Heath," therefore, is once more proved right, and Carlyle (as usual) was wrong. And since Cromwell's cousin, Robert, was born in June 1613, he was only nineteen when executed in 1632, while Cromwell's son Robert, having been born in 1621, was very nearly of the same age when he died in 1639—seven years later on. Thus, when Cromwell became prominent as Lieutenant-General of the

---

* In the Report first cited, Thomas Barrington states that "my cousin, Robert Cromwell, son to Sir Philip, bound with an attorney," was sentenced to death for poisoning his master, but was reprieved; and "this evening," May 25, "my lord of Holland endeavours his farther reprieve and pardon." The next Report summarizes the result, as follows: "1632, May 27. Lord Holland to the College (of Physicians): Cromwell is condemned to death for the murder of his master, Mr. Lane. Doubts are expressed of poisoning. They are to examine persons who were present about the sickness of Lane, what has been observed on the opening of his body, or may be collected from sight and trial of the medicine, if any be left, and present their report to the King before Wednesday next. . . . After taking some further evidence, the College reply that Lane died a violent death by poison."

Parliamentary Army, the popular Royalist impression seems to have been that the poisoner was Cromwell's son Robert.

Two tracts, published in 1649, bear witness that the satirists of the times took notice of this. *Reason against Treason; or, A Bone for Bradshawe to picke*, published on July 9, 1649, remarks: "We know Oliver had a Tyburn bird to his son, for poysoning his master, an apothecary [*sic*], and thus, 'egregia est soboles scelerata nata parente.'" And, again, *A Hue and Crie after Cromwell*, published on July 24, 1649, refers to the same matter: "That young Cromwell should be hang'd, drawn, and quartered for poysoning the master of one single family and that Old Cromwell should 'scape for murdering his lord and soveraigne that was master of all the private families in England. O Tempora! O Mores!

Young Noll [*sic*] at Tyburn suffered for his fact,
Old Noll's unhang'd, has done the baser act."

Evidently the unprecedented entry in the Felsted register is thus accounted for, and the reason for the testimonial to Cromwell's son Robert's piety in it is thus explained. In all probability the vicar of Felsted had seen these or similar satires, and rewrote part of his register.

On the side of the Cromwellians, the writer of the account of Cromwell's last moments was so ill-informed that he shared the popular error about Robert Cromwell, and by inserting four dashes before "died," and adding "which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did," represented Cromwell himself on his death-bed as endorsing it. If this view is correct, then the remaining deathbed utterances are equally fictitious, and nothing the tract says can be trusted. Which is precisely what might be expected of the work of a writer who (as Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, points out) was a thoroughly dishonest journalist, as well as a literary pirate without an equal in his own times.

It would seem, therefore, that the great contemporary historian, Lord Clarendon, is a far safer guide to the history of the Great Rebellion than Thomas Carlyle, even in questions of biography.

HISTORIAN

THE RISE AND SPREAD OF THE RAT

"THEY [rats] are probably the greatest mammalian pests of the human race," * said the late Barrett-Hamilton, but that seems too mild a statement of the case when we remember that they are purely parasitic on mankind, and gain a living practically entirely at our expense. It would seem more in accordance with the facts to say, not that they are the greatest mammalian pest, but that they are the greatest pest of *all the creatures*, insects, birds, and beasts, that live and batten to our detriment. The house-sparrow is a nuisance, consuming much grain and other things that can ill be spared for it; the common mouse takes a heavy toll, but the domestic cat keeps it within bounds; and if we descend to "minor horrors" the experience of the late war has shown that insect parasites can, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, be controlled and their terrors more or less eliminated. But rats are another matter! They are everywhere, town and country it is all alike; shipyard, stackyard, granary; warehouse, potato heap, and "root-tump," all have their tenants. In fact, looking at the matter from another point of view and excluding man, we may say that rats are the most successful species that evolution has yet produced. For it is not only in one country but in every part of the world that rats are such an appalling plague. Wherever man has penetrated, rats have followed—north, south, east, and west—hot and cold, every country and climate comes alike to them. Like us upon whom they prey they have become truly cosmopolitan and are at home under all conceivable climates and conditions save the extreme cold of the Arctic circle. Even the widespread and cheeky little European house-sparrow cannot compete with their powers of multiplying, travelling, and colonizing. Not that the latter need be jealous, for, introduced into North America in 1860, it has now reached even the remotest parts of the States; its arrival at Death Valley, California, where there is an isolated station amid desert surroundings, some two thousand miles from its starting-point, was recorded in 1914.† That must be considered good work, yet the sparrow is not a good traveller compared with the rat. The latter is such a fine sailor, hardly a ship sails that does not take a few rats as passengers on the voyage, which disembark when cargo is landed at the various ports of call. In this way rats are constantly arriving and departing at all seaports and it is undoubtedly the predilection of the rat for a sea voyage which has aided its extraordinarily rapid dispersal to all parts of the world.

---

* G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, *British Mammals*, p. 577 (published 1916).

† J. Grinnell, *The American Naturalist*, vol. liii, p. 468.

The words "extraordinarily rapid dispersal" are used because the common rat's conquest of its world-wide territory has taken place in only the last two or three hundred years. The evolutionists talk so airily of long periods of time, of the stability of species, and so on, that one is apt to think of the dispersal of any creature as a matter likely to take a very long time; three or four hundred years seems nothing for such business! As a matter of fact it has taken it less, only about two hundred and fifty.

Before going into the matter of the rise and spread of the common brown rat it may be as well to define more exactly what creature we are dealing with. The present common rat of England (we formerly had the "black" or "old English" rat) has been variously called the Norwegian, the Hanoverian, the grey, and the brown rat. Not one of these names is really suitable; it was not originally a native of either Norway or any part of Germany, whatever likeness its behaviour may have to that of the Huns, and as a black form is not uncommon the name "brown" rat is somewhat misleading. However, it is that usually used and will be employed in this article. "Sewer rat," being descriptive of a favourite haunt of this species, has been suggested, but somehow or other has not come into use. The scientific synonyms are not much better. Up to 1900 the common rat was called *Mus decumanus*, having been described under that designation by Pallas in 1778, but it was then discovered that Erxleben had dubbed it *norvegicus* twelve months earlier, so according to the rules of priority in nomenclature the latter has to stand, though it is quite misleading, and the other name much better known. Thank goodness the black rat has been allowed to retain its title of *rattus*, which Linnæus gave to it. *Mus rattus*, the mouse-rat, he called it—a most excellent name, for it is indeed a dainty mouselike creature, quite different from the coarse brown rat. Unfortunately for the appropriateness of the title our modern systemists have found it necessary to restrict the old Linnæan genus of *Mus* to the mice (such as the house-mouse) and give the rats a genus to themselves, which has been styled *Epimys*, so the common brown rat is now called *Epimys norvegicus* and the black rat *E. rattus*.

It is a rather curious fact, considering how widely it has spread, that the brown rat shows very few varieties, sub-species, or local races. The only form, save the typical, found in these islands being the black variety, that has been called *hibernicus*, owing to it having turned up more often in Ireland than anywhere else. With this and one other exception the brown rat shows no tendency to geographical variation; in all parts of the globe it preserves its well-known appearance, wherever we meet it, it is the same rough-coated, grey-brown rat, with neither longer nor shorter tail, bigger nor smaller feet, or any other of those minor differences that delight the soul of the hair-splitting species-maker. Apparently in its present form it is already adapted to nearly every condition under which it is possible for an animal to make a living. It flourishes equally well in an Indian village or a European coal-mine! Wherever other animals are fed rats are sure to appear; they join as messmates the pigs in their sties, cattle in the yards, and even, as mentioned above, the pit-ponies in their stables. Not even the pheasants' feed out in the woods is safe from their depredations. Being great travellers they find it sooner or later, establish a colony, and feast until the good fare is gone. Though parasitic in their habits, and never anywhere living a truly "wild life," it is astonishing how far rats will wander from human dwellings, especially in autumn when nuts and berries are so plentiful as to make "camping out" pleasant and agreeable to them. I have found rats living in a big wood far from any cottage, and have also tracked one for a long way along the muddy paths, its small four- and five-toed tracks telling the tale of its nights' journeyings. But such outings are only temporary, and they are soon back in the buildings. Among other factors of success, of which so large a measure has fallen to the share of the brown rat, we must not overlook its dainty, handlike paws. With them it can climb in first-class fashion, pick up and hold its food, dig into the hardest soil, excavate most complicated burrows, make and arrange the warmest of beds, and generally use them as what indeed they are, very effective little tools. Then as weapons it has its strong teeth, those keen-edged incisors which cut like lancets, and which nothing save iron and steel can withstand. Give rats the time and they will gnaw through almost anything! Woodwork is merely child's play to them! Those keen teeth also come in very useful for the purposes of offence and defence. Many a midnight murder of defenceless ducklings and chickens is wrought by their means. Of all the bloodthirsty creatures the common brown rat is the worst. Give it a chance of killing and it will go on slaying until there is no more to kill, and once it knows of a hatch of chickens it will take all one's ingenuity to defeat it. For the common rat is uncannily intelligent, its intelligence, indeed, ranking far above that of all animals save the dog. Perhaps it is to its "braininess" as much as to anything else that we must attribute its world-wide dispersal. Every man's hand is against it; "rat weeks" are instituted. Men and guns, dogs, boys, and ferrets, poisons and viruses, are all brought into play against it, and while I will not say that it is not "one penny the worse," certainly one can affirm that the numbers of the brown rat show no great decrease.

The common rat's omniverous appetite is yet another factor in its favour; it is not what it will eat, but rather what it won't! One of the few things that I know of which rats do not care much for are toads. No other animal will touch one, the acrid secretion of their skin causing them to be avoided; even the rat finds them unpalatable, but its murderous disposition compels it to attack the poor toads, especially when in the early spring-time they resort to the water for breeding purposes. Now rats are thirsty creatures, and even if not living at the water-side generally visit it each night; moreover, they are first-class swimmers, almost better indeed than the real water-rat (or vole), so the splashing to and fro of the spawning toads offers them a temptation. Into the water they go and bring back to the bank toad after toad. In the morning you will find heaps of the victims, all killed in the same manner, and with their insides bitten out. Frogs are often treated in the same way. Sometimes, especially if the rats are living quite close, the bodies are dragged underground, but in any case no further use is made of them, and they have merely died to oblige the murderous, or shall we say sporting, proclivities of the rats. The dragging the bodies home is merely a concession to the provident habit of the brown rat, which makes it take back to its dwelling about twice as much food as it eats. It is always laying up a store. The amount of food it actually eats is bad enough, but the quantity carried off is a great deal worse. Potatoes, berries, nuts, grain, and even eggs, will be taken and hidden in its runs. I have seen a rat-hole packed with four or five pints of acorns, and another blocked with potatoes. So strongly is the hiding habit ingrained in rat nature that a pet brown rat of mine (the most lovable and intelligent animal any one could wish to meet with *), who probably had never been hungry in his life, always carried off any food he could find and did not want to eat immediately. When running about in the sitting-room he usually carried his treasure-trove to the back of a bookcase, where he accumulated all sorts of odds and ends, until they were swept away by the housemaid. Many things were carried off, handkerchiefs, newspaper for bedding, and, as supplies, bread-crusts, cheese-rinds, etc. Grain he used to stuff into his mouth until his cheeks were bulging and he appeared to have a swollen face. Then he would run off and disgorge it behind the bookcase, quickly returning for another load. His industry was astonishing and gave one much insight into what wild rats are capable of doing. When I say "wild rats" I mean, of course, the semi-domesticated parasitic species as we know it in England to-day, not the original and truly wild rat of the Eastern deserts.

Before going into the history of the rise and spread of the brown rat it will be necessary to refer in more detail to the black rat, which, prior to the colonization of these islands by the former species, was at one time very common. It was just as common and just as mischievous as the brown rat—indeed, being smaller and even more active, having a preference for dwelling-houses rather than out-buildings, it may have been, if such were a possibility, a still greater nuisance! In appearance it was, or perhaps one should use the present tense and say " is," as it is still to be met with in some of our dockyards, a dainty creature, with large ears, big eyes, a very long tail, and quick nervous movements. Though known as the black rat it is often fawn in colour, but whatever its tint it can be easily told from *norvegicus* by the length of its tail, which exceeds that of its head and body. The brown rat's tail is shorter than its head and body. Of course the black rat is no more a native of this country than the later coming and still more successful brown rat. Both came from the East. In early times Europe, including these islands, was free from rats. There is no word for rat in the Welsh language! What happy, peaceful times those must have been! There is no evidence of the presence of any rat in Europe during the early historical period. No references to rats are found in MSS. and inscriptions prior to the time of the Crusades. But after that there is ample confirmation of the presence of rats. Unquestionably they came here on the returning ships of the Crusaders. When the little desert rat first found the benefit of coupling its fortunes with that of man there is no means of discovering, but mighty results followed its assumption of parasitism. A fawn-coloured, truly wild creature, a native of the warmer parts of the East, where to this day it is mostly brown in colour, it soon with the change in its habits began to change in appearance. The cooler climate of Northern Europe may have favoured the change, but at any rate it was soon known as the black rat. To this day the black form of *rattus* is that most frequently met with in cool countries, while in the warm East the fawn types prevail. There are several of these varieties which have received specific and sub-specific rank, but their precise definition does not concern us here. We must return to the Crusaders coming home with their relics of the Holy Land, and little dreaming that the most far-reaching consequences of their voyages would arise from the rodents that accompanied them on the way back, for the rats brought with them the greatest tragedy of mediæval times—the Plague!

---

* Considered individually rats are most interesting creatures, both black and brown making fascinating pets, their intelligence being far above that of other animals.

It is now established that rats of both species can have the dreadful disease which is known, according to its symptoms, as bubonic or pneumonic plague; indeed, we may go further and say that it is essentially a rat disease. Infection is carried from rat to rat, and often transferred to people by means of the fleas so plentiful on all rats. "The rat fleas feed on the blood of an infected rat; at one meal a single flea can take with this blood as many as 5000 plague germs into its stomach. *Bacillus pestis* multiplies in the stomach of the flea rapidly—so rapidly that an obstruction is often formed in the alimentary canal of the flea near the entrance to its stomach. Such a flea grows hungry in due course, and endeavours to feed; but although it can still pump blood from its host, the obstruction in its gullet prevents it from swallowing, and so the blood is forced back into the wound." The host dying and growing cold the infected fleas leave it for the first rat or person that comes by, when "the 'hungry fleas' at once attempt to feed; they bite and pump blood again and again, each time forcing contaminated blood back into the system of the new host. The latter is speedily infected with the plague." *

It has also been stated that inoculation takes place in a different manner—namely, that a flea "gorged with bacilli-laden blood from a rat or a man, attacks a new host, and during the course of the meal usually deposits excreta near the tiny wound. Subsequent rubbing or scratching transfers this matter, with its contained germs, to the puncture made by the insect's proboscis, thus the disease is introduced." †

Probably both methods are practised by the rat fleas with equal success, at any rate I have no ambition to give them the opportunity of experimenting on my person! Nor any desire to find out which is the most effective method of inoculation!

Though the black rat had the unenviable distinction of bringing the plague here, it must not be forgotten that the brown rat can also carry the disease. Both are equally guilty in the matter, but perhaps the black is the worst, as it is so essentially a house-rat, preferring to live cheek by jowl with us, so that it used to have better opportunities for carrying disease. Moreover, the black rat generally harbours the true Oriental plague flea, *Xenopsylla cheopis*, which is a particularly active wandering insect. The Northern rat flea, *Ceratopyllus fasciatus*, is a more stay-at-home creature, but neither are by any means above suspicion!

Having landed in this country and fully colonized it the black rat had for a period an excellent time; plague carried by the rats might sweep the country, killing men and rats like flies, but the marvellous fecundity of the rat enabled it to quickly regain any ground that may have been lost; however, every creature has its day, and in the Near East, that cradle of new races of men and species of animals, the brown rat was getting ready for the conquest of the world. The exact region that had the doubtful honour of being the place of origin of *E. norvegicus* is a matter of some doubt, for nowhere at the present day can a truly wild brown rat identical with the common form be found —that is to say, a brown rat that lives independently of man. The nearest approach to a truly independent ancestral type is the *E. norvegicus primarius* of Kastchenko, which he found living a really wild life in the region west of Lake Baikal. This form has a trifle shorter tail and smaller hind feet, longer and softer fur, and darker coloration.* But it is a real brown rat, and it "lives wild." Such were our present common rats at the time the black rat held undisputed sway in Europe. What made them change their mode of living? Did some rat genius, some great leader arise, and gathering his followers around him attach themselves to a passing caravan?—thereby introducing them to the sweet fruits of a parasitic existence. Seriously there seems no question but that the brown rat invaded Eastern Europe in the wake of trading caravans. The first of the travelling rodents appear to have arrived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Later they came in numbers. Pallas tells us that great quantities of these rats migrated westward in 1727; they swam the Volga in swarms, and invaded the houses of Astrakhan until nothing could be saved from them.† By sea and land they then spread widely; among many other records we may note that a visit of the Russian fleet to Bornholm in 1716 established them, quite early in the invasion, in Denmark.‡ The date of the introduction of the brown rat to England, probably by Russian trading vessels, has become so mixed up with myth and legend that it is impossible to fix it exactly. The first quarter of the eighteenth century is the nearest approach we can get to accuracy. It quickly spread from one end of the country to the other, its unrivalled powers as a colonist taking it to even the most remote islands, and before its swift advance the black rat disappeared. But the reader must not picture the two species as having pitched battles in which the common rat conquered by power of tooth and claw. Such picturesque means were not employed by it, though maybe it did indulge in murders of weak and defenceless babies. In every sense a stronger and more powerful species, it simply usurped the food and living-places of the smaller rat. The latter could not drive it back, it had to give way; not only its feeding-places, but its breeding-places were taken, and within a few years *E. rattus* had vanished from the mainland. At the present day it is in this country purely a port rat. In most of the dockyards it is still common, its numbers being maintained by arrivals from overseas. In the interior, however, it has not only disappeared, but seems incapable of (thank goodness!) re-establishing itself. Black rats which I have kept and bred for purposes of experiment, and which have escaped from their cages into the out-buildings, have never been able to increase. Though breeding freely in confinement, not a family was reared out-of-doors, and I am convinced that the brown rats murdered the little ones. In all cases the escaped rats were either recaptured or killed in most excellent condition, and would evidently have bred if they could.

---

* M. A. C. Hinton, *Rats and Mice as Enemies of Mankind*, p. 18 (published 1918).

† F. J. Stubbs, "The Plague Flea," in *Wild Life*, vol. vi, p. 120 (published 1915).

---

* G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, *British Mammals*, p. 317 (published 1916).

† Cited by Barrett-Hamilton, *British Mammals*, p. 608. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 608.

Some people thought the old black rats were absorbed into the brown rat stock through interbreeding, but experiment has proved this to be totally wrong. It is extremely difficult, as I know from experience, to get the two species to even tolerate one another. It can only be done by putting them together when very young. Even then they do not mate, and no hybrid has been produced by any experimenter. Nor has any specimen ever been obtained, even in India, where the two kinds dwell side by side, which a zoologist would for a moment suggest was the product of such a union.

Though in Europe the black rat vanished so swiftly before the brown, yet in hot climates, especially India and the Far East, it has managed to hold its own. There it is the brown rat which is the port rat. The reason is probably that in Indian villages the life is better suited to the black rat, which likes to live up aloft in roofs and such places, while the brown rat prefers to drive tunnels under substantial European dwellings. It is this preference of the black rat for climbing which makes it to this day *par excellence* the ship rat. But, as already remarked, the common rat is no stay-at-home. It reached the United States about 1775, and crossed the Continent in less than a hundred years. Now it is as great a pest there as elsewhere.

One consequence of the arrival of the brown and extermination of the black in Europe was the disappearance of plague. The common rat, with its preference for sewers, subways, and out-buildings, is, though just as liable to the disease, not so prone to disseminate it. Moreover, it does not in this climate usually carry the true plague flea which is the specially active means of infection. Now, having said the one thing possible in favour of the brown rat, let us see what the count is against rats in general and the common rat in particular. There is, first of all, what they cost us to keep. It has been estimated that every rat eats a farthing's worth of food a day*; now this, in my opinion, is very much below the mark. Taking into account what is nibbled and spoilt as well as actually eaten, also the present value of produce, I would rather estimate the cost of each adult rat at 3d. per head per day, or £4 11s. 3d. per annum. If the rat carried off a few eggs, price 5d. each, or slew a spring chicken or two, its keep would soon come to more than £5 for the twelve months. Granting the £5 for sake of ease in calculation, and estimating the rat population of these islands at one per head of the human, or 40,000,000 (much less, I fear, than it really is), we find that the rats cost us the appalling total of £200,000,000 per annum. That stated in black and white seems a "tall order," but I am convinced it is nearer correct than the more modest ¼d. per head which comes to £15,000,000 per annum. The estimate of the rat population is also a modest one and probably exceeded by the facts, especially considering how these rodents have increased during the war.

---

* M. Hinton, *Rats and Mice as Enemies of Mankind*, p. 15 (published 1918).

Besides the food they steal from us we have a heavy account against rats in the matter of disease carrying. They not only convey plague, but are often infested with *Trichina spiralis*, that remarkable parasite which is the cause of trichinosis in man and the pig. Pigs get infected by eating dead rats and mice, and persons by eating uncooked pork. Rats also carry equine influenza, foot-and-mouth disease, etc. Probably the sporadic outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease such as are occurring at the present time are entirely rat-borne. When we remember that such outbreaks are invariably followed by the closure of the ports against the export of pedigree cattle, etc., then the loss that rats cause the breeders of live stock must be added to the bill against them.

It is probable that we do not yet know the worst of rats in many respects, and it would not be surprising if they should prove guilty of conveying many other diseases. Benevolent persons occasionally say that every living creature does some good, but who could say that *E. norvegicus* and *E. rattus* confer any benefit upon mankind? The best one can say for them is that with their great fecundity and rapid rate of increase they afford unique material for the students of heredity. Quite a large literature has accumulated on the inheritance of variations in rats and mice, especially on variations of coat colour. It has been found that the agouti, or grey coat, is the original or ancestral one in both species, that it is produced by the composite action of a number of separably heritable factors, i.e. the grey or agouti colouring is produced by mixing up black, yellow, fawn, chocolate, "blue," albino, and so on. By suitable matings these factors have been separated and rats of the various colours produced, and what is more interesting, by further matings the different factors have been recombined and the original "wild" colour reproduced. No creatures have done more to demonstrate the particulate or

Mendelian nature of the heritable factors than rats and mice. Nevertheless I believe that even the most enthusiastic students of Mendelian inheritance would not contradict the statement that it would be one of the greatest blessings that have befallen mankind if rats could be swept from the face of the earth! But at present there does not seem much prospect of exterminating them. The much-talked-of rat week does not seem to have done much towards reducing their numbers—indeed, it might be called more or less a failure. To my knowledge in many country districts it was hardly heard of. It could only be from a widely concerted, well-organized, and long-sustained effort that anything like success might be expected. As for the actual extermination of rats, that is beyond the wildest of dreams—why, if only one pair escaped they would soon repopulate these islands! Extraordinary calculations have been made as to what the progeny of a single pair might be, provided not one was killed, at the end of ten years. Theoretically such a pair might in only nine generations produce more than twenty million descendants! * A pair of rats may easily have six litters of eight apiece in the space of twelve months, and as young rats begin to breed before they are full grown, often at eight weeks, there is nothing improbable in these figures. They certainly give some idea of the multiplying power of the common rat when it can find sufficient food and shelter. These figures also impress on one what a criminal thing it is to neglect to keep down the mischievous creatures. It is only by constant, not to say incessant warfare, that they can be kept under control. Hunt and harry them with dogs and ferrets, lay traps the moment a sign of a rat is seen, never relax your vigilance for a moment, keep some good cats who will catch young, if not old, rats, encourage the barn-owls to live in your buildings, and you will be more or less free from the pests, though your neighbour but a mile away may be overrun. As special measures are poisons and viruses, the former always risky when there are other animals about,† and the latter of doubtful value, as I have known cases where it has had no effect whatever on the rat population. There are also many patent traps and patent remedies, but I am sure that the ordinary iron trap, combined with dogs, cats, and ferrets, will do all it is possible to do if people will but try. The farmstead or warehouse that is overrun with rats is not only a source of considerable loss to the occupier, but is also a national danger; the man who neglects these rodents is criminally culpable, but it is only by

---

* Lantz, *The Brown Rat in the United States* (1909).

† The recent experiments undertaken by the Zoological Society show that extract of squills (*scilla maritima*) is the best rat poison, being most effective with rats and comparatively harmless to other creatures. As yet it is difficult to get in England.

driving home to him the annual loss the country sustains that we can hope to make him realize the consequences of his laziness and carelessness. It is no good talking of compelling people to keep down their rats, for how could such a measure be enforced ? We must make the public realize that it is in their own interests that they are asked not only to kill rats but to *keep on killing them.* It is no good hoping to exterminate them by some wholesale method of gassing. Such may be feasible on board ship or in warehouses, but it is not in rickyards and hedgerows. Every one must do his or her bit, each must remorselessly kill their own rats, not putting it off " to have a rat hunt some day," but as a serious everyday business. Neglect one rat for a week and perhaps twelve young ones will be running about ! The rat war should be indeed war to the knife, for in *Epimys norvegicus* we are up against the most successful species—save ourselves—that nature has yet produced. However grudgingly we do it, yet we must pay our tribute to the brown rat ; in the short space of two or three hundred years it has become a cosmopolitan species, it has conquered the world, colonizing every country despite the fact all men's hands are against it. Whereas most animals disappear before the human race, the brown rat finds human company his greatest asset, for in houses and buildings he is safe from his natural foes, such as stoats and weasels, owls and hawks. The brown rat has not only solved the problem how to live and flourish despite all people can do, but with a touch of genius has solved it by becoming a parasite on his greatest of all enemies—he lives not only despite us, but at our expense !

Having recognized the rat's great success, and that like the old man of the sea it appears to be permanently round our necks—only the appearance of some new and even better adapted species would be likely to oust it—we must make up our minds that if we cannot exterminate the pest we will, at any rate, reduce it and keep it reduced to reasonable extent. If only everybody will hunt their own rats all will be well—they must, one and all, kill rats and *keep on killing them* !

FRANCES PITT

A PILGRIMAGE

It was morning. Flooding October sunshine, cold and gold, kindled the roof-tops of London, making anew and almost beautiful that old familiar world; whilst across the hard blue of the early sky clouds, boat-shaped and dark, drifted, light, wind-riven. Sunshine streaming through the great glass roof of the station lightly touched Fiona's hair that was itself of the golden quality of autumn. She sat in an outer corner of the carriage: she whose slender lines barely betokened the passing of girlhood into womanhood: whose face contained something gay yet evasive and far-away. Her dress was plain to severity. In her hands was a parcel tightly clasped. . . . Outside the carriage the bustle of the departing Continental express went forward. There were many people—people in sables and fur-coats and astrakhan collars, gentlemen in tweeds and wrappers, Jews defiled by too-palpable riches, red-capped British officers and wives and families, King's Messengers enthroned in first-class carriages surrounded by bags; foreign couriers, and the peculiar travelling type of waiters and cooks and repatriated refugees sandwiched in the third-class carriages of the second train.

From the subdued glow of the station the train moved out into the brilliant sunshine. Smoke was ablowing. London flitted past—London, which is for ever turning on its own axis, where no one sits still: where housewives hang out washing in back gardens, where children scrape out dishes for grimy fowls, where, on every station platform, crowds of brisk-looking workers await their early train. What a kinematograph of life! Then the suburbs—so eloquent of our mortal respectability—and then the common English countryside burnished in the colours of the resplendent autumn. The ploughman was at work, rooks hovered above the stubble, and the still green of the oaks and beeches mingled with the saffron of elms and the deeper orange of the chestnuts, that were a background to the ethereal yellow of feathery birches upon silver stems. There were to be seen oast-houses warm red among the hop-fields, while from tumbling orchards the streaked thatch and dull brick of old farmhouses often peeped.

To Fiona's features, too, had come something of these warm tints. Not Time, it was seen, but some obscure, tragic hour had set its mark there; and the expression of her face, for all its tender fairness, contained that suggestion of depth in experience and of suffering not long past, which easily outruns the years. "How I love the autumn!" she said. "It takes off the rough edges. It makes the world look kinder." And the spirit of the russet woods, the brown and yellowing fields, contemplative, quiet, was wafted in through the open window, so that even the Jews became comparable to the peasants, and the too-luxurious Pullman car a simple thing. And closely Fiona clutched the parcel in her lap.

II

Humanity huddled together on a boat. But it was all the same to the children who, flushed, with hair adrift and tense spindly legs like birds', revelled in the blow of the wind and their first sight of the sea—and the salt of it—crying out for joy, and praying the parents to walk, to run, run about the deck. Folkestone smiled—and the green-fringed cliffs and headlands of England. The crane ceased to clank, the sea-gull to cry; and there was presently only the sea, now blue, now green, little wave-tossed but never rough, and smiling—smiling too. And the clouds went billowing overhead like ships of the air, like gossamer shadows of dreams. The sunshine called to youth. The children danced for joy and called, playing their games of hide-and-seek among the coils of rope, the funnels, the narrow gangways between the deck-cabins. Soldiers smoked stolid pipes; old ladies glowered amid wraps; gentlemen (in caps) strode manfully up and down the deck two at a time, disdaining chairs. The crew did nothing. The King's Messengers and couriers took their ease in cabins.

No destroyer-escort; no tactical courses; no issuing of life-belts or excited pointing at inoffensive buoys. No mass of soldiers tightly wedged, with laughter on their lips and dread of battle in their eyes. That tableau had passed. The sea smiled at Fiona; Fiona smiled at the sea. . . . It was the most familiar scene in the world.

III

There were the Customs at Boulogne. But if the English became abusive, the French were coldly rude. Nor was there any diminution of the life of the place. Only the great hotel on the quay—once instinct with khaki activity—seemed to be in the way of an early demise. But along that quay the motor-cars raced, the dull khaki War Office cars and the French grey ones; and there were women in khaki and British girls driving British officers; and a stream of humanity crossing and re-crossing the bridge; and a mass of fishing-boats in the basin; Red Cross ambulances; even yet a lingering suggestion of war. French girls, accompanied by English officers, tripped along the Paris train; French girls in frocks of the shortest, with broad hats oddly tilted, with parasols carried head first insinuatingly under the arm. . . . What a chapter of life that was too!

No waiting hours or days for a troop-train; no philosophical farewell to civilization or outlook upon a journey of uncounted length to an unforeseen destination in a vehicle that might break down. But a seat in a restaurant-car. . . . And Fiona, looking out upon the French country, clasping still her parcel in her lap. She spoke again of the autumn: "How wonderfully it touches everything! Look at that pale green light on the poplars! Look at that silvery shimmer of the willows in the wind! I love poplars and willows; they're queer and sad. And the sunshine on that grey church tower. Tell me, will it be like this . . . there?"

Yes—the wavering sunshine made it a thing of Corot. For did it not kindle the whole of the broad river-valley with its low hills crowned by stubble, its lush valley-bottom, marsh-yellow and grey-green with trembling aspen and shimmering willow, where snipe fed and wild duck rose in the dim of the evening? The poplars stood in rows; magpies fluttered down to the railway embankment and back again; in orchards, peasant girls and children were still a-gathering the fruit; light and shade trembled like chords of music in that wistful pleasant scene. . . .

We passed through sand-dunes, and heard not even the surge of the sea: only the twisted pines stood on their crests, by their protesting attitudes seeming to whisper of the bitter winter that was at hand. But we—we pursued the river-valley, and so came to Amiens in the waning afternoon. Crowds filled the station. They were black crowds of women carrying large bags and bundles, with many soldiers. Outside the station, on which builders were at work, dusk was already falling. It was as though Winter himself had suddenly appeared. And the trees of the boulevards of Albert and of Paris were sere and leafless, and from end to end of them the cold stony figures of Conscience and of Renée Goblet gazed upon the crowds moving in the main street, while lights began to wink among the houses, and the workers to go home. And above the city rose the great mass of the cathedral, beside which the clangour of the tram-bells and the stir of the streets in the falling dusk were as the tinkling of children's toys.

There was desolation in the heart of the town—open spaces of flattened ruins where houses and shops and gay cafés or restaurants once had been. Yet in the life of the place, which had three times been broken, there was now no pause. An advancing enemy had come and gone, an army in flight had stumbled through its echoing streets of deserted houses, bombs and shells had lit it up with the slow glare of impending doom, while the impact of vast explosions had shaken its foundations from end to end. But now the lights shone, the shop windows sparkled, clangour of trams was the speaking voice of the city; and from the overfull cafés long after dark came music of dancing feet and violins.

IV

Morning light shone upon the cathedral—pale through the mist of the rain-storm, its slender spire upward pointing above the mass of the Gothic: that so great monument to the majesty of God and the humility of man. And it was cold out upon the Albert road. That road runs straight as a ruler to the gates of Bapaume, following the adjacent valley of the Ancre with the rolling plains of Picardy on either hand. There is neither relief to the eye nor satisfaction in such monotony of distance. Little of life was to be seen, but a bitter north-east wind swept across the uplands, whispering ever to the heart of coming winter. Black rooks tossed above the fallows. Leaves anon came fluttering down from wayside trees. Fitful sunshine gleamed from grey cloud-drift. A man and a woman were sowing in a field, the man slinging the seed broadcast, the woman, in drab garments with a shawl over her head, dragging from a near-by waggon the sacks full of grain: it was the woman's part: on both their faces the dull dead look of the French soil. There was little traffic on the road, save where a high springless peasant cart or a French army motor-lorry or slow-moving dray rumbled past. Patient German soldiers worked in gangs at the surface in bright green jackets—the surface of the road that was a series of steep holes—and by the wayside could be seen rusted wire and stakes heaped up, and old dugouts in the cuttings. Ploughmen and their teams dotted the high lands beneath which Albert lay in view. Here all the once familiar houses and streets shared the common ruin, and were indistinguishable. It was as if a giant had walked over the place. The great new red-brick church with its garish frescoes and barrack-like interior had fallen almost in a heap; and the sole reminder of the leaning Virgin was a twisted iron bar jutting out at right angles from the tower. Strangest of all, many of the inhabitants had returned to the place. A number stood talking and purchasing in a butcher's shop: in a hastily rigged wooden shanty a chemist had resumed his trade. Human beings might be observed passing to and fro like jackals among the ruins—chiefly old women and young children. German prisoners were at work here also, French army lorries rattled along the *pavé* road. The fringe of the great battlefield was marked by skeleton fingers of blasted trees on the edge of the plateau that seemed to warn the stranger not to approach the region of death. The unbending highway of Bapaume stretched ahead as lifeless and deserted as the vast cemetery on either hand. The penetrating silence of the scene was at once felt. Desolate it had always been, that stretch of country, but never so utterly silent. One brief year ago motor-vehicles of all kinds had streamed endlessly along this broad high road, parties of men were for ever moving backwards and forwards, while overhead aeroplanes never ceased to hum. For months at a time guns were never silent; shells might be heard bursting in the distance with a peculiar hollow sound, and all one winter's day, when the surrounding plains were covered by a mantle of snow, shells went droning overhead to explode in Albert. But now a silence, remote and brooding, had succeeded, and already the battlefield seemed wrapped in a sort of after-death.

At La Boisselle the road turns off to Contalmaison. It was necessary to slow down, unfilled shell-holes and holes made by heavy traffic spoiling the surface of the road. On every side, as far as the limits of the horizon, a gloomy moorland stretched, dark green or brown overgrown with the red sorrel, vetches, and the long rank vegetation. A little farther on appeared a large coolie camp in the flat space between roads. Those grinning, bronze, unnatural-looking denizens of another world—they were of a piece with the battlefield: its colour was their colour, and they gaped at you as grotesquely as the gaping shell-holes. There was an almost complete absence of natural life. No lark sang. No rook or plover tossed above the waste, no pigeon soared. Nothing was seen in all the vast stretch of heath but an occasional rabbit, a covey of partridges, a whinchat, and a few finches flitting ahead. Rarely the figure of a man appeared. Nothing was heard but the keening of the wind through the high-growing grass.

V

But strange that I was not told
That the brain can hold
In a tiny ivory cell
God's heaven and hell.

After all, Fiona—she was so small, so fragile, so infinitesimal beside this crude, dynamic, blasted thing: she whose rusty-black was the sackcloth and ashes of her own blasted life: she who had blithely danced her way through the pampered elegance of existence. The laughter had faded from the blue eyes that had always laughed: the lips wore no smile, but the rose had not died from her cheeks, nor the gold from her hair. How inadequate she was—

unequal in years to the burden of sorrow: her sorrow itself so inadequate! After all—yes!—she had danced, won love and held, been gay, lived for the joy and the quick music of things, known two immortal years, and never yet the deadening pulse of Time—nor Death—but borne a great man in her heart. . . .

It was clear she had never expected this—this world that was of the fibre of an earthly hell: she who had only lived for to-morrow, and this was the yesterday of all time. She had never expected this. Upon the face of the battlefield, as upon no other thing, is inscribed the very character of war: the naked fear and fury of struggling humanity, the conflicting ghosts in the minds of men, the reflected passion of the last moments of uncounted human beings. As sin prints itself upon a man or a woman's face, so was crucifixion expressed and printed here.

She said: "I never expected this. I have tried to think of it, and of him in it, and of what hell looks like. But I never imagined such loneliness and dreadfulness and sadness in any one place in the world. One cannot imagine it. I thought I knew what it was like, but I only thought. I never felt until now."

It was simple and straightforward after this. There were no tears. All that was inadequate to the immensity of the tragedy printed here upon earth. The earth which was contorted into a hundred different shapes, which was riddled with holes, scarred with the handiwork of man, and hid in its breast a thousand secrets; flecked with the grey wooden crosses, ribbed with the ruins of hearths and hearts; hiding in its breast—how tenderly, how bitterly!—the last clothed emotions, the apprehending agony of a countless sleeping dead. . . .

The aspect of the country was that of a face contorted beyond recognition in a furnace of pain. By one unknowing, it would undoubtedly have been mistaken for the scene of some colossal crime.

VI

Fiona searched. Another was already searching among bricks and bits of masonry. She was a peasant woman, unkempt with straying hair, mahogany-featured, slatternly, depressed-looking as French peasants are. To the strangers she paid no heed nor even raised her head. But a short distance away the sawing of wood was heard, and there could be seen a low wooden shanty at the cross-roads above the village. Beside it was the great crater of a 12-inch shell; behind it rose, on high, a rough-hewn crucifix flanked by crosses. A dirty child peeped out from the shanty, at the door of which hung a card almost illegibly inscribed with the words "*Estaminet. Café et bière.*" Then the sawing ceased. A grey-haired, grizzled, middle-aged man, in cap, blue blouse, and soiled white linen trousers, appeared. In an almost unintelligible *patois* he began explaining or offering something. The interior of the home he was building, it was possible to see, consisted of two compartments, the one opening into the other, their floor the rough ground. In the first of these a fire was burning on the hearth of roughly laid bricks; there were a couple of benches, and a table knocked up of deal planks. It was obvious that the work had just begun. Outside was litter of wood and shavings, a cart lay at hand, while a short distance away was a pony grazing.

Talking volubly, the man led a way down the road, upon either side of which a few bricks and an occasional household relic or block of masonry showed where a village had been. Strange things protruded from the chaos of ruins. A low brick arch, yet standing, was the portal of his former home. Amid a heap of rubble and greenery he drew attention to a large kitchen range rusted red: that, too, had belonged to the village inn. His life-story then appeared in a series of unconnected phrases and snatches of words. Early in the war he had been evacuated by the Germans, and had been sent as a labourer into Germany. At the Armistice, with his family, he was shipped to England, and for many months had made his abode between the Strand and Leicester Square—he, a common peasant who could neither read nor write.

" And there," he said, pointing, " was the school and there the orchard and there the church and here—at the feet—my home. *Toujours les Boches*. . . ." He spoke in a sort of melancholy sing-song with many shakings of the head.—" But what is this ? "—A little cavern opened into the ground; a white wall above it; among the loose earth a French painted radiator of superior type.

" The château stood here. . . ."

VII

With that we dismissed him, knowing the end of our pilgrimage was at hand. We looked around for the other landmarks we sought. They were there, every one. We stood at the opening of a little valley, completely shut in and circumscribed. A row of derelict iron huts, black, rusted red and yellow, twisted into peculiar shapes, stood at some distance up the valley, as though contaminated and shunned by every living thing. Close to the ruins of the château two grass-grown roads met, winding down the valley and losing themselves ultimately in the grey-green waste. Naked shell-stricken slopes, already high in coarse grass and every kind of weed, rose on either hand. In the middle of the valley an apple-tree pointed two twisted limbs toward the sky. Rank upon rank of greyish white poles of trees stretched far along it, and stood nakedly against the horizon like fingers of ghosts or rigid corpses standing upright. Just within the wood was a forest of grey German crosses, all alike, but leaning to this side and that. Up above were the tumbled ruins of the village, grey also, and falling about the crucifix beneath which a man was rebuilding his home.

It was to this spot, then, that the pilgrimage had led us. And after three and a half years all was as had been related: the village, the wood, the German graveyard on the hill-side, the ruined château, the parting of the roads, the apple-tree. . . . It was simple and straightforward. There were no tears. It only remained to go to the cross that would be close to the apple-tree. Rain began to fall. The north-east wind drove it out of the scudding clouds. The sound of the wind and the creaking of the derelict iron huts and the flapping of their frayed canvas were, indeed, the only sounds in that solitary place. Fiona undid her parcel, took out her bundle of tattered letters and her laurel-wreath whose parent tree had come from Athens. We together went straight to the apple-tree. There were shreds of khaki, wet and draggled and discoloured and black, lying around. Several square yards of earth had been disturbed. A dugout had fallen in. A spade lay. A rusted rifle was half buried in a shell-hole: a steel helmet in a pool of water. Of a grave there was no sign nor any cross near.

All was complete—but that. We searched. The rain steadily fell. Wayward rotting crosses " To an Unknown British Soldier " were found, hidden amid the high grass and the rank vegetation, among the brambles of the wild rose, the trailing campion, and the common cornflower; but of that we sought—no sign. There had been some mistake! Our information had been exact, but nevertheless we had come to the wrong place! . . . But no! There they were, as they had been three and a half years before: the village, the wood, the German graveyard on the hill-side, the ruined château, the parting of the roads. Here even was the apple-tree, and there—yes, distinctly enough—a trench.

Even the last letter truly spoke: ". . . It is very cold for the time of year. I am wearing your woollen scarf which keeps me warm. It is raining, but I am crouching under a piece of corrugated iron. Will you ever be able to read this? . . . The Germans are about a hundred yards away, but I can see nothing except an apple-tree just above their trench. Our line cuts across a road into a wood where there are a lot of German crosses. Just behind are the remains of a village, with a château sort of upside down.

. . . Shells are buzzing overhead. We go for the apple-tree at dusk this evening. I wish it was all over. I am afraid, not so much of what is coming, but that I may not be equal to it. But after all I think I shall be. . . . There is only one more hour to go. Already it's getting dark. I think of you again and again —I know you'll give me strength—and of the little Fiona, though I've never seen her, and of the day that must come when we three shall be together. . . ."

VIII

Yes—the evening was closing in. The rain began to sweep up in gusts, and a grey drab light to blend with the sombre landscape that now became a monochrome in grey. Grey-green the slopes of the valley, grey-green the soil at our feet, greyish white the stumps of the shattered trees, grey the German crosses and the crosses of the unknown British soldiers, grey the ruins of château and village, grey the sky above. A grey figure stood watching us at the parting of the roads—that of the solitary peasant—like the spectre of Ruin itself.

Fiona knelt down beside the apple-tree and, making the sign of the Cross, laid at its foot the laurel-wreath whose parent tree had come from Athens. It is probable she felt some prayer, for vaguely, disjointedly, Fiona believed in God. Rising, she said: "If only one could know—if only one could *know*—that some day we three shall be together again. . . ."

It was the question that very many years ago a woman, not less bitterly the sport of Fate than she, had asked beneath the monolith on Salisbury Plain in the closing hour of her own life. There was no answer given then; there was no answer given now but that of the crucifix, flanked by its two humble crosses, standing high above the ruined village, clear and distinct against the evening sky.

With that we went back into the world again. And the world was bright, and in high morning the city of Amiens sparkled and shone. And pleasant it was to see the children playing upon the boulevard, while in the windy sunlight autumn leaves came falling, falling, yellow and crinkled, eddying, eddying, fluttering down. (How wintry already were the trees upon the boulevard!) And pleasant it was to know that there were gay feet and laughing voices in life—life in the keen air. And pleasant it was to see the rich light on the Gothic carving of the cathedral, that made of it so splendid and so beautiful a thing. And good it was to hear the bells, and to know that there were yet those among the faithful who answered them: and good to feel around, to hear, to touch the pulsing beat of life on every hand. And better far that the dumb pain of the world, the grief that may not be healed nor ever stilled, should throb on lightly—all unknown and all unknowing.

IX

For the rest—well, it was ended! Of that Fiona spoke no more. She laughed—her little pretty face all over. She chattered blithely all the way to London. Her mind was her own, and it was possible that none should ever peep into it again. Women are deep; covering-up; deeper than the stillest, deepest pools. She went laughing into the world again: and people say, does she care so very much—for she dances and sings, dances to sound of piano and violin. Nor has the dancing light ever left her gay blue eyes. Her heart responds; she loves; she lives. . . .

One other knows of what is written there.

Wilfrid Ewart

A DIARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH 1917

My wife and I were staying at the Hôtel des Français, otherwise the "Dagmar," run by M. Micaud. The French Mission was also established in our hotel, which gave it a special character, and almost the sense of being ex-territorial.

Thursday, February 23 (1917).—The beginning of disturbances owing to scarcity of bread, sugar, and fuel. The trams on the Nevski ceased to run about four o'clock; the public was requested to leave the cars, and the workmen removed those parts necessary for working them. There is a continuous stream of foot-passengers in the Nevski, and a certain agitation pervades it. Patrols of Cossacks and the police, reinforced by mounted constables, traverse the large, densely thronged avenues.

Friday, February 24.—Reservist soldiers in serried ranks approach along the Nevski, singing. The crowds in the streets applaud them. There are no trams, and cabs are rare. About five o'clock I went to buy some flowers; groups of cavalry, led by some officers, scoured the Nevski, taking up the whole width of the street. At the top in the Litéinaya a compact crowd, headed by two red flags, is advancing on the troops. A raw young officer orders his group to deploy and gallop towards the crowd, which divides into two sides and re-forms in one mass behind the cavalry, but is again charged by other patrols following, with the same result. There are neither blows nor hostile cries from either side, the military is even applauded at close quarters, when compelling the people to retreat into the recesses and doorways.

Saturday, February 25.—Strike in the factories. No more newspapers. Many shops in the Nevski close. My wife had been invited to tea with the Prokovskis at five o'clock. Prokovski was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I had therefore begged my wife to ask him if there would be any difficulty in obtaining a diplomatic passport for England. I was due in London on the invitation of our Military Attaché, General Yermoloff, and had permission from Sazonoff, appointed Ambassador in London, to travel with him. Prokovski said that Sazonoff would not enter on his duties for another three weeks, and probably by that time communication between Bergen and Newcastle would be restored, and there would be no difficulty as regards passports for those accompanying him, and he would obtain for us exchange of no matter how big a sum of money, on the most favourable terms possible. In the afternoon disturbances in the streets and all shops closed. The first shots were fired on the Nevski at about six o'clock, close to the Douma. A student, wounded in the hand, ran to the chemist's at the corner of the Italianskaia, to fetch dressings for those wounded by the shots of the police.

Sunday, February 26.—The cross-streets in the neighbourhood of the Nevski are held by armed sentries belonging to the infantry, and troops are massed behind in the courtyards. In the little street between the Douma and the Gostini Dvor, there are five or six armoured cars, and as many more of the Red Cross. There are fewer people than usual in the Nevski; and quiet reigned till three o'clock. Sazonoff is ill in bed; my wife goes to see him at two o'clock. In the Nevski, Sadovaia, and Michelovskaia the crowds are collecting. From the window of our drawing-room, which faces the corner of the Sadovaia and Italianskaia, I watch the movement of that human tide—men, women, and children—shrieking, gesticulating, cheering the soldiers, and hooting the police. All eyes are directed towards the Nevski; sometimes the crowd approaches, shrieking still louder, probably to inspire courage, then it retreats, driven back by the police. Suddenly the Sadovaia is cleared; the crowd rushes from both sides into the Italianskaia, and I can see but one single man—and he stands at the corner by the Confectionery Krafft, watching. Suddenly, from the Nevski, the bursting of a volley sweeps the Sadovaia, and the imprudent spectator falls back with a bullet through his head. An instant of amazement, and the street is again crowded by the people; the street arabs are the first to appear; one of them runs up to the corpse and others follow, and drag it into the yard of the Confectionery Krafft. At the place where he fell a pool of blood stretches over the snow on the pavement, continuing in a streak of red as far as the door to which the victim of his curiosity was carried. The realistic and trivial features relished by some of our contemporary authors were not wanting. Dogs came at once and licked up the flowing blood. A mad fear took hold of me; my wife might be at that moment in the Sadovaia whilst this criminal slaughter was taking place, and any moment it might happen again. I rushed out of the hotel, the Sadovaia was again invaded by the crowd who were threatening the police. I did not know what to do, nor where to go to find my wife. Perhaps she might still be at the Sazonoffs. I go there, but she had left an hour ago, and I remember that she had intended to have tea with her cousin, Princess Julie Ouroussoff. I telephone, and she herself answers. In the Fontanka everything is quiet; the most dangerous place to cross is the Sadovaia, just opposite our hotel, where the crowd is stationed so as to lose nothing of the scuffles which take place in the thoroughfares of the Nevski, and yet be able to escape quickly to the refuge of the side streets, should stray bullets come their way. Motor-lorries full of soldiers carrying the red flag, armed with rifles or brandishing sabres, congest the roadways. Their appearance is met with cries of hurrah, women wave handkerchiefs, and the children seem to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Cars of the gentry, requisitioned, if not stolen, by the revolutionaries, are also filled with soldiers—they are everywhere; inside, in front, and on the footboards—the latter are crouching, levelling their rifles on the mudguards as though about to fire. From time to time shots are fired, but whether fired against the enemy or in the air for fun is uncertain. But there are some victims, and the wounded and dead are carried away together, and yet it appears to me as though the soldiers and the crowd who cheer their passage are not wanting in good humour and are playing at the Revolution like big children.

We were invited to dine that evening with Michael Stackovitch, to meet the Schaliapines, Mme. Plevitskaia, and Henriette Roggers. Stackovitch lives in the Moika, near the Palace Marie. A telephone ring informs us that the dinner is not postponed. We had the good luck of finding at the door of our hotel a sledge, with a driver who consented to take us for the price of three roubles. The streets and even the Nevski were empty; it seemed a dead city pervaded by silent phantom patrols. The guests of the Stackovitch's were Prince Lieven and his sister, who brought Mme. Plevitskaia with them; Henriette Roggers came on foot, having been unable to find a cab; the Schaliapines alone were afraid of crossing the city. They live on the right bank of the Neva, and it was there the struggle had been during the day. Stackovitch and his guests take it in turn on the telephone to persuade the Schaliapines to come, assuring them that order and calmness are restored, and they arrived towards the end of dinner. Prince Peter of Oldenbourg had already come. The repast was over, and a bottle of old cognac was being passed round the table before it went aground between Oldenbourg and Schaliapine. Schaliapine is in excellent humour, and sings, without being asked, drinking songs and sentimental airs, and convulses us by his comic tales. Mme. Plevitskaia sings her popular repertory, and accompanies herself on the zitra, a primitive national string instrument; then Lieven, Stackovitch's nephew, accompanies her, playing the guitar with the charm and skill of the gipsies of Moscow. The lady's maid of Mme. Plevitskaia, who comes from the same village, joins in the singing. All the peasants of this village have the gift of music. We are still at table; after the dessert, coffee, and liqueurs, tea is served. It is almost midnight when we break up. Oldenbourg takes the Lievens and Mme. Plevitskaia under his care and the Schaliapines take Henriette Roggers and us. We had never dreamt of spending so agreeable an evening after the dramatic episodes of the day. The streets are sparsely lit, no one is to be seen, not even any patrols, but the silence weighs on us like a menace. What will happen to morrow ?

Monday, February 27.—There is neither water nor gas; but, forewarned, we had filled our baths the evening before, and now we draw out the water for our toilet needs. There are no more newspapers. The Committee of Journalists of Petrograd is distributing leaflets, giving the news of the day, by soldiers circulating in cars in all directions. Groups gathered at once round any one lucky enough to have captured one of these leaflets, and it is read aloud. These leaflets are gratis, but some one suggested putting them up for auction, for the benefit of the victims of the Revolution; the very first day the price rose to 11,500 roubles for one copy. Gradually the truth filters out about the tragic events which had taken place without cessation since yesterday, increasing steadily in gravity. There is no answer to the two telegrams sent by Rodzianko to the Emperor on the mornings of February 26 and 27. In the first telegram Rodzianko represented to the Emperor the critical situation of the capital, and implored him to charge, at once, some one holding the confidence of the whole country to form a new Ministry, adding: " I pray God that in this hour the responsibility may not rebound on the Sovereign." The second telegram was more pressing still: " The situation is aggravated, and the supreme hour is at hand when the fate of the country and the Dynasty must be decided."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, heavy detachments of Revolutionary troops, followed by the populace in arms, approached the front of the Douma. The Deputies of the Extreme Left—Tscheidze, Kerensky, Skobeleff, and others, come out to meet them. The three first make speeches which are applauded by the people. The Revolutionary delegates enter the Douma, and the post, telegraph, and telephone offices are occupied by the military. At three o'clock a conference of the senior members of the Douma is formed in the private room of the President, for the purpose of forming a provisional government. Rodzianko, Nekrassoff, Kovovaloff, Dmitrikoff, Kerensky, Tscheidze, Schoulguine, Schidlovsky, Milioukoff, Karaouloff, Lwoff, Rievsky, are elected members of the Committee of the Douma for the restoration of order in the city and for the purpose of communicating with the government institutions.

Firing had begun early in the morning. There is shooting on all sides; now it is the bursting of a machine-gun from the tops of the roofs, or the armoured cars of the Revolutionaries, which traverse the city in all directions. The " frotteur " Terenty, a soldier who was disabled and decorated, told me that in the barracks of the Preobragentzi a la Millionaia, and in the Champ de Mars, revolted soldiers were fighting against their comrades who had remained faithful to their oath to the Tsar. It seems as though the rumbling of cannon from afar were audible. By midday, very many men of the Petrograd garrison had gone over to the Revolution. The Arsenal had been pillaged, and arms distributed to the workmen and to the scum of the city. The premises of the district tribunals, situated in the Litéinaya, were burnt down, as well as the offices of the Commandant of the Capital, at the corner of the Sadovaia and the Ingenérni, not far from our hotel, and all the prisons. The political prisoners, as well as the common-law prisoners—murderers, thieves, and such-like—were liberated. Truly a good way of assuring the security of the capital! All the acts of violence committed by these evil-doers will be laid to the charge of the Revolutionaries, as in 1905, when thieves passed as political agents and the word " theft " was replaced by " expropriation " ! The latter term had the *cachet* of a noble and meritorious action.

My wife had gone to the Quai des Français to see the Serebriakoffs and the Apraxines. I follow, anxious because the firing seemed to be getting worse. I telephoned to the Apraxines to tell my wife not to return home before nightfall, and to come by the Fontanka, which is comparatively a quiet quarter. About eleven at night, the Revolutionaries penetrated into the palace of the Grand Duchess Marie, where the Imperial Council was holding a session to arrange the arrest of the Ministers and the high State officials. They were particularly antagonistic to the Minister of the Interior, Prokopoff, accused him of cruel repression, by which many innocent people were victimized. It was by his orders that machine-guns were placed on the roof of the edifices, permitting an enfilading fire on the Revolutionary troops. Gendarmes and police-agents served these guns, and opened fire on the maddened crowd on their own initiative. The Ministers, helped by an usher, had time to fly by the back stairs.

The inhabitants of the Hôtel Astoria, which faces the Palace Marie, generals and officers, with their families, the foreign missions, and a few civilians, watched anxiously the incidents of the sacking of the palace, when the people sought after were not to be found there. A deputation from the Astoria was sent to inform the leaders of the troops sacking the palace that there were women, children, and foreigners at the hotel. The answer was, no one need fear the least harm, unless police-agents or machine-guns were found.

February 28.—All night, motor-lorries careered through the deserted streets, shooting constantly, aiming at random. I have just heard that the Astoria was pillaged this morning about seven o'clock. We are very troubled about the fate of our friend, Princess Cantacusène—Countess Speranski—who lived in the rooms facing the Place d'Isaac, the most exposed of all to shots from outside. From the large window of our drawing-room at the corner of the Sadovaia and the Italianskaia, we beheld the pogrom in the suite of rooms of the Commissioner of Police, a crowd, consisting mostly of women of the people and street arabs, placed itself beneath the windows of the poor devil whom they plundered. A heap of things thrown out on to the pavement were set alight, and quickly reeking smoke filled the street. A large oil portrait of the Emperor in a gilded frame was thrown on the flames with cries of joy and stamping of feet. The personal property, the books and papers of the administration, all the archives of the district, were torn to shreds by this ignorant mob, drunk with the joy of destruction, and fed the fire. The populace determined to burn everything, even money should it be found, for it was the blood of the people, which this vampire had been gorged with for years. These accusations were founded only on the assertions of agitators —namely, that the police, being in the service of the bourgeoisie, drank the blood of the proletariat! It was said, on the contrary, that this Commissary was a fairly honest man, well liked in the district by the smaller world of clerks and servants, whom he often defended in conflicts with their masters. It was said large stores of flour, sugar, vodka, and other articles had been found in his house, but none of these things, nor many other articles, were seen by those standing in the street; as probably the avenging people found them in good enough condition to ignore their bloody origin!

We had a moment of anguish when these wild creatures, who were executing this bacchanal round the burning pile, suddenly interrupted their task of devastation and persistently looked up at our windows. We retreated quickly, not knowing if it were our group of bourgeois they were regarding that irritated them, or whether it was a haunting dread of machine-guns they believed to be everywhere, which any moment might give these pillagers a rich retribution. Fortunately for us, other subjects of interest attracted the attention of the crowd, and we were forgotten. It was impossible to obtain news of Princess Cantacusène, for the telephone was defective and communication with the Astoria by the Nevski and Morskaia, the squares of the Winter Palace and Admiralty, was too dangerous. We thought the Princess must have taken refuge with her daughter, Countess Nieroth, who lives a little way off in an unfrequented part.

Milioukoff had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. Colonel Engelhardt, who had commanded a " Sotnia " of Cossacks in my detachment during the Manchurian Campaign, was charged with the organization and the command of the Revolutionary garrison of Petrograd. The Winter Palace was taken and occupied by the Revolutionaries. The Archbishop of Petrograd, Pitirim, and the Minister Sturmer, and Prince Schirinski Schakhmatoff were arrested. The Hôtel de l'Europe was requisitioned by the Provisional Government for the accommodation of the Commissariat. Princess Olussia Kotchoubey and her two daughters, thinking they were not safe at the Hôtel de l'Europe, moved to the hospital opposite, in the Michailovska Street. Her husband, Prince Michel Kotchoubey, and the fiancé of his younger daughter, the French Lieutenant Foulques de Tareintz Tholoson, came to dine with us, because the Revolutionaries had devoured everything they could find in the kitchen of their hotel. The wife of Colonel Frederizi, staying at our hotel, came to our rooms in the evening, to recount what she had heard of the sacking of the Astoria this morning. Delegates of the Revolutionary troops, bivouacking on the Place d'Isaac, after having sacked the Palais Marie, proposed that the officers living in the Astoria should join them. These latter asked for time to deliberate the question, but almost simultaneously, machine-guns hidden in the roof timbers of the hotel opened fire on the Revolutionaries massed in the square. In answer to this attack, the Revolutionaries fired at the windows of the upper stories, whilst others rushed in on the ground floor, breaking the windows. They ran through all the floors, searching for police agents, who they thought were serving the machine-guns. The soldiers exhorted the women and children, fleeing and lost in the rooms facing the square, with all the windows shattered, not to be afraid, as no harm should befall them.

March 1.—Firing has continued all night. The same scenes are repeated before our windows since early morning; the crowd of idlers, mostly women of the people and young blackguards, is stationed at street corners, acclaiming with cries of joy the armoured cars and lorries full of soldiers. No one is at work; what are they living on? The Nevski, Sadovaia, and Italianskaia are full of people, mostly soldiers, who move about in groups with huge red rosettes on their breasts or shoulders. About two o'clock quick firing is heard towards the Nevski. Soldiers, carrying their guns, rush out from the offices of the Commandant in the Riding School Michel, in the direction of the Nevski, but soon return, accelerating their pace and hiding in the doorways and courtyards which they find open. The country must not count on defenders of this quality! Taking advantage of a calm interval, my wife visits her cousin Ourousoff, in the Fontanka. By the evening the firing ceased, and we were going to bed when a squad of soldiers arrived, to occupy the entrance hall of the hotel, allowing no one to leave, and proposed to search all the rooms for fire-arms. They demanded that the proprietor, M. Micaud, should make a statement in writing to the effect that no police agents or machine-guns were in the house. Micaud refused to give this undertaking, not being responsible for people who might be in communication with the hotel from adjacent roofs, and thus bring in fire-arms.

This answer did not satisfy the soldiers, so Micaud was compelled to go with them to the Commandant of the radius, provisionally established in the Hôtel de l'Europe. The maid Ksenia, who had taken our little dogs out into the courtyard, stated that the soldiers had been very rude, and she had difficulty in obtaining permission to re-enter. I am afraid that, under pretext of commandeering all fire-arms, they may even take my sabre, which is a gift of the Empress Katharine II to one of my ancestors; it is unique, with an inscription of the Empress in letters of gold all along the blade. I had good reason for my fears, as soldiers were disarming all officers in the streets, and I myself saw some young villains brandishing officers' sabres with the knots of St. Anne and St. George. It was past midnight, and as the soldiers did not return we decided to go to bed.

March 2.—It is very cold in our rooms; for five days there has been no heating, and outside the thermometer registers between 12° and 15° Celsius. It is the first night since the Revolution that we have heard no firing; but for all that sleep was not possible, for the unaccustomed silence seemed more threatening. Whilst I was dressing, the hotel servant informed me that the soldiers were searching all rooms. A knock at my door at that moment preceded a young non-commissioned officer of Jewish type, who gave the military salute, raising his hand to his cap. He very politely asked if I had any fire-arms. Seeing that I had to deal with a decent young fellow, I asked if he knew all that was happening, and whether I could go out in uniform, or whether it were preferable to don mufti, to avoid conflicts with soldiers and Revolutionaries hostile to officers. He advised me not to go out in uniform for another few days, especially as the position of the Provisional Government was, at that moment, very precarious, the Council of Deputies, Soldiers, Peasants, and Workmen being thoroughly suspicious of it. This non-commissioned officer was appointed Commandant of our hotel. He had to appear at the Douma before his chiefs at two o'clock, and promised, on his return, to give me an account of what he had seen and heard. It was on this particular point that the conflict would be decided between the Provisional Government and its trustees, the members of the Council of Deputies, Soldiers, and Workmen requiring a firm hand over them.

My wife went to see Countess Daly Nieroth, with whom her mother, Princess Cantacusène, had taken refuge. Here is her account of the pogrom in the Astoria Hotel, which she experienced.

She was awakened about seven in the morning by quick firing, appearing to come from the Place d'Isaac, just opposite the windows of her charming drawing-room. She jumped out of bed and ran to awaken her lady's maid, Marie, and the Russian maid, giving orders to pack all her belongings, placing her jewels and valuables and important documents in a small bag. On re-entering her drawing-room to gather up photographs and other trifles, she saw a number of armed troops firing at the hotel, fragments of the window-panes and the stucco on the ceiling and walls were strewn all over the carpet. Fortunately, she had not been there when they aimed at her windows. When the Princess was dressed, the firing outside had ceased; she left her rooms, went downstairs, where the distracted hotel visitors were crowded together, men, women, and children. On the ground floor, the firing at point-blank, and the cross-firing of the Revolutionaries, laid everything waste in a manner indescribable; it was a veritable chaos; the offices and furniture exposed, the plate glass and panels shattered. The Countess Nieroth's maid had come to fetch the Princess, and they left on foot, carrying the bag with their most precious possessions, and the two little Japanese pugs, leaving the two servants of the Princess to finish the packing of the trunks, which they then locked up in the rooms. General Prince Cantacusène, son of our friend, Princess Cantacusène, had notified the Military Committee of the Douma that he was rejoining the active army, although his wounds were not quite healed. General Count Nieroff, the Princess's son-in-law, refused to serve the Republic, which was repugnant to him in every way.

The Commandant of the hotel came to see me in the afternoon. He came from the Douma, and told me that the Provisional Committee of the Douma, after excited debates, had succeeded in convincing the Council of Workmen and Soldiers of the absolute necessity of preserving the Constitutional Monarchy. At the Douma, it was stated that the Tsar had been arrested in his train at the station of Bologoé, and that he had abdicated in favour of the Hereditary Grand Duke. The Provisional Government had proposed a regency of the Grand Duke Michel, the Tsar's brother, and it was thought that he would not refuse if the Emperor gave his consent. Since the morning the price of provisions has perceptibly diminished; butter, which was yesterday 3 roubles 50 kopeks a pound, is sold to-day at 85 kopeks; eggs at 45 kopeks each, instead of 2 roubles 45 kopeks. The queues before the provision shops are endless, as every one desires to stock their cupboards, for fear of a rise of prices. All this is a favourable sign for the new regime, but Micaud, who has been to see us this evening, is very pessimistic. He says that the Soviet, or Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, is very displeased that the new Government wish to preserve the Monarchy! The soldiers and Revolutionary workmen desire a Republic, in order to put an end to the war at once, to return home, to divide the land, which is all to be expropriated in favour of the peasants and proletariat; that is to say, all the possessions of the Emperor, the allowances to the Imperial family, the churches, the monasteries and convents, and all those landed proprietors who do not labour in the field with their own hands. Micaud heard that Revolutionary troops, 300,000 strong, with artillery and machine-guns, are now in Petrograd, and unless their wishes are considered by the Provisional Government, civil war is inevitable.

March 3.—The thermometer stands at 14° Celsius. My wife's masseuse managed to come this morning; she thinks the shops will be opened, because she has seen shop assistants awaiting their masters at the shop doors; all the same, when I went out at eleven o'clock everything was closed. Many people throng the Nevski and Sadovaia. I went to the Hôtel de l'Europe to see the Commandant of the district, who has replaced the Police Commissioner, and asked for the authorization to wear my uniform. I felt humiliated by being in civilian clothes at this moment; it might easily be misrepresented as fear of scuffles with the Revolutionary soldiers. The Commandant was away; his wife received me—a Finn, to judge by her accent, and not a very distinguished woman, in spite of her expensive clothes and her pretentious manners. She and her husband occupied the best rooms in the hotel, the very rooms that General Gourko quite recently lived in. The Commandant's wife could give me no information about the dress of officers not on the active list. I went up to Sazonoff's rooms. The servants of whom I asked my way scarcely answered, remaining seated; they were ostentatiously rude. Mme. Sazonoff, who was staying with her brother, Neidhart, had come to see her husband. We exchanged a few sentences in Italian, recalling our stay together in Rome, and thus forgetting, for a short moment, what was happening here. She told us her brother had been arrested yesterday and taken to the Douma, where several Ministers and people of importance who had played a part in the internal politics of the country during the last years were imprisoned. Kerensky immediately released him, with many apologies. Neidhart was shot by the Bolsheviks in Petrograd in 1918.

Gossip runs wild in the town, in spite of the tragic events of the moment. It is said that Countess K., having got wind of her imminent arrest, hid herself in the cellar of her house, where she remained several days. Gossip had not spared her at the outbreak of war either; the rumour spread that she was arrested in the very act of spying, and had been hanged in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. When the person suspected of having invented and spread this report telephoned to the Countess's house for news of her, she sent a reply to the effect that she was unable to speak, as she was still "hanged." Sazonoff went to the bank this morning, which is open regularly from eleven to one o'clock. When the Revolutionary troops occupied the Douma, Milioukoff gave them an address, in which he alluded to the heir to the throne simply as Alexis; Sazonoff was disgusted with his want of respect for the unfortunate family of the degraded sovereign. We have just heard of the tragic death of the young Count Kleinmichel, brother of Claire Martinoff, my wife's niece. Kleinmichel, Captain of the Hussar Guards Regiment, was killed by the soldiers in the cantonment of his regiment at Tsarkoé-Selo. Another officer of the same regiment was arrested by a soldier at the railway station, who, asked if he had permission from the Soldiers' Committee to leave the cantonment, answered that it was no affair of his, and was at once killed by a bayonet-thrust in the stomach.

It is impossible to explain the hatred of the soldiers and the populace for the officers—hatred which sprang up spontaneously, and which was not observable before the Revolution. The officers had not practised the German system of instructing the soldiers by means of kicks and blows. The relations between officers and soldiers, as I saw myself in the Manchurian Campaign, were entirely satisfactory, and more often than not full of good feeling. It is no paradox to say that in spite of the absolutism of the old order of things, and the difference in the intellectual and moral level of the upper classes and the people, Russia is, perhaps, the most democratic nation in the world. Even in the days of bondage there existed between the masters and their serfs a patriarchal relationship which was unknown in any other country. There were, no doubt, abuses and cruelties committed, followed by terrible repression of the peasants rebelling against their masters, but these were exceptions, which the law, moreover, punished severely in each case. These murders, without apparent motives, were evidently committed by individuals who had been won over to their cause by numerous agitators. Since our reverses the number of deserters rose to tens of thousands, but this number grew during the Revolution in a fantastic manner, especially after the appearance of the order of the day of evil omen, which put an end to the discipline in the army. It was not surprising that deserters fled to the capital, where the relaxation of discipline gave promise of illicit gains made easy, and where the life was more pleasant than that which they led in the forest marshes of White Russia. It was from amongst such men that the assassins of the officers, the incendiaries and pillagers were recruited.

The leaflets of the journalists never mentioned them, whilst the Government, incapable of suppressing them by armed force, exhorted the population of Petrograd and the soldiers of the garrison in their proclamation to re-establish order themselves in the capital, and asked the inhabitants not to allow themselves to be despoiled, and to remain at night-time in their respective homes without fear!

Here is the text of a few of these proclamations, showing what confusion held the Government in these first days. The priority must unquestionably be given to the famous order of the day on the anonymous decree of March 1, bearing the number 1, written, it is said, by Solokoff, one of the pillars of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, and Soldiers. This decree abolished discipline and dug an impassable abyss between officers and soldiers.

ORDER OF THE DAY (No. 1)

March 1, 1917

To the Garrison of the Military Division of Petrograd, to all the soldiers of the Guard, the Army, Artillery, and Fleet, to be immediately and punctually executed, also to be made known to the workmen of Petrograd, the Council of Deputies, Soldiers, and Workmen in all companies, battalions, regiments, artillery-parks, batteries, squadrons, in all the various department and military institutions, as in all battleships—committees shall be formed, selected by the above bodies.

2. In all military groups where representants to the Council of Deputies, Workmen, and Soldiers have not yet been elected, each company must elect a representative who must present himself at the Douma at ten o'clock on March 2, with his credentials.

3. In all its political acts the military organization are subject to the Council of Deputies, Workmen, and Soldiers, and their Committees.

4. The Orders of the Douma Commission are not to be applied if they run counter to the orders and decisions of the C.D.W.S.

5. All arms—rifles, machine-guns, armoured cars, and others—must be placed at the disposal of and under the control of the Committees of companies and battalions, and must in no case be handed over to officers, even when exacted by them.

6. Soldiers are under strict discipline only when at the front and on active service; in private life soldiers may not be deprived of their political rights as citizens. When not on duty, the salute due to generals and the obligatory salute to superior officers is abolished.

7. The addressing of generals and officers as "Your Excellency," "The Honourable," etc., is replaced by "Monsieur le Général," "Monsieur le Colonel," etc. It is strictly forbidden to speak in offensive terms to soldiers, and to use the familiar "thou" to them. Should any misunderstanding arise between officers and soldiers, the latter must appeal to their Committees. The present Order of the Day shall be read to all companies, battalions, regiments, batteries, to all marine crews, and to all other military units.

(Signed) The Council of Petrograd of Deputies, Workmen, and Soldiers

It was this document without signature that caused disturbance in the Russian Army and Fleet, the abolition of military discipline, and the claim on the part of the soldiers and the proletariat to all privileges, political and social, thus arrogating to themselves a true dictatorship. How was it the Provisional

Government did not realize that in accepting this anonymous decree it was placing all power in the hands of the proletariat? It was the manager of the hotel who brought us this *Isvestia*, or news-sheet, edited by a group of journalists, replacing those newspapers whose printing-presses had been requisitioned by the Revolutionaries. These leaflets were difficult to obtain, although distributed gratis. Here are some extracts of the news of March 1, bearing the number 3:

The President of the Douma, M. Rodzianko, has communicated by telegraph to all the cities of Russia, that the Provisional Government is represented by the Committee elected by the Douma of the State

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE MILITARY COMMISSION OF THE DOUMA

The Officers of the Garrison of Petrograd, and all Officers residing at present in the Capital who are not performing duties for the Douma Commission, are requested to report between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., the 1st and 2nd of March, to the Departments of the Army or Navy, that they may receive permission to reside there, and for the registration of those who are to conduct the instruction of the soldiers adhering to the people's representatives, for the organization of the defence of the Capital.

The Officers of the active Army must report immediately at their respective posts, as the least delay on their part may damage their professional prestige. The Military Commission of the Douma addresses itself to officers in the present communication, and points out to them that at this time, when the enemy is in the very heart of our country, and is preparing to profit by our temporary weakness by inflicting another reverse, it is incumbent on us to utilize all our faculties in the organization of our military forces. Only in this way can our Army turn all its qualities to account and assure final triumph. The blood of our comrades shed in these last two years and a half of war compels us not to lose an instant of so precious a time.

The Military Commission of the Provisional Committee of the Douma.

PRESIDENT OF THE DOUMA, R.

TO THE RESIDENTS

Citizens! Our first and most urgent duty is at this moment to uphold order by all means. The popular Government, sitting in the Douma, in common with the social organizations, the representatives of the Army and Workmen, has taken all necessary measures to avoid any disturbance of the peace; there is, therefore, no cause for anxiety. We urge all, with the exception of troops on active service, to keep within their respective homes during the night.

Citizens! Abstain from drunkenness and pillage, and stop incendiaries.

Don't fire without orders from the military patrols.

THE COMMITTEE OF TECHNICAL AND MILITARY AID

DECLARATIONS OF A GROUP OF WELL-INFORMED SOLDIERS

We are addressing ourselves to the soldiers, our comrades, and beg them not only to refrain from taking any part in the pogroms, but, on the contrary, to help in establishing order by undertaking to keep the peace in the streets of the Capital.

Telegrams of Rodzianko to the Commanders of the Black Sea and of the Baltic Fleets, to the Commanders-in-Chief of the Land Armies, to the Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasus Front, and to the Chief of the Staff, from the Supreme Chief of the Land Armies and the Navy:

1. The Provisional Committee of the Members of the Douma informs Your Excellency that in view of the withdrawal of the whole strength of the former Council of Ministers, the Provisional Committee of the Douma have taken steps to restore the

normal conditions of life and the direction of affairs in the Capital, and urge the Army and Navy on active service to keep calm and maintain order, in the assurance that the fight against the enemy will, in no case, either be interrupted or weakened. The Army and the Fleet must carry on the defence of the country with the same courage and the same zeal which they have shown hitherto.

The Provisional Committee, in collaboration with the Military Division of the Capital, and with the consent of the inhabitants, undertake to restore calmness and composure in the rear of the Army, and re-establish the regular working of Government institutions. Let each officer, soldier, and sailor fulfil his duty, and realize that the surest way of putting an end to the abuses and to the chaotic state induced by the old order of things is to enforce order and discipline, which alone can facilitate the task of the new Government.

(Signed) M. Rodzianko

This declamatory style aimed at making amends for the mistake of having given in to the demands and the threats of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, and Soldiers, and in accepting their help in the very difficult work which the Douma had charged the Provisional Committee to perform. Was it possible for them to do otherwise? No one can say till all the details of these historic days are in our possession. In another paper, edited by the Council of Deputies, Workmen, and Soldiers, we learnt that the Tsar's train had been stopped between the stations of Bologoé and Dno, and that he will be compelled to abdicate; that the Tsaritza is in a state of permanent hysteria, and the Hereditary Grand Duke has the measles. All the troops of the military district of Petrograd have gone over to the Revolution. Nearly all Ministers and high functionaries are under arrest. Admiral Virène has been killed by sailors at Kronstadt. General Count Gustave Stackelberg has been arrested and was to have been taken to the Douma, where doubtless he would at once have been released, for he had never played any political part in the country, having mostly lived abroad, particularly in Paris; but, by ill fortune, the rifle of the soldier who arrested him went off by chance. Some one in the crowd declared that it was the general who fired it; he was torn from the soldiers who convoyed him, jammed against the railings or the canal coping of the Winter Palace, and shot. His body was thrown into the canal.

March 4.—14° Celsius. The snow-ploughs worked all night. The first to come out swept a narrow passage in the snow all along the pavements. The shops and stores opened. A few cabs began to circulate. The workpeople, men and women, cleared away the snow from the tram-rails. The Nevski became gradually peopled; the number of red rosettes that every one wore the first days of the Revolution has perceptibly diminished. Students in college dress and young men in plain clothes, wearing a red brassard, with the letters C.M. (City Militia) in white on the left arm, and armed with rifles, are placed at the cross-roads, replacing the constables (*Gorodovois*), the pet aversion of the Revolutionaries, their good humour never failing, even when chiding recalcitrant cabmen. The Nevski and the cross-streets assumed their usual aspect. At six o'clock the church bells began to ring—it was Saturday evening; they had not been heard since the beginning of the trouble, and those whose nerves had been shaken by the clamours of the populace and the constant firing of the last few days, were greatly affected. This impression was but momentary, for only yesterday shots were fired in broad daylight close to us, whilst an aggressive and brawling crowd, led by soldiers with red flags, shouting at the top of their voices the "Carmagnole" and the "Marseillaise," replacing the patriotic words by others.

March 5.—A good many newspapers have appeared, even the *Novoiè Vrémia*, considered the most reactionary of the entire Press. The *Rietch*, the exclusive organ of the "Cadets," had moved to ground-floor premises in the Nevski, formerly the old Café-Restaurant Dominique. The Nevski swarms with soldiers, none of them saluting their officers; as a contrast, the students of the military colleges and the Corps of Pages do so with ostentation, as also the officers each other. I am obliged to go to the Chancellery to obtain a permit to reside in the capital and suburbs. The Chancellery is at the corner of the Goroxovaia (*rue des Pois*) and the Admiralty Square. A long file of officers forming a queue extends to the other side of the Gogol Street. The moment after I came there were about a hundred behind me. We stood in the snow at 15° below zero. We talked. Officers told more or less tragic tales of what they had gone through, but the story of a ship's captain, who escaped by a miracle from the slaughter at Kronstadt, was like a nightmare. An artilleryman from the front said that a large percentage of German shells did not explode, nor their hand-grenades either. I had noticed it a year ago in the advanced lines at Dwinsk. Another officer, who had fought against the Turks, added that they were much more cruel than the Germans, and that our soldiers did not spare them, and seldom made prisoners; in taking a trench of about two kilometres length, which the Turks defended with desperation, every one was killed. I amused them by saying that my answer to those who asked me why I didn't wear the red rosette was that, in my view, the emblem of the notorious Revolutionary, now that the new Government is established and, indeed, approved by the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, might indicate that I was against it and partisan of the Tsar.

We were let into the Chancellery in batches of thirty persons at a time; in a spacious ground floor seven or eight girls or ladies were seated at a long table, doing clerical work, each one had a file of forms; the officers, in turn, handed them their passports, their route, and documents of identity. These ladies wrote the Christian and surname and rank of the officer on the forms, and gave them to a messenger, who took it to another room, from which, after three or four minutes, an officer appeared, and handed the permits to those for whom they were destined, by calling their name and rank. This work went on without interruption, without addressing a word to any one. And what was still more surprising, the ladies absorbed in their work never looked up to see who was addressing them, nor to talk with their neighbours! As there was only one door in the room where the permits were distributed, an exit had been improvised in the adjoining room by the window! An empty case was placed to serve as a step up to the window, and as it was the ground floor the jump on to the pavement was not too high!

I had a visit from Dimitri Martinoff. He looked very dejected and helpless. He told me that at the Conference with the Allies' representatives, which took place yesterday, the English desired to play the chief part, but that his brother-in-law, General Gourko, had put them in their place. I remarked that it was very regrettable to stand aloof from our Allies, who alone would be able to help us if anarchy got the better of us. He agreed that the Revolution might take a very dangerous turn if the proletariat, already dissatisfied with Rodzianko and the Douma Committee, were to seize the reins. It is no better in the country, where the rights achieved by the Revolution, and the redivision of the land, are understood by the peasants as the right of immediate seizure of the property of the province, the clergy, and the large estate-owners. The seizure of property will be followed by the confiscation of capital, and if one is too old to labour in the fields, or if one has not learnt a trade, on what is one to live? I endeavoured to console my cousin by saying that all hope of re-establishing order in the country was not at an end; that we could have perfect confidence in the army confronting the enemy, which was commanded by popular generals of great courage, like Alexieff, Gourko, Broussiloff, Letchitzki, Ivanoff, Lesch, and many others who have distinguished themselves during two and a half years of war.

Twelve degrees below zero and snow-storms. There are fewer soldiers in the streets; some give the military salute to the officers, probably those coming from the army on active service, who are not yet contaminated by socialistic revolutionary propaganda. There are many more private carriages and sledges and cabs. The Militia Police have learnt their work at the crossings, and hold their small white batons in the hand, the emblem of the former city police. Gangs of workmen, armed with pickaxes and spades, work assiduously at repairing the tram-rails, whilst the women clear away the snow.

March 7.—14° Celsius. I went to the district offices of the Army and Navy to get permission to carry arms. This permit was given as easily as the residential one. A single clerk filled in the prescribed form, a sub-lieutenant at the next table signed it, and the document was registered and stamped, and that was all. Here, as well as in the offices of the Administrator, work continues in silence and without interruption. I had never seen anything like it in any administration, official or private, before the Revolution.

It was decided that the official burial of the victims of the Revolution should take place in the Square of the Winter Palace —perhaps to emphasize that the Tsar was the principal culprit of the crimes committed against the liberty of the people! It was just what Tolstoi meant to convey in his novel, *Resurrection*, and in some others. There is a fear that violence by the over-excited people may occur during the ceremony.

I went to see Prince Constantin Gortchakoff; he was indignant at the behaviour of the Grand Dukes and Duchesses who hastened to abjure the Emperor as soon as the Revolution burst forth. The Prince was no partisan of the late dynasty, but thought that a constitutional monarchy was the only rule to suit Russia. This was, moreover, the opinion of the large majority. The Republic was desired only by the ambitious, who hoped to obtain power, the "Intelliguentis" (which has been erroneously translated as "Intellectuals," for they consist chiefly of people from the elementary schools), the students and scholars of the secondary schools, seminaries, and other scholars, who have not graduated or finished their education; workmen who prefer to meddle in politics rather than work; the small officials of provincial institutions and of the Zemstvo; school-masters and -mistresses who were badly paid. All these, representing a small percentage of the population of Russia, have always been under the influence of destructive propaganda, and by them alone the Republic was welcomed. All the deserters from our Army, however, joined this rather restricted number, and they increased to hundreds of thousands after our reverses, and were quadrupled when, under the auspices of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, discipline was practically abolished. Although the garrison of Petrograd was not composed of deserters, it was no better, as it refused to leave the capital in order to face the enemy. It was quite evident that the Provisional Government would have to submit to the will of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, supported by 300,000 armed men occupying the capital, and demanding immediate proclamation of the Republic for the purpose of ending the war—so as to be secure against taking any part in it. We heard that the Emperor Nicholas II had renounced the throne in his own and his son's name, bequeathing it to the Grand Duke

Michel, his brother. The latter, in a manifesto, declared that he would only accept the supreme power if it were the will of the people represented in the Constituent Assembly, decided by universal suffrage to be the Government of Russia. The text of the manifesto of the Tsar and Grand Duke Michel are appended.

March 8.—The thermometer fell in the night to 25° Celsius, and to 10° during the day. Crowds of people are seen in the distance in the Nevski. There are few rosettes or red ribbons amongst the people, or even among the military. The soldiers avoid officers, and show uneasiness about omitting to salute. Like children, they take liberties without feeling sure they will not be punished. As I have already remarked, I think the soldiers who are uneasy about the new regulations of Order 1 must have come recently from the front, for the Petrograd garrison is not wanting in assurance, rather the contrary. All the shops and stores are open, and trade is in full swing. All along the quays and in the wide avenues, recruits, still in plain clothes, are being drilled by non-commissioned officers in the art of warfare. It is asserted that the workmen are assiduously making munitions in all the factories. One is tempted to believe that all this is in earnest, and that good sense is gaining ground, and that the country may emerge renewed and stronger after all these trials!

March 9.—The weather keeps fine, but is very cold. The capital seems to resume its usual appearance, and quiet appears restored. But in the people's quarters a great dissatisfaction is brewing with Rodzianko and the Douma Committee, accused by the Soviet of being reactionary. In these quarters their indignation was particularly aroused against Milioukoff who, in a speech to the Douma, insisted on the necessity of demanding Constantinople and the Dardanelles from the Allies, whilst the watchword of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers is: "No annexations, no indemnities." This is inexplicable, for why deprive ourselves of that which was formally promised us by England and France, when Sazonoff was still Minister of Foreign Affairs? . . . And yet it is simple enough. These armed bands had had enough of the war, and no longer cared to risk their skins. They prefer to attack the inoffensive middle class and divide their estates between them, and think that the only way of obliging the enemy to consent to peace is to show him our disinterestedness. These cowards will not see that if we abstain from annexations and imdemnities the Germans will not deprive themselves on our account. The decrease in the wearing of the red badges of the Revolution proves that the masses wore them only from fear of being taken for reactionaries. When the more courageous of them decided to leave them off, their example was followed by others less brave.

March 10.—I paid a visit to our friend the engineer, Zvetkoff, constructor of the railway on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. He lives on the right bank of the Neva, near the charming house of La Kszesinskaia, *danseuse* of the Imperial Ballet of Petrograd, whose protectors were of the highest in the land. Lenin and his companions stayed at this hotel when they came to Petrograd, having travelled through Germany in a train under official seal authorized by the Kaiser. Zvetkoff was not wanting in presence of mind or in humour, which came to his aid in a conflict with Revolutionaries, in the house of his chief, the Minister of Roads and Transport, whom they had come to arrest. The wife of the Minister, more dead than alive, was alone in the house with Zvetkoff. The latter saw that the leader of this band, who hurled himself upon him with a fixed bayonet, wore the student's badge upon his breast. Zvetkoff said to him with great calmness: "What, are you not ashamed? You, a student like myself, attack a woman and a disarmed man!" The latter, covered with confusion, left the place without making any search.

On my walks I spoke to soldiers, particularly those who appeared to pay least attention when meeting an officer. I asked them the way, or some other question; they replied very politely, some of them with solicitude, their arms hanging down straight and stiff. I told this one evening to some friends who were complaining about the soldiers. They were silent, in order not to contradict me, but I felt that I had lost favour in their eyes; in wishing only to stick to the truth I had myself been taken for a Revolutionary! . . . They laughed at me, but I soon had my revenge. Some of us officers had gone out together, and entered a tram-car swarming with soldiers. As I entered several soldiers rose and offered me a seat, saying: "*Pojalouista sadites, gospodin polkovnik*"—"Please take my seat, Monsieur le Colonel!" It was my turn to laugh!

March 12.—First day of thaw. The Youssoupoffs returned to Petrograd from their estates in the Crimea and Zoursk. At the station of Charkoff the young Youssoupoff, who liberated Russia from her evil genius, Raspoutin, was recognized. He and his parents had great difficulty in escaping from the ovations of the public, who desired, above all, to take them in triumph to the Town Hall. At that moment the train from the Caucasus drew into the station. It is said that the Grand Duke Nicholas, the old Generalissimo, so popular in the army, is in the train with his family! The public renew their cheering for the Grand Duke, who had been compelled to abandon his post, thanks to the intrigues of Raspoutin. He was about to report at General Headquarters, by the order of the Tsar, to take up the command of the armies, and was ignorant of the fact of the Emperor's abdication. Princess Youssoupoff, seeing that he was so happy, had not the heart to tell him that it was no use for him to go to Headquarters, as the Emperor was no longer there, and the Provisional Government had appointed the former Chief of the Staff, General Alexieff, Generalissimo.

The funeral of the victims of the Revolution, which one feared would be the prelude to violence and excess on the part of the people, was put off from day to day. One can only suppose that the Soviet itself was not sure of being able to contain the passions of the armed masses, capable of outdoing all their anticipations in a regular topsy-turvy. It was agreed that the burial of those who died for the glory of the Revolution should not take place in the Winter Palace Square, but in the Champ de Mars. Huge common graves—called in Russia *Bratskia moguili* (fraternal graves)—had been already dug opposite the barracks on the Champ de Mars. It is announced definitely that the funeral will take place on the 23rd. Measures are taken beforehand, yet every one is anxious, not knowing if order can be maintained by armed forces, and whether they will not make common cause with the unbridled people.

March 23.—The whole length of the funeral procession troops are lined up on both sides of the street, barring the thoroughfares. Orders were given for all doors and windows to be shut, and to allow no one on the roofs. The march past began at 8.30, preceded by well-ordered troops, with a band at their head, playing alternately funeral marches, the "Marseillaise," and Revolutionary hymns. The coffins, painted bright red, were borne by hand and followed by groups of workmen, delegates from all the works and factories, the different associations, students, male and female, and work-women from all the commercial houses. They all sang at the top of their voices the Russian "Marseillaise" (with the odious words so greatly relished by international plebeians), the "Carmagnole," and other seditious songs. A leader marched at the head of each group, nearly always an Israelite. To make himself important, he turned towards his companions, raised his arms, beat time with a stick as a band-master does, demeaning himself in such a comic manner that one would laugh were not the whole scene so lugubrious. The crowd, standing behind the lined-up troops and at the outlets of the side streets, cheered the improvised choirs, and frantically waved red-and-white handkerchiefs. Red dominates everywhere. Flags, large banners, with divers inscriptions, the most frequent and appreciated by the enthusiastic crowd being "Without annexations and indemnities!" Why this formula? Is it ignorance, stupidity, or cowardice? Perhaps all three! All wore brassards, enormous rosettes, and bows of red ribbon on their breast; the corpses even were wrapped in shrouds of this colour! One begins to understand the horror of bulls for red! What a relief to see a naval flag! white, with the blue cross of St. Andrew, slung over the shoulder, displayed by the sailors; and that of the Ukraine, blue and yellow horizonal bands, borne by a group of Ukrainian soldiers (in heraldic terms, intersected with azure and gold!)—the ever-blue sky of the Ukraine above the golden corn!

As it had been thawing for a few days, one floundered in melted snow and mud. The troops, the people in the funeral procession, and spectators, were famished, but no one thought of losing even a moment of this moving spectacle. The march past concluded at nine at night; one hundred and eighty-one coffins were taken to the common grave. It is said that many families preferred to bury their relations with less pomp and show, but rather with religious rites, which the official funerals of victims of the Revolution did not allow. To make up for the deficiency in the dead, whose number was greatly exaggerated in the papers of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, it was said that they had resort to the corpses of Chinese who had died of typhoid, which raged at Petrograd among the subjects of the Celestial Empire, and which, according to the rites of their religion, should have been conveyed by their co-religionists to their own country as soon as the ice broke in the large rivers of Siberia, and the state of the roads permitted. Perfect order reigned on the whole route of the funeral procession, thanks to the measures taken by the Provisional Government, seconded by the garrison commandants; no violence, no accident occurred. As so often happens, apprehensions foreseen were not realized.

March 25.—The feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin was celebrated by the Horse Guards Regiment in the cathedral dedicated to the Annunciation. Before the war it was customary to celebrate a religious service in the riding-school of the regiment in presence of the Emperor and Imperial Family, of whom many are inscribed in the regimental lists, such as the Grand Duchess Ksenia, the Emperor's sister, who was born that very day, and was at once entered in the regimental lists by her father, Alexander III. After the "Te Deum" and the review of the Regiment, the officers were bidden to a luncheon at the Winter Palace, where the Emperor presided. On this occasion the commander of the 1st Squadron, called His Majesty's, and the adjutant of the regiment received the title of aide-de-camp to His Majesty, if they had not already received it. In the evening there was a banquet in the Mess, at which all former officers of the Horse Guards present in the capital took part. The dinner lasted till the small hours of the morning.

It was a year ago I was invited to spend this day at Proscouroff, not far from the lines of battle. We had then no idea that it was, perhaps, our last meeting under the traditions of the glorious past of our regiment, which was about to celebrate its second centenary in 1931. A flattering and touching telegram was received from our august Chief. To-day he is no longer on the throne, and the fate of the regiment is precarious. How many of our comrades with whom we so joyously fêted the dear old " Horse Guards " are no longer here ?—killed on the battlefield or by mutinous soldiers. A few former Horse Guards and some officers of the regiment, being at Petrograd, attended the religious service and the Mass for the dead at the Cathedral of the Annunciation. In the evening they met at the Restaurant Contaut, but what a sad repast we had, obliged to give heed to each word spoken, as the servants of the restaurant were surely spies, and looked upon us as conspirators against the Sacred Revolution. At dessert, having dismissed the waiters, Colonel Count Pahlen, the oldest of the officers of the regiment present, held speech on the occasion, speaking in a whisper, for the walls of restaurants have ears too. It was heart-rending! We separated very early. In great grief, as in great joy, one has nothing to say even to friends.

We saw our relations and friends, and I dined on Saturday at the New Club. One meets the same people, but the relationship is changed. Petrograd society, which had never been homogeneous, divided into cliques, which had their only *raison d'être* in snobbery ; fearing the threats of democracy they joined together against the common enemy. The divergence of opinion on political questions was but too apparent. Those in opposition during the autocratic regime continued, from sheer inertia, to express the same ideas, but they added much water to their wine. A great number of these want to believe, and do so very sincerely, that all is for the best in this best of all worlds, and they will not be shaken by doubts. All the same, it is impossible to revive the past, as perhaps some of the high dignitaries of the Court and those who benefited by the Sovereign's favours would desire. The aristocracy understands clearly that a constitutional and very liberal government alone will suit Russia, but it will not admit anything but a Monarchy. The peasants express the same in their manner. They want a Republic with a Tsar !

I was much impressed on hearing it said to the Princess Z. Z., in her luxurious palace of Moika, that Russia was speeding to her ruin ! They were not the idle remarks that pessimists repeat without sounding their depth, or the opinion of people more thoughtful for their own than the country's good. They were the outcome of profound and unperturbed conviction which involuntarily seemed prophetic. Society and the Press were unanimous in their opinion that it was revolting that the Kaiser had sent a band of Russian anarchists to Russia, presided over by Lenin, the Communist, who had taken part in the International Conference at Zimmerfeld. They came through Germany in a special train, officially sealed, and travelling through Sweden and Finland arrived here in Petrograd.

A smiling soldier stopped me in the street, with all the former marks of respect, and recalled to my mind that he was a former servant of General Count Keller, my comrade and friend, with whom we had together made the journey from Petrograd to Liao Yang, and whom I had again seen when he commanded the Army Corps in the East a few days before he was killed. I was delighted to see and chat with this good fellow, who deplores the present state of our Army. He said order will be restored when we have the Tsar back again!

Having applied at the Agency for sleeping compartments in the train on April 2, I received the tickets this morning for Touapsé, a seaport on the Black Sea, for April 12. It is not so easy to get tickets for trains which have not got carriages of the International Companies; the queues before the offices of locomotion sometimes stretch the whole length of a district. The porter of our hotel tells us that even with a ticket one is not sure of getting off, because the soldiers hustle you and take all the seats, throwing out the occupants. Only yesterday, he said, a lady who had taken her seat for Siberia was unable to leave because the soldiers got into her carriage and refused to let her come in. The porter thinks the soldiers are more likely to respect the travellers in the carriages of the International Company, which they confuse with Lenin's companions. When our time for leaving had come we were very anxious, but to our great surprise there was perfect order at the station; only the people provided with tickets could pass on to the platforms, and we should have arrived at our destination without difficulty and with all the comfort of an express train if we had not been stopped at Rostoff by the breaking of the bridge over the overflowing Don. Are the elements also in league with the Revolutionaries to make trouble for the bourgeois?

A. K.

"HERITAGE"*

A WORK of art must have composition, form, and the spirit of life, and Miss Sackville West's book, *Heritage*, has all of these in varying degrees. The novel is divided into three parts, and these parts represent most thoroughly the beginning, middle, and end of the plot; they are in proportion, and are well balanced; the form is good, but is not perfect, for some of the sentences are ugly and unmusical, and some are over-complicated. The spirit of life is there in abundance, and the blending of originality and tradition could not be improved upon; in some ways the book reminds one of *Wuthering Heights*, but it is in no sense a pastiche merely of the same tradition. Part I is a narrative by the hero, Mallory, told to the " I " of the story. Part II is where the " I " becomes an actor, not merely a listener. Part III is a letter by Mallory to the " I."

A family of Kentish yeoman farmers have a cross of Spanish in their blood, and this Spanish strain becomes alternately dominant and recessive. Mallory is a man of culture and refinement, who has an inordinate passion for analysis, and this example of the Mendelian theory is of such intense interest to him (he even tries a cross between waltzing mice and ordinary mice for further demonstration) that he forgets that he is a man of common human passions. The characters that interest him are Ruth, daughter of Amos Pennistan, the farmer to whom he is apprenticed, and her cousin, Rawdon Westmacott; Mallory watches these two as a professional analyst would watch a chemical compound in a test-tube. Ruth, in many ways, is all that is perfect, and Rawdon is the reverse, and they marry each other; they are both fundamentally Latin, and therefore their behaviour fills him, an Anglo-Saxon, with amazement and astonishment. Then the Great War comes along, and I suppose Mallory feels, as we all have felt, how dreadfully we have missed our opportunities, especially in the matter of love. He survives the war and returns home, adoring Ruth. Rawdon also survives, takes to drink, and ill-treats his wife. After much patient waiting and suffering Mallory gets his chance, and the drunkard disappears. The removal of Rawdon is, to my mind, the weakest thing in the story, and the least true to life, for it is my experience that drunkards never die and never can be got rid of.

The three main characters are Mallory, Rawdon, and Ruth. Mallory is a typical thinking Englishman, with a maddening habit of attributing most causes and effects to metaphysical instead of physical reasons, but this is not the author's fault, for there are hundreds of Mallorys turned out by our universities every year. He has a superabundance of self-control, which, no doubt, is sufficient explanation for his slight crankiness; his mind is always pondering on time, death, and judgment. and here is a sample of what he writes from the Front on the subject of death: "One's chief need, one's principal craving, I find, is to get Death into his true proportion. We have always been accustomed to think of Death as a suitable and even dignified ending to life in old age, but to regard the overtaking of youth by Death in quite a different light, as an unspeakable calamity. Here, of course, such an overtaking is of everyday occurrence. This, you will say, is a truism. I answer, that there is no such thing as truism in war; there is only truth. If I take all my reflections about Death, slender as is their worth, and pass them through a sieve of analysis, what do I get? I get, as a dominant factor, Pity. Pity, yes, pity that these young men should have missed the good things life would have given them; not horror so much, that they should be in blackness below the ground, as pity that they should not be above it in the light. . . ."

---

* By V. Sackville West. (W. Collins and Sons, Ltd.)

Rawdon is the handsome debauchee, promiscuous and passionate; he has some points of resemblance to the Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights*, but he is not so strange, so terrible, or so attractive. There is a scene in a barn, where Mallory overhears Rawdon proposing to elope with Ruth, which is very dramatic and very well written, and which would be most suitable to opera. Music would help to make clearer the situation of Rawdon passionately desiring Ruth, and Ruth in love with Mallory, and Mallory analysing their passions to the point of forgetting that he has any himself.

The character of Ruth is by far the best thing in the book, and she is made lovable as much by what is said about her as by what is left unsaid. Miss Sackville West has found out the secret of English folk ballads, which is to say enough only to set the imagination working, and to achieve strength by economy. Is it not the aim of all art to state essentials and essentials only, to extract the honey from nature?

In this age of propaganda a book or a picture or a song must be brought to the notice of the public by a blaze of advertisement, or else remain for ever obscure; hence all our pictures are like posters, all our music is like the crockery falling downstairs, or like a Falstaff sitting on the piano, and our literature stinks with unlovely realism. The one aim of our modern performers is cleverness, originality, and the desire to astonish, but the author of *Heritage* is free from all unhealthy cleverness; her inspiration is direct and her intention sincere, and whenever in the future she works under the influence of strong inspiration she is certain to produce real living art.

NEVILLE LYTTON

ENGINEERING FOR WOMEN

WHEN the student of labour conditions in years to come studies the records of the national work accomplished during the Great War, there is little doubt that he will accord a just measure of recognition to the work done by women amid the noise and grime of our great engineering works. At present there is a danger that justice may not be accorded to those who through lack of organization may not be able to make their claims heard.

Even before the war a few women had taken up this profession, some had attended engineering courses at Cambridge University and elsewhere, others were employed by firms, but usually on fairly simple work. Prejudice, however, was strong, and although it was possible to study the subject at colleges, few were willing to do this on account of the difficulty of obtaining the practical experience which is essential for an engineer.

But early in 1915, when the need for an enormously increased production of shells was realized, women were called upon to help. New workshops sprang up all over the country; Woolwich, Vickers, Armstrong, to mention only a few of the largest, grew beyond recognition, the huge Gretna Green filling factory was determined on, and many new national factories were started.

In studying this question from the point of view of engineering as a profession for women, some of the questions that occur at once to any fair-minded inquirer are: Is the work that women have been doing skilled or unskilled? Is it the same type of work that men do, and can they do it anything like as well, or are they only capable of performing quite easy jobs, work of a simple repetition character requiring little skill or training?

The writer had the great privilege of studying engineering before the war, and subsequently of seeing a good deal of this work, watching personally the progress made by women who were for the first time employed in engineering works. At first they only attempted fairly simple operations and were chiefly employed on shells, in filling factories, cartridge factories, and other work for which only a short training is required, while all the setting up was done by the mechanics. Gradually, however, as the need for still greater supplies of munitions, and at the same time the necessity for continually increasing our army, became insistent, the women were employed on work of a more skilled type. They were taught to operate more complicated machines, they did fitting work on aeroplanes, they were taught to set up some of the machines; till gradually many of the shops were staffed almost entirely by women. The Ministry of Munitions issued from time to time recommendations to firms as to the proportion of women who should be employed on different types of work. For instance, on gun work the standard of dilution for breech mechanism, for turning, boring, screwing, milling, gear-cutting, planing, shaping, slotting, grinding, and all other machining operations was 80 per cent. of women for guns up to eight inches; over eight inches, 70 per cent. For gauging and viewing, 80 per cent.; and for marking off, fitting, and assembling, 40 to 50 per cent. Sometimes this standard was exceeded, and a higher percentage of women employed. They could mill all the parts of the breech mechanism of howitzers, screwing the internal thread for the breech-block; milling firing-pins and all the parts of gun-sights, in each case setting up their own work. The girls employed by one firm could design repairs to small guns and mechanism. They learned to perform the necessary calculations for determining the factor of safety of a damaged gun, making use, of course, of log tables and the slide rule. I have with me, as I write, some sheets of calculations done by girls in a turbine design office, and also an example of a deflection diagram set out by a girl, from which she calculated the critical speed of a revolving shaft.

In many firms girls did tracing work before the war, but a few were now admitted into the drawing office, and though at first their lack of shop experience was a great handicap, they learned quickly and soon were able to do such work as a drawing I have showing an arrangement of turbine and alternator which had been assembled from detail drawings.

In various parts of the country quite different standards of women's work prevailed, and this accounts in some degree for the curious lack of knowledge on the part of many people of what has actually been accomplished. The old traditions of secrecy are difficult to overcome, and though one firm might be employing women on work of an advanced type with great success, another firm on very similar work would often have failed to realize that women could do more than the simpler types of repetition work. The writer came across many instances of this; and finally an attempt was made by the Ministry of Munitions to persuade doubting managers of what could be done, by publishing photographs and descriptions of the work women were doing, and also by sending out women demonstrators who would travel to any firm who asked for them, and show that they could do the type of work in question. Often these demonstrators would remain and instruct other girls. In addition, training schools were started where both men and women were taught, and altogether 45,000 women passed through these schools. Many of these training schools were well equipped with the latest types of machines, and at first the women were only given a short course of about three weeks, and went into the works as operators. It was then found that there was a great shortage of men in aeroplane work, and classes in sheet-metal work, woodwork, and acetylene welding were inaugurated. Then as the shortage of skilled men became acute and the demand for women who could do skilled work became greater, the more intelligent girls, usually those with a better education, were given a longer course of training, and some went out as setters on capstan lathes, tool-setters, etc. No attempt was made to give women the training obtained by a man before the war who served his time in the usual way as an apprentice—that is, an all-round training on different operations, there was no time for this. Instead, the work of the skilled men was split up, and women usually specialized on one or two operations. In certain cases, usually perhaps in small works, women have obtained a considerable variety of experience, and as their education was often good they began, as it were, half trained, and were able to learn the new work very quickly; but as a general rule women, though doing skilled men's work, and doing it very well, had not the all-round training of a skilled man. This point is rather an important one in understanding the difficulties of the question of pay.

The writer does not wish to give any exaggerated idea of the capabilities of women in engineering, the greater part of their work was unskilled or semi-skilled, in some cases the output and quality of the work equalled that of the men, in other cases it was inferior. Detailed reports have been published and can be studied. The comparison of men and women's work and pay is far too intricate a subject to be dealt with in this short article. The most convincing proof, however, of the value of the women workers is that employers wished to continue to employ them after the war. But since far less has been written about those women who have attained greater proficiency, the writer has for the most part selected instances of this work, as being of interest to the reader. But these instances are not intended to represent in any way the general level attained. The development of the aeroplane industry was very rapid and the shortage of skilled men was acute, thus women learned to work to very fine limits; they were taught, for example, to set up Herbert capstan lathes on aeroplane work, to set up and operate milling machines, gauging, inspecting, acetylene welding, and so on. In acetylene welding they achieved marked success, and took the greatest interest in their work, studying different processes in their leisure hours, discussing their work with the greatest interest, and taking every opportunity to become really expert in their craft. In visiting different firms the writer has frequently found a small group of perhaps three or four girls, acetylene welders, often girls with a university education, living in what were usually very uncomfortable lodgings close to the works, far from their former interests and friends, and desperately enthusiastic about their work.

In research work, girls with university training have proved a great success; they have become members of such technical societies as the Iron and Steel Institute, the Institute of Naval Architects, sometimes reading, and more often helping to write, papers. Some of the experiments in connexion with seaplanes during the war were carried out by a girl in an experimental tank, while others did very good work in metallurgy and optics. They are carrying out tests on the problems of optical glass, and they are quite equal to grappling with the rather complicated mathematical calculations involved; and in the actual manufacture of lenses for binoculars they grind the lenses for telescopes, work requiring great care and entailing three or four months' training; they carry out some of the light tests, and the lenses they make can compete, one is assured, with those formerly imported from Germany.

There is a small engineering shop far away in a remote corner of Scotland where a number of girls are at the moment steadily working, turning out engines for motor-tractors, setting up the machines for their work, and sometimes designing the tools needed. They are studying the subject, too, in their spare time, reading scientific works, and the writer was assured many of them read *Engineering* each week from cover to cover!

This, then, was the situation in the summer of 1916, when 1,000,000 women in all were employed in the engineering trades. Now there are hardly any left, the educated women and those doing the most responsible work in factories were generally the first to go, while on every hand we have the call for increased production as the only real antidote for the present high prices and inflated currency.

When the manufacture of shells ceased and the workshops closed, the women, of course, had to be dismissed, but numbers of firms employed on work which is needed in peace-time endeavoured to keep the women who had proved so satisfactory, who had been working for years and had proved themselves efficient. Soldiers who had given up their jobs and were now demobilized must, of course, have their places given back to them, and the women were the first to admit this. But in many cases the firm had grown, taken up new work perhaps, and there seemed no logical reason for displacing the women. The factor though, that determined the fate of the women, the potentate at whose word the women were dismissed to their ill-paid trades, their poverty, their long hours of badly paid work in some factory where the pay and the comfort experienced in engineering works are unknown, was the power of organized labour.

Last July a Bill known as the Restoration of Pre-War Practices Bill, which vitally affected the lives of thousands of women, was rushed through Parliament, the Committee stage in the House of Commons taking only two hours, and became law a few weeks ago. By the terms of this Bill it is now illegal for a woman to be employed in any engineering trade where women were not so employed before the war. Yet for nearly four years women have been employed in the engineering trades, gaining skill and experience, and turning out valuable work. It was, in fact, an interesting feature of the debate on this Bill that no attempt was made to show that these women were unsatisfactory or inefficient in any way The arguments advanced in favour of their exclusion, arguments reminiscent rather of the cherished privileges of some autocratic institution than of the exponents of a free people, were based on quite different reasons. Practically the only argument was the " Treasury Agreement " drawn up in March 1915 at a conference called by Mr. Lloyd George with the thirty-three principal trade unions. This agreement contains a clause saying that " Any departure during the war from the practice ruling in our workshops, shipyards, and other industries prior to the war, shall only be for the period of the war." It is, of course, impossible to restore a great many trade-union practices. New machinery has been introduced, conditions have changed, the rates of pay have undoubtedly changed! But one custom that has been firmly adhered to by the unions is that women shall again be excluded.

It was stated in the House that this Bill was an agreed Bill, and it is generally understood that it was the result of about six months' negotiations between the Government and the trade unions. Yet although the fate of such an army of women was to be decided by it, the women's organizations were not represented either at the original conference at which the Treasury Agreement was drawn up, or to any effective extent at the discussions when the clauses of the Restoration of Pre-War Practices Bill were framed. The Government, of course, must fulfil its pledges, but were the trade unions justified in exacting the literal fulfilment of an undertaking given by the Government in those tragic days of 1915 when the fate of the country was at stake, and now that a world war has changed conditions almost beyond recognition? And, one may ask, has every other pledge given by the Government been redeemed with like rapidity? Reports are now at hand that, not content with the exclusion of women from work they have taken up during the war, the unions in certain localities are protesting against the employment of women in engineering at all, even on work they were doing before 1914.

It is, in fact, an extraordinary situation, for while women may now become Members of Parliament, doctors, lawyers, while they may take up scientific work, yet in the ranks of industry women are in a far worse position than before the war. Probably a great deal of the opposition of the trade unions is based on the fear that women may accept a lower wage and thus lower the rate of pay—yet ample provision was made to safeguard the men's rate, both in the Treasury Agreement, the Munitions of War Act, and the Ministry of Munitions Circular L2. The strength of the trade unions is now in itself, one would think, a sufficient safeguard. Women do not wish to undercut men's pay, they are demanding on every hand "equal pay for equal output," and though this phrase is misleading and when interpreted literally has often led to the women being actually more expensive to the employer than men, yet the principle of equal pay is just, and women are invariably in its favour.

Another argument that may at first sight appear to be a strong one is the amount of unemployment in certain districts. But a great deal of this unemployment is due to the fact that so many men left their own locality during the war to work in munition works, and they are reluctant to return, and also to the unsettled conditions that still prevail. Meanwhile the skill and training that women have acquired in engineering during the war is being lost to the country, and legal barriers have been, for the first time, raised against their employment. Before the war women were excluded by trade-union restrictions, now these restrictions have the actual force of the law, while the employer is liable to a heavy fine for infringing this law. What, one may ask, is the remedy for this condition, for there must be a remedy if the cause is just?

Women have shown that they can work, but there is one quality that they have not yet attained, it is the power to organize as effectually as men. The women's trade unions have done splendid work in improving factory conditions and in safeguarding their members' pay. But they have been able to do far less in securing them continuity of employment. The very fact of the existence of a strong women's organization would also be an additional safeguard against undercutting the men's rate of pay, and it would be a great protection to the women against the badly paid trades they are often employed in. With these ends in view the Women's Engineering Society has been formed and is growing rapidly.

A strong organization can also make its views known and arouse public opinion, for in these days it is to the force of public opinion that reforms are due. It is very little use for a few men or women to protest against this injustice unless they are backed up by the strength of the people as a whole—for in the last resort it is the reasoned judgment of the people that governs ; and when their interest is aroused, when the cause of the woman-engineer is stated clearly and impartially, the decision will certainly be in favour of according her justice.

Women must organize, this is the only royal road to victory in the industrial world. Women have won their political independence, now is the time for them to achieve their economic freedom too. It is useless to wait patiently for the closed doors of the skilled trade unions to swing open. It is better far to form a strong alliance, which, armed as it will be with the parliamentary vote, may be as powerful an influence in safeguarding the interests of women-engineers as the men's unions have been in improving the lot of their members. And since the women who have taken up this profession were drawn from every rank of society, let them continue this co-operation. Let them strive for an ideal higher than trade unions have up to now set before them, and form an alliance that shall recognize no distinctions of class, take part in no class war, but which shall go forward with the aim of securing fair play for women in the industrial world.

RACHEL M. PARSONS

THE WAR IN UGANDA

When the final history of the war comes to be written, one of the most interesting but least known theatres of operations will be found in Uganda, where, for 180 miles, the British and German frontiers marched together. The Uganda Protectorate is an inland territory some 360 miles long from north to south, and 290 miles from east to west. It is bounded on the north by the Sudan, on the west by the Belgian Congo, on the east by the East Africa Protectorate, and on the south by the late colony of German East Africa. As the crow flies, the nearest point to the sea is 490 miles. From Mombasa, the port of entry, to Kisumu, the terminus of the Uganda Railway on Lake Victoria, is 584 miles. Entebbe, the seat of Government, is reached by steamer from Kisumu, 175 miles.

The native administration is peculiar to the country, and is the result of the co-ordination of the various native governments existing at the time the Protectorate came originally under British rule. There are four native kingdoms, Buganda, Toro, Ankole, and Bunyoro, each with their parliaments, courts of justice, and administrative establishments. The charters of Buganda, Toro, and Ankole are set forth in their respective Agreements with the British Government. Bunyoro has no Agreement as yet, but its right to equal treatment with the other three kingdoms has long been admitted, and its judicial and administrative establishments are modelled on the same lines. In the Eastern Province, and in the Northern Province beyond Bunyoro, administration is more direct through the District Officers, but the establishment of councils in these areas will doubtless lead to native centralized governments there in the near future, as in the other kingdoms. The whole simplifies the work of the Uganda Government to an extraordinary degree, and is a power for good, as the native is dealt with direct by his own people, whom he understands and who understand him. Moreover, it makes for continuity of policy, so often lacking in other British possessions in Africa administered direct from headquarters, where the frequent transfers of District Officers, due to health or other reasons, often cause changes of policy in local affairs, owing to the fact that the officer concerned has received his training in an area where entirely different ethnical conditions prevail.

Prior to the outbreak of war, the Dodinga and Dodosi tribes in the Sudan, and the Turkana living south and west of Lake Rudolf, made yearly incursions into the Uganda administered areas, where they raided more or less at will in order to procure cattle and slaves. Small punitive operations had been taken against them from time to time, but without much effect, for the raiders retreated into their fastnesses on the first show of opposition, where the lack of communications made them comparatively safe against such small bodies of local troops that could be sent against them. In order to remedy this state of affairs, a combined expedition of the Uganda, East Africa, and Sudan Governments had been arranged early in 1914, the whole of the Uganda troops, the 4th King's African Rifles, with the exception of two companies, being mobilized at a base in British East Africa for the purpose. On the outbreak of war the expedition was recalled, but the Uganda troops were retained in East Africa for the defence of that Protectorate. Shortly after, the two remaining garrison companies were also withdrawn for the same purpose, and, for several months, Uganda was left to provide for its own defence as best it could from such material as was available within its borders.

The situation for some time was consequently critical, to say the least, not only from the danger of German invasion, but also from the predatory tribes, as all outposts in the north and north-east had to be withdrawn. Thanks, however, to the Sudan Government, which at this juncture rendered timely assistance by taking over the garrisoning of the Uganda northern frontier posts, the trouble was checked there for the time being, and the Protectorate was consequently enabled to concentrate its resources on the defence of its southern frontier, and also to give assistance to the Belgian Congo Government in the transport of stores and munitions via the east coast, as the Belgian overland communications from the west proved quite inadequate for the purpose.

The intimation of the outbreak of war arrived early on the morning of August 5, and the responsible civil officers, who had received prior warning, took immediate action in respect to their duties under the Protectorate Defence Scheme. The kings of Buganda, Toro, Ankole, and Bunyoro, and the leading chiefs of the other areas had also been taken into confidence, and their cordial co-operation and loyalty have since shown this was well bestowed. Proclamations placing the Uganda Volunteer Reserve and civil police on a war footing were published, a supplies board was appointed, whilst martial law was subsequently declared.

Owing to the withdrawal of the 4th (Uganda) King's African Rifles for service in the East Africa Protectorate, the only defence forces available were the police in their scattered out-stations, the King's African Rifles Reserve, mostly Sudanese veterans long since retired, and the Uganda Volunteer Reserve, consisting of European and Indian residents. The police were promptly concentrated at Masaka, Mbarara, and Kampala to form the nucleus for a defence force at each place, and to support these an immediate levy of Baganda spearmen was raised by the chiefs, 3000 being mobilized at short notice, with some 15,000 in reserve. Practically all the Allied Europeans in the Protectorate went into training in the Volunteer Reserve, as did also a number of the British-Indian community. Police patrols, supported by native levies under their chiefs, took up positions along the southern frontier, whilst the old reservists of the King's African Rifles rolled up, and were formed into two companies for the defence of the Government headquarters at Entebbe.

In the meantime the Germans had massed considerable bodies of troops with native levies along the frontier, where they had established and fortified several posts, but, beyond minor raids, no serious aggression had taken place, and the position resolved itself into an offensive defensive on either side. A similar state of affairs existed along the German-Belgian Congo frontier, but the Belgians were hampered by the lack of stores owing to their inadequate means of transport from headquarters, hence, by arrangements made through the respective Colonial Offices in Europe, it was decided to forward practically the whole of their supplies via the east coast, through British East Africa and Uganda, as this saved them the trouble of organizing transport through their own territory, which the Belgian Congo Government were either unable or unwilling to undertake. In so far as British East Africa and Lake Victoria were concerned, the Uganda Railway and Marine provided all the necessary facilities, but, in respect to Uganda, it was another matter, as this involved porterage for some 300 miles across a sparsely populated country where food was scarce, and meant an enormous demand for men from the Uganda Government, which was already taxed by having to provide for its own defence, and had, moreover, to supply porters for military transport for the troops operating in the East Africa Protectorate. During 1914–16 over 120,000 men were employed on Belgian military transport alone, and, as these had to be supplied and fed by the District Officers and native Governments concerned, in addition to their other calls, the strain was considerable.

For the first three months of the war the military authorities in East Africa were able to pay but little attention to the defence of Uganda, and, beyond the appointment of an officer of the King's African Rifles to command the local forces, little else was done. In the meantime the Uganda Police Service Battalion was raised by the Protectorate, and the native levies were organized as the Baganda Rifles and the Uganda Transport Corps respectively. Medical, intelligence, pioneer, veterinary, and telegraph units were also formed, the officers being supplied by the civil staff and members of the Uganda Volunteer Reserve. Late in 1914, as the situation in East Africa cleared a little, the military were able to afford some assistance by returning a company of the 4th (Uganda) King's African Rifles with some Indian troops—the 13th Rajputs—and a mountain battery. About the same time a series of outpost actions commenced along the Kagera River, the southern boundary, which continued with varying success on both sides until, in 1916, the Uganda-Belgian Congo advance cleared the frontiers, and compelled the enemy to fall back along their whole front. Over 49,000 carriers were required for these services, in addition to the 120,000 for the Belgian Congo transport, which, with 4000 sent to East Africa in 1914–15, makes a grand total of 173,000 men for transport alone, supplied during the 1914–16 operations. Added to this were the necessity of keeping the local units up to strength, and the supply of recruits for the 4th King's African Rifles, five battalions of which were raised and trained in the Protectorate, and necessitated over 10,000 picked men in order to keep up the full complement and allow for wastage. Food supplies were the main difficulty, as these had to be procured locally, often long distances from the scene of operations. In spite of this strain the attitude of the native population was most loyal throughout, and thoroughly justified the confidence placed in the chiefs, whilst the work of the Native Governments in raising men and arranging for food was beyond praise.

Up to January 1916, military operations on both the Uganda and Belgian Congo frontiers had been practically confined to the defensive, as the training and equipment of the irregular troops in Uganda, of necessity, took some time, whilst the concentration of Belgian Congo troops was both difficult and slow owing to the immense distances to be traversed. This position was manifestly unsatisfactory, as it kept the frontiers in a state of unrest, hence it was considered advisable to come to an arrangement for a combined Uganda-Belgian Congo offensive, with a view to clearing German territory between Lake Victoria on the east and Lakes Edward and Kivu on the west. A conference was consequently arranged between the two governments, when it was decided that the Belgian Congo troops, which were now mustered in considerable force but lacked transport, should make an immediate advance into Ruanda, the Uganda force to move forward into Karagwe at the same time, and that the Uganda Government should undertake to supply the necessary transport for both forces during these operations. Mutual action followed, and by July the objective area was cleared as far south as the German Central Railway. Tabora was occupied by the Belgians, who were now able to draw their supplies through German East Africa, which relieved the Uganda Government of the immense strain hitherto necessitated by porter transport of Belgian stores across the Protectorate. The Belgian Congo troops subsequently co-operated with the British regular force in German East Africa, whilst the Uganda irregular units, which had been raised and trained for local defence only, returned, and were demobilized after serving continuously since 1914. Consequent upon the clearing of the southern frontier, the part taken by the Protectorate in the subsequent operations in German and Portuguese East Africa was confined to the provision of European and native personnel. The Uganda Native Medical Corps was enlarged and reorganized for service in the field as the Uganda unit of the African Native Medical Corps, which afterwards did such good service in German East Africa; natives were selected and trained as drivers for the Motor Transport Corps; the battalions of the 4th (Uganda) King's African Rifles were kept up to strength; and porters were obtained for the East Africa Transport Corps.

The chief difficulty in the employment of Uganda natives for transport or military work, outside the Protectorate, is the proper supply of the food-stuffs to which they have been accustomed, as the staple diet of the majority is *matoke*, or porridge made from the green banana, with sweet potatoes and beans, grain in any form being used as beer only. Grain-eating natives are found only in the outlying districts, hence the greater part of the people can be utilized with any safety solely in areas where their proper food supplies are available. In so far as recruits for military service are concerned, this difficulty is met by limiting recruiting as far as possible to the grain-eating races, and, for the others, by a gradual substitution of flour and grain diets during an extended period of training; but even then the incidence of intestinal disease has to be carefully watched, otherwise a heavy mortality follows. Transport porters for military operations outside the Protectorate cannot be so safeguarded, however, a matter which the South African Staff in charge, who were accustomed to the hardier grain-eating races, could not or would not understand, more especially during the later operations, when a big demand was made for men to supply the extended lines of communications in German and Portuguese East Africa. To them, all black men were the same, and it passed their comprehension that a fearful mortality would result from taking unfit or immature men from the interior for service in the coast areas, where their requisite food-stuffs could not be provided under active-service conditions. Upwards of 6000 efficients were obtained and dispatched from Uganda for this work from the grain-eating races, but, as the supplies became exhausted, and only unfit or immature men remained, the Government was obliged to notify the Staff that further natives for porterage could not be sent. The justification of the Uganda Government in taking this step was fully borne out in the holocaust which followed, when natives from the uplands of the East Africa Protectorate, who were herded down for this work to the hot steamy coast lands, died in large numbers, many without ever carrying a load. There was, as a rule, no lack of food for these people, but machine-ground meal often spelt death to the native accustomed to soft foods, as it brought on intestinal troubles from which only the strongest survived. In all cases where natives from the uplands of tropical Africa are taken in any numbers for employment away from their countries of origin, a close study of the economic conditions under which they lived is essential, and, if the diet is to be radically changed, adequate arrangements to meet this must be made beforehand or a heavy mortality follows. Military exigencies doubtless cause difficult situations, but they call also for reasonable foresight on the part of those responsible, more especially to the native with his lack of direct representation. If this is not shown the result is disastrous.

Uganda's effort in the Great War does not stand in the limelight. There was too much spade-work to be done to appeal to the Staff. Besides, the Government was unsympathetic to the attitude of lavish expenditure which characterized the campaign throughout, and checked this in so far as lay in its power, which was not at all popular. Also the refusal to send unfit natives for porter work during the later operations to maintain the long lines of communications from the headquarters at Dar-es-Salaam to the bases of operations in German and Portuguese East Africa, often hundreds of miles away, upset the comfortable theory that there was unlimited human material which could be drawn upon for this purpose, to be used up, cast aside, and replaced at will. The consequence was that but scanty recognition was given. But the work was done all the same by the native and European communities, which freely and loyally gave their services to the cause.

H. R. Wallis

THE INDISCRETIONS OF THE ADMIRALS

The effect of the war upon human nerves is quite incalculable, and often it is not observable until the reaction sets in. Men who have fought steadily for months and years are suddenly convinced that they are the victims of some monstrous and intolerable misunderstanding, which impels them to write immense books to vindicate themselves. All the suppressed irritations and wrongs of the war burst forth in these painful volumes. It is as if the natural craving for appreciation of their intense labours and appalling anxieties, after long smouldering, blazed into fury. Men have been exasperated by stupid officialism, their ideas have been rejected, their toils ignored, their services taken as a matter of course. So they feel. Alas, in this world there is seldom an adequate compensation.

What is it they want, these sailors and soldiers who write books ? Rewards ? What reward can suffice ? Honours, dignities ? What's in a word, what is a piece of ribbon ? The applause of the great public ? It is the breath of an hour. In truth, this world is not made to satisfy the measure of their hunger. If full recompense for duty fulfilled was the star of their desire, there is but one answer, the old answer of the lower deck : " Shouldn't 'a' joined."

First in order came Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Jellicoe's history of his command of the Grand Fleet during the first two years of the war. Lord Jellicoe writes with perfect dignity and discretion. If it was necessary to reply to the vindictive and ignoble accusations with which he had been assailed, Lord Jellicoe chose the right method. He set down the facts, and the facts alone. That the facts as such made a tremendous indictment of naval and political administration during the years preceding the war was not his fault. Lord Jellicoe had been charged with failing to win the Battle of Jutland. His answer is to describe exactly what happened. People may now form their own opinions. But because Lord Jellicoe wrote a plain narrative, neither excusing nor accusing any one, in making his book he performed what is really a great public service.

Then Field-Marshal Viscount French marched in with " 1914." According to Mr. J. W. Fortescue and other critics, Lord French permitted himself unjustly to asperse the reputation of his brother-officers who under the King's Regulations cannot defend themselves. If that criticism be justified, Lord French did wrong. But does any one suppose that the distinguished Field-Marshal in so doing deliberately and by the light of reason composedly planned to injure men who fought in the retreat from Mons? It is not credible.

Next, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher, O.M., after rousing public amazement in the *Times*, issued his *Memories*, a work of a vulgarity so unspeakable that its discussion is merely impossible. The book must, however, be mentioned because it marks the end of an epoch in the Navy and (it is to be hoped) in politics. The book reveals something—by no means all, but perhaps enough—of the sordid intrigue which replaced parliamentary government from the beginning of the century onwards. Broadly speaking, the country exists by virtue of the strength of the Navy, so that its welfare and security depend upon naval administration. Lord Fisher, by means of methods some of which he describes, obtained a despotic, an Oriental, control of naval administration. He says that in the achievement of despotism he was supported by the late King Edward VII. If that statement is not true, it would be well if some one with authority would contradict it. Lord Esher is also mentioned. Mr. Churchill and Mr. McKenna appear and disappear in Lord Fisher's kinematograph. As for Lord Fisher himself, he has limned his own portrait. That is to say, he has painted himself as he would like himself to be, and it is that reflection which is the most appalling part of the performance. He is the hero of his own legend, and he appears before the public at the very moment when that legend is dissipated. The war blew it into the viewless air, and a decade of delusions vanished. But the wreck remains. Broken lives of good naval officers lost to the Service, the ruins of grandiose experiments, millions of money poured away, the war drawn out with its thousands of slain: these memories remain. As for the political history of that period, the public may learn, if they so desire, from Lord Fisher how their affairs are conducted, and exactly to what the theory of representative government may sink in practice. People talk vaguely of the origins of the war. Given on the one side a mediæval Empire whose religion was conquest, and the England of the twentieth century, what else could possibly happen?

Lord Fisher's book was followed in a few days by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon's history of *The Dover Patrol*. Sir Reginald states that one of his reasons for writing the book "is that after my brutal—brutal is the only adequate term I can think of to apply—dismissal from Dover, the Admiralty, through their official head, took no steps to contradict statements in the Press as to my work, both past and present, and the operations I had planned for the future, though they knew those statements to be untrue."

Admiral Bacon, in fact, appeals to the public to vindicate his reputation against what he asserts to be the neglect and injustice of the Admiralty. But how can the public do anything of the sort? Hardly any one knew that Admiral Bacon was suffering under a sense of injury until he told them. Those who now read the Admiral's excellent narrative will have learned one side of his case, but they will never learn the other—if there is another—and even if they did learn it, they could do nothing.

Sir Reginald Bacon affirms that it is the duty of the First Lord of the Admiralty to defend the reputation of officers who are publicly attacked and who cannot defend themselves. That is true. But assuming for the sake of argument that a First Lord fails in his duty in this respect, we have still to ask if the officer who suffers can obtain justice by publishing an account of his wrongs. So long as the Admiralty retain the officer in his command, that fact should sufficiently demonstrate the confidence reposed in him by those who are alone competent to judge of his capacity. Should the Admiralty relieve him of his command, again the public are not, and cannot be, the judges of official action.

But Sir Reginald Bacon goes further. He says that "one check on the proper use of those autocratic powers is the knowledge that after the war the lips of their subordinates will be unsealed and they will have to account for the use of those powers during their stewardship." Surely here is a remarkable doctrine? Sir Reginald Bacon, a flag-officer, calmly asserts in effect that every officer no longer on active service may, and should, in time of peace criticize the conduct of his superior officers. "It will be astonishing," observes the Admiral coolly, "if many post-war publications do not emphasize the salutary nature of this check on official action." One might suggest that it would be still more astonishing if "this check on official action" proved to be "salutary" at all, and not extremely the reverse.

In the will of the late Admiral Lord Beresford, he directs that nothing among his papers shall be published which may injure the feelings of persons still living; and in his *Memoirs*,* published in 1914, the Admiral praised, but disdained to blame.

"*Discipline!* where art thou now after this Report?" wrote Lord Fisher to his friend Lord Esher. He meant the Report of the Beresford Committee. The answer is simple. Discipline, as a greater than Lord Fisher said upon a celebrated occasion, was maintained. Lord Fisher's implication—he dared not be explicit—was that Lord Charles Beresford, in making certain representations to the Cabinet, was guilty of indiscipline. What Lord Charles Beresford did was to take the only course consistent with his duty as a flag-officer and with the honourable custom of the Service. He appealed to the Government. But where is discipline after the indiscretions of the Admirals? That is the real question. It is not the letter, but the spirit which is in question.

---

* *The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.* (London: Methuen, 1914.)

The other day Colonel Sherwood-Kelly, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., was " severely reprimanded " for writing letters to the Press in which he protested against the employment of British troops in Russia " in furtherance of an ambitious scheme of campaign." It may be right severely to reprimand an officer who ranks considerably below Field-Marshals and Admirals; but are Field-Marshals and Admirals to say what they like as " a salutary check on official action " ?

Every officer has the right of appeal. He may appeal, in the case of the Navy, to the First Lord, who represents the Government. Should he fail to receive satisfaction from the First Lord, he can, if he is not on active service, appeal to Parliament.

Again, retired officers who relate the narrative of the course of events occurring in the sphere of their command, without comment, perform a public service. And Sir Reginald Bacon's history of the Dover Patrol is the record of one of the greatest achievements in naval history. The public may draw their own conclusions with regard to the character of the administration which, before the war, apparently left the whole defence of the gate of the Channel, and the gate of England, to chance. Admiral Bacon had neither a sufficient staff nor sufficient ships. The entrance to the Channel was mainly held by the twelve *Tribal* vessels of the heroic Sixth Destroyer Flotilla, with the twelve old " 30-knot " destroyers, which ought long since to have been replaced, and the five 12-inch-gun monitors. One of them was anchored, alone, nearly every night for two years, within fourteen miles of the enemy destroyer and submarine base. " In the early years, four Tribal-class destroyers and two 30-knotters held and patrolled the Straits against all contingencies, the remaining small destroyers assisting the shipping on the trade routes." Fishing craft, often totally unarmed, served as outposts. The trawlers swept for mines daily upon a route of 250 miles, and managed the traffic. The monitors shelled the Belgian coast in twenty-eight bombardments, firing accurately at a range of 30,000 yards, or about eighteen miles. Mines and mine-net barrages were laid flanking the whole length of the Belgian coast. For two summers and one winter a daily patrol was maintained within sight of Ostend and Zeebrugge. The Downs, nightly holding a hundred merchant ships at anchor, were defended. Complete preparations were made for landing a division of troops on the Belgian coast, by pushing in ahead of monitors piers weighing 2400 tons, across which the whole division could have been disembarked in twenty minutes. Of all these things, and many more, Admiral Bacon presents a lucid and a spirited narrative in his two volumes. These will become classic in the annals of the sea.

" Let us never forget the part," concludes the Admiral, " heredity plays in creating the sea instinct. Look at the way our fisher-folk crowded to our fleets to do the hard sea work to which their lives at sea had inured them, and for which our Navy had neither the vessels nor the men. As the crews of the old Cinque Port vessels and the Volunteer Fleet crowded to the flag when invasion by Frenchman and Spaniard was threatened, so our fisher-folk and the officers and men of the Merchant Navy and the Royal Naval Reserve and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve rallied, unarmed, to do our auxiliary work in the Great War. Nothing but heredity could have inspired the men of the Merchant Navy to sail continuously and calmly when any moment an unseen mine or torpedo might have sealed their fate in the open sea, where all possible succour was rendered practically impossible by the studied frightfulness of the enemy, who deliberately strove to make our seamen cowards, and cause them to forsake their calling."

Nobly said. But concerning the heredity of the sea, there is another aspect of it. Seamen inherit also the habit of working and fighting without hope of recompense. Flag-officers have their troubles, no doubt. But they can appeal to authority. They can write books, and so forth. What then of another case of a seaman serving on the east coast, an old fisherman of whelks by trade, who volunteered to the motor-boat section in the war. He got the pay of a deck-hand; saw the price of whelks rising, and himself out of the trade, unable to get the profit for his wife and family. At the same time he was debarred from promotion to petty officer with increased pay, because he could not pass the literary examination test. He could command the boat better than the coxswain. He knew the waters, the tides, the shoals; he could con and steer, but he couldn't manage paper-work. So there he was, and there he remained for the duration, poor old chap, and there were many in like case.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott, in his *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*,* published last month, brings another set of charges against the unfortunate Admiralty. He accuses the Lords Commissioners of habitually repressing initiative and invention on the part of naval officers, of deliberately retaining obsolete appliances and senseless methods against all reason, and above all, of obstinately refusing to recognize, right up to the outbreak of war, the simple truth that the purpose of a gun is to hit the target.

Here is an example: "In H.M. Navy an officer is allowed to patent an invention, provided that he submits it to the Admiralty and agrees to comply with some rather drastic official conditions. On January 10, 1899, I applied to patent some of the machines I had invented while in H.M.S. *Scylla*. Their Lordships, on March 15, 1899, replied that they were pleased to accede to my request, but they added that the fact of my holding a number of patents would, in their Lordships' opinion, constitute a grave objection to my being selected for any scientific or administrative post in H.M. Service" (p. 78).

---

* *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*, by Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Bt., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Hon. LL.D.Cam. (London: John Murray. 21s.).

This is what the Sergeant called an "'ighly humorous" answer. The more an officer invents, the less fitted he is for a scientific or administrative post in H.M. Service. Quite so. Sir Percy Scott is an inventive genius. He is, in that extremely rare capacity alone, absolutely invaluable to his country, inasmuch as he is able enormously to improve existing ships and appliances, to get the best use out of them, to invent new devices for the sole possession of the British Service, and incidentally to save money to an amount beyond computation. That is the real position, as Sir Percy Scott's history demonstrates over and over again. But in the view of the Board of Admiralty of 1899, his abilities "constitute a grave objection" to his employment.

In 1881 Lieutenant Percy Scott devised a range indicator and submitted the design to the Admiralty. Fifteen months afterwards their Lordships commended his zeal and intelligence, and twenty-five years afterwards supplied the Navy with the device. In 1882 Lieutenant Scott invented a light serviceable diving dress, rejected by the Admiralty in favour of the German pattern, and adopted by the Admiralty thirty years afterwards. In 1887 Commander Percy Scott invented a mast-head signalling lamp, which the authorities did not wish to adopt, "so they turned it upside down, christened it the 'Gravity Lamp,' and introduced it for use in the Navy as their own invention" (p. 62).

Sir Percy Scott cites several other instances of the pleasing habit of the Admiralty, when they received an invention, of rejecting it and then producing a variant of their own.

But Sir Percy Scott's great achievement is his improvement of the art of gunnery. He entered the Navy at a time when "gunnery did not matter." Sir Percy thought it did matter. As a junior officer he had, of course, no right to an opinion. But when he was appointed captain of H.M.S. *Scylla*, he devised new methods to enable the men to hit the target, a feat then considered superfluous. But Captain Scott held the not unreasonable view that a gun which cannot hit the target is comparatively useless. In the *Scylla*, and afterwards in the *Terrible*, he fitted appliances and instituted a training which by degrees changed the whole practice of the Navy. Sir Percy records that throughout he was opposed by authority, and he deserves immense credit for the dogged determination with which he stuck to his guns.

For instance: "In my letter to the Admiralty applying for H.M.S. *Drake* I pointed out to their Lordships that before she could carry out experiments it would be necessary to supply her with new gun-sights. . . Since 1900 I had been pointing it out to them. Their Lordships well knew that the gun-sights were inefficient, but they did not like being reminded of the fact. So on March 2, 1904, they replied as follows: 'Their Lordships strongly disapprove of the remark which distinctly implies that the *Drake* is not now furnished with serviceable sights, whereas the sights fitted to her guns had every improvement embodied in them when they were designed and made, and are of the same pattern as fitted to modern ships generally.' "

The attention of the reader is respectfully directed to this admirable letter. None save an official could have written it. Who teaches officials the art of writing Service letters ? Is there hidden in some secret recess of the Admiralty a white-bearded necromancer (paid thirty pieces of silver a week, and a war bonus) who instils this subtle mystery ? The object is to put the recipient of the letter in the wrong without committing the Department to anything whatsoever. Mere men of letters can but envy the consummate skill of these epistles.

What was the sequel ? The Admiralty " were obliged to do something, so they had a conference and discovered (what every one else knew) that *all the gun-sights of the Fleet were inefficient, and that the guns of the whole Fleet would have to be resighted.*" But " very little was done towards resighting in 1904."

One assumes, of course, that Sir Percy Scott's account of these transactions and other similar experiences is strictly accurate. But at present the Admiralty side of the case is not made known.

" My two years as Captain of the *Excellent*," writes Sir Percy Scott, " were one continuous battle with the Admiralty. They were as determined that the gunnery of the Fleet should not be improved as I was determined to improve it. Every suggestion that they could possibly delay, or turn down, they did." On March 24, 1904, the Earl of Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote to Sir Percy Scott, informing him that " The Lords of the Admiralty have for long devoted, and are still devoting, their whole heart and soul to the question of improving the gunnery of the Fleet."

There seems here some little discrepancy of conviction. But in 1905 Sir John (now Lord) Fisher was First Sea Lord, Sir John (now Viscount) Jellicoe was Director of Naval Ordnance, and Sir Percy Scott was appointed Director of Target Practice. Two years later Sir Percy Scott reported a great improvement in gunnery. But he had failed to induce the Admiralty (which was then Sir John Fisher) to introduce director firing. It was " not generally adopted until seven years afterwards, when war proved that the guns in our ships were of no use without it."

When war came, and with it the test of preparation for war, " only eight ships of the whole Fleet had their main armament fitted for director firing, and all work on the other ships had been suspended on the outbreak of war. Practically a hundred days had been lost, and, to make matters worse, none of the necessary electric cables and fittings had been ordered. Fitting the secondary armament with director firing had not been contemplated." At the Battle of Jutland there were only six ships of the Grand Fleet completely fitted with director firing.

Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Jellicoe (*The Grand Fleet*, 1914–1916) relates that " a very large number of officers were sceptical " as to the value of the director system; that in 1912 Lord Jellicoe had become convinced of its value; that it was then decided to provide all later ships with the system; and that " little progress had, however, been made when the war broke out." He adds that the experience of the Battle of Jutland converted the doubtful to " a firm belief in the director system."

In June 1914 Sir Percy Scott, having, as he says, failed to persuade the Admiralty that the enemy submarine was a danger to this country, wrote a letter to the *Times* on the subject. Events proved that Sir Percy's forecast was justified; but at the time his warning was received with contempt and derision. In the autumn of 1915 Sir Percy Scott was appointed to the charge of the gunnery defence of London against aircraft. After fourteen months of war, the defences consisted of eight 3-inch guns, four 6-pounders, six pom-poms, and some Maxims. Sir Percy Scott's account of his subsequent operations is most amusing. He stipulated that he " must not be interfered with by the Admiralty," got his way and went ahead.

The public, of course, after studying the lucubrations of Lord Fisher, of Admiral Bacon, and of Sir Percy Scott, fall into a swoon of bewilderment, from which emerging breathless, they faintly ask if we really won the war, or were they mistaken? Mr. Winston Churchill, flashing into the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* last month, plants himself on the indisputable fact that the war was won. With the greatest deference, the present writer would suggest that the defence, satisfactory so far as it goes, rather misses the point. No Admiral has been so indiscreet as to say we lost the war. What they do say is that it was nearly lost, that it was unnecessarily prolonged, that frightful losses occurred which ought not to have occurred, and that had the Germans known their business they would have sunk the British Fleet. But Mr. Churchill adds, " The only fair test is whether British naval science on August 4, 1914, was or was not inferior to German naval science on the same date." Again, with great respect, the present writer is unable to agree. The Royal Navy does not take its standard from the Germans. Its criterion is not " German naval science," but British naval science, and the complaint of the Admirals is that the authorities wilfully suppressed development.

But when Mr. Churchill writes that " until a few years before the war, naval history and the art of war formed no part of the obligatory training of any naval officer from midshipman to admiral"; and when he says, further, that "nothing approaching to a General Staff existed in the Navy at the outbreak of war," Mr. Churchill indicates the real origin of the trouble. There was no War Staff at the Admiralty, although in 1912 Mr. Churchill announced that he had established it. There was no body of officers whose sole duty it was to study weapons and their application, strategy, tactics, and organization for war. "The true remedy," observes Mr. Churchill, "would have been found, and will yet be found, in the building up of a highly specialized General Staff Officer class for the Navy similar to that possessed by all the great armies of Europe. But that is a remedy which it would have taken twenty years of consistent policy to apply effectively."

Exactly. Mr. Churchill does not mention that it is now over thirty years ago that the late Admiral Lord Beresford resigned his post at the Admiralty to compel the attention of Parliament to that very thing; that he never ceased to urge its adoption; that in 1909 a Committee of the Cabinet of which Mr. Churchill was a member recommended the constitution of a War Staff; and that it was not properly constituted until midway in the war.

Who is responsible for the refusal? Partly the politicians, and partly successive First Sea Lords, who disliked sharing duties which of late years no one man or six men could possibly fulfil. Lord Fisher is particularly eloquent on the subject. "No such rubbish has ever been talked as about the Navy War Staff. . . . The mischief of a Naval War Staff is peculiar to the Navy . . . the mischief to the Navy is that the very ablest of our officers, both young and old, get attracted by the brainy work and by the shore-going appointment," and so on. The man who thus placidly exhibits his entire ignorance of the nature of war was First Sea Lord from 1904 to 1910, and again during the war, when Mr. Churchill was First Lord. A little reflection upon these coincidences and conjunctions will serve partly to explain the troubles of the Admirals, and also why naval officers with ideas fall into the helpless, bewildered exasperation daily discovered by the civilian when he sees a coal-wagon, empty save for two overworked gentlemen sleeping wrapped in sacks, stopping the whole traffic of Piccadilly, and at the same time he reads in his newspaper praises of the extraordinary efficiency of the regulation of street traffic in our great metropolis. And then he also reads that a committee is considering what is called "the problem." It is the same thing in both cases.

But nothing is done in either case, because nobody is held to account.

L. Cope Cornford

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS

THE last number of the *National Review*, with a view to promoting more serious study of the League of Nations than that project has yet received in this country, offered certain prizes for the best essays—the competition being governed as follows:

CONDITIONS OF THE
HUNDRED GUINEAS PRIZE ESSAY
OFFERED BY
THE NATIONAL REVIEW
FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON
"THE DISADVANTAGES AND DANGERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE"

(1) Open to all British-born subjects of the King.

(2) The Essays should not exceed five thousand words in length, and should reach the Editor of the *National Review* (at 43 Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1) on or before January 10, 1920, but it is not advisable that they should arrive before December 25, 1919.

(3) All essays must be typewritten and unsigned, or signed with a pseudonym, and accompanied by a sealed envelope, firmly attached to the MS., containing the name and address of the essayist. Legibility is all-important in this matter.

(4) The decision of the Editor of the *National Review* will be final. If in doubt as between the merits of the best essays, he will consult some recognized authority.

(5) The copyright of the Prize Essay or Essays will vest in the *National Review*, which will have the right to publish any essays in the Competition, but if any be so published that have not received any prize, the writers will receive an honorarium of £1 per printed page of the *National Review*.

(6) Contributors to the *National Review* whose handwriting or typewriting are familiar to the Editor are particularly requested —in the event of their competing for the prize—to get their MSS. typewritten elsewhere and to avoid making corrections in their own handwriting.

SPECIAL PUBLIC SCHOOL PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS

In order to encourage the younger generation to interest themselves in a vital question that threatens to be settled over their heads by unthinking elders, we offer a Special Prize of FIFTY GUINEAS for the best Essay on the above subject, confined to those *now, in statu pupillari*, at any recognized British Public School. In the event of the One Hundred Guineas Prize being gained by a Public School boy, this Special Prize will be awarded to the second best Public School Essay. Otherwise the conditions are the same as those governing the Hundred Guineas Prize.

A TWENTY GUINEAS PRIZE FOR GIRLS

As it is equally important that girls should realize the threatened Leap in the Dark, we offer a Special Prize of TWENTY GUINEAS for the best Essay by any British girl under eighteen (i.e. born on or since November 1, 1901) on the same subject—namely, " The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire," to be written under the same conditions as regards time, space, etc., as the others.

In the untoward and unexpected event of none of the Essays reaching a reasonable standard of proficiency—of which the Editor of the *National Review* will be the sole judge—the prizes will be withheld, and the sum of £180 will be contributed by the *National Review* to some Fund for Disabled Officers.

N.B.—We have tried to make the conditions of the Competition clear, and believe them to be so, but, in any case, we cannot correspond on the subject.

GENERAL LIBRARY 050
JAN 23 1920
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

January 1920

Episodes of the Month

Germany's Designs in the Baltic Lands By VIGILANS

India By SIR HARRY STEPHEN

A Reminiscence of Russia By REAR-ADMIRAL KEMP

A St. George's Day Fiasco By LIEUT.-COLONEL BECKLES WILLSON, D.S.O.

The Aftermath By LADY BAGOT

The Evacuation of the Dardanelles By MAJOR ORLO WILLIAMS, M.C.

A Famous Magistrate By H. C. BIRON

The Duke of Cumberland's Collection of Old English Plate By E. ALFRED JONES

The Call to Arms in a Country Parish By the REV. ALEXANDER MACRAE

Tanks—and the National Genius By MAJOR F. E. HOTBLACK, D.S.O., M.C.

Arbitration in Extremis: An Australian Study By P. AIREY

Correspondence: The American Standpoint By MISS HARRIET GAYLORD and Others

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR AT
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission to Canada at the special rate of 1½d.

Price 3s. net

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

Founded 1856

Patrons:
Their Majesties the King and Queen

FOR GOD & OUR SAILORS

IN the hour of our peril it was the self-sacrifice and devotion of British Seamen which, by God's Mercy, Saved us from Starvation and made possible our Glorious Victory.

Now that the danger has passed we have the chance of proving our gratitude.

One of the Chaplains taking letters ashore

The Missions to Seamen is the greatest Agency in the World for providing real friends and attractive homes for Sailors in all the principal Ports of the World from London to Yokohama, and from Cardiff to Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Sydney, etc.

124 Ports Occupied

Funds urgently needed, especially for extensions in the great Ports Abroad.

We shall not grudge our help, shall we? they have proved themselves worthy.

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., Secretary
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 448. JANUARY 1920

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Annus Miserabilis

EVERY one is glad to see the last of 1919, which has been a year of disappointment, humiliation, unrest, misery, and disorder. 1920 contains the promise of something better, if only because it can hardly be worse than its predecessor. The civilized world has watched in impotent wrath the wanton frittering away of one of the most glorious and meritorious victories in history. Kultur was fairly and squarely beaten on its own ground with its own weapons of blood and iron. At the end, Allied organization, Allied troops, Allied generalship were superior to the enemy, and the Great German General Staff, at whose feet some generations of the world's soldiers had prostrated themselves, bit the dust. The legendary Hindenburg and the invincible Ludendorff crumbled away, and Prussianized Germany, which had terrorized the Continent since Sadowa, made abject, unconditional surrender. It was all the more dramatic because one of the Allied Governments was still so rooted in pessimism as to be unable to believe in the possibility of victory on the Western Front—the decisive point—and six weeks after the beginning of the end, at a moment when the British Army was carrying all before it, its great Commander-in-Chief received an urgent protest from Downing Street against the continuance of our victorious offensive, which was personally conveyed to G.H.Q. by the itinerant member of the War Cabinet, who was only reconciled when Sir Douglas Haig chivalrously declared that he would shoulder the exclusive responsibility in the event of failure, while His Majesty's Government should enjoy the entire credit in the event of the success of which he was confident. This occurred at the end of September. Within a few days the enemy hoisted his first signal of distress, and within six weeks had signed the Armistice, a month after which the Prime Minister was parading the country as "the man who won the war." We mention this illuminating incident, which is common knowledge in competent military circles, as illustrative of the loyal and magnanimous service of the Fighting Men to the Talking Men, of whom they only asked in return that the supreme sacrifices of "the stricken field" should not, as so often before, be thrown away by Political Incompetence. We all know how this tacit appeal fared. *Annus mirabilis* was followed by *annus miserabilis*. The Allied nations could scarcely credit the evidence of their senses when they saw Allied Powers who had borne the heat and burden of the war meekly following the Associate who had come in so late as to be almost too late. We should be the last to underrate the enormous moral reinforcement which the United States contributed in the dark days of 1918 or to underrate the overwhelming effect of the wonderful avalanche of magnificent manhood she deposited month by month on the menaced shores of France. There is nothing more contemptible than ingratitude, and Englishmen will not forget the notable service then rendered, even though Americans should themselves forget it. It was the raw material of a mighty military machine that would have been fashioned into the finished article all in good time. The American Army counted in 1918. It would have rowed its weight in 1919 and have become decisive in 1920 had the war lasted, as experts contemplated.

Tragi-comedy

THERE was, however, no shadow of an excuse for the Allies' premature acceptance of the Fourteen Points; for allowing President Wilson to influence the Armistice conditions, still less for accepting his autocracy at the Paris Peace Conference, and for allowing him to settle questions of which he knew little and which touched no appreciable American interest, though they were vital to countries that had been ravaged and ruined by war while the White House was still "thinking neutrally." For this deplorable development, which explains the paralytic Peace, M. Clemenceau bore little responsibility. The British and French Press had so deified the American President—whose European tour proved disastrous to both countries—that even *Père la Victoire* would have been swept out of power had he attempted to stem the tide at the time. All he could do when the British Government also "went Wilson" was to bide his time and save what he could from the wreck. That he did not entirely fail is proved by the recent diatribe of which this illustrious patriot is the object, in a volume written by a British official at the Peace Conference who was even more Wilsonian than the President—a college don—who resigned in disgust because Germany was asked to pay more than was convenient to her after having deliberately devastated and scientifically ruined her neighbours. Mr. Keynes's book* deserves the advertisement it is obtaining. That a man of his mentality should have formed part of the British Peace Delegation and have been our Treasury's representative on the Supreme Economical Council explains much that was obscure and justifies the reproach of the illustrious foreign soldier to the Allied and Associated statesmen, *Vous avez sabotez la victoire.* Whether he said it or not, it is true. For the Second Treaty of Versailles no one except its actual authors has a good word. It contains the seeds of several future wars; it turned many friends and Allies into bitter enemies. It has lost the single excuse made on its behalf by those who said, "Agreed that the Treaty leaves much to be desired and that it was childish to encumber it with the Covenant of the League of Nations, but Wilson threatened to leave Paris unless it were included, declaring that the League was the one and only thing the American people really cared about and the only way of persuading them to support the Settlement." How often have we not heard this familiar jargon? We always distrusted it, and we now know its worthlessness. The Allies, headed by Great Britain, who led the American claque, have nothing to show for deferring to the imaginary wishes of America, which were merely Presidential whims. The Senate has rejected the Treaty explicitly because it included the Covenant, which was accepted by the Allies, who never believed in it, because they were told it was so near and dear to the American heart! What tragi-comedy!

The Wrong Horse

THOSE European statesmen who blindly followed President Wilson are exhibiting the peevishness noticeable in men who have the misfortune to back the wrong horse. They have no one to thank but themselves. An elementary knowledge of the American Constitution, coupled with a passing acquaintance with contemporary American politics, would have informed them that it was not Mr. Wilson but Senator Lodge with whom they had to reckon, since the Congressional Elections of November 1918 gave the Republican Party control of both Houses of Congress. Those who protested against "Too Much Wilson" and vainly warned our wiseacres of their blunder must equally protest against any aggravation of the situation by attacks on the Senate, which has pursued a correct and constitutional course in refusing to ratify a Treaty which it regarded as incompatible with American policy and adverse to American interests. The Senate, moreover, has builded wiser than it knew. Despite the hostility manifested in its debates towards this country, we make bold to affirm that an incomparable service has been rendered the British Empire by the vetoing of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which, though harmless in appearance, was interpreted by its spokesmen here and abroad in a manner to arouse the suspicion of all Britons who love their country. So far from promising peace, it threatened a perpetual sword through the friction inevitable between Britain and other Powers, great and small, under the impossible system of Mandates to be set up all over the world, of which the odium would have fallen upon us owing to the character of our Empire. President Wilson in terms recommended the League of Nations because, as he told more than one American audience, under Article XI of the Covenant, "my favourite article," it would be open to any Power to haul any other Power before the forum of the League to give an account of its stewardship on matters in no way concerning the former! This would have provided tail-twisting American politicians with agreeable diversions at British expense whenever the spirit moved them, secure as they would be against any retaliation, because the United States flatly refuses even to look at any mandate, and has expressly warned the League off the Western Hemisphere by a clause in the Covenant excluding the Monroe Doctrine. Anglo-American relations are none too easy that we can afford to put this stick in the hands of every Washington politician with an eye on the anti-British vote. From this fate we were seemingly unequal to saving ourselves—our congested House of Lords is nowadays incapable of lifting a little finger in any national cause—but we have been saved by the Second Chamber of the United States.

---

* *The Economic Consequences of the Peace,* by John Maynard Keynes, C.B. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

Saved by the Senate

Again, the League of Nations was the rallying-ground of all our Pacifists, who looked to it to achieve what without it they could not hope for, i.e. the total disarmament of the British Empire by land, by sea, and in the air. "Scrap the lot!" had become their war-cry. Our Little-Englanders were equally elated by the prospect of dismembering the British Empire by means of the separate votes accorded to the Dominions, which was not inspired, as indignant Americans imagined, by any desire to increase British power, but rather to weaken it by raising issues on which the Home Government might differ from Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. The moment the apostles of internationalism showed the cloven hoof by urging the immediate inclusion of Germany, simultaneously denouncing the Anglo-American guarantee to France, we realized what they were after, and are proportionately thankful that the Senate—whatever the underlying motive—refused ratification of the Covenant except upon conditions that reduce it to the level of an Aulic Council. The only European nation that seriously believed in the League of Nations were the Germans, who made no disguise of their intention—which was encouraged by Potsdam Parties elsewhere—to still further relax the Treaty of Versailles in their favour. To this end Labour leaders were mobilizing throughout the Allied countries. It equally appealed to the enemy because an international League including Germany affords her opportunities of making mischief among other Powers of which Bismarck had not dreamed, and a reasonable prospect of building up a pro-German Party in the League that would enable her to resume the "frightful adventure" under its auspices with even more brilliant prospects of success than she enjoyed in 1914. From all this the American Senate has saved France and England. Neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen need lose their tempers or rail against Senator Lodge, who, after all, has injured Europe far less than President Wilson, who crossed the Atlantic bringing chaos in his train to foment strife between Allies who prior to his interference were on decent terms. His contribution to the peace of the world may be tried by his own "acid test"—namely, Allied and Associated policy towards Russia, which is a veritable nightmare to every one but the Germans, who make no disguise of their glee or of their hope to regain in the East more than all they have lost in the West.

A Word with Americans

While they recognize the predominant Party in the Senate as unwitting benefactors of the British Empire, and condemn the obtuseness of their own statesmen at the Peace Conference, Englishmen cannot concede to Americans of any Party the moral right to blame this country for the actions of an American President. It was not the British electorate, but the American electorate who, under a Constitution regarded as the last word in human wisdom, re-elected Mr. Wilson after four years' experience of his regime, his chief claim being that he had "kept America out of the war." It was not Great Britain but the United States who sent him to Paris with a mandate against which there was no adequate or even audible protest. They cannot now turn round and shelve their responsibility on to us. They approved the Fourteen Points, which much that was vocal in the Great Republic treated as a greater deliverance than the Ten Commandments. It was presented to Europe as American policy. We freely confess the error of the excessive enthusiasm that greeted the President on his advent to the Old World, whose sentimentalists regarded him as a New Messiah, while more sober persons at least hoped that he would rescue Russia from Bolshevism. He was, however, the head of an immense nation whose entry into the war had sealed the fate of the enemy in the eyes of the world. There were bound to be ovations in honour of any American President who broke all precedent to attend a European Peace Conference during his term of office. What would the Americans have had us do? What would they have felt—what would they not have said—had any indifference been exhibited towards the person of their President? The Republicans would have been the first to exploit the folly of the Democrats "in allowing an American President to go abroad in order to be snubbed by John Bull." We can make allowance for Party politicians; we have our own. But we regret and resent the practice of dragging this country into every Washington controversy and the tendency of American politicians "to smell a rat" where there is none. We have no quarrel with the Senate—on the contrary—but the Senate has no quarrel with us. Britishers disclaim all responsibility for President Wilson's proceedings in Paris, while bitterly regretting the shortsightedness of Mr. Lloyd George, who on three questions out of four supported American diplomacy against the great French Premier, who, as even so hostile a witness as Mr. Keynes admits, was " by far the most eminent member of the Council of Four."

Britain's Pledge

No question arises as to the Senate's " good faith " over the League of Nations, which is anathema to the overwhelming majority of patriotic Americans, but as regards the undertaking given by President Wilson to France, on the strength of which Marshal Foch was overruled and France put in an unfavourable strategic position—minus her natural frontier of the Rhine—different considerations prevail. There would be surprise and disappointment in the country of Lafayette if the countrymen of Washington regarded this guarantee as less than an obligation of honour. As British opinion is invariably misinterpreted in U.S.A., we shall say nothing on this aspect of the question until the Senate has manifested itself one way or the other. A clear issue has, unfortunately, been complicated, like every other international problem, by the Old Man of the Sea, who crops up at every turn—the League of Nations. There is another aspect of this crucial question which only concerns Britain and does not affect the United States, upon which Englishmen have the right, as it is their duty, to express themselves freely. The one outstanding lesson of the last five years is that our fate is bound up with that of France. Her danger is our danger. Her security is our security. Her frontier is our frontier. Unprovoked aggression on France is equally aggression against England, because, apart from all sentiment, an enemy seated in France, like an enemy seated in Belgium, threatens our vitals. This is so obvious that even when taking the League of Nations seriously, the British Government had no hesitation in giving the guarantee desired, and indeed demanded, by France when, in order to meet Anglo-American wishes, Marshal Foch's plan for a strategic frontier was abandoned and the promise of Anglo-American assistance against German aggression substituted. Unfortunately, the British pledge was so phrased as to make it depend on the ratification of the Agreement by the United States

Senate. In their salad days our statesmen regarded the American Executive and Legislature as all one, and the Senate as the echo of the President. There is no other explanation of this extraordinary condition attached to a declaration of a plain duty which in sheer self-preservation we should be compelled to discharge in any event. Article 2 of the Franco-British Treaty refers to a similar Treaty "of even date for the same purpose concluded between France and the United States of America," adding that the present Treaty "will only come into force" when the latter is ratified. Mr. Bonar Law's recent evasive answer in the House of Commons cannot be regarded as the considered opinion of Downing Street, and we may be sure M. Clemenceau's flying visit to London would never have been pronounced "successful" had any ambiguity supervened as to British policy in the event of Germany's again picking a quarrel with France. It is not a case for any secret agreement, but for an open, explicit declaration such as might have prevented war in 1914. It is ominous that those who profess a desire to abolish war should alone obstruct the one practical measure capable of affording Western Europe a spell of peace. British Pacifists have always been the greatest asset of foreign Jingoes.

Compensation

It is now generally recognized that President Wilson's diplomatic tour, which excited such extravagant expectations, was a misfortune for all concerned, not excluding his own country and his own person. In Europe he became an apple of discord by affecting superiority to Allied Governments and by incendiary appeals to the mob, which provoked dangerous crises among agitated peoples. His pose as the champion of the "under-dog" was not successful even with the "under-dog," who speedily realized that the American autocrat would be unable "to deliver the goods." Germany became the chief beneficiary of Wilsonian policies, but even Germans and pro-Germans were exasperated because they were getting less than they hoped for. The subsequent refusal of the Senate to ratify the President's handiwork has been a distinct encouragement to the enemy, whose tail has steadily gone up. Germany relies upon U.S.A. washing her hands of all responsibility for enforcing a peace which her President was allowed too large a share in shaping.

Should America now retire into her shell there will, nevertheless, be compensations, as there will necessarily be a fresh tightening of the bonds between the Allies, notably France, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium, whose relations seemed decidedly less cordial at the close of the Peace Conference than they had been at the moment of the Armistice owing to Mr. Lloyd George's unaccountable capitulation to the White House. This attitude immeasurably increased M. Clemenceau's burden, besides driving a dangerous wedge between England and Italy—the latter Power justly resenting our failure to support her in the face of unprovoked Presidential aggression against the Orlando-Sonnino Government. Moreover, Italians were also perturbed by the obsession of a powerful section of the British Press for everything calling itself "Jugo-Slav." Mischief was likewise made in Paris between the Belgian and British Governments by Mr. Lloyd George's sudden access of anti-Belgian sentiment last April—a flight by the King of the Belgians from Brussels to the Peace Conference being necessary to straighten out the impasse and to secure reasonable recognition from the Big Four of the legitimate claims of a nation to whom British Governments owe an irredeemable debt, because on their own showing Belgium provided the plank whereby we saved our honour as well as our life and liberties in 1914.

A League of Peace

WITH the removal of the American incubus from European affairs the Allies will be able to consolidate their position, realizing that they must rely on themselves alone to execute the Second Treaty of Versailles. It is now seen to have been a blunder to confine the guarantee to France against German invasion to Great Britain and the United States. President Wilson, it is said, had no authority from his own country to negotiate it, and the Senate may refuse to ratify the Franco-American defensive Treaty. We are warned that it might, though ratified, be repudiated by a future Washington Government dependent on one or other of the alien votes that play so large a part in American politics. The effect of the recent development of transatlantic detachment on the Allies of the Associated Powers was instantaneous and salutary. Peace, it is true, tarries through the encouragement Germany receives from American aloofness. But France and England are appreciably nearer to one another than they were a few months ago. Mr. Lloyd George's visit to Paris to complete the conversations opened by M. Clemenceau in London is expected to be followed by some announcement of a constructive character concerning Anglo-French relations, as to whose solidarity the world must not be allowed to entertain any doubt. The French Prime Minister quoted in the Chamber (December 23) the British Prime Minister as having said to him, "Our two countries must keep closer together than ever. If only we are in agreement there will never again be war in Europe." To this M. Clemenceau had replied, "Whatever happens, you can count not only on me, who am merely a passing factor, but also on the whole of France." This policy suggests a League of Peace with some promise of permanence if it be joined by Italy and Belgium. We are all against secret Diplomacy—we had a sickener of it in Paris. What we need is a frank and open exchange of views between the Governments of these four Powers and any other trustworthy nations that will co-operate, followed by Parliamentary and public ratification. Meanwhile the League of Nations can usefully busy itself with labour, social, and sanitary legislation, leaving high politics severely alone. The great work of 1920 should be the consolidation of a combination of civilized Powers who are sick of war and determined to keep would-be disturbers in order. To include Germany in any such League is comparable to putting a confirmed and convicted burglar on the bench. This is nevertheless the policy, we understand, of League-of-Nations cranks, who are producing almost a book a day on their creed and have the effrontery to appeal to the public for £1,000,000 for "propaganda." As some cynic observed, "They rely on the Proper Goose."

Not wanted—Common Sense

COMMON sense could never get a serious hearing during the fateful years before the Great War, when Germany obviously contemplated aggression, and the single hope of preserving peace was for pacific nations such as ourselves to combine adequate counter-preparations with a definite declaration that we should not be too proud to fight for peace. It might be supposed that those who stand convicted of misjudging the situation at the cost of a Great War would, at least, have learnt modesty to the point of mistrusting their own infallibility. Unfortunately, it is very otherwise. Having learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing, our Bourbons are, if possible, more arrogant than ever, and, consequently, as dangerous. They know all about everything and everybody else is wrong, though it might have been thought that on their own tragical record they would nowadays regard error in international affairs as their own peculiar prerogative. We cannot, however, afford to allow these highly placed Ignoramuses to blunder about United States as they blundered about Germany. We cannot tolerate that stupidity and conceit shall produce an Anglo-American impasse towards which our blind leaders of the blind would conduct us. Were the Anglo-American problem insoluble we should leave it severely alone, and trust to Providence to avoid catastrophe. But it is not, provided it be faced betimes. Our responsible statesmen and able editors, with the best intentions, are working on the wrong lines, producing the very results they deplore. They conceive the United States much as Viscount Haldane conceived pre-war Germany—only rather more so. They imagine the American people, because talking the same language as ourselves, and for the other reasons set forth at Pilgrims Club banquets, to reciprocate this post-prandial enthusiasm for Great Britain, and as asking for nothing better than to co-operate with her in peace as in war. They point to the ultimate entry of the Washington Government into the war against Germany as triumphant confirmation of their thesis, whereas the events of the last five years refute it. They ignore any inconvenient facts that stare them in the face. In truth the Anglophobe elements in U.S.A. and that antagonism to, and suspicion of, this country, which amounts to less than hatred, are so strong and widespread as to render any political co-operation between the two countries difficult to the point of imperilling any American Government risking it.

"A British Entanglement"

It is unfortunate that clever men like the Lord Chief Justice of England and Mr. Balfour allow themselves to be so beguiled by the pleasant social relations they establish with Americans as to be unable to realize the truth. They return from their Missions knowing as little of real America as before they went. U.S.A. did not come into the war because Great Britain was already in it, and because common interests were at stake. On the contrary, our being in kept America out. She only came in at the eleventh hour because Germany forced her, by insults and aggression such as no self-respecting community could endure. The League of Nations has been chiefly attacked across the Atlantic because we were in it, as any one could learn who was at pains to follow the controversy. Whatever polite disclaimers may now be forthcoming, President Wilson undoubtedly provided his Republican opponents with an irresistible weapon for his own undoing by what they denounced as a "European entanglement," meaning thereby a "British entanglement." It would have been impossible to get up the necessary steam against the Covenant unless we had been involved. To the Plain People, as the American Man in the Street is called, it was only necessary to represent the League as something that John Bull wanted, to ensure its popular condemnation and rejection. It should be possible for British statesmen to grasp this elementary fact, though we have little hope of their doing so, as it would disturb their stock periods on "the two great English-speaking nations whose hearts beat as one, and whose common purposes are inspired by the same lofty ideals"—*vide* the after-dinner speeches of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Reading, and other specialists in Anglo-American effusiveness who, doubtless, will be reinforced by Viscount Grey on the conclusion of yet another abortive "American Mission."

A New Columbus

THE reader may not unfairly ask what remedy we offer for the solution of a discouraging problem. Our prescription should not be unpopular with a certain school of politicians. We definitely and decidedly recommend that nothing in particular should be done, as nothing useful can be done. We merely urge that the truth be recognized, and all the buncombe of our orators and leader-writers—which is not harmless nonsense but perilous nonsense creative of fools' paradises and subsequent rude awakenings—should be dropped. We should like to see the Pilgrims Club and other English-speaking societies, as well as every centre of flap-doodle of the "blood-is-thicker-than-water" variety, voluntarily wound up by the concerted intelligence of their members. We would impose a heavy fine on all Anglo-American gushers, and would intern every advocate of "an Anglo-Saxon alliance." Such persons mean well. They only err through thoughtlessness. Next to our open enemies in the States, they have inflicted most injury on Anglo-American relations. Good intentions are, unhappily, insufficient solvents of international questions in this wicked world. Apart from these mild measures, and speaking seriously, we should do nothing, dropping all Anglo-American "propaganda," and frankly recognizing that there is nothing differentiating our relations with United States from those with any other Great Power, and that we must rely on "the horse-sense" which is abundant on both sides of the Atlantic to maintain those reasonably friendly relations that should subsist between two countries which have substantial common interests and little occasion for quarrelling. Most Anglo-American differences have been caused by untoward attempts to force the pace, as did the authors of this wretched League of Nations, who have given a serious set-back to a cause they have at heart. Just as before the war it was desirable to know something of real Germany, so to-day it is vital to understand real America. We state the case plainly because we are far from hopeless, if only the well-meaners will condescend to water their wine. It is not enough for eminent British tourists to have "a good time" in New York or Washington or to spend a charming fortnight at Newport. "Go West" is good advice given to more globe-trotters than follow it. We believe Lord Northcliffe was the first conspicuous Englishman to penetrate as far as Chicago. We need a new Columbus.

The Wrong Address

ARE not the heart-rending appeals now in circulation in this country on behalf of "starving Germany"—euphemistically described as "Central Europe"—directed to the wrong address? Some of these are signed by open and secret sympathizers with the enemy, though war rendered even the most brazen somewhat cautious. Such persons have resumed their former Potsdam proclivities, and occasionally succeed in roping in a few ingenuous patriots. Their manœuvres are less aimed at relieving German babies as at arousing sympathy for German grown-ups, and gradually passing the sponge over the unspeakable record of a criminal nation. There was never any serious danger of Britain bearing malice towards a beaten foe too long, but rather of their forgetting iniquities too soon. There is, therefore, no excuse for badgering our overtaxed people with these incessant exhortations to put their hands in their pockets on behalf of a country which deliberately set out to wreck civilization, and, largely owing to its foreign friends, came within an ace of achievement. Charity begins at home. It should begin in Germany. Germans should help one another before they come whining abroad. German war profiteers should disgorge for the benefit of the poorer classes in the Fatherland. Of the existence of great fortunes in all ranks of life there is no room for reasonable doubt, while the recent treatment of the ex-Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin provides eloquent comment on Germany's much-advertised "poverty," which, be it remembered, was the excuse given by British Ministers for their cynical violation of their election pledges "to make Germany pay." Incidentally, it disposes of the Bolshevist bogy, with which much private and some public propaganda has been made in the interests of the enemy by men who should know better. We learn from the *Morning Post* Berlin correspondent (see *Morning Post,* December 17) that the Mecklenburg Landtag has confirmed the agreement between "the Free State of Mecklenburg-Schwerin" and the ex-Grand Duke, whereby the latter not only retains "all his private property and fortune," but receives "by way of indemnity for the loss of his position as sovereign," a palace, "several other residences," six million marks in ready money (the German equivalent of £300,000), besides "provision for relatives and dependents." He thus becomes "one of the greatest landed proprietors in Mecklenburg." We would call the attention of those who are exploiting Dr. Starling's evidence as to the piteous plight of Germany to this instructive episode, and we would suggest that our "Fight the Famine" Party should direct the ex-Grand Duke to Dr. Starling's alarming or alarmist statement—"It would thus seem that Germany stands face to face with a catastrophe which may involve the death of millions by famine and disease, unless she can obtain by importation sufficient food to make up the deficit"—and invite the assistance of his broad acres and bulging purse.

Redistribution before Importation

CLEARLY the first necessity for Germany is not importation of food from other countries, where it may be sorely needed, but a redistribution of food hoards in Germany, where ex-Grand Dukes and other Junkers and the big industrialists wax fat and kick, while humble townsfolk languish, though their sufferings pale besides those inflicted, with the enthusiastic approval of the German masses, on neighbouring nations. The personnel of our "Fight the Famine" Council is hardly inspiring. It necessarily includes a sprinkling of Bishops and Free Churchmen, but the unhappy Lord Parmoor is Chairman of the Committee, with Mr. Noel Buxton as Treasurer; other members including Lords Buckmaster, Beauchamp. and Loreburn, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. E. D. Morel, Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. Philip Snowden, and similar shining lights. Had they been listened to during the war we should have lost and Germany would have won—which some of these persons would not have minded. As they have hitherto been wrong on every considerable issue, there is no reason to infer that they are right to-day. They could, however, do no harm in dispatching their circular to the ex-Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with its lurid description of "the general collapse of Central Europe," and its appeal "to take packets of literature for distribution, and to help us to raise funds to defray the cost of publication." The ex-Grand Duke might conceivably smile from the security of one or other of the palaces or parks which his grateful country has just conferred upon him despite the fact that its population is, ex hypothesi, at death's door. Conceivably his ex-Royal Highness might recall the dictum of a rescued German naval officer at an early stage of the war to his British rescuer, "We Germans shall never be gentlemen—you British will always be fools," though we doubt whether the "Fight the Famine" Council is exclusively composed of fools. We are summoned to pity Germany, in order that we may subsequently love her and take her to our arms in the League of Nations, when the whole dreary and dangerous business would begin all over again, with the same friends of the enemy repeating their pre-war rôle, justifiably confident in the belief that the Entente could never be resuscitated should Germany "get going."

"Anti-Semitism"

CERTAIN Jewish organs and Jewish speakers denounce an imaginary " Anti-Semitic " movement which they profess to detect in the British Press. We had not noticed any such phenomenon. We do not believe there is any serious racial or religious prejudice against Jews in this country, which is the most tolerant community in the world, as is proved by the ascendancy Jews have been allowed to assume in England, which before the war had reached a point that imperilled the State. It were idle to ignore the fact that some of them were aliens, and undesirable aliens, who viewed Germany as their " spiritual home." A few were little better than German spies. Indeed, they were more dangerous than ordinary spies, because their immense wealth and lavish entertainment, which was their single recommendation, enabled them to form intimacies with British statesmen--many of whom unduly love their creature comforts and will go wherever they can get an exceptionally long cigar or bottle of Veuve Clicquot—which were detrimental to British interests, and even dangerous to British security. They haunted Downing Street, creating an Anglo-German atmosphere and even an anti-French atmosphere. The failure of Ministers and ex-Ministers to appreciate German designs was partially due to their compromising friendships with International Jews, who assiduously preached the legend of " a peace-loving Kaiser and a peace-loving German People." Whether it was a deliberate deception or unconscious folly we cannot say, but by some curious fatality there is usually found at the elbow of our most prominent politicians some sinister figure of German-Jewish origin, whispering advice calculated to injure Britain or one of her Allies, or to promote some hostile interest. If to mention such matters be " Anti-Semitic," we plead guilty, though we regard our patriotic national Jews as among the most valuable ingredients in the country. The war has taught us to protest against all occult influence, whether Jew or Gentile, and we shall continue doing so in season and out of season.

AFTER writing the preceding paragraph our attention was called to the latest of German war revelations, which brings the International Jew into the middle of the picture. Our rabid Jewish Press would be more usefully employed in interpreting this appeal of the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild to the Kaiser Wilhelm, whom he addresses, it will be noted, almost as though he and not King George were the Rothschild sovereign.

The International Jew

> LONDON, *Aug.* 1, 1914
>
> HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR, BERLIN
>
> SIRE,—I am fully aware that your Majesty is straining every nerve in favour of peace, and it is because I am aware of this, and because I have always been such a warm and devoted admirer of your Majesty's policy, that I venture to address your Majesty at such a very critical moment, when the blessings of peace or the horrors of war are evenly balanced. Will your Majesty therefore send me a proposal which I could at once lay before my friends, and which would be of such a nature as would find favour both in St. Petersburg and at Vienna, and which could be warmly supported by my friends ? I venture most earnestly to hope that your Majesty will most graciously reply [? to one] who begs to subscribe himself your Majesty's most faithful and obedient servant,
>
> 1 Seamore Place ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD

This message, which reached the Berlin Castle at 7.30 P.M. on the same day, was endorsed by the Kaiser with the words : " An old and very respected acquaintance of mine ! About seventy-five to eighty years of age ! " The Foreign Office filed Mr. de Rothschild's telegram, with a note to the effect that no acknowledgment could be sent as the cable service with England had broken down. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild had, doubtless, served his purpose as an unofficial spokesman of the German Government in England, where he was conspicuous as a Kaiser-worshipper—no man had worked more assiduously, within the measure of his abilities, to mislead every one with whom he came in contact as to the purposes and policy of Prussianized Germany. We do not say it was wilful. He may, in his turn, have been bamboozled by the Germans, but if International Jews are merely Hebrew editions of Haldanism, what does Great Britain gain by their "pull" on British policy and British statesmen ?

Welcome Home

IT would have been impossible to improve on the speech of the Prince of Wales at the Welcome Home in his honour held at the Mansion House (December 18), where he succeeded in striking exactly the right note, on every topic he touched, in a manner to arouse the admiration of more practised orators. Needless to say, he had a buoyant ovation during his drive to the City, while the warmth of the City's greeting eclipsed all previous records. His Canadian tour was among the few bright and brilliant events of an otherwise dismal year. We realize that in the Prince of Wales we have the most remarkable and popular young man of the age, and one who should play a great part in a pregnant period. At the luncheon the Prime Minister proposed the Prince's health, congratulating him especially on his " opportune triumph in the Great West." Carried away by his environment, Mr. Lloyd George spoke of the Crown as he had never spoken before, acknowledging its unique influence as an imperial factor. " The British Empire is a peculiar institution. Not only is there nothing like it, there has never been anything like it. It is united by no force, it is not even united by the ties of blood, for you have a multitude of races, all of them owing a common loyalty to the Throne and displaying it conspicuously in the hour of peril. Take the Dominions. They sent to our aid over a million gallant men in the late war. Not one of them came from any order that was issued or could have been issued from this country. They came out of loyalty. . . . India sent us over a million men. They came from no compulsion, they came from loyalty to the Throne." We are relieved to learn at last from the head of our Government that British subjects from all over the world fought—like British subjects from time immemorial —for King and Country, and not, as we had been encouraged to imagine, " to make the world safe for Democracy," or on behalf of a mythical League of Nations. It was ever so, and will be so as long as England endures. The Prince of Wales, in a thoughtful and delightful reply, put the relations of Mother Country and Colonies— it is only officially that this word is taboo—in proper perspective, and more correctly, it must be admitted, than is usual. After a graphic account of his Canadian tour, expressing his inability to show adequate appreciation of all the kindness and hospitality he had received, he insisted that, however enjoyable, it had been no joy-ride. "It was all a great pleasure, and I enjoyed every moment of it, but it was more than that. It was an inspiring education which will influence the whole of my life, and I should like to try and tell you what I feel I have learnt." In the first place, "I have come back with a much clearer idea of what is meant by the British Empire," which was totally different from "the old idea of Empire handed down from Greece and Rome" —namely, of "a Mother Country surrounded by daughter States which owed allegiance to her. Now, we Britishers have left that obsolete idea behind a long time ago."

Sound Doctrine

THE British Empire was greater and grander than any of the older Empires, because it consisted of a collection of free nations, as was recognized by the fact that not merely Great Britain, but Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India were signatories to the Peace Treaty which they had fought so magnificently to secure. This, then, was the lesson the Prince had brought home with him: "The people in the Old Country must realize that the patriotism of the Dominions is a national patriotism, and not mere loyalty to Great Britain. It is loyalty to their British institutions, it is loyalty to the world-wide British system of law and government; and it is, above all, loyalty to the British Empire, of which Great Britain, like the Dominions, is only one part. I have felt the inspiration of this great idea throughout my journey, but I have also learnt that the loyalty of the Dominions is, in a very special sense, loyalty to the Crown—and the Crown represents the unity of the Empire." In a memorable passage, which all orators and writers on Imperial questions would be wise to assimilate, the Prince reminded his audience, to many of whom the doctrine was new, that "the King, as constitutional Sovereign of the Empire, occupies exactly the same place in Canada and in the whole British Empire as he does in Great Britain, and his House, although originally founded in Great Britain, belongs equally to all the other nations of the Commonwealth." These are great words on the lips of the Heir Apparent, spoken as they are from the heart, and representing as they do the convictions of all that is wise and sober in the King's dominions. The speaker modestly added that he was "not so foolish as to think that the wonderful welcome given me in Canada, and again to-day, are mere tributes to myself. I realize that they are given to me as the King's son and as his heir, and I recognize in them the same splendid common impulse which made the whole British Empire stand and fight together in the Great War." This is true; nevertheless all public and private evidence testifies that the Prince's personality made a deep impression on the people of Canada, and war-weary fighting men, somewhat disgruntled by British red tape, were heard to say, in distant and desolate spots, "We will come again for you."

A Plea for the Prince

The Prince has announced that after a brief respite he will resume his Imperial tour—the keenest satisfaction being evinced throughout Australasia by the news that the King is sending the Heir Apparent to Australia and New Zealand next March. That satisfaction is shared by the Mother Country, but in order that the Prince may enjoy his next visit like his last, the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Mail*, *Weekly Dispatch*, and other papers are urging that meanwhile he should have a complete holiday among his own friends of his own age, free from the calls and claims of all those clamorous individuals and institutions who apparently regard the Royal Family as their private property, to be exploited to the utmost. As the Diarist of the *Weekly Dispatch* observes, "If there is any young man of twenty-five in the British Commonwealth who has worked harder in the last four months, and who has shown greater tact in some very difficult situations, I should be glad to hear his name. . . . Our Young Man has a fine constitution, but even private railway-car life cannot get rid of fatigue. It is notorious that it was private-car railroad travelling that brought about President Wilson's trouble. Let Our Young Man alone. Give him a holiday." So say all of us. There is said to be nothing so physically and mentally exhausting as functions for the principal figure, which is necessarily the rôle of the Prince of Wales wherever he goes. We hope that for this winter Charities will display a little charity to one to whom we all owe so much, and whose health and happiness are precious to all the King's subjects, each of whom feels a personal vested interest in this wonderful young man. We gladly note the increasing activities of Prince Albert and Princess Mary, who make an admirable impression wherever they go, and should be able to relieve their elder brother during his short stay at home.

Retrospect

We cannot appreciate the full humiliation of present Indian policy unless we realize the curious circumstances attending the appointment as Secretary of State for India of the pushful politician who is allowed to run amuck in the Middle East. It was but an incident in the campaign of the

Prime Minister against his former chief, Mr. Asquith, at a time when Mr. Lloyd George was still afraid of the ex-Premier's potential challenge to the new Coalition. It was never suggested that Mr. Edwin Montagu had pre-eminent claims to this office, for which indeed he appeared to have peculiar disqualifications. He and Mr. Winston Churchill were regarded as Mr. Asquith's ablest and most active lieutenants. It was felt in Downing Street that, could they be successfully detached, the McKennas and Runcimen might be safely ignored and Mr. Asquith himself reduced to impotence. There was little difficulty as regards a versatile soldier of fortune such as Mr. Churchill, who regards high office as his natural prerogative, but the "Old Gang" were confident that no conceivable temptation could seduce so loyal, devoted, and intimate an adherent of "the Chief" as Mr. Montagu. Any suggestion that he would accept office from the usurper was scoffed at by Wee Frees. Mr. Asquith smiled his most scornful smile when any such insinuation reached him; they were not only colleagues but the closest friends, and according to an accredited story in Asquithite circles Mr. Montagu had asseverated in terms that no consideration would induce him to join the New Gang except the unthinkable offer of the Ministry of Reconstruction, which his love of his fellow-countrymen might preclude him from declining. Great, therefore, was the astonishment and consternation among the faithful when they opened their newspapers to learn that Mr. Montagu had stepped into Mr. Austen Chamberlain's shoes immediately the latter patriotically relinquished his seals at the India Office on the publication of the Mesopotamia Report. The standard of honour among politicians was, perhaps, never very high—it is probably lower to-day than ever before—but this piece of "treachery," as it was designated in Wee Free circles, was pronounced to surpass "the limit." As to that we are no judges, but from every point of view it proved a dire misfortune that Mr. Montagu should have been offered, still more that he should have accepted, a post in which he would be able to undermine the British Raj in India. His operations—policy is too dignified a word—can be described by no other word; it is substantially his own diagnosis as set out in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, which has become the Bible of the "Perish India" school.

The Indian Mystery

For some mysterious reason that no one has so far attempted to fathom, a Government including so famous and autocratic a Viceroy of India as Lord Curzon and statesmen of the calibre of Lord Milner—who declined the Indian Viceroyship in 1903—allowed their latest recruit, Mr. Montagu, to commit them, to say nothing of Great Britain and the British Empire, to a course for which there was no semblance of any demand in this country, for which there was no effective desire in India, where the "Moderates," as in Ireland, have been completely snuffed out by the "wild men." This project is condemned, we are told, by every British Indian civilian with any soul to call his own, and has never been seriously considered or debated in the British Parliament, but was simply hustled through, apparently in order that Mr. Montagu might posture before the world as a great constructive Imperial statesman. We cannot blame him, as it is only natural that a careerist should take advantage of the goods that the gods provide. But we do blame colleagues who profess to be "responsible statesmen" and for no rhyme or reason are taking this perilous leap in the dark under the auspices of a Secretary of State who has but a globe-trotter's knowledge of India, where it is made plain to all whom it may concern that promotion and recognition goes to those who can resign themselves to chanting the popular official ditty, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." We must not misread and misjudge the Report of the Joint Select Committee of Lords and Commons as an endorsement of the policy behind the new Indian Government Bill. As that Report, signed by the Duke of Northumberland and other valuable men whose time was wasted, textually reminds us, "the Committee were not charged, as some have seemed to think, with the task of reporting on the state of India, or on the conduct of the administration in India, *or even at large on the best form of Government for India* [our italics], but only with the duty of dealing with this Bill, which had been read a second time in the House of Commons, according to the well-known forms of Parliamentary procedure and with the rules and conventions arising out of it." In other words, it was not, as the general public imagined, this Committee which inspired or adopted the Montagu policy. That had already been determined before the Committee was created. Their rôle was the humble one of executing their mandate from Mr. Montagu. Whence he obtained his is another question, and one we cannot answer. We refuse to believe, in the teeth of recent events, that India is yet fit for independence, which is not unlikely to produce a series of "Amritsars," and it looks as though the public were being wilfully kept in the dark concerning the state of that country in the interests of this revolutionary measure. We need not examine the India Bill (upon which Ministers are so set that it is almost the only Coalition measure they have not abandoned), because that painful task is brilliantly performed by a distinguished member of a famous Anglo-Indian family, Sir Harry Stephen, for many years a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta. We can, at any rate, congratulate Mr. Montagu upon his pertinacity, if upon little else, and we cannot credit the rumour that he will resign the moment that, according to his own account, he has inaugurated the millennium in India, though the *Spectator* closes a damaging article by suggesting that he is appalled by his own handiwork!

"A Horrible Duty"

The readers of the *National Review* may be relied upon not to jump to hasty conclusions concerning the Amritsar tragedy, which might have to be revised on further and better particulars. It may be that General Dyer—the soldier who happened to occupy a difficult and delicate post at a dangerous moment—lost his head and acted with excessive sternness. Or, on the other hand, it may have been one of those cases where timely severity saved India from catastrophe comparable to the Mutiny. So far there is no official account of these sensational events, as to which the Government have been singularly reticent during many months, and we are only being furnished with more or less garbled newspaper reports of the evidence given before Lord Hunter's Commission of Inquiry, which is not expected to return its verdict until next month. That the incident should be eagerly exploited by "Progressive" newspapers (reluctantly compelled to repress their animosity against every one in khaki during the war) as the occasion for vitriolic diatribes against General Dyer naturally predispose one in his favour. But we need not adopt the view—which is German and not British—that the military are a law unto themselves and that whatever they do is right even when it is obviously wrong. Every man is liable to make mistakes, and the shooting at Amritsar may have been excessive, but we can form no opinion of any value until we know all the facts, and at present it is even uncertain whether the punishment was inflicted by British or by native rifles. So anti-militarist an organ as the *Manchester Guardian* states the case thus: " General Dyer appears to be an honest soldier who, however deeply disqualified for the wise exercise of the power entrusted to or assumed by him, believed and believes that the measures he took, however dreadful, were necessary under the circumstances, and that in fact they saved the situation. It is quite true that, whether as a consequence or not of his action, the outbreak at Amritsar had no sequel elsewhere, and that the movement of discontent died down or went underground." Such an admission from such a quarter will go far to convince the impartial that " the butchery of Amritsar " was, as General Dyer himself described it in his evidence before the Hunter Committee, " a horrible duty."

"Open Rebellion"

FEW men would care to shoulder General Dyer's responsibilities at the moment this regrettable collision took place. Memories of " Cawnpore " and " Lucknow " haunt any serious British soldier when Indian unrest rears its ugly head and murder stalks abroad. The Punjab was pregnant with perilous possibilities last April, while the actualities were sufficiently alarming. The safety of white men, white women, and little children was clearly threatened, and Amritsar, one of the most excitable communities in the East, was boiling over. A leading article in the *Times*, condemning General Dyer's action, recalls the atmosphere at the time, and the mere recital of the facts goes far to explain, if not to exonerate, the punishment he felt it his duty to inflict on a rebel crowd after several days of looting, arson, and murder. There was, in the first place, a widespread and deliberate conspiracy which Lord Chelmsford, our Mugwump Viceroy, had gone so far as to stigmatize as " open rebellion." There were outbreaks at many distant places, suggesting a common origin and a common purpose. A telegraph office and a cotton-mill were burnt down at Ahmedabad, in the Bombay Presidency, where a police-officer was murdered; there was an attempted seizure of the important railway-junction of Viramgam, in which an Indian official "was killed and *burnt*" (our italics). Sentimentalists are invited to note this last word; they are horrified at any shooting by any Briton. How would they like to be burnt by black men? There were "menacing disturbances both in Bombay and Calcutta," and systematic attempts at train-wrecking and cutting telegraph wires. At Delhi the mob sacked the railway-station; at Lahore there was a native raid on the European quarter, repulsed by gun-fire; Gujranwala railway-station was burnt down, and a British soldier killed in defending Kasur station—the concentration upon railway-stations being interpreted by the *Times* as "circumstantial proofs that the outbreak was planned by clever brains."

Arson

THE excitement was superficially attributed to the Rowlatt Act, which was, however, more likely to have been a pretext seized by the Indian Bolshevists, who were clearly out to smash the British Raj, which was simultaneously being undermined by the pitiful pusillanimity of the Home Government, which has steadily kept the white flag flying during the last two years. While there were black spots in several places, the extremists being doubtless encouraged by the lowered *moral* of the Indian Government, Punjab was aflame and Amritsar the centre of incendiarism. On April 10 two prominent agitators of that city were arrested and expelled, and the bazaars rang with rumours that British rule was at an end and that the reign of loot was about to begin—news that attracted the turbulent elements of the surrounding country into Amritsar, of which anarchists on that day practically took possession, there being only a negligible handful of troops. The National Bank of India was sacked and much property stolen, the British manager and his accountant being killed, while—we still quote the *Times*—their bodies "were soaked in kerosene and burnt, together with the bank premises." The British manager of the Alliance Bank was also murdered, while the town hall and other buildings were burnt, and Miss Sherwood, a British lady missionary, was set upon and left for dead, and the British guard at the railway-station killed, etc. We do not know how many more murders are necessary before Progressive journalists would concede the right of the authorities to shoot. On April 11 the city remained in the hands of the rioters, though during the day a few hundred troops, including one hundred British, arrived, and late that night Brigadier-General Dyer, then commanding at Jullundur, came by motor-car and took over control from the civil authorities. On the following day, April 12, there was no fighting, but the anarchists retained their ascendancy. On the morning of April 13 General Dyer marched through the city at the head of a small column, and a proclamation was read out at eighteen different points, in which, according to Mr. Miles Irving, the senior civil officer on the spot, it was enjoined that " no meetings would be allowed, and if any meetings were held, they were liable to be fired upon straight away."

Jallianwala

THAT afternoon General Dyer was informed that a meeting was being held at Jallianwala Bagh, described as " an enclosed garden with narrow entrances," whither he marched with about one hundred rifles and instantly opened fire, killing, we are told, four hundred and fifteen people, and wounding perhaps three times this number. We collect this information from the *Times* (December 16), which, after stating, " We do not propose to offer any final opinion upon General Dyer's action until the conclusions of Lord Hunter's Committee are made known," proceeds to condemn his conduct as, " on his own showing, indefensible," though Mr. Yusuf Khan, a resident at Amritsar and a senior member of the Punjab Legislative Council, justified it to the Hunter Committee, while the ablest and most respected of our Indian administrators, Sir Michael O'Dwyer, then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, sent a telegram approving of what General Dyer had done, upon which the *Times* remarks, " We must assume for the present that he did so on insufficient knowledge." We shall indulge in no such rash assumption. We note that the Indian Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Monro—to whose sagacity in another connexion Major Orlo Williams pays striking tribute in an article on the Dardanelles—subsequently appointed General Dyer to another brigade, which can only be interpreted as an endorsement by his military superior of his drastic action at Amritsar. The wisdom of the Montagu-Chelmsford combination may be gathered from their permitting the

Indian National Congress to meet in Amritsar in Christmas week, while we are told that Mr. Montagu's feverish and frantic efforts to place the India Government Bill on the Statute Book is that it may be on the agenda of that gathering ! In India, as elsewhere from Petrograd to Cork, the Coalitionists' single conception of policy and government is to play into the hands of " Extremists," who either hypnotize or terrorize Downing Street.

Expert Opinion

Lord Sydenham, for many years Governor of Bombay, who cannot be discounted as " a Tory " or " a Reactionary," being a lifelong Radical, is surely entitled to be heard on this affair. He has no temperamental leaning towards coercion, but he makes a strong appeal to the *Times* (December 20) for a suspension of judgment until we know more, pointing out that " there can be no evidence of what would have happened if extreme measures had not been taken, and it is easy for us safe at home to ignore the grave dangers of the situation in the Punjab and elsewhere in April last." At Rawal Pindi, nearly two hundred miles from Amritsar, in the words of an officer then watching events, " it was touch-and-go," and had Rawal Pindi and the Punjab railways been captured by the rebels, " what would have happened to the large forces on the Afghan frontier ? " In Lord Sydenham's opinion " we narrowly escaped a disaster of the first magnitude, of the risk and the certain consequences of which the public has no idea." A general rising was, as we know, carefully and cleverly planned, as in 1915. Communications had passed with the Afghans, whose invasion was to coincide with rebellion. The writer, who knows something of India, reminds those who know little or nothing, " All who have had to deal with rioting in India well know how suddenly mobs assemble in the great cities, and how dangerous they become if they are not quickly intimidated. To deal with them is a painful necessity, because one realizes that harmless people are invariably killed, and the responsible persons are sure to escape." Lord Sydenham tells ignoramuses something else—namely, that so small a force as General Dyer's firing-party would be no match for " a *lathi*-carrying mob of over five thousand, which could easily overwhelm them with small loss if its psychology —always an uncertain factor—turned in that direction." There will be general assent to his conclusion: "All these and other considerations must be taken into full account before we pass judgment on General Dyer, who in the opinion of our countrymen scattered over India saved many thousands of British and Indian lives." Certain journalists, who can never resist an opening for attacking any soldier above the rank of a temporary captain, are making the usual exhibition of themselves in this case.

Lady Astor

Lady Astor, as we anticipated last month before the poll was declared, achieved a notable personal and political triumph at Plymouth, retaining her husband's seat by so large a majority that she actually overtopped the combined vote of Liberalism and Labour. The figures of this memorable contest—which evoked immense enthusiasm everywhere outside the House of Commons—were as follows:

Viscountess Astor (Co. U.)	14,495
Mr. W. T. Gay (Lab.)	9,292
Mr. Isaac Foot (L.)	4,139
Coalition majority over both Parties	1,064

The return of the first woman qualified to sit in the British House of Commons is an historic event to which many who had opposed Woman's Suffrage in the past had become reconciled by the increasing ineptitude of our male politicians, who are mostly mere slaves of the Caucus and the Whips, without any soul to call their own. Their resentment at the sacred precincts of Parliament being penetrated by women—for whose intrusion they have no one to thank but themsleves—is ridiculous. The moment the House of Commons elected—without any mandate from the constituencies—to open the floodgates by admitting unnumbered millions of women to the register, it was only a question of time when women would become M.P.'s. It was grotesque to pronounce women fit to vote and unfit to sit. Opponents of Woman Suffrage steadily warned its supporters that one change involved the other, but the latter were too conceited to listen, fondly imagining that they would enjoy the manipulation of the woman's vote. The result of the last General Election, with its debacle of women canditates fostered this delusion, and quidnuncs confidently opined "no constituency will ever return a woman—men hate the idea—

women won't vote for women." Now they know better, and though there is some natural regret that the first woman to sit at Westminster should be foreign-born, Lady Astor renders conspicuous public service in breaking the ice, while she is so devoted a public servant—in the best sense of a much-abused term—and so delightful a personality that we may overlook the accident of her having been born in Virginia. Her family, the Langhornes, are an old English stock, and one of her forbears, General Langhorne, was no inconsiderable British soldier before Virginia was heard of. On the same day that Lady Astor's historical victory was announced, Mr. Esmond Harmsworth scored a brilliant triumph in Thanet, which was personal because he had the sense and courage to decline the coupon which the Coalition managers were anxious to thrust upon him. The new Member is only twenty-one, and becomes "the baby" of the House of Commons. Much is expected of him.

The System

OTHER constituencies will doubtless follow Plymouth's lead, though because one really remarkable woman got a big majority on her merits, in a place where she was known and beloved, less remarkable women will not necessarily do as well where they are unknown. Still, a contingent of women should find their way to Westminster. Men have been tried and found wanting in politics. Women cannot possibly do worse, and may do better. We believe the root of the rottenness of our public life to lie in the huge secret Party funds and the so-called "Honours" that are bound up with a corrupt system that roughly operates as follows: In every Party certain individuals are allowed, with the tacit approval of the Leaders, to collect cash, no questions being asked as to its origin, the contributors receiving promises of Honours, hereditary and otherwise. The Party funds are vested in the names of trustees, of whom the Chief Whip is usually, though not always, the boss—it is uncertain whether Lord Edmund Talbot, for instance, is mixed up in this disagreeable business. There is no audit whatsoever, and all details are considerately withheld from the Party Leader, so that he may repudiate, whenever convenient, all knowledge of the sources of the secret funds, or of the obligations incurred in their collection. From time to time—when the Party is in power—

strange recommendations come from the Whips' office for Honours —and occasionally on the initiative of the Party treasurer, an office that in the Unionist Party is understood to be held by a well-known Peer who not many years ago became a Viscount. The Leader only learns, when unknown names are mentioned, that their owners have rendered "conspicuous Party service," though as they have never opened their mouths in public he can have little doubt as to its nature. Nevertheless, he honours the expressed or implied understanding on which they drew their cheques, and accordingly they figure in an early Honours list. These practices are notorious to all practical politicians, and all Party leaders fight like wild cats against any interference regarding open Party funds as a death-blow to their power. The secret Party fund is, in fact, the holy of holies, upon which only the profane would lay hands.

The Remedy

It is the canker that poisons our public life and paralyses our Parliamentary system. Various remedies have been proposed, but the only serious remedy is a proper audit such as every business has to submit to for purposes of taxation. Honest men of all Parties are equally interested in this reform, which would go far to cleanse the Augean stables, but it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an honest man to be adopted as a Party candidate, as the whole official machinery is in the hands of those who believe that the fortunes of the Party, and incidentally their own, are bound up with Secret Funds. The time-servers and the sheep follow the goats. The House of Commons has accordingly become contemptible, and independence impossible, because any independent movement can be nipped in the bud by the central caucus and its creatures in the constituencies. General Page-Croft, Lord Ampthill, and a handful of stalwarts are making a gallant fight against this abomination, which explains their unpopularity amongst professional politicians in both Houses and their growing strength among unprofessional politicians. The National Party has a long and difficult row to hoe, and the Press is naturally hostile, because so many newspaper proprietors are working for Honours—steps up the peerage if they be already peers, peerages if they be baronets, and so on, while working journalists demean themselves by accepting knighthoods. One day, however, the greater public will understand, and even stupid Labour leaders may realize that they would serve their own class best, to say nothing of the country, by fighting for clean politics rather than by pursuing the phantasmagoria of Bolshevism. Women are less corrupt than men, and we may hope for their aid in disinfecting politics. The growth of "direct action," which threatens the life of the State, is the product of the discredit into which Parliamentarism has everywhere fallen through the means by which Parties are "kept together" and Coalitions remain "in being."

Faction Fights

FAR be it from us to interpose in the quarrel between the faction that calls itself "Coalition Liberals," of whom Mr. Lloyd George is leader and dry-nurse, and those who dub themselves "Independent Liberals" and esteem Mr. Asquith a demigod. But if it be serious we should sincerely regret the fact, because at such a time all good Liberals should be standing together on behalf of Liberal principles, and it is not to the public advantage that they should expend themselves in faction-fighting over the distribution of loaves and fishes. For this is all that such a feud can portend, there being no single capital issue on which Mr. Lloyd George and his henchmen differ from Messrs. Asquith and Co. The ex-Premier tells us from every platform that he is as convinced a Liberal as he ever was, and he never wearies of parading the moth-eaten shibboleths of mid-Victorianism. Mr. Lloyd George avers that he has relinquished no article of the faith in which he was suckled. What, then, is it all about? Why don't these great, wise, and eminent men fall into one another's arms, and reunite their scattered and sundered flocks? We don't know. Nor can we detect any principle on which the leaders differ. Mr. Asquith applauds every rotten decision of the Government, and urges yet more rottenness. He is as he was in 1914, only rather more so. Mr. Lloyd George has relapsed as rapidly as he dare to pre-war postulates. Both politicians are heart-whole Free-Traders, though for Coalition purposes the Prime Minister is constrained to coquet with Imperial Preference. Both are Home-Rulers. Both are equally eager to abandon Russia and "give Germany a chance"—this is Mr. Lloyd George's war-cry. They are also agreed as to the efficacy of the mythical League of Nations. The Prime Minister's sympathies are strongly enlisted in the cause of nationalization—even more so than Mr. Asquith's, and Mr. Lloyd George is yet more "advanced" on such questions as "the conscription of wealth." Indeed, we should never be surprised to learn any day that both panaceas had become items in the Coalition programme. The only visible difference between "Coalition Liberals" and "Wee Frees" is a difference of tactics. Mr. Asquith, though "Centre" by temperament, looks for support towards Labour and the Left, while Mr. Lloyd George counts on the moribund Conservative Party to adopt any project he may fancy.

Death, Disaster, and Damnation

A LIBERAL reunion is desirable, if only because it would permit a Conservative revival. The present situation chills Liberalism, but it kills Conservatism, because the Conservative forces of the country are mere camouflage, under cover of which an irresponsible Government plays ducks and drakes with everything which Conservatives once held dear, the surrender of which involves "death, disaster, and damnation" to a Party that is ceasing to be anything but historic. We reiterate what we have previously said—it is being said all over the country wherever two or three Unionists, without axes to grind, are gathered together—that it were infinitely better from every point of view that Radical policies should be executed by Radicals, and Labour policies by Labour Members, who presumably believe in them, than by the present organized hypocrisy of Free-Trade-Protectionists, Home-Rule-Unionists, anti-Bolshevist-Bolshevists, Perish-India-Imperialists. The Unionist Party of the late Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain stood for principles that are strong in all healthy communities. What does the Unionist Party of Mr. Bonar Law and Earl Curzon of Kedleston signify ? Who knows ? Least of all its leaders, who apparently regard place-at-any-price as the whole duty of Mandarins. Under a Liberal Government or a Labour Government we should witness a rapid resurrection of British National sentiment sufficiently strong to prevent any permanent injury to vital interests. Under the present regime no resistance is offered to any proposal, however mad or bad, and there is none that Mr. Lloyd George is not capable of espousing, with the acquiescence of Mr. Bonar Law and the cynical patronage of Lord Curzon.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Dilemma

EXPENDITURE mounts to the height of Mont Blanc without any serious attempt at curtailment or any resourcefulness in raising money. The House of Commons votes £10,000,000 "without winking" when votes are involved. Shrewd observers who have no weakness in that direction predict that the consistent rejection of every proposal to raise money that does not square with the preconception of the *Intelligentsia* of the Treasury, or the scruples of the Archbishop of Canterbury, must be to land us in the "conscription of wealth," equally known as "the capital levy." Mr. Austen Chamberlain is dead against this heroic remedy, with which his predecessor, Mr. Bonar Law, flirted. Unfortunately Ministerial antagonism towards any measure at any moment is little guarantee that it will not become "Coalition policy" at some other moment. We are governed by an Inner Cabinet whose very names are unknown to us, some of whom are alleged to be less than Cabinet Ministers, or even outside the Government. The responsible Ministers, therefore, rarely know where they are, and it may happen that they casually learn of some decision in Downing Street upon which they have not even been consulted, though it primarily concerns their Department. Such was the frequent fate of the Foreign Office during the Balfour regime. Mr. Austen Chamberlain must not make too sure that his hostility towards "a capital levy" is shared by the Prime Minister, or that this ugly proposal is entirely without the bounds of Coalition politics. It has been brought one stage nearer by the rejection of Premium Bonds, upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer unexpectedly allowed himself to be stampeded by Stiggins and Chadband and the Highbrows of Finance. May not the opposition which was so suddenly and successfully engineered against a proposal that commended itself to common sense, have been the part inspired by partisans of the Labour Party's programme which is spreading among the rank and file of the Wee Frees, and has yet more powerful friends elsewhere? Time will show that a bad blunder was made in capitulating over Premium Bonds, which would have brought in an incalculable amount of "new money" that is now squandered. Note the extraordinary success of recent French loans because of their prizes. We do not covet Mr. Austen Chamberlain's task of framing the next Budget if he may never tap the universal love of "a flutter." The fatal objection to capital levy is that there would be no security against its repetition. It is advocated by those whose desire is not so much to reduce the National Debt as to abolish the capitalist.

An Impressive Appeal

Before our generous people, who are being inundated with appeals on behalf of every conceivable object, good, bad and indifferent, dip into their pockets for the £1,000,000 sought on behalf of League of Nations "propaganda," we would say a word for a fund which we feel sure will make a peculiar appeal to the readers of the *National Review*. It touches a question that many of us must have had on our consciences for some considerable time, and it is singularly appropriate to a New Year, when new resolutions are in the making. It is advocated in irresistible fashion—signatories of the appeal themselves making contributions which can only be described as munificent in proportion to their means. Thus Lord Selborne, who is not a rich man, gives £2000, and his son-in-law, Lord Grey, £1000. Then men with boundless calls upon them, e.g. the Archbishop of Canterbury gives £1000, the Archbishop of York £500. To objects he had at heart the late and much-lamented Lord Brassey was a princely donor, and to this he has given no less than £10,000, while among "typical contributions" we observe "H.M. the King, £1000; H.M. the Queen £500." Note also "Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force," £200; "British Army of the Rhine," £118 17s. 7d., Lenten and Easter offering, Rouen, £122 14s. 4d.; "Egyptian Expeditionary Force," £52 18s.; H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, £13 13s.; "In memoriam, Alice Court, a soldier's mother," £5; "In memoriam, Cyril Court, a soldier killed in action," £5; "A Poor Old Churchwoman," 2s. 6d. The object of the fund that has provoked such sacrifices is "to provide a living wage for the clergy and lay-workers of the Church of England." Subscribers receive this assurance: "Your money will be sent to those clergymen who, almost alone in the community, have not had their salaries raised during the war." Such is the Central Church Fund. The signatories of its urgent appeal include Lord Selborne (Chairman of the Central Board of Finance), Lady Idina Brassey (member of the Central Board of Finance), Lord Grey (Chairman of the Northern Organization Committee). It stands in no need of any commendation from us. It is a sacred obligation on the part of all Churchmen to make an effort to remove the reproach that now lies on them through the destitution to which circumstances beyond their control have reduced many clergymen. Contributions may be sent to Canon Partridge, 40 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1, or to any of the signatories. Cheques should be made payable to the Central Church Fund and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Ltd."

The Air Toll

THE air continues to take a cruel, though we trust not entirely purposeless, toll of the most precious part of the community. We confess to being unable to reconcile ourselves to a continuance of these casualties, and are not disposed to follow the example of the air maniacs of the Press in slurring them over. The latest victim is Captain Alcock, whose hazardous and sensational flight across the Atlantic was something more than a nine days' wonder. Now he has been killed in flying to France. We are told that all these tragedies are the inevitable "penalties of pioneering," and the early difficulties of motoring are recalled, though we remember nothing on the road comparable to the disasters of the air since the Armistice. The word pioneer begs the question. Whom have the Atlantic flyers pioneered ? How many persons have flown the Atlantic since Captain Alcock's feat ? Who wants to fly the Atlantic ? What would be the use of it ? Supposing, as we are threatened —though happily it does not materialize—New York morning papers reached London every evening and vice versa, who would gain ? Now Australia has been brought into the picture, and we can all join in congratulating Captain Ross Smith and his companions on their wonderful achievement, though not a few gallant young Australians have perished by the way, some getting no farther than Surbiton. Is flying a practical means of reaching inhabited Australia ? Captain Ross Smith started after the most elaborate and extensive preparations, and with the assured co-operation of every one *en route.* But he only reached Port

Darwin with the utmost difficulty, and thanks to his own unconquerable determination. He left England early in November and had not attained Melbourne or Sydney by Christmas, which hardly looks as though P. and O. and Orient would be superseded by aeroplanes or airships within any measurable distance of time. The present writer once asked one of the heads of aviation what practical results would accrue from civil aviation, and the reply was, "It will unite the British Empire—why, we could get General Smuts over from South Africa every week."

Tanks

We cannot claim that as a nation we treat inventors generously or sensibly, though there is no greater national asset than the creative brain, and those Governments that know how to attract it have a conspicuous advantage over competitors. The Royal Commission on "Awards to Inventors," after receiving much evidence concerning Tanks, announce that grants amounting to £18,000 will be allotted as follows—namely, £15,000 between Sir William Tritton and Major Wilson; £1000 to Major-General Swinton; £1000 to Sir E. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt; £500 each to Lieutenant R. F. Macfie and Mr. A. C. Nesfield. It was not easy to appreciate by what principles the tribunal was guided. Commodore Sueter, Major Hetherington, Lieutenant-Colonel Boothby, Colonel Crompton, and Mr. Le Gros were all mentioned as having contributed "in a definite degree to the evolution and adoption of the Tanks, but the Commission rules that no award should be made to a servant of the Crown for the efficient discharge of duties definitely assigned to him," and yet only the other day £25,000—i.e. £7000 more than is granted to all the Tank inventors—was awarded to the Secretary of the War Cabinet! The Commission pay a well-deserved tribute to "the receptivity, courage, and driving force of Mr. Winston Churchill," to which "was primarily due" the conversion of "the general idea of the use of such an instrument of warfare as the Tank" into "a practical shape." But there was no reference whatsoever to the gigantic organization that owes its existence to the genius of Mr. Dudley Docker (The Metropolitan Carriage, Wagon, and Finance Company), without which there would have been no Tanks to speak of. The most interesting and depressing fact elicited by the Commission was that in 1912

Mr. De Mole had invented and submitted to the War Office a Tank design "which anticipated and in some ways surpassed that actually put into use in 1916." As the Report dryly observes, it was "the misfortune of Mr. De Mole, not his fault, that his invention was in advance of his time, and was put aside because the occasion for its use had not then arisen." It was not only a misfortune for the inventor to have the usual cold shoulder in Whitehall. Lord Kitchener cannot be blamed for this, nor any other soldier, as in 1912 the War Office had the inestimable advantage of being under that clear thinker, Lord Hadane, until he exchanged it for the Woolsack, after he had fully prepared the British Army against every contingency of Anglo-German warfare, which on his own showing he expended himself in warning his colleagues against.

Good News from Australia

THERE is more good news from Australia when bad news was feared. Mr. Hughes, the indomitable Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, has once more overcome his enemies—many of whom are avowed enemies of the British Empire—and, incidentally, discomfited the snarlers of the Cobden Club, who were confident that at last their bugbear would be "downed." Their comments on his success—*vide* the *Westminster Gazette*—are proportionately entertaining. As head of a Government associated with a disappointing Peace, Mr. Hughes undoubtedly had a very heavy load to carry, though he had little responsibility for the deplorable performance of the British Plenipotentiaries in Paris, whom, in truth, the Australian Prime Minister made strenuous efforts to "ginger up" —only to have his advice rejected in favour of that of General Smuts, who was Mr. Lloyd George's right-hand man on European affairs just as Mr. Edwin Montagu was brought in as final arbiter on international finance. Had Mr. Hughes been at the head of the British Delegation, not only would the results have been vastly better for Australia, but likewise for Great Britain. He was never for a moment hypnotized by "the Fourteen Points," against which he publicly protested; he escaped the prevailing epidemic of Wilsonitis, and no more believed in the tomfoolery of the League of Nations than did M. Clemenceau or Marshal Foch. Australia has tardily realized the truth, and once more returns Mr. Hughes at the head of a working, if reduced, majority. At the dissolution the Commonwealth House of Representatives contained fifty-two Ministerialists or Nationalists and twenty-three Labour Members. The latter were confident of sweeping the country under Mr. Tudor, all the more as he was allied to the dangerous Queensland demagogue Mr. Ryan and the atrabilious Archbishop Mannix. The figures are not yet complete, but the Labourites do not appear to have gained more than six or seven seats, and should be under thirty in the new House of seventy-five members. The actual Ministerialists have fallen to about forty, but as some compensation Mr. Hughes is expected to command the support, on main issues, of the Farmers' Party, which has achieved striking successes in the country districts, which are tired of being exploited by townsmen. The Hughes Government should, therefore, be safe, at any rate, for a period, even though the Prime Minister's immediate personal following is smaller. The Revolutionaries—Mr. Ryan is so described by some of the correspondents—seem also to have been disappointed in their assault on the Senate, where they have gained but few seats. Australia has anxious days ahead as we all have, in part owing, it must be admitted, to Downing Street diplomacy in Paris. It is fortunate that her experienced helmsman remains at his post. The hatred Mr. Hughes inspires among all Little-Englanders and Little-Australians is positively refreshing; the not inconsiderable German vote was solid for his opponents.

What of "Revolution"?

Not the least remarkable fact concerning the year 1919 is that it should be ending without the much-threatened "Revolution" which was during many months an obsession with interested Parties and their dupes. How often have we not heard the ominous word in connexion with one or other strike, though England has probably been further from Revolution since the Armistice than at almost any previous period of her history. There is no recorded case, so far as we are aware, of a country rebelling in the wake of victory. Revolution is the child of defeat. It is, however, true that certain Labour leaders, who would ape Lenin and Trotsky if they dared, have put up a big bluff, declaring there would be "Revolution" unless they got all they wanted, either in the way of "syndicalism" or "nationalism."

It is equally true that matters were made infinitely worse by a cowardly Cabinet, which scuttled before every strike. It is also true that the Prime Minister gives his colleagues to understand that he alone stands between the country and "Bolshevism." Coalition Ministers and Coalition Members echo and re-echo this tag as an argument for the present regime. Such legends have never rested on any serious foundation, though admittedly Lloyd-Georgian methods of Government provoke the maximum of exasperation among the largest number of people. But the working men or working women who seriously believe that they would be better off under a Soviet of Ramsay Macdonalds, Smillies, Tom Manns, and Snowdens are few in numbers, and probably decreasing. Our greatest danger lies in the progressive and paralysing ineptitude of Responsible Statesmen of all Parties—our greatest asset the solid sense of the British public. The "wild men" dominating "the Triple Alliance" are understood to contemplate another essay in "direct action" in February, for which purpose "a general staff" is being organized and elaborate plans laid by the "Revolutionaries," of which even the Government cannot be entirely ignorant. Ministers will be unable to pretend that they were taken by surprise should the "general strike" materialize.

What Next?

WE frankly acknowledge that it is quite beyond us to do justice to the peculiar regime now afflicting this great but unhappy country. Nor have we made any attempt to do so. It apparently revels in making a mess of everything it touches, at home as well as abroad. It inspires a feeling of blank and speechless wonderment that such things can be done and undone by a body of men who undeniably possess a fair share of brains, while some Ministers are trained administrators and statesmen who have spent their lives in dealing with kindred problems to those that now confront and cow them, and make them the common laughing-stock and weeping-stock. Coal, housing, and "dumping" are all, so to speak, *vieux jeux.* Electricity and aliens have long been before the public. Nevertheless our Cabinet of all the talents and most of the virtues throws up the sponge over such questions, and though commanding a record parliamentary majority, withdraws its proposals one after another, or allows them to be stultified by any "two men and a boy" who show any fight. Nothing is thought out to a coherent conclusion, and consequently nothing is done on matters pronounced urgent. Russia, like other foreign countries, may be a sealed book to the Prime Minister, India and Egypt are, doubtless, beyond his ken, but Ireland has been with him throughout his political career. If any man has ever made so many blunders that are worse than crimes as Mr. Lloyd George has made in Ireland in 1919 we should like to know his name and the field of his operations. His only solution for the chaos and anarchy for which Downing Street is primarily responsible is to promise yet another Home Rule Bill which satisfies no Home-Rulers, which is anathema to every Unionist, and which the ascendant anarchists of Ireland do not even condescend to regard as a payment of blackmail on account. This inane and insane project is introduced to the accompaniment of a series of murderous attacks on the Viceroy of Ireland, which, however horrible, are the natural and inevitable product of the misrule which has taught a cruel and treacherous community that Law and Order mean the unpunished murder of their agents. The Irish were ever the worst people to run away from, and Coalition has chiefly consisted in running away from Sinn Fein. The only hope of saving a very dangerous situation is martial law combined with heavy shooting. The alternative is civil war, which, judging by its previous record, Downing Street will prefer.

GERMANY'S DESIGNS IN THE BALTIC LANDS

It is a national failing of Great Britain that she forgets easily. Hence it too often happens that she loses by carelessness and neglect the fruits of costly endeavour, and after undergoing willingly the utmost sacrifices to attain her national objects lets the reward of her labours be reft from her at the moment of achievement. It would otherwise be difficult to understand the little attention which has been paid in this country to the course of events on the eastern shore of the Baltic since the Armistice, affording as it does such clear evidence that in Germany men still dream of conquest, still plot and plan to snatch the fruits of victory in the hour of defeat, still hope to regain in the East what has been lost in the West. It cannot fail to be of interest and profit to trace out the full story.

Courland, now Latvia, was occupied by the Germans as far as the Dwina in 1915; they continued their advance after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution and the break-up of the Tsar's army, up to the eastern and northern frontiers of the country, which was granted "self-determination" by the terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. The Germanophile element in the country, the Balts, a minority of German extraction, holding most of the landed estates, were, of course, entrusted by the victors with the task of exercising this right to decide their country's future; and the assemblies, which were shamelessly packed with these people and their creatures, accordingly offered the rule, not only of Courland, but of united Balticum, to the Kaiser. In order to bind the two countries still more closely, a colonizing scheme was drawn up which would provide Germany with an outlet for her surplus population, and the Balt landowners with a set of docile and laborious tenants. All this was bitterly opposed by the Lettish patriots, who had already formed in November 1917 a National Council, sitting in secret at Riga. This, on the signing of the Armistice, blossomed out into the present Provisional Government under the Premiership of M. Ulmanis. Meanwhile, in February 1918, the Germans at the invitation of the Balts resumed their advance against Esthonia to the north of Latvia, where a Soviet Republic had just been proclaimed; the Reds were expelled and the whole country occupied and placed under military government. As in Latvia, the packed Balt Assemblies on meeting declared for union with Germany, while the National Council, voicing the wishes of the mass of the people, kept alive the secret fire of patriotic aspiration towards independence, and on the very day that hostilities terminated declared itself in session at Reval as the Provisional Government of Esthonia, with M. Paets as First Minister.

It will be remembered that in Clauses 12 and 13 of the Armistice between the Allies and Germany it was laid down that all German troops should be withdrawn from territories which before the war formed part of Russia, as soon as the Allies should think the moment suitable, and that the evacuation should begin at once. Grave suspicions arose, however, in the next two months that the Germans in their retirement from Russian territory were acting in covert collusion with the Bolsheviks, who, following them step by step as they retired, took over the large quantities of supplies and material left behind, while the Germans on their part made secret but successful efforts to hinder in every way the raising and equipment of the local levies in the new Baltic States. In Esthonia the Bolshevik invasion, after having overrun practically the whole of the country, was checked and thrown back by a well-conceived, vigorously conducted counter-offensive; in Latvia, however, they had by the end of January 1919 occupied Riga and Mitau, and reached the coast at Windau. This moment appeared to the Germans opportune to reassume the rôle of saviours of the country, and reinforcements began to arrive. By the end of March Von der Goltz at Libau had at his disposal 20,000 German volunteers and 4500 Balt Landwehr, with which force he commenced an offensive against the Bolsheviks. At this time he was exercising full power in Latvia over railways, roads, and telegraphs. The native Lettish levies numbered under 1000 badly equipped men; relations between the Lettish authorities and the Germans were very strained, as the latter were known to be intriguing with the Balts, and also to be still persisting in the earlier designs of colonization in the country by settlers of their own race. The German authorities had already issued proclamations announcing grants of land in Latvia to all volunteers for their forces in that province.

That these suspicions were well founded was proved by the *coup d'état* carried out in Latvia by the Balts, at the instigation, and with the whole-hearted support, of Von der Goltz on April 16, 1919. All the native Lettish troops were disarmed, the Ministers of the Government either arrested or confined to their houses, and a Balt Government was formed with Needra, a pro-German, at its head.

In order to gain prestige for the new administration, the advance on Riga, which had for the moment been interrupted, was resumed and the city occupied by a joint force of Germans and Balts at the end of May; this was followed by a reign of terror, thinly disguised under a judicial form, in the newly conquered territory, in which Letts accused of Bolshevism were tried by court martial and executed wholesale, and Riga itself was ruthlessly pillaged by the troops of occupation. At the beginning of June the Balt Landwehr, assisted by the German Iron Division, pushed north and east from Riga and came into collision with the Esthonian troops, who were pursuing the Bolsheviks to south and west from Venden. Serious fighting broke out, and the Esthonian right wing, finding its communication with its own country cut, was compelled in self-defence to leave the Reds to continue their retreat unmolested and deal with the new enemy.

However, on June 10 an armistice was patched up between the Esthonians on one side and the Germans and Balts on the other, only to be unexpectedly denounced on the 19th by Major Fletcher, a former German officer, now in command of the Balt Landwehr. Hostilities were resumed on the 20th; the troops under Fletcher's command, consisting of the Balt Landwehr and the German Iron Division, were severely handled by the Esthonians, suffering heavy losses in men and guns, and the latter's lines of communication were entirely freed. In the meantime Von der Goltz's Germans, to make some show of compliance with the terms of the Armistice, evacuated Libau, taking with them all rolling-stock, and completely pillaging the town before leaving, and took up a position a short distance away, where constant reinforcements reached them from Germany. The situation after their departure became much easier; a new Lettish National Government, under the former Premier, Ulmanis, was enabled to take office, and the organization of the Lettish army was resumed forthwith.

Meanwhile the Esthonians continued to push their advance on Riga, now garrisoned by Fletcher's beaten and dispirited troops, and in order to avoid a renewed siege of the city Von der Goltz asked that a second Armistice should be arranged with the Esthonians. This was successfully concluded on July 3. The Germans and Balts were to leave Riga by the 5th, and the whole of Latvia as soon as possible; Riga was to be administered by Allied and Lettish governors.

Events were to prove that this solemn agreement was to have the usual fate of such documents bearing German signature. Riga was duly evacuated in accordance with its terms, but a week later the Germans had not even begun the evacuation of Latvia, nor would they either recognize the National Government of Ulmanis till he had formed a Cabinet to their satisfaction, or agree to withdraw by sea as arranged. Finally they refused to submit any plan for their retirement from Latvia until the definite peace with Esthonia was signed. Von der Goltz estimated that the withdrawal, which could only take place at the rate of three trains a day, would take seventy-four days to complete, and refused to give any definite date for its commencement.

Meanwhile the German troops were using every endeavour to ensure the continuance of their control in Latvia by means of so-called independent forces. Besides the Balt Landwehr, other corps under Vergolitch and Bermont, paid with German money and clothed in German uniforms, were in course of recruitment, partly from Russian prisoners of war, partly from Germans, in order to get control of the country as against the Lettish National force. All this time German propaganda was energetically working to undermine the prestige of the Entente in the Baltic States, and to induce the latter to turn to Germany for military and financial assistance. By August 9, however, the Germans were practically clear of Northern Latvia, when suddenly the movement ceased altogether.

Von der Goltz, who had been recalled to Berlin by the German Government, after repeated demands by the Allies, had before his departure persisted in his intransigeant attitude, refusing to work in conjunction with the Allied Mission in the Baltic under General Gough, or to inform them of his plans for the future. He was not long absent in Germany, and on his return still held out no hopes of completing the evacuation of Courland before the middle of September; in this matter he received the backing of Berlin, who informed the Allies to the same effect. As if to give point to these statements, a pretty little comedy, planned, no doubt, during the German general's visit to the capital, was staged at Mitau, in which the German troops of the Iron Division were induced to formulate demands that the promises of land, which had been held out to them as an inducement to enlist for service in the Baltic States, should be kept to the letter; failing this grant they refused to withdraw from the country. It was then Von der Goltz's turn to play his part, which he did by, on the one hand, issuing an order enjoining discipline, and, on the other, promising that the demands should be submitted to the German Government. The last named then dispatched a Note to the Entente, regretting that the evacuation of the Baltic States ordered by them had come to a stop, owing to the insubordination of a part of their troops, and pointing out that, as no military measures compelling these troops to obedience were left to them, they could only have recourse to the power of persuasion, which Von der Goltz was exercising to the best of his ability. Meanwhile the German troops remained in Courland and Von der Goltz remained at their head. The latter finally announced to his men that those who desired to leave the country would be transported home, and that those who elected to stay would themselves be responsible for their own upkeep and support, as neither pay nor rations would be furnished by the Government. Shortly after this, about the end of September, Von der Goltz was finally relieved of his command and his place taken by General von Eberhardt, formerly the commander of an army on the Western Front.

Meanwhile this playing of "dilly and dally" on the part of Berlin, and the lieutenants of Berlin, in the Baltic States had allowed the third plot, the most formidable of all, to be prepared against the liberty and independence of Latvia. As stated earlier, under cover of the German troops actually in Courland various free corps had been raised, ostensibly for employment against the Bolsheviks, but in reality intended to serve as tools of Germany in her design of acquiring supremacy on the Baltic coast. One of the most important of these was that commanded by Count Bermont (or Avaloff), and this force suddenly, on October 10, attacked the Lettish outposts, drove them in, and advanced, in the first momentum of their attack, up to the left bank of the Dwina and the western suburbs of Riga. Meanwhile other bodies of troops pushed forward on the flank towards Friedrichstadt and Jacobstadt, respectively forty-five and seventy miles up-river from the capital.

The situation had thus in a moment become critical for the Letts. Their troops, taken unawares, were compelled to confine themselves to passive defence behind the line of the Dwina, and the Government, fearing to be involved in the imminent fall of the city, withdrew to a station on the Pskoff railway. Fortunately Bermont's force was insufficient to enable him to push home his first success. The Baltic Squadron, steaming into the Gulf of Riga, began worrying his left flank by long-range bombardment; in order to prevent supplies and ammunition being transported by sea a strict blockade of the Baltic coast was declared, and the Esthonians lent their southern neighbours valuable support from their armoured trains. In these circumstances the Germans considered it hopeless to endeavour to storm Riga by a direct assault, and confined themselves to bombarding the city by artillery and aeroplanes. A large quantity of gas-shells were used, causing considerable execution among the population, and rendering some quarters of the city uninhabitable. The situation thus remained unchanged for some weeks. All Bermont's attempts to force a passage of the river proved unavailing, and his endeavours to open up negotiations for the cessation of hostilities, a sure indication that the Germans realized that their bolt was shot for the present, were indignantly repulsed by the Lettish Government. Meanwhile, at the mouth of the Dwina, their troops, supported effectively by the guns of the fleet, succeeded in regaining a foothold on the western bank, and by a series of minor operations in driving the Germans slowly back to the west and south. Before the present check indicating the failure of Bermont's *coup de main*, Von Eberhardt, the new German Commander in Courland, refrained from any open support of him and confined himself to concentrating important bodies of troops, well equipped and supplied with all the material of war, on the frontier of East Prussia in order to facilitate a rapid move northwards should the situation take a favourable turn. He also seized the opportunity to send large quantities of grain and other agricultural produce, requisitioned from the inhabitants of the country within the zone of his army, back into Germany in order to relieve the shortage of food-supplies. Meanwhile the 2nd Guards Reserve Regiment attempted to carry the fortress of Libau by a surprise attack, but failed to penetrate the outer defences.

In these circumstances the adventure of Bermont was bound to end disastrously. On November 10 the Letts undertook a general offensive on the whole front, from the sea southwards to the Upper Aa. The enemy's resistance was weak, and several counter-attacks, which were conducted, after the habit of the Germans in Belgium, behind a screen of civilians, including women and children, were unable to turn the tide. After several days of heavy fighting Riga was once more free from the torturing bombardment of the past month; the Germans were driven from their positions on the Dwina to the east of the city and forced back to Mitau, which was finally entered in triumph by the Letts on November 21.

At the same time the arrogant attitude taken up by Von Eberhardt to the Lithuanians had begun to bear its fruit. He had peremptorily ordered them, on pain of being immediately attacked, to keep clear of the Shavli-Tauroggen railway, which he was at this time using, not for the evacuation of troops, but for the sending of war material into and food-stuffs out of the country. Now when things began to look black for the Germans the Lithuanians in their turn attacked and threatened the communications of their enemy, while at the same time the Lettish garrison at Libau, issuing from the fortress, drove back the 2nd Guards Reserve Regiment, who were besieging it, to the east. Thus the Germans saw themselves assailed in three directions by the forces of the small Baltic States which they had wantonly attacked, and these armies, advancing from divergent directions, threatened to isolate them entirely and force their unconditional capitulation. In these circumstances Von Eberhardt, seeing his plans tumbling about his ears, was only too glad to patch up, with the small countries he had despised and flouted, an agreement which would allow the safe withdrawal to their own country of his army, and of the shattered auxiliary corps which he had used as stalking-horses. Thus the German adventure in the Baltic States appears, more than a year after the signing of the Armistice, to be finally liquidated.

The whole of the story above outlined goes to show clearly the extent and nature of the German schemes on the Baltic coast. First, the withdrawal before the Bolsheviks was designed to alarm the Entente and the small new States threatened by the Red advance, and to induce both alike to welcome the presence of German troops within their borders as the only thing which could avoid the imminent peril. Then followed the assumption of dictatorial power by the German commander; the stifling of the attempts at independent existence, shown by the refusal to permit of a national army being organized; the obstacles placed in the way of a national Ministry; the complete control assumed over all communications, and the encouragement of an alien minority to usurp supreme power even by violent means. Meanwhile German colonists were imported in the guise of volunteers for the army of the usurping minority; a working alliance was formed between the Germans and the Balts, by which the latter should rule Latvia, and the former should be allowed to settle their surplus population in it, and thus Latvia would become in all essentials a German colony, with a Government dependent on German support. When these designs were revealed and defeated, the Germans made every attempt to embroil Latvia with her neighbours, hoping to fish successfully in troubled waters; they employed every sort of pretext and subterfuge to delay their evacuation of Latvia, to which their solemn word had been twice pledged, in the hope of hampering as long as possible the recovery and establishment of the country on an ordered and independent basis, which would be fatal to their designs of expansion; and they meanwhile took active measures, none the less treacherous because perforce secret, to hinder the defence of the country against the Bolsheviks, and thus raise new complications for the Entente on the Baltic coast. Finally, they instigated a treacherous attack against the rear of the forces engaged in fighting the Bolsheviks, accompanied by the bombardment of an unoffending city, and the pillage and ruin of the countryside in their occupation; and by this final stroke of a policy of arrogance and brutality united against them all the forces of the small States, which finally succeeded in checking the insidious designs of their foes, placing them in a critical and, indeed, desperate situation, and compelling them at the point of the bayonet to fulfil the pledges of withdrawal so frequently given and as frequently broken.

It cannot be disguised, here as ever, the Germans worked for expansion and dominion at whatever cost to the peace of the world. It is well that the peoples of the Entente should realize this from the above facts, which prove clearly that however loud may be the protestations of Germany of her fitness once more to enter the society of nations, her acts still belie her words. It is by her acts that she must be judged, and in that event she will be found to be still filled with the old spirit and lust of power that distinguished the Germany of Bismarck and Wilhelm II.

VIGILANS

INDIA

The Government of India Act is now law, and under Mr. Montagu's auspices the object of England's connexion with India is declared in set terms. It is "the gradual development of self-governing institutions" in India, "with a view to the progressive realization of responsible Government in British India as an integral part of the Empire." The words will at least not be forgotten; out of the twenty-seven nearly half convey a challenge, but they are intended to mean that we pledge ourselves to make India as independent politically as Canada or Australia, and to set up there the form of Government that is commonly called democratic. Those Indians who have had any voice in the matter hope that our object may be attained in ten or twenty years; Lord Crewe speaks of "generations"; but whether the time be shorter or longer we are to begin with the present Act, and go on with "successive stages."

It is of no use for me to say how much I disapprove of this policy, partly because I cannot do it, but chiefly because the existence of an Act of Parliament is a fact that a loyal citizen has to accept with all it implies. Such an acceptance, however, does not preclude him from forecasting some of the more obvious dangers to which it exposes us, or from pointing out some of the evils produced by the methods by which its adoption has been promoted. It is, of course, impossible to notice more than a few points of the scheme that has been so carefully elaborated since August 1917. To English eyes the change in the Central Government, the Governor-General in Council, is perhaps the most striking feature, though others may indicate more likelihood of danger. An Executive Council of six with one Indian is to become one unlimited by law, probably of eight in fact, with three Indians. A Legislative Council of sixty-nine, of whom twenty-seven are elected, is to be replaced by one of a hundred and forty, of whom one hundred are to be elected. A Council of State of sixty, of whom not more than forty are to be official, is to form a second chamber. The elected members of the Legislative Council are to be directly elected—that is, by citizens voting for them personally, and on an average each will represent more than two million persons. The non-official members of the Council of State will be nominated and directly elected if possible, but how this is to be arranged is left to be settled by a rule. As a piece of legislation this sounds like a fairy-story; but the essential feature of the scheme is that there will be two bodies of Indians, which in combination can go a long way to impose their wishes on the Governor-General. He will, it is true, have power to veto legislation, and he will be able, in the end, to obtain money that he considers necessary for the discharge of his duties, and legislation that is essential for the safety, tranquillity, or interests of British India. But this will be an extraordinary remedy, and a frequent resort to it will constitute failure. The result is that as far as legislation is concerned, and the control over the executive that it implies, Indian views are to prevail. It is, for example, generally expected that India will adopt a protective tariff, and laws may be passed on such subjects as the franchise or labour that may cause a considerable shock to democrats and many others among us. But Indian views are to obtain in place of English in what has hitherto been the centre of English authority. Lord Curzon, who is almost as responsible for the present Act as Mr. Montagu, though in a different way, declared in July that nothing was to be done to impair or diminish the authority of the Central Government. Two legislative bodies, elected by some unknown interests, whose members will be united only when opposing an irremovable Government, do not seem likely to exercise many of the powers once entrusted to Lord Curzon and his colleagues without impairing them. But however that may be, Indian ideas are to prevail henceforth, and if they seem to us to be the reverse of democratic, bad for England and worse for India, we must remember that it is better for India to be governed by Indians than to be governed well.

In the case of the Central Government it is impossible to trace any germs of responsibility of members of the two chambers to any constituents, because the numbers of the latter are so vast that no one can represent more than a dominant faction or an exclusive interest. In the Provinces "responsibility," our leading star, has been more carefully attended to. The Governor and his Councillors, who deal with reserved subjects, are responsible, the latter through the Governor, to the Secretary of State; the Ministers are responsible to the Legislative Council, and seventy per cent. of the Legislative Council are responsible to their constituents. Hereafter all the reserved subjects will be transferred, everybody except the Governor will be responsible to the constituencies, and the reforms will have matured. What is the meaning of all this chain of responsibility, and what will be its effect? The meaning is, I think, plain. The system of Government prevailing in England, or rather the system that prevailed there before the war, is the only one we any of us understand besides that formerly existing in India, which is admittedly outworn. It is therefore the best we have to give, and presumably the best there is to be given, so we must give the whole of it. This is merely repeating the mistake that we have made so often since we first became connected with India; but on a scale that may make it the last repetition. What the effect will be no man can say; but what it will not be, is what is intended. If complaints arise about the assessment of land revenue or the administration of a District Board, I cannot think it likely that the persons aggrieved will know that the first is a reserved and the second a transferred subject: all that they hear in the matter will come from the "politically minded classes," who will not find it difficult to prove that all errors came from the English Government, and all improvements from themselves. In England it needs an expert to say how far the Central Government and the local authority share responsibility for the local schools or police. Such matters will certainly not be clearer in an Indian Province. The neat demarkation of responsibility is, I believe, a delusion. The Governor and his Executive Council will never forget that they must always do their best to carry the Legislative Council with them in all that they do. The Indian, in whatever position he is, will always be only too much inclined to please the Governor where possible, but will know that in the end he has to conform to the wishes of whatever fraction of his fellow-countrymen it may be. The truth is that in politics responsibility makes itself, that in fact English officers will be responsible to the English, and Indian to the Indians, for anything that it may be supposed they could have done or prevented, and that popular feeling will have very little regard for the careful provisions of the law.

We must therefore be prepared to see the delicately adjusted system of responsibility break down, and with it will go the curious new device of diarchy which exists, only to fix the Indian Ministers with responsibility for what they do and to free them from responsibility for what others do. A system that hands over local government, public health, education, agriculture, and the regulation of industries, and so forth to one body of men, let us say the heirs, with a promise of more, and leaves the police, the collection of taxes, and the administration of justice to another, who may be called the trustees, would suggest friction in the most united and experienced countries. The Government of India tell us that the heirs will have considerable influence over the trustees, and will constantly try to transform that influence into ascendancy; and it certainly appears that they will succeed in doing so as soon as the barrier of a paper responsibility gives way. If and when it does, the successive stages by which responsible government is to be reached will be passed at a bound, and the Legislative Council will step at once into supreme power before any constituencies, capable of controlling their action, have been created according to plan.

A special difficulty arose on the scheme for Provincial Taxation suggested in the original Report. If the Governor needed money for a reserved subject he could take it from the provincial funds, leaving a deficit in respect to transferred subjects that the Ministers and Legislature were to meet by taxation; thus supplying funds for needs for which they were not responsible and the existence of which they might deny. Such a procedure the Government of India, writing with surprising freedom, characterize as "tortuous, provocative, and indefensible." The difficulty is met by giving power to the Governor and Councillors—the local Government it is called, but the term is not defined—to raise money that the Legislature has refused to raise. The remedy is effective, on paper; but I imagine that it could not often be applied, and yet it may easily be needed every year in a progressive Province, where the Legislature is disposed to wring concessions from the Governor. Such are some of the difficulties that will now have to be faced. Successful government—that is, administration that will not lead to strife and deadlocks—for the next ten years is an absolute necessity for the success of the scheme to which we are committed. How that is to be achieved by a system that has never been tried before, worked by two bodies, one and the more powerful of which is without any experience in Government at all, it is not easy to see. All that can safely be said is that Governors will have to exercise, and to be encouraged to exercise, an autocracy of a wholly new kind, an autocracy that is over a body that is, on paper at least, a representative assembly framed to lay the foundations of a democracy.

I cannot here go into the difficulties that will present themselves in the conduct of elections. The constituencies and the franchise have been arranged in a few months on information that is no more than guesswork. How will the returning officer, acting with a wholly inexperienced Indian staff, collect the votes of nineteen thousand ignorant voters in the watery wastes of Tipperah, or the ninety-six thousand voters in the mountain solitudes of Almora? Why will the voters vote as they do? and how many votes will in fact be forged in a land where all things are forged? A representative assembly has to be made somehow, and one need not consider too closely the probable efficacy of the "complete and stringent Corrupt Practices Act" that is to be passed. Nor can I dwell on the difficulties that will be met with in arranging, in the geographical constituencies that Democracy demands, a country that is naturally divided into races, religions, and castes to an extent that by comparison makes the late Austrian Empire a model of unity. The thing has to be done, better or worse. But the task will produce problems that will tax the constructive capacity of the supreme authority, whatever they may be, to the utmost.

A curious light is thrown on the difficulties that lie in the way of diarchy, perhaps in the way of government by Indians, by considering the position of members of the various public services in India, particularly English members of the Civil Service. There is no need to repeat the praises that that Service has received and has so fully earned. Most of the benefits that India has received from England she has received through the Civil Service, and that Service is relied on to see India through the critical period on which she has entered. What will the position of the Civil Servants of the future be? The Act characteristically tells us nothing. But the Government of India tells us a great deal that seems to have escaped any general notice. In its "Letter to the Secretary of State," it points out that officers must serve where they are wanted, and consequently under Indian Ministers if they are needed there, as they will be. This may be taken as a matter of course. There is plenty of "antagonism to the public services," and "the new situation may be a delicate one. Ministers will be taking over departments staffed by public servants, European and Indian alike, with no personal experience of popular government, who may tend to be impatient of new methods and unappreciative of changes in policy. Ministers may be apprehensive of obstruction and intolerant of the rigidity of official methods. We recognize that it is possible that in the exercise of their responsibility and from the best of motives, Ministers may adopt a policy which the Service feels that it cannot consistently with its conscience and self-respect carry out. . . . Ministers again may naturally prefer their own agents, and be disposed to treat lightly vested claims to important or desirable appointments." No rules can be laid down for such cases. The Governor must do his best to settle them. In the last resort "an officer, finding his position unendurable, should be entitled to apply to the Government of India for a proportionate pension." If "he had substantial grounds for complaint they would grant his request." In disciplinary matters affecting an officer's emoluments or pension, there should be an appeal to the Government of India and the Secretary of State. "In the event of the Minister's orders being reversed a difficult position would, no doubt, ensue, and in this case also the only ultimate solution might be to grant retirement on proportionate pension." In the Report "expressions occur which will be read as promising detailed support and protection to a public servant in the discharge of his duties." This is inconsistent with a Minister's powers, and "all that can be wisely guaranteed is a right of retirement on fair terms," and a generous right of appeal. I have used the words of the Government of India as far as possible. I cannot withstand their logic; but I conclude that the Indian Civil Service is not open to a man with a normal "conscience and self-respect."

In the sea of difficulties that lies before us we naturally turn to the terms of the Act that will be hailed by the politically minded in India as the foundation of their power. Whenever a crucial difficulty is met with it is left to be settled by a Rule, made usually by the Governor-General in Council, and confirmed by the silent, or in special cases the expressed, approval of Parliament. This applies not only to the division of jurisdiction between the Central and the Local Governments, and between reserved and transferred subjects, where such a procedure may be inevitable, but to the election of members of the all-important Council of State and Legislative Assembly. This procedure reaches its highest point when the Secretary of State is given power to restrict his own powers—that is, the powers of Parliament itself—by Rules. In this case the Rules will have to be positively approved by both Houses of Parliament by resolution. How much protection this gives against ill-considered action, guided by the requirements of Party politics, I do not know. But the abandonment by Parliament of its supreme powers is a novelty in our Constitution, and though it may be inevitable, it should surely be as formal as possible.

The whole question, however, of Parliamentary control has reached a very curious stage. The *Times* recently—on December 13 last—published a statement that " now, if ever, representative institutions are on their trial," alleging that, foremost among the causes of this state of things is the " neglect of the root principle of Parliamentary Government—collective Cabinet responsibility." In the next column it records with apparent approbation a " shower of blessings " on diarchy in India. It also cheerfully accepts the position that the work of Parliament has been done by the Joint Committee. I am not concerned to deny any of the facts so stated—stated, one might suppose, by the new-found Spirit of Diarchy in person. But I think it would be difficult to find any Act passed by Parliament with which Parliament itself has had so little to do. I see no reason to doubt that Mr. Montagu, in devising, framing, and passing this Act, for that is what it comes to, was actuated by a real desire to confer a benefit on India. I have no doubt that he really believes that it is best for India to confine her to the path that England has followed ; it is a common mistake, though I cannot imagine how he comes to make it. But his methods seem to open a new era. He begins with an answer to a question on August 20, 1917. The victory at Messines, the first landing of American troops, and the Reichstag resolutions were recent events. The Third Battle of Ypres, the Allied attack in Flanders, the disaster at Caporetto, and the fighting at Passchendaele and Cambrai were impending. Consequently, his answer, momentous as it was, excited no attention ; the fact is strange but true, and even failed to attract the attention of the Editor of the *Annual Register*. He then proceeded to India, suggesting, not without reason, that controversy would be out of place while he and his companions were inquiring into the facts of the case on the spot. In India, he and his supporters proclaimed that his answer pledged the whole country, which might have been truly said of a Resolution of both Houses of Parliament, but hardly of a King's Speech. The Chelmsford-Montagu Report was published, I think, in July 1918, after his return to England. Then followed a long period of silence, till the ensuing Bill was published in the summer and read for a second time in the House of Commons on June 5, 1919. Meanwhile, on March 5, 1919, the Government of India had written a letter to the Secretary of State of the first importance, agreeing with most of his scheme, as disclosed in the Report, but containing many serious criticisms. On January 15, 1919, a Minute by three Lieutenant-Governors and two Chief Commissioners had been written, disapproving of diarchy, and suggesting an alternative scheme. On November 11, 1918, a most weighty letter was written by the Government of Bombay in the same sense. These and many other important documents were all published together, but only five days, it is said, before the Bill was produced. What effect their publication had on Parliament I do not know. But a careful reading of the debates leads me to suppose that they had practically not been noticed. In particular it was constantly said, though I do not suggest by Mr. Montagu, that his scheme held the field without a rival, a statement that was incorrect after November 11, 1918, still more after January 15, 1919. This, however, could not be generally known till the eve of the introduction of the Bill. I cannot say what information ought to be given to Parliament before a Bill of this importance is produced. But that part of the public that takes an interest in India may, I think, fairly say that information which they had a right to have was improperly held back. This feeling is increased by finding, in the evidence before the Joint Committee, traces of another letter from the Government of India, and of a draft of the all-important Letters of Instruction to Governors, which have not been published. It may be right that Parliament should not have information at a time when an ordinary man would expect to have it; Parliament may be right in delegating work that it will not do to a Joint Committee heavily weighted on one side; it may be wise in attending to warnings that delay may produce disorder; but such action is not a good example of Parliamentary Government to a country that is adopting that system under circumstances of unexampled difficulty.

As I have said, an alternative to the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme has been proposed. Parliament did not discuss it, its promoters were not before the Joint Committee, who rejected it from the first. It is of no use to discuss it now; and I need only say that it gave Indians a far larger share in the government of the country than they had before, that it gave them some power in every branch of Government, though not complete power in any; it proceeded on familiar lines; and it trained Indians in the kind of Government that it is designed they should carry out hereafter. It is dead, and it cannot be revived. Personally, I regret this result exceedingly. No one that need be attended to denies that widespreading reforms are necessary. It is a commonplace to say that the ultimate Government of India must be one that commends itself to the people of India, though no one of importance has said it. We could confer no greater benefit on India than to start her on a road that would lead to such a result. But what that form of Government, if it is ever achieved, will be, no man can foretell. It will probably not be any form that would commend itself to us. I am sure it will not be democratic; I see no reason to suppose that it will be representative. We know of no form of Government but our own, and we must start India on our own lines. But after that she should be free to choose her own way. This we have done our best to prevent. Facts may prove too strong even for preambles; but I believe that we have missed a chance that will not occur again.

The misfortune of India is that, in political matters at least, she has never shown any constructive ability. Good government has produced many surprises. It is rather discredited to-day when compared with self-government. But I believe that in India it is hardly begun, and that with patience and goodwill it might have produced self-government in the end. The simple faith that, unfortunately, is in Mr. Montagu, as it is in many much more ignorant men, has prevented this, as it seems to me. No one can foresee the fate of the reforms now set on foot, but the country has made a very bad bargain in setting the chances of success against those of failure.

HARRY STEPHEN

A REMINISCENCE OF RUSSIA

At the outbreak of war I was a senior captain on half pay and, for reasons connected with circumstances a few months earlier, was out of favour at the Admiralty and had little hope of active employment. The day before war came I ventured to submit to the then Chief of the Naval Staff the desirability of sending a squadron to the Baltic, and suggested that I might be profitably employed in Russia. I was told that no ships could be sent with the exception of a few submarines, which were then on their way. The decision was probably correct. Lord Fisher in his *Memoirs* relates that he resigned because a number of ships originally intended to dominate the Baltic were diverted to other purposes. From the outbreak of war till the Armistice the Baltic remained closed.

On the first day of war Turkey, in defiance of treaty obligations, gave sanctuary within her closed waters to the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, and denied admission to the ships of the Allied Powers. This was a plain declaration of war. Had the pre-Dreadnought ships, then known as the 2nd Fleet, assisted by such Mediterranean troops as could have been quickly assembled, been on the spot, or even sent at once, there is little doubt access to the Black Sea could have been maintained. As it was, Germany was afforded time to perfect the Turkish defences, and hesitation to accept a declaration of war promptly, led to failure and defeat. The rule is almost invariable, and applies to all the business of life, from the first entry of a boy at school to the policy of great nations. I am aware that the French Fleet was supposed to be available. This only emphasizes what has been demonstrated over and over again: that in sea matters England must depend on herself and not on any ally, however loyal.

By closing the Baltic and Black Seas to the Allies, Germany won the first two tricks in the game, as far as Russia was concerned. The extent of this disaster was soon apparent. From the outset Russia manifested an extraordinary lack of the first material resources for modern warfare, which could only be made good by Allied imports. The lack was due partly to heavy losses in the East Prussian campaign, which, though tactically a defeat, nevertheless saved the situation in the main theatre of war, partly to the internment of Germans, who had, to a large extent, controlled the industrial resources, but chiefly to incompetence and corruption in high places. This last exerted an immense influence on later events, as it aroused a feeling of bitter resentment to the old regime, common to all classes. For the import of munitions, Archangel became the chief port of entry. Vladivostock was too remote ever to be more than a useful auxiliary base.

Early in 1915 the task of supplying Russia, including coal, began. As usual, the Germans were beforehand, and quickly sowed the narrow approaches to Archangel with mines. Ship after ship was lost. A small trawler force was sent, which managed to clear a channel. I had been given a humble command in 1914, and in the summer of 1915 was brought back and sent as Senior Naval Officer to the White Sea. From that time the naval force on the Arctic station steadily increased to cope with growing requirements. They were all of the despised " neither fight nor run away " type. How often must we not have deplored the foolish destruction of 160 of such ships a few years before. Securely moored in some out-of-the-way place and with no crews on board, the most simple precaution will keep such ships efficient at practically no cost. This is worth remembering at a time when we are threatened with another scrapping madness.

Throughout 1916 matters remained outwardly quiet, but were far from reassuring. A complete lack of propaganda fostered the feeling that England was doing nothing. The first account of the Jutland Battle, which certainly read like a German victory, made a great impression. One Minister of State gave place to another at intervals of a week or two. The activities of Rasputin became more pronounced, and steadily tended to reconcile the upper and officer classes, who felt the shame of the position acutely, to a change in the system of Government. All this gave an immense impulse to the Revolutionary forces, which were rather anti-Ally and in favour of peace than actively pro-German. The want of the necessaries of life began to get acute. The shortage of tea and sugar, added to the suppression of *vodka*, was especially felt. I begged that a few cargoes might be sent, but without avail. The military outlook at the end of 1916 was good. There was plenty of food for the main Front, and the Army was better equipped, with more munitions, than at any time since the beginning of war. The *moral* was outwardly satisfactory. I happened to be in Petrograd when the Revolution broke out in March 1917. At first it was hoped that a united and purified Russia, freed from the incompetence and corruption which had paralysed its efforts in the past, would at last come into its own. A few days sufficed to dissipate these hopes.

From the first the Soviet or Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies dominated the Provisional Government under Prince Lvoff. This Council was an Extremist, or, as now termed, Bolshevik, organization. Its existence was certainly prearranged, for it sprang at once into being with headquarters in Petrograd and Moscow, and with branches throughout Russia and in every army corps, division, and battalion, and on every lower deck—these latter under the name of soldiers' and sailors' committees. In the Baltic Fleet Bolshevism was active from the very first. In the Army the process was much more gradual, and had the Allied Governments realized the position and dealt with it with firmness and initiative, the situation might have been saved. Beyond sending a mission of Labour M.P.'s nothing was done to mould or influence events which drifted to anarchy. The Mission accomplished nothing in Russia and did incalculable harm in England, by reports which tended to blind the nation as to what was going on.

The failure of the Allied Governments to make a united and public protest against the massacre of Army and Navy officers was a crime and a blunder. My own views on the events of 1917 are best recorded in the telegram I sent. I protested against the misleading statements of the Labour M.P.'s; I begged that the formation of workmen's and soldiers' councils demanded by the Leeds Conference might be resisted "by all means and at all costs," and pointed out that the exploitation of events in Russia by the extreme Socialist Party would be disastrous for both countries. In June I telegraphed home, begging that a small Allied force might be sent to afford a "firm nucleus of support for the Provisional Government, and a rallying-point for the many thousands of Russians of all classes loyal to the Allied cause." I repeated this later on when things were tending to a further upheaval.

Throughout the summer of 1917 order and anarchy were in the balance. This is demonstrated by the Korniloff expedition and the abortive Bolshevik rising of July. It is probable that an Allied force, on a scale which would not have prejudiced the war elsewhere, would have turned the balance, and with so much at stake it should have been attempted. Such an expedition would have been welcomed in Archangel, which was then pro-Ally and anti-Extremist, and could have been transported to Petrograd probably without firing a shot. It is the old story: Military failure to *achieve*, even where failure is honest and often glorious, is punished with disgrace and loss of reputation. Political failure to *attempt*, due to incompetence and lack of nerve, goes scot-free and often unremarked.

In October 1917 the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies found itself strong enough to act. The "Constituent Assembly" was forcibly suppressed, and the "Soviet Republic," with Lenin and Trotsky as its executive heads, came into being. They had been imported into Russia by the German and British Governments respectively. Neither were the chance products of a revolution. They had been known to every Foreign Office in

Europe for years past as the head centres of an anarchist secret organization, whose aim was the overthrow of ordered Government throughout the world, and the domination by force of the proletariat classes on an international and at the same time anti-national basis. The first clash came when passports to Russia were refused to certain well-known anarchists. The Foreign Office blustered, but with nothing to back its hand was obliged to give in, but not till the Soviet Government had closed its frontiers to thousands of English men, women, and children, who were thus imprisoned in Russia at a most critical time. The result brought endless misery to the victims. The position of the Allied Embassies in Petrograd was pitiful. It resembled that of the European Legations in Pekin in 1900, blockaded by the Boxers. Eventually, after many indignities, the British Embassy escaped through Finland. The French and Italians, who had accompanied the British to the frontier, for some reason failed to get through, returned to Petrograd, and eventually settled in Vologda. Here they were joined by the United States Embassy, who had set out for Vladivostok, but for some reason returned.

In November 1917 it was decided to withdraw to Murmansk, at the head of Kola inlet, all the naval and military elements then at Archangel. It was impossible to hold Archangel through the winter with the naval forces then on the station. I was averse to withdrawal, knowing as I did the possible difficulty of a reoccupation in the spring, should the anti-Ally and pro-German attitude of the Soviet Government make this necessary. As an alternative, I proposed that specified naval reinforcements should be sent, and that the Diplomatic Corps and Missions should be withdrawn to Archangel under its protection. I made myself responsible for the due carrying out of this plan, which was not approved; and from this time till the opening of navigation next year, Murmansk became the centre of Allied activity in North Russia.

The circumstances which led up to a state of war are as follows: It may be dated from August 1, 1918, when the organized forces of the two communities first came into direct conflict. A military Member of the House of Commons recently stated that Allied intervention was governed by the purely selfish object of reconstituting the Russian Front, which was laid bare to the Germans after the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. It is true that this formed an objective of the campaign, but to assign it as the justifying cause is a confusion of thought. The full truth is as follows: From the first the Soviet Government had been animated by a spirit of deadly hostility to the Allied countries and specially to England. This spirit was expressed in a series of definitely hostile acts which may be summarized thus:

(1) The forcible seizure during the winter of 1918 of immense

quantities of coal and war stores of all descriptions lying at Archangel. These stores had all been brought in since the March revolution, and were intended for common action against Germany. None of it had been paid for, and in no sense, moral or legal, was it the property of the Soviet Government. Part of it was appropriated by the latter for its own use, and part transferred to our enemies.

(2) The repudiation by the Soviet Government of all debts and loans contracted by the former Governments for the purpose of carrying on war with Germany.

(3) The confiscation of the property and foul ill-treatment in other ways of many hundreds of Allied men, women, and children who passed through my hands at Murmansk on their way home during the winter of 1918. They were mostly factory employees and their families. They were all robbed, and many of them imprisoned and threatened with death. The facts and the nature and scope of these acts go to prove that they were not due to the disordered state of the country, but part of a settled policy directed against Allied countries by the Soviet Government.

(4) An ultimatum addressed to myself by the Soviet Government to withdraw all naval forces from Russian waters at a time when their presence was indispensable to render assistance to distressed subjects of the Allied countries. This was done after the Soviet Government, by a clause in the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, had renounced their obligations as a neutral to protect their own waters from German aggression.

(5) An arrangement entered into by the Soviet Government giving freedom of access to Russian waters to German submarines, with the proviso that the latter were not to molest Russian ships flying the Red Flag of the Soviet Republic. This was communicated to me by the accredited representative of the Soviet Republic at Archangel, and can be otherwise attested.

(6) Organized attempts by the Soviet Government to interfere in the internal affairs of the Allied nations by bringing about revolution. This can be proved by messages sent out broadcast from high-power stations calling on the people to revolt, and on the soldiers and sailors to murder their officers; by the dispatch of agents with these objects in view, and by the speeches and proclamations of the Soviet Government itself, all directed to this end. The tone of the Soviet Press was inconceivably violent and insolent to the Allied nations, especially England.

Will any one pretend that the above indictment does not furnish ample and just cause for war as a measure of self-defence?

Throughout the winter I urged that should intervention be decided on, it should be given effect to as soon as ice conditions allowed of an advance on Archangel—i.e. about the middle of

June 1918. This was desirable for many reasons, and delay was largely responsible for subsequent failure. It was not excused by affairs on the Western Front, where the position was stabilized by the middle of May. Finally, the Allied Council of Versailles approved the expedition and appointed a British General in supreme military command on shore. Knowing, as I did, the danger of divided action and the close connexion which existed between the political and military requirements, I begged in vain that, in accordance with precedent, the General should be given political as well as military control. National rivalry and departmental jealousy would not hear of it. The advance-guard of the expedition, naval and military, began to assemble at Murmansk in July. Meantime, Vologda became too hot for the Embassies, who retired to Archangel and then to Kandalakska, on the Murman side of the White Sea, and under our protection.

At Murmansk we heard of their arrival on July 30, together with a very urgent summons to advance on Archangel forthwith. The expedition was not ready, but we decided to go on with what there was to hand. I sailed the same night with my flag in the seaplane-carrier *Nairana*, and with the French armoured cruiser *Amiral Aube* and the British light cruiser *Attentive* in company. The *Amiral Aube* embarked a landing-party of 300 men, and *Nairana* and *Attentive* 150 each in addition to complement. *Attentive* had two 6-inch guns. A dredged channel parallel and close to the island of Modjooga, at the mouth of the Dvina, gives access to Archangel forty miles up the river. The dredged channel was defended by a battery of eight 6-inch naval guns, and by a minefield operated from the island. On the night of July 31 the *Amiral Aube* separated in a thick fog, and I received a wireless message to say she was ashore on a sand-bank. To delay would have lost the element of surprise, and I decided to go on. Early on August 1 the seaplanes were got out, and the fort having refused to surrender, an action began. The fort was silenced, landing-parties put ashore, and the island was in our hands by evening. One funnel of the *Attentive* was almost brought down by a shell which exploded in the base, and a boiler-room put out of action. The General with a few reinforcements arrived the same evening. On hearing that the defences at the mouth of the river had been forced, the Soviet garrison abandoned the town, part by rail and part up the river. Archangel was occupied next day.

We were met on arrival by the members of the so-called Government of Northern Russia, which had been formed while we were coming up the river. Some of the members were strongly tinged with the political principles of the Government we had come to combat. The head of the Government was an individual who had spent most of his life out of Russia as a political refugee, and was old and incompetent. A day or two after, the Embassies arrived, reinforced by a British political mission under a Commissioner. The result was bad. A political turn was given to the most necessary points of military policy, such as the enlistment, payment, and equipment and billeting of troops, accommodation for stores, distribution of food, etc., and the main object of the expedition receded into the background. Divergence of policy on main points soon became apparent. The American Ambassador received a telegram from President Wilson forbidding American troops to fight Russians, and allotting them the duty of " guarding stores." There were no stores to guard save what had been brought for the express purpose of fighting. There were serious delays at home in bringing the expedition up to the approved strength. All this gave the enemy time to bring up reinforcements and stiffen his resistance. Finally, our advance on the railway in the direction of Vologda, and up the river in the direction of Koltas, came to a standstill, and these positions were with difficulty held throughout the winter.

My own views on the events of 1918 are best shown in a letter written home from H.M.S. *Glory*, Murmansk, October 13, 1918, which was as follows :

> It seems to me that the Bolsheviks are gaining strength, and in a short time will have a military organization formidable in numbers, training, and equipment. It follows that every effort should be made to down them, and so save a long and costly war. We have gone too far and suffered too much at their hands to recede now, even if our obligation to those we are bound to protect would permit us to do so. I do not think there can be any compromise. The capture of Petrograd and the military occupation of the country possibly for years is necessary to preserve civilization.
>
> What I want to urge on you is that months saved now may mean years saved hereafter. In the same way, as soon as the Black Sea is open, the southern ports should be occupied and an advance made northward. The same applies to the Baltic, and in this connexion the powerful ice-breakers at our disposal may prove of prime importance. All this, of course, depends on peace with Germany. What I want to say is that until the Bolshevik vermin are stamped out there can be no peace in the world. Up to the present the military measures taken are far from satisfactory. The troops should be first class and physically the best. The force is badly supplied with some of the most elementarily necessary equipment. All this is partly due to the fact that had larger demands been made at first, we would not have taken the thing in hand at all. But this is no longer excusable, and there must be a change of method and a more thorough policy. The most discordant element is the attitude taken up by the American President and reflected in orders given to the American Ambassador. This attitude is manifested in a certain impatience of British leadership unworthy of a loyal ally, and a pretence that civil authority has been unduly subordinated to military. The latter is absolutely untrue. No occupation was ever undertaken with so little oppression or inconvenience to the civilian element. In a word, we have behaved as gentlemen in face of much provocation. The attitude of the French is quite different. There is nothing to complain of here. Their troops are excellent. If the progress made has not reached expectation it is because the means afforded are too slender and the difficulties underestimated.

Such was the position when the Armistice put an end to hostilities with Germany. The defeat of Germany opened the Baltic and Black Seas to our Fleet, afforded access to the Russian frontier to our troops, and freed immense numbers of the latter who could not quickly be absorbed into civil life, to finish once and for all with the Russian menace. The opportunities thus afforded have been thrown away with both hands. The abandonment of Odessa was followed by the awful scenes described recently in the *Times* by a clergyman and eyewitness. *The British Fleet was snug elsewhere, and England looked on with folded arms.* Petrograd might have been in our hands any time this summer. Kolchak, Deniken, and Yudenitch have been defeated in detail. The Soviet Government with its menace to civilization is stronger than ever. The monstrous secret society which brought about anarchy in Russia is rooted in every country, and only awaits opportunity to get to work. It is intimately connected with the Sinn Fein movement, with sedition in India and Egypt, and with labour troubles everywhere. This is amply proved in England by the treason talked at the various " Hands off Russia " meetings, and in the revolutionary Press. The O'Grady Mission, ostensibly for the exchange of prisoners, should, in accordance with all precedent, have been entrusted to a commission of naval and military officers. The course taken is an affront to both Services, and it is well that the combatant heads of both professions should be reminded of the fact. The nation has been systematically deceived, but in the face of what is now known the plea of ignorance can no longer be maintained. Unless those who stand for King and Constitution realize this, and make their will felt by concerted protest and public meeting, they will only have themselves to blame if, in the not far distant future, the streets of England run redder than the soil of France.

T. W. KEMP

A ST. GEORGE'S DAY FIASCO

We were camped in an olive-grove on the fringe of the famed Plain of Sharon. A hedge of prickly-pear screened us from the sandy highway, along which through the livelong day a perpetual file of camels, donkeys, and half-naked drivers dustily meandered. Within pistol-shot sprawled an ancient Syrian town, the roofs of whose hoary, crumbling, grey houses, capped by inverted grey cement saucers, uprose amidst infrequent palms.

Already some days we had been in camp, and very busy, before the most enterprising of us made the town's acquaintance; because for all it was so near, it was most difficult of access, less approachable in fact than any Eastern town I had yet seen. To begin with, the Jaffa–Jerusalem main road avoided it altogether, and the uneven track (stated on both English and Arabic sign-boards to lead to it) was a delusion and a snare. It was sometimes wide and impassable with mud; sometimes narrow between broken walls, or with craters or boulders in its middle; and it wound about so preposterously, losing itself in gullies or forks, that more than one pilgrim, overcome by the heat, gave up the quest in despair. Yet the more we thought of it and talked about it, the keener became our desire for exploration. Especially did we want to visit a notable shrine there in this particular town, for two of us were colonial born and bred and members of a St. George's Society (that is one of the means whereby we of the outer marches keep up the English traditions and customs), and yonder shabby little agglomeration of the high road, on the other side of the prickly-pear hedge, was Lydda (called officially Ludd), the birth- and burial-place of St. George, tutelary saint of England and chosen patron of English soldiers for wellnigh a thousand years. Moreover, you must know that the church at Ludd was the first of all the thousands of St. George's churches in Christendom—that from which even the stately St. George's Chapel at Windsor sprang.

"Going over to Ludd to-day?" a member of the mess asked in the morning.—"What's the good? Even if you find the place you can't possibly get into it. I spent two hours yesterday trying to reach the mosque, which they say adjoins the church. I fetched up a good half-mile off it."—"I also tried day before yesterday," said another, "I believe I did get into Ludd, but was lost in a cul-de-sac filled with women and children, who howled at my approach as if I were an assassin. Moreover, the town is 'out of bounds.' I saw the sign announcing that fact."—"Only 'out of bounds' to troops," explained Captain B., adding, "I move that three of us make the attempt this afternoon to do Ludd or perish." The proposal was accepted and duly our trio set out. After reaching the outer walls of Ludd, we were forced to circumambulate nearly half the town before an opening appeared. It was not a gate, mind you, but a sort of narrow breach in the wall, which led us, or rather misled us, into the oddest, dirtiest narrow streets, lined with paltry bazaars, yet amazingly populous. But we got no nearer the mosque, whose slender white minaret still mocked us from a distant quarter. We emerged and tried again, and at last, by another breach, we discovered a little thoroughfare which, deflecting suddenly to the right, brought us to the mosque and its courtyard, wherein we perceived some fifty or sixty of the faithful at their devotions. Cheek by jowl to the mosque stood a tall, grey, rather shapeless structure, whose surmounting cross told us was the church we sought. We tried the door—it was locked. Looking upward we observed a semicircular marble tablet over the porch. Upon it was sculptured quaintly a representation of that legendary combat long stamped on the British coinage, and familiar to Englishmen the world over —St. George slaying the Dragon.

A friendly Arab in an adjoining bazaar informed us that the priest dwelt in the Greek convent opposite. On our applying there we found that the Papa and his acolyte were both temporarily absent. So we had to be content with strolling about and examining the precincts. Clearly this church of St. George was but a mutilated fragment: once it must have been of imposing proportions. The materials of the western half, including several great columns, appear to have gone to the building of the mosque, and those which were unsuitable were cast aside; for we stumbled over Classic, Romanesque, and Norman pillars, plinths, and capitols, besides defaced tablets and crumbling chunks of masonry, strewn half-buried in the sand outside both buildings and in the mosque courtyard.

An unexpected ray of light was thrown upon George of Lydda by the friendly Moslem of the bazaar, for, pointing to the bas-relief over the church door he exclaimed, "Good man—holy prophet. Islam honour him next after Isa (Jesus)." Which testimony goes far to explain why the church of St. George at Lydda has not been wholly destroyed, and why for fifty years past the Greek community has been allowed to celebrate Mass here.

Better luck attended us next day. True, the church was again locked, but on the low convent roof opposite a pair of smiling bearded figures appeared gesticulating, and presently one of them descended with a great key and opened the church. Inside we found it still a spacious structure, in spite of the fact that the whole western half of the nave is shorn away and the southern aisle is gone. It is lofty and with much interesting Saracenic detail in arch and column, but so stuffed is the interior with barbaric paintings, frescoes, ikons, and ornaments that the eye is distracted and confused. The chancel and eastern window being blocked up, the altar is in the northern apse. In a dark crypt beneath the ancient chancel, to which access is had by a double flight of stone steps, we were shown by candle-light the tomb and recumbent effigy of St. George himself.

For some moments we stood awed and silent before this, the last earthly resting-place of England's patron saint. The effigy represented him as young, placid, and comely—a sort of Sir Galahad, the Red Cross Knight, as doubtless he was, for the legends of his valour grew or became merged into the crowning master-myth of the Slaying of the Dragon (which had formerly been attributed to the heathen Perseus), on the whole, a fit prototype of England, which has always been and is to-day the champion in the fight against human cruelty, oppression, and ignorance. The walls of the crypt were coverd with crude semi-obliterated frescoes (perhaps twelfth-century) depicting scenes from the life of this most holy, valiant, and mysterious native of Ludd—Christian warrior, martyr, and saint. Shakespeare's line suggested itself,

> Our ancient word of courage, "fair St. George,"

as we gazed here upon the earliest delineation of the cross of St. George (the "red badge of courage"), which in the thirteenth and succeeding centuries was worn proudly by every English soldier. Then it was that "St. George for England!" rang out in every battle above the clash of arms, a cry that, we are told, "did put new spirit into the ranks when the attack flagged or wavered." Truly, if St. George were in life no more than another good brave man—if he were no finer than "Rivy" Grenfell or Major Bishop or other V.C.'s in this war, he has been, since his death many centuries ago, so spiritually sanctified and elevated by the devotion and sacrifice of tens of thousands of English fighting men that scarce any name in the calendar can approach his in lustre. And yet—*mirabile dictu!*—here were we British soldiers of the twentieth century encamped close to St. George's birth- and burial-place and utterly unmoved. We were unmoved for the simple reason that nine-tenths of us were unaware of such proximity. True, there are some people who discredit Ludd as the shrine of St. George, who even, following Gibbon, cast aspersions upon his origin and character, just as there are "historic doubters" concerning Jesus Christ and Napoleon Bonaparte, and "conscientious objectors" to a belief in the death of Lord Kitchener. There is no use arguing with such people. The only course I would suggest would be a visit to Ludd and a chat with the Greek Papa, who is the repository of all the lore on the subject, and one of the most broad-minded and amiable of Greek priests.

We were reminded that in the British Empire, and indeed throughout Christendom, are countless churches dedicated to St. George—this at Ludd is the first and fountain of them all.

Yet no English-wrought banner of St. George hangs by the altar. How many St. George's societies are there in England's Empire who meet and celebrate St. George's Day!—yet not one of them seemingly has given a thought to this shrine of England's saint in Palestine.

It was not always thus. According to our priestly mentor, there have been at least two English banners in this church and former cathedral of St. George. One, the first, was reverently placed here by no less a hero than he who built the present edifice—Richard Cœur de Lion himself. "You do not know, perhaps, how St. George came to be chosen first the patron saint of English soldiers and afterwards of your nation. It was in this way"; and then he explained how King Richard and his Crusaders were camped here, just as we are to-day, and that at that time, and ever since the fourth century, there had been a church of St. George at Ludd. The saint, who, as every schoolboy knows, was a notable soldier and military tribune under Diocletian, was martyred for his Christian faith in A.D. 303. His mother and relations lived at Ludd, and his body was brought here for burial. So many early Christian pilgrims came to visit his tomb that when the first Christian church was built his body was moved hither and the church was given his name. King Richard naturally inquired much about the saint whilst in the neighbourhood, and the legends of his valour, and particularly that of the Dragon, impressed him. He invoked the saint's intercession for his soldiers, who were about to slay the Paynim Dragon, and exhorted them to call upon St. George when in peril in battle. The English had long aforetime borne a red cross marked on their banners and armour, and even upon their clothing, in order to distinguish them from the other Crusaders, and this came in time to be associated with the saint under whose protection they now fought. During a protracted absence from Ludd, the church of St. George was burnt by the infidel, and the English King immediately commanded another to be built on a noble scale and himself laid the foundation-stone. He also gave a splendid silken banner of the English Red Cross for the altar, a banner which endured long after Saladin—who declared the church was equal to a fortress—had again destroyed the church. Whether the latter was ever wholly rebuilt, or whether the state in which we see it to-day was due to Saladin, is an unsolved question. As to the second banner, that was brought hither only a century or so ago by a little group of English officers who had been battling with Bonaparte at St. Jean d'Acre. The chief of these English military pilgrims was Sir Sidney Smith. His banner remained there for many years, and was finally carried off by a Turkish marauder. Such in substance is the story of St. George's Church at Ludd, as narrated by my friend the Greek priest.

Following this stroke of pilgrim enterprise on our part, there sprang up a rather healthy local military interest in Ludd and St. George. Never a day passed without visitors to church and tomb. One day it was quite suddenly realized that St. George's Day (April 23) was closely upon us. Thereupon we asked ourselves: Why not signalize the event in some appropriate fashion? Naturally, our Padre thought at once of a special St. George's Day service in the church. (One or two subalterns had suggested a cricket match, old English airs by the band, and recitations of Shakespeare by the Colonel after dinner. These suggestions were received coldly.) Most of us approved of the Padre's idea—only would the Greek priest consent to lend us the church for such a service? Personally I thought he would. The Papa was duly seen by the Padre, and gave it as his opinion that we might be permitted to perform the liturgy of the Church of England, but he would like to go to Jerusalem and interview the Archimandrite on the point. So one of us, who was bound thither, offered to give him a lift in the car. The worthy priest returned at nightfall and told us, with a pleased countenance, that all was well.

Arrangements were pushed forward rapidly. All who heard about it agreed that the occasion would be an historic one. For English soldiers again at war with the Turk, and who seven centuries after Richard and his Crusaders' attempt had regained the Holy Sepulchre, to meet again within those selfsame walls reared to England's patron saint and glorify his memory, would be one of the romantic episodes of the war.

With only three clear days to whip up devotees our Padre worked like an early missionary. Of course it was necessary to get the sanction of our General and the goodwill of the Staff. To the General was due the gift of one hundred candles. The loan of a similar number of chairs had also been forthcoming. Nor had the Greek Papa been idle: he had "wangled" dozens of the most beautiful rugs wherewith to adorn and mollify the stone flags of the interior of his church. Also a large St. George's banner was hurriedly wrought to hang in the nave—in the traditional spot where had hung the flags of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Hero of Acre. That was not all. There was the address—an inevitable St. George's Day exposition and exhortation—to be prepared. But I draw a veil over the efforts of our Padre in this direction. He was said to pass sleepless nights and the strain was immense. But we all felt sure the address would be worthy of the great occasion. Our Padre had an eloquent tongue when he was roused.

It was at lunch on the day before St. George's Day that an intelligent—far too intelligent—subaltern remarked casually at mess. "Good old St. George! I suppose you all know that to-morrow is the Commander-in-Chief's birthday too?" We looked at each other blankly. None of us knew it. "Fact. His A.D.C. said last night it was a 'd—d amusing coincidence.'" An amusing coincidence! Rather should one say an extraordinary omen that our revered chief, the triumphant successor of Richard the Lion-Hearted in Palestine, should have been born on St. George's Day! All the more reason we should celebrate.

To our surprise the Padre looked troubled. "This decides me," he murmured. "I was rather inclined to do it before, but—well, it's getting to be a biggish thing—this St. George's Day celebration. I think now I'd better see the Bishop. After all, Ludd's in his diocese, you know, and he may want——" And for all we could say to dissuade him the dear fellow climbed up alongside the driver of a motor-ambulance going to Jerusalem. There, three hours later, he sought out the Bishop, a pallid, earnest little prelate, who listened to what he had to say and then cried: "Bravo! Excellent! My blessing goes with you. But you forget my St. George's Cathedral Church here, and that I have to conduct a service of my own. Certainly yours will be quite an historic event. Good-bye and good luck!

Hot and radiant dawned St. George's Day, 1918, in Ludd. Even the most ignorant native Moslems seemed to know something was astir. Amongst the more intelligent (such as our friend of the bazaar) rumour ran that the *Ingleez* were about to do honour to El Khudr, the holy horseman and prophet whose image was over the door of the Frankish half of their mosque—the same prophet, thus the local legend, who is coming one day to slay Dajjal, or Anti-Christ, at the gate of Ludd.

I must not forget to mention that by this time all of us were pretty well up in the subject of the saint. We had even formed a sort of St. George's society amongst ourselves, which we still hope may survive the war and enjoy a distinction denied to the other St. George's societies of the universe. Three or four of us, entirely ignorant of the fact that far away in England a Royal Order had been issued authorizing it at last, had daringly pinned a red rose of Sharon on one side of our pith helmets, trusting to it being mistaken, should a disturbing Staff factor come along, for a legitimate regimental or brigade adornment.

All unknown to us, also, was the fact that upon this very St. George's Day morning a body of stalwart, lion-hearted sons of England were pushing forth in St. George's Channel for the immortal naval exploit of Zeebrugge, with the watchword of "St. George for England!" Would "the Chief" come? That was the question. A Staff officer had, we understood, agreed to inform him of what was in the wind, and we all felt it would be the crowning feature of the impending service if the Conqueror of Jerusalem were to be present. We all decided that he could hardly afford to miss the show if his military engagements permitted. Even the Scots and Irish batmen had magnanimously bestowed an extra polish to their officers' boots, belts, and buttons in honour of the great day.

Then—just before noon—the blow fell. It came from an unexpected quarter—where we had, indeed, secretly most placed our trust. The St. George's Day service in Ludd was, alas, fated to be one of these " forthcoming events " which do not " eventuate "—which fail to forthcome. For suddenly an orderly appeared at the church, the bearer of a telephone message from G.H.Q. Briefly, the proposed service in the church at Ludd was peremptorily forbidden. The news greeted us at lunch. " St. George's Day stunt off ! "—" Off ? Why ? " we asked, astonished. —" No reason given. Better ask the Chief."

When the Padre turned up he looked paler than usual, but never a word of complaint escaped him. Rumour spoke up and said that the reason for the prohibition was that the French—a detachment of whom were in the neighbourhood—not having been consulted, might object. " You see," it was explained, " under the circumstances they would be embarrassed by such a religious service. They could hardly join in or rival us in our quasi-military-religious festivities, could they ? "

St. George he *is* for England.
St. Denis *was* for France.

Can this have been the true reason ? A French lieutenant of my acquaintance was as disappointed and even indignant over the fiasco as any of us. " Poor dear old England ! " he said. " You are all so terribly afraid of giving offence. Shall I tell you what I think ? It is this : *L'Angleterre porte la magnanimité trop loin quand elle est injuste à ses braves gens, à sa religion et son propre passée glorieux !* " But of course the true reason was that any suggestion of Christian saint or Crusader was barred in Palestine—anything that might lend colour to the charge that this was an enterprise on behalf of our religion—for fear of offending our Moslem friends in Arabia and Egypt. Not only that, but no flag must be flown—the Union Jack was suppressed throughout Palestine and Syria, even on the hospitals, because, forsooth, it bore as its heart and basis the blood-red cross of St. George. Some day some one will tell of the complexities, the anomalies, and the embarrassments of the Palestine campaign and the advance on Damascus. I have related a trifling episode. Nevertheless, in spite of the fiasco at his birthplace, St. George of England may yet hold up his head amongst Englishmen, and—who knows ?—" St. George for England ! " again be a rallying-cry for those of the English race.

BECKLES WILLSON

THE AFTERMATH

In October last Lady Henry Bentinck invited the writer to join her on a week's visit to some of the exhumation camps which are spread over the great expanse between Poperinghe and Amiens. The object was to brighten the hearts of those men who are likely to be employed throughout the winter on the sombre task of exhuming the graves that lie scattered near the old battle-line, and searching for missing bodies and bringing them in to the British cemeteries. My friend did not go empty-handed; she took just those little creature comforts that men love, beginning with cigarettes and pipes. Many of them said frankly that it was being remembered by people from home which cheered them most.

We knew we were the greater gainers. Let alone our intense interest in the workers themselves, we had the most amazing glimpses of the recent past. By what we saw of the war's great aftermath, we could better understand the immensity of the cost—the sacrifice of human life and treasure. Like many people, we thought we had grasped the greatness of the suffering borne by our Allies. Day after day, as we plunged more deeply into the devastated areas, we realized that we had known next to nothing. The most vivid imagination can never comprehend the vastness of misery, the trial and bitter humiliation that so many thousands of people in France and Belgium have undergone. No one can quite imagine the tragedy of invasion until he has actually seen for himself the wanton destruction of lands and smiling homesteads, the flattening out of hamlets and villages, the battered remnants of the "holy places," and the annihilation of splendid centres of industry, which now lie mutilated beyond recognition. The picture of what England has been spared—the agony of invasion, the ignominy of a German occupation—may well endure in men's minds for ever.

We had a difficult but not an impossible task. We were seeking for hidden treasure and, bit by bit, rejoicing, we found it. Let there be no misunderstanding. We were in no sense "souvenir-hunters." By "hidden treasure" I mean living flesh and blood, working amongst the dead in the British cemeteries. Guide we had none, save the best maps we could find of the whole region between Nieuport and Amiens. Our car was driven by a young Frenchman who had only reached the appointed age for "service" when the war ended. So he was perfectly ignorant of the roads.

Before we left Boulogne my companion made a tour of the Y.M.C.A. huts and found a large group, including the "Ulster" Hut, doing admirable work near the demobilization camp. The next morning we motored to Poperinghe and Ypres, making Lille our "jumping-off" point for a couple of nights. A good many units were still in and around Poperinghe, so the recreation huts were busy. At the Church Army hut, in addition to the canteen and the club work, a cinema was proving an admirable counterblast to any less healthy attraction the town had to offer.

Ypres has a pathos all its own, not only on account of the ruined cathedral and Cloth Hall, still so beautiful, but from the thought that 250,000 of our own men alone have laid down their lives in and around that salient. Yet it cannot be denied that the modern aspect and atmosphere of the town is a source of irritation. The wooden inns and *estaminets* painted in vivid greens and yellows, the stream of photograph and post-card sellers, who never give the visitor one moment's respite, the general sense of excitement and unrest, do not fit in with that exquisite setting. For the memories are overwhelming. The writer could recall two occasions during 1915, when at work with the motor-ambulance in Ypres, which filled the mind's eye with ghosts: British soldiers coming round every corner, lorries tearing along, gun-carriages lumbering by, every man intent on his job, Belgian civilians still clinging tenaciously to their ruined dwellings, whilst ever and anon the soft mysterious wail of a monster shell approaching, seeking to wreck yet another home or snatch another life, would suddenly drown every mortal sound with a hideously deafening, venomous roar. In the rapidly waning light we thankfully fled from Ypres by the Menin road, which bears an aspect typical of devastation. We counted as many as nine stranded Tanks, all within a short distance of each other.

Starting from Lille next morning, we began with Armentières, so surrounded by cemeteries that I searched in vain for the grave of my gallant nephew, Norman Leslie. Proceeding towards the remains of Neuve-Eglise, we came across a good many soldiers, all eager to hear the latest English news. They were grateful for cigarettes or whatever small comfort we could provide. In the first group one man was overjoyed to find some one called "Bentinck." "Why, that's my name," he said. "I am Tom Bentinck, of South Wales." Handshakes and cousinly greetings having been exchanged, we started off for the labour camp outside the town. Among some huts, humanized by tiny gardens, we found men at work on a half-finished one. A Padre in his shirt-sleeves, who was helping them, told us that with a camp of four hundred men and the winter coming on, he longed for a good recreation hut. Meantime, he was thankful for a football and more games for the men. He afterwards directed us to the nearest cemetery, where many more were working amongst the graves. We were a little nervous at first, not knowing if we should be welcome. The moment the men understood our errand, they joyfully seized the chance of a talk and a joke with people from home. A little farther on, at Voormezeele, we found two more cemeteries nearly finished. The workers took us round and showed how charmingly the flowers were still blooming on many graves. Lying in a little hut near the graveyard the bodies of two men were awaiting reburial. We entered the dugout beside the road, with its large cross over the entrance. It had been used as a field dressing-station during the fighting, and we could realize the difficulties with which the surgeons contended in these cramped quarters when a number of wounded were coming in.

From Voormezeele we had to pass again through Ypres, *en route* for other camps. We had a stiff job to find some places, often travelling up the most hopeless roads only to find either an impasse or a deserted hut, the men having moved on within reach of a new area of unsearched ground. We passed many more Tanks, within half a mile of our road, some lying on their side or upside down. Presently a long procession came along, British boys, shouting and laughing, each riding one mule and leading another. They were taking their animals to water at a pond a mile distant, and were full of excitement when we said we had " fags for all."

Farther up the road we found a fairly large labour unit. Every camp has its peculiar note. In this one loneliness was dominant. We stayed half an hour and left plenty of smokes and games to brighten the long evenings. One of the workers had enlisted from the most touching of all motives. He had lost two sons in the Ypres salient, and, so far, their bodies had not been found. His companions noticed that with the discovery of every fresh body, or the turning over of any " unknown " soldier's grave, the poor fellow's hopes immediately rose. He would step forward impetuously, gently pull aside the covering, and search for any familiar sign of his boy. The exhumers had a particularly distressing incident that same morning when they came across several bodies buried beneath the debris of a pill-box. After many fruitless attempts to get at the remains, they were forced to postpone the final recovery until the morning.

The history of one of the many friends we made that day touched us deeply. He was a " parson " when the war broke out. During the first burst of patriotism, he felt he could help his country best by joining the ranks. He was soon given a commission. Now he is so passionately interested in helping these lonely men that he hopes to remain with the corps till the last grave is completed.

Time was beginning to press, so the next day we chose a more southerly route, taking Seclin and Carvin on our way to Lens. Outside Lille the devastation visibly increased. Seclin was badly damaged, Carvin was a wreck, and Lens itself a scrap-heap. Market-day on the " Place " was in full swing at Carvin. The brightly dressed farmers' wives busy at their pretty stalls, and the general scene of cheerfulness, made a strange contrast to the battered walls in the background. Outside the town, the blackened skeletons of huge plants of machinery belonging to destroyed mines stood like giant sentinels against the clear October sky.

Nearing Lens we found a little group of hutments. They were the offices of a " garden city " of five hundred houses that Dutch sympathizers are going to construct as a gift to Lens. It was quite the most comforting sight of the day. After this, the full horror burst upon us : a great mining city, once a larger Wigan or St. Helens, now literally lying in the dust—" not one stone upon another." Yet in this desert of ruins we could see family life going on bravely in corners of broken walls or in underground places. It was astonishing how fashionably turned out many of the women were. As they sauntered along the roads with baskets and other paraphernalia of shopping, it might have been Oxford Street or the Old Kent Road, instead of a scene of blank desolation, with only a sprinkling of huts here and there, and great mountains of coal-slack in the background towering above all.

I recall the naïve unconsciousness of two men who were making an attempt to beautify themselves in a dressing-room which consisted of a circle of stones reaching no higher than their knees! Nude to the waist, they scrubbed themselves with as much energy and unconcern as if the four walls of their home stood intact around them. Yes, " Business as usual " was the key-note of those courageous people, though certainly it took the keenest eye to detect the shops! At midday, we saw children pouring out of curiously improvised shelters labelled *École Primaire*, which proved that education also is not at a standstill.

A few kilometres beyond Lens we landed at a large labour camp, where we received a most hospitable welcome. Having shed a few comforts and games for the men, we motored to another camp on the fringe of a ruined village. As we drew near the village we saw a heap of stones with only the torso of a life-sized Christ placed on some steps, to show where there had once been a church.

It so happened that as we arrived at the camp the men were returning from their work in the outlying country. Therefore they appeared in full force, four hundred strong. Exceedingly quick to understand the reason of our visit, and with admirable foresight, they formed themselves into a long queue, and filed past the car. First, all the cigarettes were doled out ; still the queue continued, until pipes, socks, " hankies," chocolate, had also disappeared! Fortunately every man had received some small gift. This camp had been most cleverly constructed by German prisoners ; they had even adapted a fair-sized pill-box as a storehouse. A football ground had already been laid out, so my companion was able to provide the first football.

Lille was *en fête* when we returned; illuminations on the Grand' Place, a band parading the principal streets, huge crowds of happy people collected in self-congratulatory groups. We had actually forgotten—October 19 was the first anniversary of the Allies' triumphant entry into Lille! Next morning, as we had to find another camp on the outskirts of Lens, we chose a new route, avoiding the intricate passage through the city of despair. Unfortunately it proved the worst road we had yet encountered. We passed several villages so completely demolished that it had been found necessary to stick up a label "This is Arleux," or whatever place the heap of stones had once represented. This plan of marking a buried village was no uncommon sight as we went farther afield.

The camp we sought lay on a lovely rise of ground and was visited in the usual way. Arras being reached about 1 P.M., we journeyed on to Béthune, near which we had been told we should find some important camps. We got back about 6.30, and until 9.30 the time was spent at a Church Army hut, which two ladies are running with splendid energy. Being Sunday, the soldiers from outlying districts were arriving in streams. We had a little sing-song that evening, consisting entirely of *C. Pearson's War Songs*, hymns arranged to popular everyday tunes. The men, one of whom played the accompaniments excellently, were so eager for more and more of these, that the hut was kept open an hour and a half later than usual, for which kindness the two hut ladies received an ovation. Arras, as every one knows, is only half a city, the houses that remain being barely habitable, and we were fortunate in having rooms at all. Window-panes were conspicuously absent, most of the looking-glass had been demolished, and the landing outside was rather spoilt by a shell-hole about four feet across.

Next morning, after replenishing stores, we started towards some outlying labour camps in the direction of Cambrai. At the first one a very kindly Scots O.C. took us round. We also enjoyed seeing the men having a splendid game of football during their dinner-hour. With characteristic sporting instinct they were allowing a few "Chinks" from a salvage camp to fill up any gaps in the teams. We pursued our way to the next cemetery, where a large squad of men were levelling and preparing part of the ground. Some of it was already occupied, and bodies of German as well as British soldiers from outlying graves were being brought in daily. One was awaiting burial. It was good to see the reverent care given to the bones that represented what had once been the body of an enemy.

We had to return to Arras and take an entirely new road, which eventually brought us to Boisleux. By the courtesy of the

O.C. we went round the camp and talked to the men. We pushed on twelve kilometres to another camp. Here, pay day being in full swing, we thought it best merely to leave some gifts for the men in the hands of an officer. During a glorious drive along the Ancre, we were continually stopping to talk with and give "fags" to the soldiers. Many were walking in small parties towards Albert. Along this valley there are miles of forest. The appearance of the poplar-trees in one area is very distressing. By the fortune of war every trace of comeliness has been destroyed. They were black as pitch, with tall, headless trunks, and every branch was stripped of its leaves. Utterly lifeless, they add their testimony to the unspeakable barbarism of asphyxiating gas.

When we reached Albert night had fallen, but by the moon's pale light we could dimly see what is left of that once glorious cathedral. At Méaulte, Church Army hut men, some from a distance of ten kilometres or more, were arriving in confident hope of kindness and comfort from Mrs. Cave and her helpers. We joined a little crowd of soldiers round a table, as thankful as they for a cup of tea. Many of them were from exhumation camps, and were able to furnish us with names of new areas to visit next day. Talking of the trouble taken to identify a body which had lost its disk, one exhumer mentioned an instance that had at first seemed hopeless until, deeply embedded in a mysterious pocket, some marriage-lines were found which cleared up the mystery. It enabled the poor widow to be certain both of the fate and decent burial of her gallant husband.

On Tuesday, our last day for work, we started on the main road to Villers, but so hurried were we that we could not even stop to look at the beautiful town of Villers-Bretonneux. Beyond, off the main road, there was a camp of about one hundred men we wanted to visit. As on the first day, we still felt afraid of being *de trop*. This is the sort of way we had to break the ice when we arrived. "How are you off for footballs?" The sergeant's eyes danced. "Footballs? Why, only yesterday we had to walk miles to borrow one from some Australians." Then, "What about games—draughts, darts, cards, for instance?" asked my companion. "Perhaps you would like to see our canteen?" quietly answered the sergeant, "and you can judge for yourself." We followed him and saw the hut that was used for meals and recreation. The furniture itself was simple, and the windows were covered with a thin, rather oily, material which is a good substitute for glass. The corrugated-iron roof was punctured with holes; healthy enough on that sunny morning, but we devoutly hoped that some new roofing would be ready before the rainy season.

We had to get farther afield, to the other side of the Somme, and having followed the careful directions of the last C.O., we found a cemetery containing German dead which a squad of British was just completing. The remark of the sergeant in charge is worth recording. "I suppose this 'ere ain't quite the kind of job one would choose! But, after all, there's no 'arm in them now, poor chaps. We shall all be the same some day, like as not!" Presently we made a "nose-dive" down to the river bank, crossed the bridge, and found ourselves in a small town with a few shattered walls still standing. The inhabitants were mainly living in dugouts or, at the best, "Nissen huts." A handsome woman of friendly mien, in the garments of the poorest peasant, emerged from one of these, and attempted to answer our questions as to the whereabouts of a certain camp. "*Tiens! les exhumeurs? Mon dieu!*" and she drew herself up with dignity, and explained we were addressing the mayoress of the town! Then she called a little child and sent her to the nearest *estaminet* to ask an English soldier to come and enlighten us. He told us to turn back and we should find a cemetery "on the top, to the right," where men were working. We recrossed the Somme, ascended the hill, and presently found the cemetery, and a large number of graves being prepared in spaces about sixteen feet in length. We walked about, talking to the men, as usual finding them responsive, and also very thankful to hear any little bit of home news we could think of. Presently one of them heard my companion's name. He shouted from the bowels of the earth, where he was digging furiously, "Is that Lord Henry Bentinck's wife? Why! he's my Member! I'm from Notts!" Of course there was much forgathering and handshaking in consequence.

We were just preparing to leave when large wagons drawn by mules, bringing in British dead, came slowly down the road. They turned in and drew up near the open graves. A party of bearers, two at a time, came up to the wagon, lifted out each body and laid it gently on the ground, until everything was ready for burial. Meanwhile, we all stood silently round. There were nine bodies altogether, eight being Australian troopers, each already enveloped in a simple covering carefully stitched together. They had been brought from scattered graves, and in every case the man's identity was unmistakable. The little wooden cross over him had also been lifted and tightly secured to his body until it was placed over the final resting-place. In many cases the bullet-proof helmet was also attached. Finally, bearers came with stretchers and carried each body slowly and reverently to the grave, where it was laid in its special place, and the cross planted again at the head.

It is impossible to minimize the pathos of the scene. Any mother or wife or sister who has not been out there may take comfort from the certainty that when her beloved dead is moved into a large and distinctive cemetery near the battlefields, the individuality of every man and his record stands clearly out. In all the simple grandeur of a soldier's grave, with his comrades lying beside him, nothing can rob him of lasting honour.

We presently saw a thin line of men walking several yards apart, bearing over the plain in our direction, walking slowly and glancing warily from side to side. They were the searchers for the unknown graves and missing soldiers. In this way the whole of each area is carefully gone over from day to day, until every body has been brought in to the graveyards. As they rested a few minutes from their long walk in the sun, the men enjoyed the comforts we had brought, and said they were glad indeed to come across Englishwomen. We had not finished our round, and dared not linger long.

After a short visit to another camp, and giving a Padre a lift on the way, we tore on about twenty-five kilometres, and filled up our stores in Péronne. Another quick run along the exquisite Somme valley, and it was nearly dark when we reached the last big labour camp in that particular area. This also lay in an isolated position, and the O.C. welcomed a football and a supply of games and smokes for the canteen. He also told us of the efforts he was making to obtain a good cinema to cheer the winter evenings for the five hundred men who occupied the camp. We returned late to Amiens, but had been able to visit seven different centres of work during our last day.

The week had flown like a dream, and we would fain have stayed on longer. Many camps were still unvisited, but the remembrance can never be wiped away of that wonderful country of silence, where we had breathed the atmosphere and passed over roads that had been trod by tens of thousands of our "boys." We could almost hear their laughter, and at times felt infected by their gay spirit until the stern landscape reminded us of the truth. That waste of desolation, with interminable trenches, those tortured stumps of trees, dotted about like so many gnomes, the orderly heaps of salvage—munitions, scrap-iron, bundles of barbed wire laid in avenues along every road—what do they mean to those who pass?

To one, probably to all, they seem to say: "A million of our men have died in order that freedom should live. Fulfil the task, teach your boys always that it was the sacrifice and suffering of men and the tears of women which have sought to bring their harvest of safety and peace to the world. Create and re-create throughout the ages that great ideal in their minds as a perpetual tribute to all who fell in the Great War."

Dosia Bagot

THE EVACUATION OF THE DARDANELLES

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES OF WAR

THE publication of the final Report on the Dardanelles Campaign has been long delayed. It finds the people of England with their minds full of urgent present problems, and rightly not disposed to worry too much about old mistakes. The findings of the Commission—hard as they are to unravel—on the vexed question of the attack at Suvla Bay, have been the subject of certain articles in the papers, but little attention has been called to the extraordinary chapter which began with Sir Ian Hamilton's recall and ended with the complete and successful evacuation. Seeing that the evidence and the bulk of the telegrams which were before the Commission have not been published, and that the Report is so cautious in comment, this is hardly surprising. The correspondence of Lord Kitchener during this period will be full of interest and perhaps throw some light on dark places. In the meantime, it may be not amiss to record how things looked to some of those on the spot,* who were in a position to follow closely the course of events which led to a tardy decision and who, knowing the dangers of delay, were kept on tenterhooks for fear that the decision would come too late to anticipate the bad weather, which would have turned what was a triumph into a disaster.

At the beginning of October (1915) the general feelings at G.H.Q. were none too cheerful. The offensive of August had failed, the force was tired and much depleted, and there was nothing to do but remain on the defensive and wait for further decisions on the part of the authorities at home. There had been some excitement over the abortive scheme to send four French divisions to the Asiatic shore, and then considerable turmoil over sending the 10th Division to Salonika. The resignation of Venizelos, the mobilization of Bulgaria, the Serbian retreat, and, finally, the failure of the Allied offensive on the Western Front did not add to our cheerfulness, nor were reports from Staff officers who at that time visited England encouraging as to the state of feeling at home. The Army was woefully short of men, and the supply of munitions still too small, though the new Minister of Munitions was working very hard. The French and British Governments were obviously very much distracted by the turn of events in the Near East, but unable definitely to make up their minds what to do. They made up their minds, at all events, that more troops must be sent. The French, from the outset, intended to send theirs to Salonika, but the British Government was not so clear. As the Report of the Dardanelles Commission shows, the first idea was to send the troops to Egypt, but before deciding on their ultimate destination, it was necessary to come to some decision as to the future of the force locked up on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Events at Salonika, as it turned out, moved too fast for them. The 22nd, 26th, 27th, and 28th Divisions had eventually to go there as fast as they could. However, the Government determined to have an independent report on the position in the Dardanelles. General Monro, with his Chief of the General Staff, was hastily snatched from command of the 3rd Army in France, and after lightning interviews at the War Office, where they picked up what information they could, they sailed for Imbros on October 22. It is worth while to note, in the light of subsequent events, that General Monro was given the command of all the forces in the Mediterranean, at least ten divisions, and was told by Lord Kitchener, as the Report says, to report " fully and frankly " on the military position, to consider the best means of removing the existing deadlock, and to report " whether, in his opinion, *on purely military grounds*, it was better to evacuate Gallipoli or to make another attempt to carry it." It will be seen that when this military opinion was given it was met with almost entirely political considerations.

---

* To avoid any possible misunderstanding I may say that this article is nothing more than the rewriting, in the light of the Report of the Dardanelles Commission, of a very full diary kept at the time. Many years hence the diary may see the light in full.

Meanwhile, G.H.Q. at Imbros was waiting to see what would turn up from home, and was preparing to move from its exposed and sandy summer camp to another at the foot of the rocky pass leading to Panaghia. Moving was a slow and gradual business. On October 15 part of the General Staff moved their offices, leaving other parts to come on to the still very incomplete camp next day, when Sir Ian Hamilton and General Braithwaite, his C.G.S., were also to move into their new quarters. In the night the telegram came which, when deciphered early next morning by Sir Ian, announced his recall and that of General Braithwaite. He was told that General Monro was coming out with an unnamed Chief of the General Staff, and that General Birdwood was to command till he arrived. This came to us all like a bolt from the blue, increasing both excitement and depression, also adding to the confusion of the move. What the change portended nobody could foretell; all we could do was to await the lords from a strange country, who would not be likely to be too lenient to our shortcomings. We said good-bye painfully to our old Commander, and settled down to wait, leaderless—for at the moment General Birdwood was recuperating from slight illness on board the *Cornwallis*. He arrived shortly afterwards.

Now it is quite clear to anybody who reads the Report of the Dardanelles Commission that Lord Kitchener felt himself at liberty, in spite of General Monro's appointment, to ask for General Birdwood's views direct. In the interval between Sir Ian Hamilton's departure and General Monro's arrival, two appreciations had to be prepared and wired to the War Office, one on the prospects of renewing the attack, the other on the prospects of resisting a stronger attack which the direct communication of Germany with Constantinople, owing to Bulgaria's joining the enemy, made extremely probable. A doggerel poem, composed as the latter of these appreciations, gained some success in the small circle concerned. Its final allusion is to the passage in Sir Ian Hamilton's first dispatch, in which he said that the Navy had been "a father and a mother" to us all. General Birdwood did not send this appreciation, but he appreciated it—it was not far off the truth:

DRAFT REPLY TO W.O. TELEGRAM 9116 M.O. 452

Your ninety-one sixteen M.O. four five two
  Was carefully noted by us.
The following is our deliberate view,
  In fact we envisage it thus:
In case of a very much stronger attack
  With German munitions of war,
Having neither munitions nor men to hit back
  We'll just carry on as we are.

Each gun will as heretofore proudly let drive
  One round—two on Sundays—a day,
And should any ship with munitions arrive
  Why P.N.T.O.* will send her away.
The enemy, having 10,000 per gun,
  Will counterbat gaily in lumps,
And we shall have drawn all his rounds with our one—
  Our singleton drawing his trumps.

The beaches by day will be getting too warm
  For landing so much as one tin.
But that, after all, will not do us much harm,
  For the days are now fast drawing in.
By night we can land bully-beef tins in tiers,
  Men and stores, ammunition and flour,
And if a bad storm smash the pumps and the piers
  We'll wire to F W. four.†

The Taubes have hitherto been rather rare
  And flying too dreadfully high,
But when they are thick we may manage with care
  To hit one in twenty, we'll try.

---

* Pronounced "Pinto." The Principal Naval Transport Officer.

† F.W. 4. A department of the W.O. dealing in engineer stores.

The bombs they have dropped have been almost too few
  To frighten the General Staff,
But if they successfully *strafe* G.H.Q.
  The troops in the trenches will laugh.

If after sustaining repeated attacks
  Congestion is simply immense
On the hospital ships, we will certainly wax
  Sarcastic at Porter's * expense.
And when the survivors can stick it no more
  And find it unhealthy to stay—
Why Father and Mother who put us ashore
  Will just have to take us away.

On October 28 Generals Monro and Lynden Bell came on shore from H.M.S. *Chatham*, the light cruiser in which they had come from Marseilles. I don't know that we made a very good impression, being many of us run down with the usual internal troubles of the Dardanelles, with our rough camp and our rough kit. Matters were made a little more difficult by the fact that the poor Generals had been pushed off in such a hurry that they, being used to French châteaux, had got no camp equipment, and there were even no beds or basins for them at first. We learned, anyhow, something of the situation in France, and, as regards ourselves, that General Monro was to form an opinion on the situation, and was also to go to Egypt and Salonika to consult General Maxwell and General Mahon respectively on the whole position in the Near East. General Monro was allowed to waste no time by Lord Kitchener, who wanted his appreciation at once. In two days of hard work visiting the positions he made up his mind, and on Sunday evening, October 31, the appreciation, most of which is given on pages 53 and 54 of the Final Report, was telegraphed home. Well I remember the pages of foolscap, written in pencil in the General's most illegible hand, as it was enciphered by the light of a feeble lamp in one of the Staff officers' tents. Very few people knew the contents of that telegram. To those who did it gave the first ray of hope for the future—a hope that wise and definite decisions would be made at once, that a waste of energy and lives on useless ends would cease, and that the force would not long remain the lame, uncared-for thing, looking out doggedly but dully on a grey future, that it now was.

The "full and frank" opinion, clearly argued, admirably expressed, had been given by the man entrusted by the Government with giving them advice at first hand. But the Secretary of State was Lord Kitchener, and that made a great deal of difference. The Dardanelles Commission has reported that Sir Ian seemed to regard Lord Kitchener rather as Commander-in-Chief than

---

* Sir James Porter, Principal Hospital Transport Officer sent out by the Admiralty.

Secretary of State. The anomaly was obvious to everybody. Having sent off his telegram, General Monro decided to leave in H.M.S. *Chatham* on Tuesday, November 2, for Egypt, where he would consult General Maxwell, who, as was already well known, had considerable anxiety about the security of Egypt, the defence of the Canal, and the state of Mohammedan feeling all over the East if the Turks were not engaged somewhere, or were in any way allowed to score an obvious success. Thence, General Monro was to go to Salonika, north of which the situation was rapidly getting worse and worse. This departure was postponed by Lord Kitchener's telegram of November 1, asking if the Corps Commanders agreed with General Monro's appreciation. This rather marked want of confidence in the opinion of a man sent specially out to form it, led to considerable scurrying to and fro and fetching of the three Corps Commanders from the Peninsula. General Byng did not arrive from Suvla till 1.30 A.M. that night, and when he did arrive had to return to the *Cornwallis* and wait till morning. On November 2 the three Corps Commanders gave in writing their opinions, as shown in the Report. Generals Byng and Davies agreed unreservedly: General Birdwood dissented, mainly on political grounds. "From Indian experience," he said, "I fear the result on the Mohammedan world in India, Egypt, and Mesopotamia." This was the great bogy which throughout stood in the way of a decision. A triumph for the Turks, loss of British prestige, the East in flames, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, and Egypt overrun—to General Birdwood, to Lord Kitchener, to General Maxwell these considerations at the time seemed paramount. The Dardanelles Commission, on page 85 of their Report, has quietly commented on the falsification by events of this obsession.

The Corps Commanders' views were duly wired to London, and the Government was left face to face with a very grave decision. Meanwhile, on November 3, General Monro and his Chief of General Staff, an A.D.C., and two officers of the General Staff left for Alexandria in the bosom of that most hospitable of all ships' companies, the captain, officers, and men of H.M.S. *Chatham*. We arrived without event at Alexandria on the afternoon of November 4, and left at once for Cairo in a special train. General Monro sailed from Imbros on November 3 Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean outside Egypt. Hardly had he left the island than, without his knowing it, his status changed into "something new and strange." Pages 54 and 55 of the Report show, without any comment, the extraordinary telegrams which Lord Kitchener began to send to General Birdwood as soon as the man chosen by himself to report had sent home his unpalatable conclusion and put to sea. The case, indeed, had altered. The Government could not come to a decision without asking Lord Kitchener to go out and see for himself, and at this very moment came the vigorous effort of Commodore (now Admiral Sir Roger) Keyes to get permission for the Fleet to have another dash at the Narrows. Lord Kitchener saw him on November 3 and 4 (see the Final Report, page 56), and conveyed the impression of agreeing with him: hence the extraordinary telegram to General Birdwood dated November 3, of which these are the salient passages:

> You know the report sent in by Monro. I shall come out to you; am leaving to-morrow night. I have seen Captain Keyes, and I believe the Admiralty will agree to making naval attempt to force the passage of the Straits. We must do what we can to assist them. . . . Examine very carefully the best position for landing near the marsh at the head of the Gulf of Xeros. . . . As regards Command, you would have the whole force. . . . *I absolutely refuse to sign orders for evacuation, which I think would be the gravest disaster, and would condemn a large percentage of our men to death or imprisonment.* . . . Monro will be appointed to the Command of the Salonika force.

It is hard to imagine what was the point of sending out General Monro if Lord Kitchener was so rooted in his own preconceived notions, and so ready to reduce an already successful Army Commander from a very large Command on the Mediterranean to the Command of a force of problematical size at Salonika—at the moment only consisting of one division. The naval scheme, as we see, was scotched, but Lord Kitchener's telegrams were not cancelled. The whole position was left in abeyance till he arrived, and a great strain was put upon the loyalty of General Birdwood, who, like the admirable soldier that he is, kept the projected change of Command an entire secret, though he was, *de facto*, Commander of the whole Dardanelles force in succession to General Monro from November 3 onwards. What, then, of General Monro? He was met by General Maxwell at Cairo in the evening of November 4, conducted, with his Staff, to a suite of rooms at Shepheard's Hotel, and given, with his Staff, a most admirable champagne dinner in the sitting-room. All was cheerfulness and jollity. After dessert the junior members were dismissed, under the wing of a most knowing A.D.C., to taste the pleasures of Cairo, while General Maxwell talked business with General Monro. The junior staff returned pretty late, but woke up next morning to find a deep depression instead of the cheerfulness of the night before. From General Maxwell's lips General Monro had learned of the turn of events: instead of commanding in the Mediterranean he was to have a force of five divisions at Salonika; even his Chief of Staff was to be taken from him. As he was that morning in Cairo, he had literally nothing but what he stood up in, no Staff, no A.D.C., hardly any kit—nothing but the prospect of seeing Lord Kitchener, for that was certain, and of learning more from him. The great man was to arrive at Alexandria in a few days. To us who had accompanied General Monro, though we only heard the bare facts, the whole procedure would have seemed astounding if it had not been so dramatically typical. Having been in the Dardanelles for six months, we felt there was no limit to the strangeness of the deeds and words that we might expect from home. At that moment no policy had been laid down for the Salonika force; one brigade of the 10th Division was engaged with the Bulgarians near Lake Doiran, the two other brigades were moving up, and the 22nd Division was disembarking at Salonika. While waiting for Lord Kitchener's arrival there was little to be done except to suck the brains of the Intelligence Department in Cairo, first about Salonika, secondly about Alexandretta. The Report of the Dardanelles Commission (pages 56 and 57) makes summary allusions to this latter place, but does not reveal the important part which it played in the politics of that curious time. The scheme was briefly this: if evacuation of the Dardanelles were, after all, necessary, there must be a *quid pro quo.* In the view of the alarmists, evacuation was unthinkable unless the Turkish Army were immediately engaged elsewhere, its eastward flow checked, and the dreadful effects of leaving the Peninsula on Moslem opinion neutralized. Therefore it occurred to some one, I know not whom, that we might revert to the scheme almost put into practice when the attack on the Dardanelles superseded it. We should occupy a position in the neighbourhood of Alexandretta, after a landing—yes, another landing—at Ayas Bay, thereby effectively stopping the Turks from reaching the Canal and Mesopotamia. The practical difficulties were made light of by those who had not been in the Dardanelles to know what landing meant, how slow it was, and the appalling difficulty of maintaining entirely seaward communications in bad weather. However, there it was: the scheme had to be explored, and it turned out politic to explore it.

On November 7 another dramatic change occurred. Lord Kitchener did not, as the Dardanelles Report says he did, consult anybody at Alexandria, because he did not go there. A quiet day was turned into pandemonium by the sudden news that he was sailing direct to Mudros, and that General Monro, General Maxwell, and Sir Henry MacMahon, who was then High Commissioner in Egypt, were to meet him there, sailing at once in the *Chatham.* Orders flew, kit was packed, and we all bundled off somehow. By 8 A.M. on November 8 the *Chatham* was off, her poor sides nearly cracking with the weight of military and diplomatic opinion she carried. General Maxwell brought his A.D.C., Lord Anglesey, and Sir Henry MacMahon, Colonel Bigham, his military attaché. All these, besides General Monro and four other officers, had to be stowed in a small cruiser fully manned for active service. Never have I, as a soldier, felt more apologetic to the sailors, who behaved with an unselfish courtesy beyond all praise. A silver salver in the ward-room commemorates inadequately the gratitude then felt by the intruders. Our private conversation turned inevitably on what would be the outcome of this eventful meeting. Much was still dark: Lord Kitchener's unequivocal pronouncement to General Birdwood against evacuation was unknown: it was generally felt that he alone could supply the data necessary for coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

The *Chatham* arrived in Mudros on November 9: Lord Kitchener had not yet arrived, but his correspondence with General Birdwood in the interval became, of course, known to a few. The naval project suddenly embraced, quickly rejected, came to light, and it became obvious that any forecast of the decision was impossible. The one thing necessary was for the responsible officers concerned to make up their minds to a policy. Military considerations alone concerned General Monro: wider considerations necessarily influenced General Maxwell and Sir Henry MacMahon. Their memoirs of this time, if ever published, will be interesting. The need for diplomacy was obvious: whatever view was to carry the day, persuasion would be necessary. Those who knew, but had merely to watch and devil, watched with keen interest the thickening of the diplomatic atmosphere: conferences took place; now this pair, now that, would pace the short quarter-deck in earnest conversation. Ten days had now passed since General Monro had given his considered opinion, nine since General Byng had said that the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac, if carried out at once, could be done voluntarily and cheaply. Three weeks later, it may be remarked, the sudden blizzard caused over 10,000 casualties, nearly all at Suvla.

Lord Kitchener arrived that evening in H.M.S. *Dartmouth*, another light cruiser, with General Horne, a Staff officer, and two military private secretaries, Colonel Fitzgerald and Colonel Storr. That evening a first conference was held at which General Birdwood was also present, and on November 10 the Secretary of State made H.M.S. *Lord Nelson* his headquarters. The sessions of high thought continued. To an observer there appeared to be an anxiety on the part of some on board the *Chatham* to "get there first." It was a matter of picket-boats and launches: on the morning of November 10, I remember, diplomacy was fifteen minutes ahead of the rest, to the irritation of one, at least, of the rest. Duty took me on board the *Lord Nelson* that morning, and I spent most of the following week in the Admiral's dining-room, which formed the main office, while Lord Kitchener reigned in the inner sanctuary of the drawing-room. An observer, seated at the green baize table, could remark all the coming and going, the *empressement*, and the subtle changes of temperature and atmosphere, which are the same in all ante-rooms of the great. Glimpses were caught of the conferences, of Lord Kitchener massive and overwhelming, General Monro with his warrior's face set hard as a rock, the portly carriage of General Maxwell, the keen features and slight figure of Sir Henry MacMahon. There was amusement, too, to be derived from the entourage, which brought a whiff of Whitehall incense into this far-off theatre of war, hitherto so cut off from the atmosphere of home. A bending back and a poking nose, typical of palace-frequenters, distinguished one of our visitors, and in another we had an excellent example of a chamberlain's bearing, the weighty air of one who penetrates the sanctuary at all times, the solicitude, the hollow echo of the "views," the whisper behind a departing back, which conveyed the great man's frown or reflected his smile. There was war within a few miles of us, hard and without respite; this was not war, but it represented the *coulisses* of every war. When I hear the words "I am no politician, only a plain soldier," I laugh. I have seen a combination of the two.

The Report of the Dardanelles Commission says of this time:

> The telegrams which then passed between him and the Prime Minister show that Lord Kitchener was greatly concerned as to the difficulty of defending Egypt, in the event of an evacuation of the Peninsula; and that he advocated a landing at Ayas Bay, in the neighbourhood of Alexandretta, with the object of cutting the Turkish railway communications. This project necessitated the withdrawal of forces from both Salonika and France, and the diversion of Indian Divisions then on their way to Mesopotamia. It did not commend itself to the General Staff at the War Office, and was ultimately rejected at a joint conference between representatives of the British and French Governments held in Paris on November 17.

Leaving this as a summary of the official correspondence, which was exceedingly interesting, both humanly and historically, let us return to the point of view of the privileged observer. To such a one, as a very full diary records, the impression on November 10 was *tout va bien*, the observer, be it said, being chiefly preoccupied with the fate of the Dardanelles Army, and with the hope that it would assist more profitably in winning the war than it then seemed to be doing. From the outset, so it seemed, there was no ruling out of evacuation as "unthinkable"; it was made fairly obvious that no further success could be gained by staying in the Dardanelles, whereupon the main decision was postponed for a consideration of the *quid pro quo*. Egypt! Egypt! was the cry: there was an intelligence report that 750,000 Germans, destined to attack Egypt, had reached Vienna: Lord Kitchener had been Sirdar, the military and diplomatic chiefs of Egypt were present, how should Egypt and the Mohammedan bogy not seem to loom larger than the mere military question, what to do with the Dardanelles Army? The Ayas Bay scheme was accepted in principle, and an inquiry began into its details. What its putting into practice might have led to one is thankful not to have to inquire: as it was, it served as an admirable solvent for conflicting views which, but for its influence, might have come into fiercer opposition. Also, as General Monro did not go off to Salonika, and continued to act as Commander-in-Chief of the Dardanelles Army, there seemed some likelihood of his retaining the position with which he had originally been invested. A chamberlain whispered, "He's a really great man": such admirable views—startlingly different as they were from recent impressions of Whitehall's attitude—were discreetly applauded by the acute. Certainly, on the face of it, the Ayas Bay scheme seemed peculiarly unpromising to those who had seen the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula and knew what it meant to maintain the force. The landing of four divisions in five days was airily talked of. On the Peninsula, with the supply of boats available, the landing of a division complete took fourteen days. Besides, where was the Navy, already hard put to it, to find the small craft, since the idea was to land at Ayas Bay before leaving the Peninsula? There was the further question whether the locking up of another small force was really going to assist in bringing victory. These things were discussed between the few who knew of them with some animation. Luckily there were diplomats on both sides. A stiff-necked attitude over the Ayas Bay scheme might have ruined everything: after all, even if it failed, it could be regarded in a different sense as a *quid pro quo* for doing the right thing in the Dardanelles. It was only possible at all on certain improbable assumptions; it was therefore politic to leave those assumptions to assert inexorably their own improbability, as they did sooner than was expected.

For the military and diplomatic chiefs of Egypt the adoption of the scheme had this disadvantage, that it kept them chafing and idle at Mudros till the British Government informed Lord Kitchener of their acceptance of it—rejection was hardly considered—so that he could return, via Egypt, with all the party who had so suddenly left it. Another cause of delay was the very anxious situation at Salonika, since the Greek Government was adopting a threatening attitude as to what it would do if British, French, or Serbian troops were driven back on to Greek territory. On November 12, 13, and 14 Lord Kitchener visited the positions at Helles, Anzac, and Suvla respectively. During this time the observer learned that a new factor had come into the situation. The Government had actually criticized the scheme, and suggested that Egypt could better be defended in Egypt. This, of course, was rank heresy to Egyptian pundits, who saw Tunis and Algiers at once in a blaze, and a fiercer conflagration in Egypt. But "What had happened?" the observer was forced to ask himself. Had the Cabinet, in the absence of the dominating Secretary of State for War for some days, gathered up courage to poke out the nose of its independence, first furtively, then boldly, like a mouse when the cat is away? Had they at last taken advice on military matters from their proper adviser, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and had the General Staff actually found itself in the position to criticize a plan which commended itself to the Secretary of State? It appeared so, and if it were true, then there was no limit to the possibilities of future portents. It was then for the first time that a suspicion crossed certain minds that, incredible as it might seem, the war might end with a different Secretary of State for War from him with whom it so greatly began. As it was, there was some asperity. The ante-room atmosphere was heavy and ominous: answers must be sent to these absurd objections to a scheme necessitated by Eastern policy as it presented itself to acknowledged experts. There were some charged with the examination of detail, who found themselves in the position of having to refute objections with which they heartily agreed: but this is all in the day's work of a Staff officer. Facts tell pretty quickly in war, and it is fairly safe to leave it at that. The overwhelming anxiety of those who had purely military interests at heart, was to get these matters of high policy settled as quickly as possible, so that the evacuation could be put in hand at once. All learned with resignation the departure of Mr. Winston Churchill from the Government, and on November 15 Lord Kitchener sent the telegram printed in the Report of the Dardanelles Commission. This shows that the principle of evacuation had been definitely accepted, and that preparations were being pushed on. The question of Ayas Bay was still undecided, but it already looked far less promising, and thoughts were beginning to turn to the awful prospect of defending Egypt in Egypt. It now remained for the Government to make up their minds, before which they had to consult the French Government. Meanwhile, Lord Kitchener and his party left for Salonika in the *Dartmouth*, while General Monro and his party accompanied him in the *Chatham*. This seemed finally to settle General Monro's position as supreme Commander in both theatres: rumour gave him general command subsequently in the Levant. Both parties returned to Mudros on November 19.

No telegram had yet been received from the Cabinet in reply to Lord Kitchener's of November 15, though he received a request that he would go to visit the King of Greece at Athens. Lord Kitchener, it was plain to the antechamber, was very fidgety all day, a fidgetiness increased by news that the Senoussi were beginning to give trouble on the western frontier of Egypt. The long-expected telegram still delayed, and Lord Kitchener intended to start that evening for Athens on his way home. In the end he decided to return to Mudros from Athens for a day to give final instructions. Just before he left, the anxiety was allayed by the Government's telegram of November 19, which is quoted in the Report. The two Governments had decided against the Ayas Bay scheme, two more divisions were ordered direct to Salonika, and Lord Kitchener was to give his "considered opinion as to evacuation of the Peninsula, in whole or part," without any *quid pro quo*. He returned to Mudros on November 21, and next day sent the reply quoted in the Report, in which he recommended the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac, and the retention of Cape Helles for the present. The War Committee at once came to a decision in the same sense, and also reported that they did not think the naval advantages of retaining Cape Helles commensurate with the military disadvantages. It is quite certain that Lord Kitchener received news of this decision before he left at 3.30 A.M. on November 24, taking with him General Maxwell, Sir Henry MacMahon, and General Horne, the latter to remain a short time in Egypt to evolve that grandiose and expensive scheme for defending the Suez Canal a few thousand yards to the east with a continuous line of strong positions, protected by heavy guns, and supplied by roads and light railways, which in the event was found to be wholly unnecessary, and which was never carried out.

Thus, on November 23, General Monro was left once more in command of the British forces in the Eastern Mediterranean outside Egypt, with General Birdwood in command of the Dardanelles Army. General Monro set up his new General Headquarters, which now had to be hastily formed, in the most uncomfortable quarters possible, on board the *Aragon*. This notorious ship was already crowded with the Headquarters Staff of the Inspector-General of Communications, and, whatever luxury she may have presented at the beginning of the campaign, she then presented none. She smelt like a bad drain, the food was nasty, the stewards (who subsequently struck) discontented, and the office accommodation for a Commander-in-Chief's Headquarters preposterous. The General Staff, the cipher officers, and the Quartermaster-General's Staff were all crowded into the tiny children's saloon, separated by decks and companions from the clerks, who worked in a kind of stuffy purgatory. The Adjutant-General's Staff had shyly to insert themselves into a corner of the big saloon when meals were cleared away. Worse conditions for important work could not have been devised, though they were made unavoidable partly because there was no adequate accommodation on land, partly because General Monro had seriously injured his ankle in getting from the *Dartmouth* into a launch on a rough day at Salonika. Many of us will always look on the succeeding month as a nightmare. Work was desperately hard and continuous, ill-health made an originally small staff short-handed, anxiety was intense, and the havoc wrought by the blizzard of November 27 among the troops additionally saddening.

There seemed no doubt, when Lord Kitchener left us, that the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac had been decided on: preparations were pushed on with the utmost haste, for the prospect of winter storms hung over us like an evil spectre. Such storms would not only destroy piers, boats, and landing-places, as on November 27, but might well stop all communication with the Peninsula for several days. Should such a storm occur in the final stages of an evacuation, it would mean inevitable disaster. From November 27–30 I was absent at Imbros collecting papers for G.H.Q. On my return to the *Aragon* I found that a new delay had occurred. The question of evacuation was still under decision by the Cabinet, and previous instructions were cancelled. Nobody knew why, nor could guess a reason with which to still anxiety. The Report of the Dardanelles Commission reveals it. Lord Curzon's memoranda, well known to have contained a most lurid picture of the probable horrors of evacuation, helped to lose the precious days. While he and his colleagues conjured up nightmares of what would happen if evacuation were agreed to, we, on the spot, were visited with more vivid ones still of what might happen if there were no evacuation or if the decision were delayed too long. The blizzard which began on November 27 showed what we might expect. On December 1 General Monro wired, pressing urgently for a decision. He said (Report, page 58):

> Experience of recent storms indicates there is no time to lose. General Birdwood telegraphed yesterday that if evacuation is to be made possible it is essential to take advantage of every fine day from now. If decision cannot be reached very shortly, it may be equivalent to deciding against evacuation.

But the bugbear of political consequences blinded the eyes of those who dreaded them to the immediate dangers of the Dardanelles force. Lord Curzon's memoranda were dated, the Report tells us, November 25 and 30. On December 2 Lord Kitchener telegraphed to General Monro that there was strong feeling even against partial evacuation, and asking what he could do if the four divisions from Salonika were placed at his disposal. Nothing was said of how soon these divisions could get there or be disembarked ready for active operations. General Monro's answer was plain and obvious: there was no reasonable chance of success, and naval co-operation, so far as guns went, was of little value owing to the configuration of the ground.

Mr. Bonar Law replied to Lord Curzon's memoranda on December 4. His reply, as quoted in the Report of the Commission, is a conclusive and a scathing document, pointing out the repeated military advice which the Cabinet had received in favour of evacuation. Even the War Committee, in spite of the opposition of the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty, had decided to follow unanimous military advice. "Their recommendation was brought before the Cabinet, with the result that, on a matter in regard to which delay must be dangerous and may be fatal, no decision has been reached. *I hope that my colleagues will agree with me that the war cannot be carried to a successful issue by methods such as these.*" But opposition in the Cabinet was not the only stumbling-block. The pertinacious Navy, in the gallantest spirit of not submitting to failure without a desperate struggle, made a determined effort to prevent General Monro's advice from being carried out. Admiral Wemyss had succeeded Admiral de Robeck; Commodore Keyes was back at Mudros. The Report of the Dardanelles Commission dryly observes: "From November 25 to December 8 Vice-Admiral Wemyss, with remarkable pertinacity, advocated a renewal of the naval attack in a series of telegrams to the First Lord of the Admiralty." The pertinacity was due mainly to the great future leader of the Dover Patrol, and it did not make the situation at Mudros any easier. Deep divergences of opinion cannot be hidden. It is plain to any one who reads the Report that at that critical time the naval and military commanders on the spot held diametrically opposite views: it was still more plain at the time. Nevertheless, at last, military advice carried the day. On December 7 the Cabinet decided, mainly on the advice of Lord Kitchener, who had then returned, that Suvla and Anzac should be evacuated and Cape Helles retained. General Monro and Admiral Wemyss were at once informed. Even then the latter persisted still more vehemently in the remarkable telegram quoted at length on pages 58 and 59 of the Report. It is a telegram entering fully into military as well as naval considerations: it contradicts General Monro, and practically suggests his supersession by General Birdwood. The Commission have done well to print it in full, for it is an historical document. The stopper, however, was effectually put on by Mr. Balfour, and things were allowed to run their course.

The fateful telegram announcing the decision reached General Monro at Salonika on the afternoon of December 8, thirty-eight days after he had given his "full and frank" advice, which was now to be carried out. "We think that after the advice of Sir Charles Monro had been confirmed by Lord Kitchener the decision to evacuate should have been taken at once": this is the finding of the Dardanelles Commission. As it was, the decision to evacuate Suvla and Anzac coincided with a time when another withdrawal seemed likely to be forced on us—this time from Salonika. The heroic 10th Division, under General Mahon, had just begun its painful retreat from Lake Doiran, and it was immediately necessary to organize a defensive position round Salonika to cover a possible re-embarkation. Thither General Monro had hastened in the faithful *Chatham*, to find both the harbour and the future of operations in a thick fog. It certainly looked then as if the Mediterranean force was faced with the necessity of carrying out two evacuations simultaneously. We wondered how public opinion at home would stand it. Luckily the situation eased at Salonika, and effort could be concentrated on Suvla and Anzac. Instructions to carry on with the preparations had been telegraphed to General Birdwood on December 8, but General Monro was forced to stay at Salonika, where there was a distinct possibility of open rupture with the Greeks, and a great deal of diplomacy to be used in smoothing the relations between them and the French, which were becoming a little excited. All attention had to be switched off the Dardanelles for the moment, and it was not till Sunday, December 12, that the *Chatham* returned to Mudros via Imbros. Those who returned from Salonika in the *Chatham* were interested, to say the least, by learning the final blaze of naval pertinacity which had occurred since December 8. It was a transitory interest, however, and it is only right to say that in assisting the evacuation, which they regretted, there was no limit to the Navy's pertinacity. The weather on December 14 was magnificent, which gave every hope for success in the final stages of the evacuation. December 18–19 were the critical days. By the mercy of Providence they were calm, and the weather did not break till shortly after the last man was off the beaches. On the morning of December 20, when all was known, a sigh of relief went up from the *Aragon*.

Now the further question remained. A large number of troops were now set free. They must be reorganized and welded into a more efficient force for use elsewhere. Also, was Cape Helles, after all, worth retention, in view of the expense in life, stores, and energy involved? General Monro thought not, and lost no time in telegraphing his views to Lord Kitchener. The telegram was dispatched on December 20, and on the 22nd, as the Report states, the General Staff at the War Office advised the Government to evacuate Cape Helles with the least possible delay. It was not this news, however, which reached Mudros: what did arrive was the recall of General Monro immediately to command an army in France, and the news that Sir Archibald Murray, whose headquarters were to be in Egypt, would exercise general supervision over the forces in the Dardanelles and Salonika. Apart from personal implications, the amusing thing about this was that it knocked on the head an already well-advanced scheme for setting up G.H.Q. at Castro, some miles off across the island of Lemnos. The Camp Commandant and the Q.M.G.'s department had been busily at work for some time, building, hiring, evicting. It was absolutely necessary to get out of the *Aragon* if we were to stay in the Dardanelles through the winter. The indecision of the Government added, in this way, a few hundred pounds of wasted expenditure on to the War Bill.

At all events, this looked like business at last. Except for regret at losing our now familiar Commander-in-Chief, the acute observers felt considerable jubilation. One thing was obvious: if Sir Archibald Murray was to come to Egypt, somebody must succeed him as C.I.G.S. A terseness and vigour which had suddenly become noticeable in telegrams from the War Office—compositions of a man who knew exactly what he meant and expressed it clearly—put this successor beyond doubt. Sir William Robertson had taken the helm, and he lost no time in letting us know that all communications were to be addressed to *him*. A diary of that day contains a new note of hope in commenting on December 22:

> The excellent thing about to-day's news is, of course, the fact that it takes away troops from a useless sphere and gives them a chance of resting, reorganizing, fitting up, and being trained into a really first-class fighting machine for killing Boches.

Bloodthirsty, but true. We really began to hope again, especially as the position at Salonika was already impregnable.

All arrangements were made for the departure of General Monro on December 25, when counter-orders arrived to keep us from getting dull. General Monro was to stay till General Murray arrived: but there was still no word of Cape Helles. This was followed on December 24 by telegraphic authorization to make all preparations for the evacuation of Cape Helles, provided no actual or irrevocable step were taken. Christmas Day was like an English day of early summer. A German aeroplane brought us a few small and harmless Christmas presents, and we were able to indulge in restrained rejoicings, the more so as our departure from Mudros, loathed spot, was now so near. The bulk of G.H.Q., in fact, was ordered to sail in the *Ascanius* on December 27 to Egypt, to be followed on the 30th by General Monro and a small staff on board H.M.S. *Cornwallis*. Negotiations regarding the location of the new G.H.Q. began to proceed apace with a rather mystified Egypt, and during the afternoon the bulk of G.H.Q. embarked, leaving two General Staff officers and the skeleton of an office to compete with what might turn up during this new interregnum. The writer being one of them can testify that the competition was at times severe. On December 28 instructions came that we were not to leave till an important telegram was received. What this meant was obvious, but it was also obvious that every day was precious. Halcyon weather was now blessing us, but for how long it would continue who could tell? All that day a great clearing-up took place in the General Staff office: General Monro and most of his small party went over to the *Cornwallis*, leaving the Staff officers to await the telegram anxiously expected. At 5.20 P.M. it came at last. Cape Helles was to be evacuated as fast as possible. The last chapter of the agitated record of the Dardanelles Army was now fairly opened: it was only to be hoped that it would as fairly close.

At 7 P.M. we left the evil-smelling *Aragon*, clambering with gladness for the last time down her long, steep gangway. Once more we joined a hospitable ward-room, and looked forward to a short respite from agitation. Final arrangements, as a matter of fact, kept our General at Mudros for three more days, but on December 31 our departure was fixed for the morrow. That afternoon we walked for the last time on Lemnos Island, and, at night, after a cheerful game of mild poker, we heard the traditional sixteen bells rung, while all the ships in that vast harbour saluted the new year with their syrens and whistles, and Very lights rose gaily from the shore.

The New Year, while only a few hours old, saw the *Cornwallis* steaming out of Mudros Bay, and more than one of those on board trusted that they would never see it again. Anxiety was not yet over, but the year had begun well. New and splendid possibilities opened for the heroic force, a great Staff officer was making himself felt at the War Office, decision had given place to indecision. If the war was going to be won, at least we of the Dardanelles Army should now be helping to win it. The world knows how brilliantly the final evacuation was carried out: it hardly realizes what one day more of delay would have meant. As it was, the last hours of the process on the early morning of January 8 brought a wind which added enormously to the difficulties. But the chapter closed well: all England breathed again. The lean kine of the Dardanelles were carried by the ships to Egypt. How they ate up the fat kine whom they found there is another story, amusing, too, but without the desperately tragic possibilities lurking in all the delays which attended the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

ORLO WILLIAMS

A FAMOUS MAGISTRATE

A FEW years ago Scotland Yard turned its attention to literature, and was very much shocked. Prosecutions followed, and in the course of one of these inquiries the intelligent constable was asked, with the view of testing his critical qualities, whether he considered *Tom Jones* an immoral work. With all the courage of his anticipated conviction, he answered, " Yes." He was then asked whether he knew it had been written by a Bow Street magistrate. Good sense prevailed—the prosecution was laughed out of court, and Scotland Yard returned to the more suitable occupation of thief-catching. The prosecution, at any rate, served two useful purposes. It taught the police to leave literature alone and reminded the public of what many of them had forgotten, that Henry Fielding, in the course of his short but busy life, did admirable work as a London magistrate.

The improvidence of writers has always been a theme of reproach, and most unfairly. If a man lives from hand to mouth, even if the hand has a pen in it, he can hardly be blamed for spending money upon the rare occasions when he gets it. As a character says in *Bleak House* with excellent sense, " What is the use of living economically if you have not any money ? " It is only with an assured position that prudence, that unfriendly virtue, begins to make itself felt. Captain Booth is not far wrong when he says in *Amelia*, " You can receive favours only from the generous, and, to be plain with you, there are very few who are generous that are not poor."

We may be justified in doubting whether even wealth could have dulled the edge of Fielding's generosity, but, after all, the position he sought and obtained has never been rewarded with an excessive emolument, and in those days the most that such an office could bring in was about £500 a year, earned in such a way as to be intolerable to a man of right feeling. What Fielding wanted was not wealth, but enough to relieve him from the incessant anxieties of one who lives and maintains a family on his wits, even on such wits as those of the author of *Tom Jones*. His view of a comfortable fortune would nowadays seem modest, if not exiguous. When Amelia regained her money out of which she had been bubbled by her dishonest sister, on the interest of which she lived in complete happiness with a husband and six children, her entire fortune amounted only to some £10,000, although there was also Captain Booth's half-pay and the £2000 " in plate and jewellery " he prevented Miss Harris taking to France.

That Fielding's thoughts should have turned in the direction of a magisterial appointment is not surprising. Through his mother he had legal connexions. Sir Henry Gould, his grandfather on her side, was a judge of the High Court, and it was in his house that the future magistrate was born. At Eton he had formed acquaintance with many of the leading men of the day, upon whose interest he was entitled to rely. When he returned from completing his education at the University of Leyden, and found himself in receipt of an allowance of £200 a year from his father, he may well have looked forward to a serious attack on the legal profession. Unfortunately, there was a drawback to the allowance—for those days a generous provision—and that was the serious one that it does not seem ever to have been paid. In such case, the young man did as so many brilliant young men have done before and since, and turned to the quicker if more precarious resource of writing for a living.

In those days the business of novel-writing had hardly begun, and the stage was the opportunity for intelligent youth in search of bread and butter. From 1728 till 1736 he wrote a great many plays, many of which were successful, but even as a playwright his principal distinction was legal, as his dramatic pieces were the direct cause of the censorship of plays by the Lord Chamberlain being introduced into the theatre, not, oddly enough, on account of their freedom, which was remarkable even in the eighteenth century, but their politics, which were intolerable to the Government of the day. This, and his marriage in 1735 to Miss Cradock of Salisbury, turned his attention again to the law, and in 1737 he entered in the Middle Temple, was called in 1840, and, like Arthur Pendennis, had chambers in Pump Court. There can be little doubt that he worked hard at his profession. He went the Western Circuit and the Wiltshire Sessions. But it was too late. Literature was in his blood. Law and literature may be nearly akin, but not so nearly as to be within the prohibited degrees.

There is internal evidence to show that Fielding made a serious study of law. His books are full of legal points, and two large MS. volumes dealing with criminal law were compiled by him and remained in his brother's possession when he, in turn, became a magistrate; but no one who had enjoyed, as he had, the savour of success as a writer could tolerate the drudgery essential to practice at the Bar, and in 1741 *Pamela* provoked that most famous of all travesties, *Joseph Andrews*. It is remarkable that the poet Gray notices of the author: "He shows himself well read in stage-coaches, country squires, and Inns of Court." But one can only hope the country justices depicted in that work were more the children of imagination rather than experience. Indeed, his future office had so far received but scant appreciation at his hands.

The name Justice Squeezum, the "Justice caught in his own trap," of *The Coffee-House Politicians*, explains itself. His amiable theory is that "the makers of laws and the executors of them should be free of them, as the authors and actors are free of the Playhouse." Still, he meets his deserts at the hands of his brother, Justice Worthy, who points out that "he is the greatest of villains who hath the impudence to hold the Sword of Justice while he deserves the edge," and brushing on one side Squeezum's plea, "he is the greatest of fools who holds the Sword of Justice and hurts himself with it," promises to make a public example "of so great a villain." *The Coffee-House Politicians* may be recommended to any one, except the Censor, in search of amusement, and the most humorous part, the Coffee-House Politician himself, is quite free from offence.

In the future magistrate's play, with the engaging title of *The Debauchees, or the Jesuit Caught*, old Jourdain confesses his sins to Father Martin, "a black roll," as he very fairly describes them, ranging leisurely as they do from murder through the rest of the decalogue. The climax of his villainy is thus revealed, "and yet what are these to what I have done since I commenced merchant? What have I not done to get a penny? I insured a ship for great value, and then cast it away. I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a justice of the peace," in which capacity, he admits, "with the whores of Babylon did I unite. I protected them from Justice: gaming-houses and bawdy-houses did I license, nay, and frequent too. I never punished any vice but poverty." In *The Covent Garden Tragedy* Gallono says to Mother Punchbowl, a disreputable person, as, indeed, most of his stage characters were:

Bridewell shall be thy fate. I'll give a crown
To some poor justice to transmit thee thither.

But while Fielding's plays must not be taken too seriously, Mr. Thrasher, who tried Captain Booth, in *Amelia* is another matter. The book was written after his appointment. That eminent magistrate certainly had "some few imperfections in his magisterial capacity." His ignorance of law was his least failing. The fact that he was "never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side," and that he had "too great an honour for truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel," combined to convict the unlucky captain, who is dispatched to prison while "the Justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house to take their morning repast."

Fielding was appointed a magistrate in 1748. The publication of a volume of his miscellaneous writings and some political journalism helped him through the struggling years. In 1745 he started a journal called the *True Patriot*. It was published when the Pretender was almost at Derby, and did its best to influence public opinion against the rebels. It was succeeded, in 1847, by the *Jacobite Journal*, in which Fielding employed unsparingly his humorous power in ridiculing the Jacobite Party. Fielding's politics were perfectly honest. He was a sound, old-fashioned Whig, with a healthy dislike of foreigners and Papists, but their vigorous expression may well have helped to obtain for him the position he sought. It may be doubted whether Fielding had studied the nature of the position very carefully. What he probably had in mind was a certain income which would keep him from actual want while leaving him leisure for his literary work. If not the realization of the youthful ideal of his poem to Walpole:

> If you should ask what pleases best,
> To get the most and do the least,
> What fittest for ? You know, I'm sure,
> I'm fittest for a sinecure—

as near to it as mature experience of an ungrateful world could, in reason, hope for. The actual emoluments were uncertain. His predecessor is said to have boasted of earning £1000 a year, and the position seems to have been regarded as a lucrative one. Fielding would seem to have accepted this view without much inquiry and in ignorance of how the money was made.

It must have been a sad disillusion. He says in his *Voyage to Lisbon*: "My private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect, for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking. On the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money on earth to little more than £300," and as he goes on to point out, this income had also to provide for his clerk. In addition he received a pension yearly out of the public service money, but, apparently, not a large one, as the opportunities of the position were apparently recognized by the tolerant authorities as legitimate. It was an age of "trading justices," the meaning of which was not that the justices took bribes, but that they were paid by a percentage on fees, and not by salary, and, therefore, the more they could increase the work the better pecuniary result for themselves. A more vicious system short of actual venality could hardly be imagined. It certainly did not tend to make the position either popular or respected, and it is to be feared that Mr. Thrasher in *Amelia* is hardly an exaggeration of the general idea of the magistrate of the period.

At the time of his appointment Fielding was no longer young, broken in health, and in sad want of fortune. It would not have been surprising if an easygoing man of the world, graduated in no prudish school, had accepted the situation with philosophy, and made of his new office as far as practical the lucrative sinecure of his early dreams. This was not Fielding's way, and it is to his eternal credit that he set vigorously to work as a reformer, and at great pecuniary sacrifice to himself managed in five years to raise the office from the mire. After all, he was only embodying the moral lesson of his books that the world is divided into goats and sheep, the good and bad. The man sound at heart does not become bad merely from occasional lapses; if his heart is in the right place he may be trusted to come right in the end. Tom Jones will never become a Blifil. With all Fielding's prodigality and moral elasticity, he preserved an innate sense of justice and a hatred of oppression which made a system impossible to him which a smugger citizen might have accepted without question. One feels that Blifil, from a pecuniary point of view, would have made a better business of it. The London the peace of which he was now called upon to preserve, was in a parlous state. A discredited magistracy and feeble watch were trying in vain to hold in check a turbulent and criminal population. The watchmen are described in *Amelia*: " Who, having to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, are chosen out of those poor, old, decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of His Majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains." As the author goes on to point out: " If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one, I think, can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape."

Such was the only police force available in a city of close upon a million inhabitants. It was a time of riot, robbers, and highwaymen. If property was stolen, its late owners advertised for it, unblushingly stating that no questions should be asked. A sinister clan existed, of whom Jonathan Wild was the extreme example, who were in both camps. The heads of gangs of thieves, they kept on good terms with authority by occasionally betraying their subordinates, and made a double profit out of the public by first robbing them, and then getting back for them at a price a portion of the property they had already stolen. Law was helpless. Fielding tells us, " Officers of Justice have owned to me that they have passed by with warrants in their pockets against men without daring to apprehend them, and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction, for it is a melancholy truth that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm within certain purlieus than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance."

Face to face with these conditions, Fielding proved him an admirable magistrate. He dealt fearlessly and impartially with the individual criminal, and endeavoured to remove some of the causes which created this class. He had not been six months on the bench when he was chosen Chairman for the Westminster Sessions, where he delivered his charge to the Grand Jury, which was so well received that it was published " by order of the Court and at the unanimous request of the gentlemen of the Grand Jury." It is certainly an excellent piece of work, containing much learning and good sense, and is one of the best expositions of the uses of that modest body which seems to spend most of its time in deploring its own existence, even in a state of suspended animation. After this success his talents were employed in a more practical direction.

A three days' riot broke out in the Strand, beginning with a quarrel in a disorderly house, where a drunken sailor said he had been robbed, and ending in the wrecking and burning of two buildings and a portion of a third. Fielding, who had been away when the disorder began, on his return acted with great promptitude. While addressing the mob with great vigour from his house in Bow Street, he took the precaution to send for a sufficient force of the military to guard against the mischief spreading, and in twelve hours managed to restore the peace. The execution of one of the rioters named Bosavern Penlez aroused a good deal of controversy, and the Government of the day were severely attacked. Fielding had all the facts in his possession, and made excellent use of them. His pamphlet, *A True State of the Case of Bosavern Penlez, who suffered on account of the late riot in the Strand, in which the Law regarding these offences and the Statute of George III, commonly called the Riot Act, are fully considered*, was a complete justification as unanswerable as the rhetorical question of which it is an amplification: " When, by our excellent institution, the greatest subject, no, not even the King himself, can, without a lawful trial and conviction, divest the meanest man of his property, deprive him of his liberty, or attack him in his person, shall we suffer a licentious rabble to be accuser, judge, jury, and executioner, to inflict corporal punishment, break open men's doors, plunder their houses, and burn their goods ? "

The ordinary work of his court must have kept him fairly busy. In February 1750 it was stated in the Press that the jails in and about London were so full of felons and desperate rogues that " the keepers have not fetters enow to put on them, so that in some prisons two or three are chained together to prevent their escape," and in the same month the *General Advertiser* states that "near forty highwaymen, street robbers, burglars, rogues, vagabonds, and cheats have been committed within a week past by Justice Fielding." Fielding was very sensible of the difficulty of obtaining evidence in street offences, and endeavoured to treat the difficulty by requesting by public advertisement all persons who have been robbed and their servants to attend "Justice Fielding at his house in Bow Street, to see if they could identify prisoners under examination." Fielding had only been a few months on the bench before he drafted a Bill which he submitted to Lord Hardwicke, who was then Lord Chancellor, "for the better preventing of street robberies." Nothing seems to have come of this for the moment, but in **1751** he published a book dedicated to Lord Hardwicke: *An inquiry into the causes of the late increase of robbers, etc., with some proposals for remedying the growing evil, in which the present Reigning Vices are impartially exposed and the Laws that relate to the provision for the poor and to the punishment of felons are largely and freely examined.* He attributes the increase of crime: (1) To the unnecessary and increasing number of places of public amusement, which induce the working classes to squander their money and time; (2) "A new kind of drunkenness unknown to our ancestors," which turns out to be "gin-drinking"; (3) Gambling—"a school in which most highwaymen of great eminence have been bred" (which reads like a quotation from *Jonathan Wild*); (4) The condition of the poor and the demoralizing condition of contemporary prison life.

Among other practical suggestions, he makes one the prohibition of advertisements offering rewards for stolen property, "with no questions asked"; also legislation for regulating the conditions under which pawnbrokers carried on their business; and the allowance of expenses and compensation to prosecutors in order to encourage the undertaking of proceedings by those who have been robbed. Most of these suggestions have long been adopted, but were first put in practical form by Henry Fielding. Another scandal, in considering which he was far in advance of his age, was the frequency of public executions.

There was no false sentiment about Fielding as a reformer. No one had less sympathy with a rogue, but his view was the sound one, that if the legislature would take proper care to raise the condition of the poor, the root of the evil would be attacked, "nor," he declares, "in plain truth will the utmost severity to the offenders be justifiable, unless we take every possible method of preventing the offence—the subject as well as the child should be left without excuse before he is punished." And he refers with horror to the "many cartloads of our fellow-creatures once in six weeks carried to slaughter," of whom much the greater part might "with proper care and regulations" have been "not only happy in themselves, but very useful members of the society which they now so greatly dishonour in the sight of all Christendom."

The pamphlet made a considerable stir. It was shortly followed by the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to "revise and consider the Laws in being which relate to felonies and other offences against the peace." A Bill was subsequently brought in embodying the resolutions of the Committee, and a further Act was passed called the "Tippling Act," restricting the sale of spirits, both of which measures must have been largely influenced by the suggestions of the Bow Street reformer; and the latter measure was successful if Mrs. Staff, the constable's wife in *The Coffee-House Politicians*, is to be believed. "Thank your honour! Your honour will not be offended, I hope—we stand at a great rent: and truly, since this gin, all trade has been so dull that I have often wished my husband would live by the Highway himself instead of taking Highwaymen."

One of the greatest dangers to the public consisted in the existence of gangs of criminals who existed for the purpose of public plunder. Fielding tells us of one which numbered nearly a hundred members, and formed a regularly organized body with officers and accounts carefully kept. He attacked the evil with such weapons as he had to hand. His method was to pay an informer to betray the criminals "into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service; all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity," a method which must have appealed to the author of *Jonathan Wild.* It was not a time for being over-nice. Risks had to be taken to deal with so flagrant a danger, and the result justified Fielding. He claims with legitimate pride that during the last months of 1753 there was not a single murder or robbery in the streets of London—a remarkable result of the energy and intelligence of one man.

The five years he spent as a magistrate were certainly not idle ones. He found time to write another paper—a proposal for making an effectual provision for the poor, and an explanation of the case of Elizabeth Canning. Here, his good nature, especially where a woman was concerned, and perhaps a novelist's leaning for a good story, led him wrong. Elizabeth was a very ordinary kind of impostor. She went to dine with an uncle and disappeared for four weeks. She returned, as is usual in such cases, with an absurd if circumstantial story of being kidnapped and ill-treated. As a result of her virginal vagaries, a venerable but ill-favoured gipsy woman was sentenced to death. Fielding held a preliminary inquiry into the case. He was deceived by the evidence of a witness called, oddly enough, "Virtue" Hall. Subsequent investigation proved that the gipsy had a complete alibi, and her pardon was followed by the conviction of Miss Canning for perjury. Such are the crude facts. The pamphlet was written after the trial of the gipsy at the Old Bailey—in support of the verdict, and apparently in answer to attacks that had been made upon his connexion with the case. The actual part Fielding took is rather confusing. The gipsy and another woman had already been committed for trial. Upon the application of a solicitor named Salt, Fielding took the evidence of Virtue Hall, who had not given evidence before. At first she could tell no coherent story, and it was not until Fielding threatened to commit her for trail as accessory that he elicits the evidence which impressed him so much. This should have put him on his guard. No statement made under such circumstances could be worth very much, but the mistake, which at the most was an error of judgment, was not made in his capacity as a magistrate. He was bound to take her evidence. His mistake was in refusing to disbelieve in Virtue Hall. When the full investigation followed after the Old Bailey trial, it threw a curious light on the manners of the day to read: "Upon my return to Town my clerk informed me that several noble Lords had sent to my house in my absence desiring to be present at the examination of the gipsy woman. On this I informed Mr. Salt and desired him to bring Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall in order to swear their several informations again in the presence of the gipsy woman and Wells, and appointed him a day for doing so, of which I sent an advice to the noble Lords," so let us hope their patrician curiosity was satisfied.

There was also time for literary work of probably a more congenial kind. He contributes to the *Covent Garden Journal*, finishes *Tom Jones*, and writes *Amelia*. *Amelia* was the only novel written entirely during his Bow Street period. He depicts with terrible directness the state of the jails of that day. Prisons he had already described as "Schools of vice, seminaries of idleness, and common sewers of nastiness and disease." Considering the conditions under which it was composed, the legal part of *Amelia* is rather slurred. It is impossible not to wonder what is the precise offence for which Captain Booth finds himself in prison. The evidence before Justice Thrasher would appear to sustain a charge of assault on the police. We are told generally "the delinquents were then all dispatched to prison," where Booth, had he not been rescued by Miss Matthews, would apparently have remained indefinitely. He is released on certain moneys being found, from which he would seem to have been committed in default of finding sureties. This seems the only explanation; yet if this were so, it is curious that Booth made no attempt to find sureties himself, which should have been a matter of little or no difficulty. Then again, the seductive Miss Matthews. The charge against her was attempted murder. This not being a summary offence, she must have been committed for trial to the Old Bailey. Yet when the injured man recovers, she is released without more to-do, it is true, after some discreet payments, and the proceedings apparently lapse. It is all very odd. Perhaps the author intended this to be an example to illustrate the point that prosecutors should receive further inducement to take action.

Poor Fielding was never a favourite of fortune. His last blow was perhaps the hardest. The admirable work he had done in stamping out crime in the Metropolis was recognized by those in authority, but his reward was his own death-warrant. For some time he had been in ailing health. Like many people of imagination, he had a touching faith in quack medicine. In August 1753 he had been taking the Duke of Portland medicine for gout for nearly a year, but in spite of this ducal drench his doctors ordered him " to go immediately to Bath." While he was getting ready for his visit, almost, as he tells us, fatigued to death with several long examinations relating to different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street robbers, " he received a message from the Duke of Newcastle requesting his attendance at Newcastle House. Fielding was so ill and overworked that, in spite of his sense of public. duty, he could not attend. A second summons he felt unable to neglect, and he attended at the cost of " a severe cold." He is consulted as to some plan for ending the murders and robberies that had again become too common. Fielding is ready with a plan, which is adopted, upon the lines he had already found successful—an informer suitably financed. But by this time the gout has " turned to a deep jaundice." Bath might yet have saved him. But in his eagerness to break up " this gang of villains and cut-throats," he remains in London, to the destruction of the gang, but also such health as remained to him. " Mine," he says pathetically, " was no longer a Bath case." The poor magistrate was " in a very weak and deplorable condition," suffering as he was from jaundice, dropsy, and asthma. A severe and prolonged winter does not improve matters. " Dr. Joshua Ward Drops " are mere drops in the ocean of his maladies. Even Bishop Berkeley's Tar Water fails him, and, in desperation, he sets off on that journey to Lisbon from which he was never to return. His cheerful courage, as shown in the famous Journal, is amazing. It may well have been sustained by the consciousness of a hard task well done. On the credit side of the account the admirable discharge of new and difficult duties, while on the debit he may have felt somewhat in the vein of his great admirer—that the strenuous magistrate at Bow Street had not been altogether useless to the historian of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, whose exquisite pictures of humour and manners have already outlived, if not the Palace of the Escurial, at any rate the Imperial Eagle of Austria.

H. C. Biron

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH PLATE

THE present writer has been privileged to examine a collection of old plate which, though little known, is of great interest to students and collectors—that of the Duke of Cumberland. It was inherited by its royal owner from his father, the last King of Hanover, and from his grandfather, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, fifth son of George III, and when seen by the writer of these notes was preserved at Pinzing, near Vienna, and at the Duke's villa at Gmunden, in Austria.

Before attempting a brief description of this historic collection it would be well to recall the unsuccessful attempt which was made by the Prussian troops during the Seven Weeks' War of 1866—a war in which the present owner of this collection participated as the commander of a force of Hanoverians—to carry it off to Berlin. The Prussian plunderers were already engaged in looting the royal palace at Hanover, and would doubtless very soon have discovered the vault which contained this precious plate, had they not been foiled by some ingenious and loyal workmen, who hurriedly covered the vault with lime, plaster, and debris, which thus escaped their notice.

The collection contains many pieces of old German plate from the ancient guilds of Augsburg and Nuremberg and other places in Germany ; but there is no evidence from arms, ciphers, or other royal emblems, that these had ever crossed the Channel from Windsor Castle, rich as was that collection in German plate. These would seem, in the main, to have been made for the House of Hanover before the accession of George I to the English throne. There is, however, irrefutable evidence obtained from the plate itself that several English vessels, now in possession of the Duke of Cumberland, had belonged to the royal collection of England.

First of these in point of date is a large, plain flagon of cylindrical form and of imposing size, made in the year 1688–89 by a maker whose mark is familiar, but whose name has not been identified. Although made in that year, it bears, not the arms or cipher of William III, as might be expected, but those of Queen Anne. But the substitution of the Queen's arms for those of her predecessor on the throne need occasion no surprise ; it was a common practice to change the royal arms on plate, as it was on carriages, harness, and other things, on the accession of a new sovereign. On plate, however, their removal by erasure could not go on indefinitely, thick and substantial as was English plate of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Nor could the method of applying arms and ciphers or other royal symbols, on plain vessels, other than by engraving, be regarded as commendable for many reasons.

This vessel was, in all probability, designed for sacramental purposes, and closely resembles three flagons in the private chapel at Windsor Castle, of the same date and by the same unknown silversmith. These furnish another example of the substitution of later for earlier royal arms, one having the arms and cipher of William and Mary, the second having the same arms, but with the cipher of Queen Anne, while the third is engraved with both the arms and cipher of that queen. An earlier and smaller pair of similar flagons of the year 1661–62 in the same royal chapel affords a further example of mixed arms and ciphers, having the arms of William III with the cipher of Queen Anne.

The Duke of Cumberland's second piece of plate, which would seem to have come from Windsor Castle, is only three years later in date, and is a small gold tazza or salver on stand. This had belonged to William III, whose cipher and crown are engraved upon it, within an ornament of military trophies, its original ownership thereby being clearly established. Its gadrooned edge and engraved border of acanthus foliage, united with the flat *appliqué* foliage characteristic of English plate of this period, combine to stamp it as of English origin, even without the corroborative evidence of the hall-mark. A word or two may here be appropriately introduced on the maker of this interesting and very rare piece of gold plate, one Pierre Harache. He was one of the French Huguenot refugees who fled to England and to whom the English arts and crafts of the late seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century owe so much. He is also remembered as the maker of the superb plate for the first Duke of Marlborough.

Regrettable, indeed, and surprising is the absence from the English royal collection of any important contributions from the workshops of this skilled band of refugee craftsmen, especially as William III was their ardent protector. Equally regrettable, as may be observed in passing, is the poverty of the national collection of English plate in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in representative pieces from the ateliers of these French craftsmen—Pierre Platel, Lewis Mettayer, Nicholas Clausen, Paul Crespin, Simon Pantin, Louis Cuny, Jacob Margas, John Chartier, Augustin Courtauld, and others.

A second piece of English gold plate of the same period, at the royal villa at Gmunden, and engraved with the same badge of William III, is a small two-handled cup and cover with a plate. It is embellished with open strap work and the same *appliqué* foliage, as well as the same design of military trophies on the plate. This, however, bears no marks—a not uncommon omission from royal plate, which was exempt from the legal obligation to stamp gold and silver.

A third piece of gold plate there is a cup and saucer of octagonal form, with the cipher of George II. This has " Chinese " decoration in relief, similar to that on an early eighteenth-century porringer at Windsor Castle.

The presence of these three examples of English gold plate in the Duke of Cumberland's collection is interesting on two grounds —first, that they belonged originally to the English royal collection; and, secondly, that throughout England not more than about sixty pieces of old English gold plate have survived, and most of these are of the eighteenth century. Furthermore, no other specimens of domestic gold plate of the time of William III have been recorded up to this moment. Newspaper reports of the State banquets and other royal functions at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace describe in picturesque language the priceless " gold plate " displayed, in pardonable ignorance of the fact that only three examples are to be found in the royal treasure, and that not one of these is earlier than the time of George IV.

The suggestion has been made that much of the magnificent English silver furniture of Charles II, such as the bedstead and other articles made for Nell Gwyn, and the costly furniture provided for the Duchess of Portsmouth, were removed to Hanover. But if this be true, the present writer was not privileged to see it. The only silver furniture in possession of the Duke of Cumberland would seem to be German, and to consist of some tables decorated with classical subjects in relief and wrought by a member of the well-known Biller family of Augsburg silversmiths early in the eighteenth century, some chairs of wood encased in silver, some sconces, and two large mirrors—all of the same period.

To the student of styles in plate one of the most interesting features of this collection is the plate made by royal and other goldsmiths at Hanover, after English models, and some of it destined, apparently, for the English royal collection, which is yet another proof of the removal of royal plate from England to Hanover. These pieces consist, for the most part, of copies from models of the period 1700–60, and include a charming plain octagonal caster, essentially English in style, but made by a Hanoverian silversmith for George II, whose royal crest and cipher it bears. Equally English in style are several octagonal salts, some of which were made at Hanover.

With the exception of Portugal, Hanover is the only part of the European Continent where the influence of English plate on local workmanship is noticeable in the eighteenth century. The dynastic connexion in the one case is an easy explanation, while, in the other, the ancient alliance and the trade connexion are responsible for the considerable importation of English plate. Curiously enough, the only piece of plate at Windsor Castle by a Hanoverian silversmith is a tankard which was wrought in 1665 by one Heinrich Sädeler—the maker of the cup of the Tailors' Guild at Hanover—and is set with German coins. Its history in its present home, however, extends no farther back than the Regency, having been bought, with many other pieces of English and foreign plate, by the Prince Regent.

Two pieces of Charles II silver plate were examined at Gmunden by the writer. The first is a gourd-shaped caudle-cup of the year 1660–61, embossed with tulips, and inscribed, "Thanks to God, 5 June 1810"; and the second is a caudle-cup with straight sides, the lower part of the body embossed with the acanthus leaves typical of Charles II plate. Engraved upon it is the Garter with the English royal crest.

One of the most characteristic pieces of English plate preserved at Gmunden is a plain toilet service, wrought by a prominent London silversmith, one Benjamin Pyne, in 1711–12. Its plain, highly polished surface is in pleasing contrast to some of the over-decorated toilet services of the time of Charles II and William III.

In or about the year 1745 a London silversmith conceived the notion of making a bread-basket in the form of a shell, but it never attained any measure of popularity, having gone out of fashion within about ten years. Genuine specimens are, therefore, somewhat rare. One at Gmunden is engraved with the English royal crest, but bears no hall-mark. It is very similar to the basket of the year 1751–52 by Phillips Garden at Windsor Castle.

To this list of Georgian silver of the Duke of Cumberland may be added a plain, covered écuelle with a dish, surmounted by a royal crown, which was the gift of Queen Charlotte to Prince Alfred's nurse. This is inscribed: "The Gift of Her Majesty to Mrs Louisa Cheveley. His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Born Sept. 22nd 1780 died Augt. 1782." The maker was the royal silversmith, Thomas Heming, much of whose plate is at Windsor Castle.

The Duke of Cumberland's collection is conspicuous for its representation of plate by the Anglo-French craftsmen previously mentioned. Among other things are dinner-plates of 1718–19 by Nicholas Clausen, the maker of the silver throne of Peter the Great in the Winter Palace at Petrograd, and of a charming salt or double spice-box at Windsor Castle.

The name of Paul Lamerie—a silversmith of French birth or parentage—in the auction-room is the signal for animated bidding by collectors and dealers, though it must be confessed that his works have, by this exaggerated competition of collectors, given him an unmerited position of superiority among his contemporaries and compatriots. His work in this collection is well represented by sauce-boats, by many octagonal candlesticks, and by several casters. Another Anglo-French silversmith, one David Willaume, has enriched the collection with a very fine specimen of the helmet-shaped ewers which were so popular in England between 1695 and 1740. It was made in the reign of Queen Anne, and has an additional interest from the fact that the Duke of Cumberland is the owner of a copy made in the year 1717–18 by Willaume's well-known contemporary in London, Philip Rolles. David Willaume was the maker of the magnificent wine cistern and fountain of 1708–9, in this collection, which had belonged to the Marquis of Ormonde. These superb vessels surpass in size and grandeur the cistern and fountain wrought in London by Gabriel Sleath two years later, which are in the possession of the Duke of Portland.

The plate of George III period is represented by candelabra, dishes, and other vessels of imposing dimensions, many of which have their counterparts at Windsor Castle. Included among these are some tureens engraved with the badge of the Prince of Wales. There are also some barrel-shaped wine-coolers of the year 1800, which were copied by Hossauer of Berlin for Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover.

The works of Paul Storr (the well-known collaborator of Flaxman), who enjoyed a great vogue as a royal silversmith towards the end of the reign of George III, are to be found in abundance here. They include massive tureens in quasi-Empire style, and a number of costly candelabra, varying in date from 1804 to 1814, exactly like some at Windsor Castle. No doubt most of this late Georgian plate was bought by, or given to, the fifth son of George III, on his marriage in 1815—Ernest Augustus, just mentioned.

Of historic interest are a pair of George I candlesticks and a silver inkstand of William Pitt, made in 1759–60, and inscribed "The Right Hon. William Pitt. This Inkstand were the Property of that eminent statesman." This oblong inkstand has a gadrooned edge, with pierced feet, and is of a form which has been made familiar, not only from the extant examples, but also from the fact that they are frequently to be seen in eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century portraits of statesmen, lawyers, and others. It differs, however, from the inkstand in Hoppner's portrait of Pitt, engraved by Bragg. The silver tops of the ink-bottles were made in 1799, when the inkstand was, perhaps, bought by Pitt. Pitt, it will be remembered, presented his college, Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a handsome silver soup-tureen and stand in the "Adam" style, in 1784, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury. His silver salver of the year 1782–83 is in the collection of the Earl of Rosebery.

A late piece of English silver is the elaborately decorated rosewater ewer with dish of 1827–28, by William Eaton. They are like a pair at Windsor Castle, given to William IV by the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. The Duke of Cumberland's ewer and dish were sent as a gift from George IV to George V, last King of Hanover. Inscribed upon this pair is the name of Thomas Hamlet (the natural son of Sir Francis Dashwood), who began life as an assistant with Francis Lambert, founder of the firm of Lambert's in Coventry Street. In or about the year 1800 Hamlet opened a shop, with Lambert as his partner, in St. Martin's Court, subsequently starting business on his own account in Sydney Alley, facing Coventry Street, and becoming a successful jeweller and silversmith. Speculating in pearl fisheries, he lost all his money, and his stock was sold by auction. He died a pensioner of the Charterhouse.

Old Scotch plate finds a place here in two specimens. Rare, indeed, is the Monteith bowl of 1697–98, wrought at Edinburgh and bearing the maker's mark of James Cockburne, with the assay mark of James Penman. This bowl is of the early type of punch-bowl introduced by London silversmiths towards the end of the reign of Charles II, like the pair, dated 1685, of the Skinners' Company, and was popular until it was superseded by the larger and more ornate punch-bowl of William III, with a scalloped rim, which was in many bowls removable. Engraved on this Scotch bowl are the arms of Johnston of Westraw in Scotland. The second piece of Scotch silver is an excellent example of a tankard, very like one in the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's collection. It was made at Edinburgh at the end of the seventeenth century by Thomas Ker, a well-known goldsmith.

Among the foreign plate which can with some degree of certainty be said to have belonged to the Windsor Castle collection are some French oval and circular tureens with figure handles on large dishes, of the period of Louis XVI. These are engraved with the cipher of George III, and were made by the celebrated Paris silversmith, Robert Joseph Auguste. Nowhere could the works by this silversmith to the French Court be more adequately studied than in the Imperial collection at Petrograd, which contained many unrivalled examples of French silversmiths' work of the eighteenth century, when the writer examined it for the second time in the autumn of 1913. A plain beaker, such as was popular during the First Empire, is inscribed, "Napoleon's beaker lost by him 18 Jan. 1815," but there is no indication as to whether it was a gift to, or bought by, a member of the present royal owner's family.

Just over a century ago (in 1814), the allied sovereigns, Alexander I of Russia and Frederick William III of Prussia, visited England. The visit was commemorated on the part of the King of Prussia by having some tankards made by Jean Jacques Godet of Berlin, which were set with a large Iron Cross, a medallion of the King, and with smaller medallions struck in commemoration of the battles fought by the Prussian armies in 1813 and 1814. One at Windsor Castle was given to the Prince Regent by the King of Prussia, while an exact copy found its way to Hanover, and is now in the collection of the Duke of Cumberland, having, doubtless, been a gift to Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover (1771–1851), who was in command of the Hanoverian Army in those campaigns.

The great wars of the past have been fruitful in the destruction of countless objects of art of great historic value in the precious metals, by their conversion into coin by means of the crucible. By this means the coffers of nations, as well as the private chests of individuals, were replenished for the carrying on of the great struggles between rival dynasties. In the civil war in England in the seventeenth century it may with truth be said that the whole of the English royal collection of plate, unmatched as it was in Europe in historic and intrinsic value, was, with unimportant exceptions, consigned to the melting-pot. With it went many family treasures of the most intimate personal associations, and historical relics, epitomizing the history of England from Mediæval times. Added to these were countless precious objects, both ecclesiastical and domestic, of Mediæval and Renaissance times, which were sent by the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to replenish the war chest of Charles I. In reciting these melancholy historical facts, it will be remembered that plate was then largely regarded as coin, and that its historical or sentimental interest was often a secondary consideration.

In the inevitable impoverishment of families in the belligerent countries after the war, recourse will doubtless be had to the disposal of objects of art, including plate. Fortunately, in the case of old family plate, the commercial value will preserve it from the fate just mentioned. But the melting of vast quantities of plate in bygone ages was not achieved solely for the purpose of obtaining money; changes of fashion had much to do with it, as may be confirmed by a reference to the old inventories of the college plate of Oxford and Cambridge. Thus, in addition to the vast losses in the eighteenth century of costly plate, acquired by Charles II, William III, and Queen Anne, by its conversion into other articles, we have also to lament the disappearance from this country, as a result of the journeys of the Hanoverian sovereigns and the members of the Court between England and Hanover, of the historic vessels now in the possession of the Duke of Cumberland and briefly described in the foregoing pages.

E. ALFRED JONES

THE CALL TO ARMS IN A COUNTRY PARISH

THERE are dates which not only form landmarks of our history, but which have branded themselves, so to speak, into the very constitution of our race. What Briton is there who does not know what happened on October 14, 1066, and on June 18, 1815, or who has no ideas of his own as to the influence upon our national life of the events which happened on those fateful days? Such a date, in all probability, will August 4, 1914, be in days that are now very far off in the dim and distant future, unless, indeed, our politicians and trade-unionists contrive to ruin us prematurely as a nation—a fate which, at times, seems not unlikely to overtake us It was the early afternoon of August 4, 1914, as I leisurely made my cross-country way through verdurous winding paths, accompanied by my wife and my little boy just newly home from school for his holiday, to a garden-party at the house of a neighbouring squire. It was a calm day with white clouds lazily floating in the sky, and opening up regions of fairest blue between them—sometimes obscuring the sun, and wiping out the numberless shadows of the leafy trees along my path. From the distance came the subdued but merry clatter of a reaping-machine, and that, with the drowsy droning of an occasional bee, was the only sound that broke the silence. It was, as it were, " the peace of God which passeth all understanding," and the dreamy world around me showed neither sign nor suspicion of the mighty issues that were even then hanging in the balance, or of the fierce tempest of destruction and death which was at that moment breaking over a thoughtless and frivolous world. I did not even dream that the England I had known and loved was at that moment passing away for ever, and that the world was entering not only into the shadow of the greatest and deadliest of wars, but into a future all unknown, uncertain, mysterious.

The calm repose of the shady lanes through which I had passed was not shared by the Squire's garden. On arriving there I found a great deal of unrest and excitement among the guests. Parties were formed to play the usual lawn games, but the games were not always finished, for as soon as two men were seen talking together, players abandoned their games and crowded round in the hope of hearing something about the chances of peace or war. That was the great question of the hour, by which everything else was being overshadowed. Even when tea was served, some of the cups were left partly or wholly undrunk. Coming events were casting their shadows before, and crushingly tragic they proved when they did come, for of all those present that afternoon there are few among the survivors from whom the war has not claimed the sacrifice of some near and dear one. Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons was keenly discussed by every one, from the Squire and the Parson down to the holiday-making schoolboy, but the one great anxiety was lest our easygoing Government should, at the last moment, show the white feather and leave France to her fate. Mr. Lloyd George has informed us that, if the question of peace or war could have been put to the vote of the electors, 95 per cent. of them would vote for peace, even at the expense of France. But that was not the feeling among us, for if every one of us possessed a dozen votes each, I feel quite certain every single vote would have been cast in favour of our going to the support of France. There were men present who had seen active service and knew what war meant, and there were parents who had already lost sons on the field of battle, but I don't think there was any one of them who did not feel a sense of relief when they opened their newspapers next morning and found that we had taken up the German challenge. The feeling of our party, as well, I believe, as of the whole nation, was tersely expressed to me by one of our company—an old man who had been in France during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. "War," he said, "is a very terrible thing, but there is something worse even than war, and that is national disgrace, such as will be ours if we desert France."

On arriving at home in the evening I found that the policeman had posted up on the church door a proclamation calling out the reserves. This was the first note of the trumpet-call to arms, but it was some days before people began to realize that anything very unusual had happened. The bucolic mind may grasp things slowly, but when it does grasp, its hold is usually very tenacious. No one could possibly foresee, from anything seen or heard in those early days, with what earnestness and intelligence the great cause for which we had gone to war was taken up by our parish, and how eagerly our young men offered themselves to fight for their King and their Country as soon as the real nature of the mighty issues at stake began to dawn upon them. The common people, I quite believe, would invariably do the right thing if only the true facts were clearly and honestly set before them; but politicians and agitators always have axes of their own to grind, and it usually serves their sinister ends better to make their appeal to human selfishness rather than to the truth. Even in our quiet old-world parish varying opinions, as to what ought or ought not to be done, might sometimes be heard, according to what the speaker conceived to be his own personal interest. But selfishness was far from being the dominant motive of our simple and single-minded community.

"They do say as how our boys will have to go for soldiers," said a woman to me one day; "but my Alf, he says as it ain't no use going for soldiers 'cause he thinks as how this 'ere war is going to be sharp and short, and if they was to 'list now the war would be over before they could be ready. He says you can't make a man a soldier in a couple of days, 'cause it takes months for a man to learn to be a soldier."

"Yes," I replied, "Alf may think so, but Lord Kitchener thinks the war may last at least three years. We've got to fight the Germans somehow, and don't you think it would be wiser to go and fight them where they are now, than wait for them to come and fight us here? Anyhow, we shall want all the soldiers we can get, and the sooner they join up and get ready the better."

"Ah, well," she replied, "I don't understand none of 'em things myself, no more does my old man, for he ain't no scholard no more nor I am, but our Alf is wonderful good that way. I never knowed any one like him; there ain't nothing as he don't seem to find out and know. When them pigs strayed away from master's yard Alf was the first what knowed they was gone, and the first what found out where they was. He is right 'most always. Last night when he was a-reading of the newspaper—I never knowed such a boy as Alf for the newspaper—says he to me and his father, 'Mark my words,' says he, 'this 'ere war is going to be sharp and short, and if I was to go for a soldier to-morrow, it would be over before I could learn all as a soldier has to know. They ought to have their soldiers ready before the war began.' Them was his very words, and I hardly ever knowed him to be wrong."

For the ordinary man or woman to have some one to look up to as an authority is almost a necessity, and to this fond woman in her simple motherly pride, and perhaps, indeed, to the community at large, if they only knew it, Alf's opinion was worth quite as much as the opinions of some of the political wiseacres, to whom in those great days many of our countrymen were looking for light and leading. When people fail to receive the guidance they require from their natural leaders, such as masters, employers, and ministers of religion, they are always, more or less, prone to let themselves fall into the power of the factious demagogue, and here lies at least one way to Bolshevism and red revolution.

One of the first results of the war was the sudden appearance of numerous aeroplanes flying daily over our heads, perhaps to and from the seat of war. Great was the excitement in our midst the day the first one made its appearance. In the evening of the same day, I chanced to find one of our oldest men sitting by his cottage door with his hands resting on the head of his walking-stick in front of him. I asked him if he had seen the aeroplane.

"Eh, master," said the old man, "that I have, but we didn't see none o' them things one time o' day. These be rum times what we be a-living in nowadays. I can't see no ways as any good can come out of this 'ere flying. If the Almighty meant as we should fly He'd have made us with wings. It's a-going against His will, and I can't see no good as can ever come out on't. Everything is topsy-turvy-like. God said as men should work for their bread. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' That's in the Bible, ain't it? I knowed it was. But they make the horses and 'chines do all the work for them now. Lor' bless my soul, men don't work now as they did when I was a young man; all they do is to grumble. Things ain't what they was, and as I often says to my old woman, it's better to be an old man at the end of his life than a young man at the beginning of his, for there ain't no good a-going to come out of this 'ere flying."

"No more there ain't," chimed in a woman who had joined us from the next cottage. "I never thought as I should live to see all these doings. There was I a-sitting on my doorstep, when I hear something a-humming-like, and says I to myself, says I, that's the old kettle a-singing. What a noise it do make to be sure! Then thinks I to myself, that ain't the kettle as makes all that row. Then I sees the children on the green all a-talking and a-shouting and a-looking up in the sky. Then I looks up, too, and there I sees this 'ere flying-machine, for all the world just like a bird without nothing to keep it up. Thinks I to myself, I'd rather be down here nor up there, and when I thought to myself what would happen to the poor man if he fell down, I didn't feel half queer—no, not half. It's chronic, that's what I says."

"If you fall out of one of them things," replied the old man, "and so being as you ain't got no wings, why then, there you be."

As I felt there was little chance of hearing anything further that could possibly surpass the profound truth of this last observation, I wished them both "good evening," with my best and most genial smile, and left them to discuss at their leisure "the cause that the former days were better than these." It is always a pity to spoil an effective ending by trying to make any additions to it.

Of course the great myth of the Russian soldiers passing through England in hundreds of thousands found its way into our parish. The daughter of one of our parishioners, a teacher home for a holiday, knew some one who had been told by a railway booking-clerk that train after train, full of Russian soldiers, passed through his station, in the dead of night, with the blinds drawn so that no one might see or know who they were. The reason for pretending to conceal what every one knew so well was not quite apparent, but at a time of excitement and anxiety people are apt to become somewhat credulous.

"Well, sir," said a labourer to me one day, "I reckon it's like this 'ere. It's them big bosses at the War Office a-trying to hide it from us. They think they are very clever, but they don't know everything as we get to know." Evidently not, in this case.

"No, 'tain't that. I don't believe," suggested another man. "Them bosses what's at the War Office, they mean to give them Germans a surprise, and so it don't do for us to talk too much about it." And so everybody talked about it all day long.

I could not understand why it was necessary to land the Russians on our coasts instead of carrying them straight to their destination, and so I felt puzzled by these very persistent rumours until our Squire called in to see me one evening on his return from a visit to London, and told me that certain stations in the North of London had been closed to the public during part of the day to allow some trains of Russian soldiers to pass through. He knew that for a fact, as he had occasion to go to one of those stations himself and found it closed. "You see," he continued, "we've got the money, and they've got the men. It's quite a natural arrangement, but it reflects great credit on the War Office all the same. No doubt it's Kitchener's idea, and there you see the ready resource and prompt action of the true soldier in such reassuring contrast with the 'wait and see' of the miserable politician." We both felt now that there was something in the Russian rumour after all, and that delusion, while it lasted, helped in no small measure to maintain our courage against the alarming news now beginning to filter through from the Front. For some days the whole parish was in a state of great elation, for we all felt sure that before the mighty hosts of Russia the Germans would soon be laid out like a lot of frogs in front of a steam-roller. But alas for all those rosy hopes! Before many days the Russian myth melted away into thin air like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a rack behind. After all it was our own indomitable Tommies that had to bear the brunt of war, and that conquered the foe in the end.

I have been told that this myth originated in a brief conversation between a drowsy railway man and a bearded Lovat Scout at some English railway station where a soldiers' train pulled up in the small hours of the morning. The scout told the half-sleeping man, in a strange accent, emphasized by the beard, that they had come all the way from Ross-shire, and the latter mistaking Ross-shire for Russia began to whisper it abroad that there had passed through the station in the early hours of the morning a whole trainful of soldiers who had come all the way from Russia.

He had actually heard them talk their own language, which no doubt was Gaelic. The myth "caught on," as the saying is, and was quickly spread abroad, for at a time of public anxiety and mental strain people are always ready to believe what they would like to be true.

The Russian myth was hardly played out when some of our people began to seek comfort and encouragement in the study and interpretation of prophecy, and whether it was the majestic utterances of the prophet Daniel, or the hazy vaticination of *Old Moore's Almanack*, the ultimate interpretation was always favourable, for as fortune favours the brave, so prophecy would seem to favour the hopeful. This hopefulness was immensely stimulated later on, in the month of October, when a pamphlet entitled *The Startling Prophecy of Brother Johannes, Three Hundred Years Ago*, found its way into the parish. This alleged prophecy, which set forth the final doom of the Kaiser, in an allegory easily admitting of a favourable interpretation in the light of current events, was passed round from hand to hand, and studied and discussed with the keenest interest, until every one began to feel that the war was already almost as well as won. At all events the issue could no longer be in any doubt. In this, as well as in other ways, there was brought into prominence that trait of character which makes it difficult for the typical Englishman to entertain the thought of defeat, and which helps him to keep his head and his nerve in the presence of dangers which may be very great, but which to him never seem too great to face and to overcome. We may, perhaps, be told that this is only the obstinate unintelligent pugnacity of the bulldog, after all, but a nation of men endowed with such qualities is not easily conquered. The word Armageddon, which at this time was frequently appearing in the newspapers, came in also for a fair share of speculation, and one of the farmers asked the Rector if he would be good enough to tell them what he could about it in one of his sermons—a thing which was easily done, for the Rector knew no more about that mysterious word than anybody else did.

From the study and interpretation of prophecy, some turned their attention to the interpretation of their own dreams, and one day an old lady of good education told me she had dreamt that a German army had landed on the east coast, and seriously asked my advice as to whether she ought to write to Lord Kitchener about it.

The varying phases of anxiety and hope through which the minds of our people were passing and repassing in those eventful days might afford a fruitful field of observation and study to any one interested in the psychology of a country parish. I think popular feeling might be described as a mental struggle between the sense of duty and the sense of a man's right to do as he pleased. No one thought, at all events in those earlier days, of looking to the Government for light or leading. The " ninepence for fourpence " Insurance Act was very unpopular in our parish, and so, of course, were the authors of it. The recruiting posters and pictures circulated by the Government were puerile and feeble, and made no appeal to the manhood of the nation. The question of enlisting or " joining up " was under constant discussion. One man would declare he was not going " to be put upon by nobody," and would join up when he pleased. Another would join up when they came to fetch him. Yet another could not see the fun of going to have a hole made in him by a German bullet. And then, after these and similar sallies of rustic wit, a man would suddenly lapse into silence as if seriously considering the whole question in his own mind. All the time, however, they were gradually getting to know the facts and the truth. One of the men, who went daily to the railway station with milk, usually brought back with him an evening paper. There was always a group of men waiting for his return to hear the latest news, and the more they read and discussed the news the more did their feelings harden for a fight with the Germans.

One of our farmers—perhaps the leading man among them—was a Justice of the Peace and a member of the County Council. He was a man of strong convictions, and an uncompromising critic of the Government. In fact, he used to say it would be better for us to have the Germans to rule over us than such men as Asquith and Lloyd George, but that was before the war. In short, he was what might be called a Tory of the old school, yet he was the man from whom most of the labourers of the parish, whether they knew it or not, very largely derived their political views. The labourer loves a man who, when necessary, will talk to him straight and strong, but is sympathetic and fair withal. Such a man was our County Councillor. He was respected and trusted as a good master, and was constantly appealed to for guidance and advice by every one who chanced to be in any doubt or any difficulty. If there was such a man always accessible to him, the rustic labourer would, in most cases, turn a very deaf ear to the professional agitator.

I was in this man's house one evening, and we were discussing the one great question of the day. He thought things were looking very serious, but he felt confident we should win in the end. " We are bound to win," said he, " if only the Government will refrain from interfering with the Army, but I don't wish to be ' bled white ' in the process." He lived to see the Germans vanquished and in full retreat, but died a few days before the signing of the Armistice. As our conversation proceeded, his wife, who was present, gradually worked herself up into quite a state of excitement. "I wake up at night," she said, "dreaming the Germans are here, and then I want to scream. Yes, I want to scream, but then if I did, I should disturb my husband. And suppose they did come. Well, here is my house which I have been putting together for forty years. They would smash up the furniture, and slash all my pictures with their swords, or perhaps take them all to Berlin, which would be worse, for if it should so happen that I had been collecting all these things, which I call my household gods, only to furnish the house of some frowsy frump of a German *frau*, I could never keep still in my grave. No, my ghost would find her out, and scream at her until she died in a fright." However, the good soul had her feelings in much better control than her words might seem to imply.

Before parting with the County Councillor we both agreed that we ought to hold a parish meeting to explain the position of affairs, and to urge the young men to join up. Almost a month had already passed since the declaration of war, and so far no one had left the parish for the Army, except one reservist, who, of course, had to go as soon as he was called up. There were two or three natives of the parish in the Regulars, and one of them had arrived home a day or two before with a slight wound received at Mons. But that was not enough. The harvest was now practically over, and we felt the time had come for a vigorous effort to get a few recruits. On the following Sunday evening the Rector preached a war sermon to a crowded congregation, and announced the forthcoming meeting. Meantime there were clear signs of growing seriousness and anxiety among the parishioners.

The evening on which we held our meeting was a very fine one, and the place was the rectory lawn. Forms were borrowed from the school, and a lamp was placed in one of the rectory windows to throw light on a small table, at which the chairman and the speakers were to take their place. The harvest moon, large and round and peaceful, was slowly clearing the old grey tower of the church as the early comers began to arrive. Perhaps, after all, our meeting was only a case of history, and that, too, of very ancient date, repeating itself; for the annals of our parish, which go back at least a thousand years, show that at one time it formed part of the estates of the Saxon Kings, and it is quite possible that the parishioners may have been called to arms in the shadow of the same church to resist the invasion of William the Conqueror. Fortunately our resistance has proved more effective than theirs did. The Squire, the Rector, the County Councillor, and the Schoolmaster were all there in good time, and so were the school children. The women also were there, and so were one or two of the old men who lived in the immediate neighbourhood. But where were the young men, the men of military age, the men who were wanted, and to whom the meeting was meant to appeal? They were nowhere to be seen, and that was very disappointing. However, a beginning was made. The Squire took the chair, stating, as he did so, that as the object of the meeting was so very important, and so very serious, he would ask the Rector to open it with prayer. This having been done, he then explained, in manly dulcet tones, what the object of their meeting was. He was sorry to see such a poor muster of the youthful manhood of the parish. He hoped, nevertheless, that the parish would make as good a response as the neighbouring parishes to the appeal now being made to it, and that their young men would answer the call of their country in the day of her need, and prove themselves worthy descendants of the men who had made England great among the nations.

The Squire was followed by the County Councillor, whose clear and forcible speech had a distinctly local colouring. He would ask for no sacrifice that he was not prepared to make himself. His two sons, as they were all aware, had been in the South African War, and he knew the anxiety of having our loved ones exposed to the toils and dangers of war, but he was both proud and thankful to say that one of his sons was then on his way home from India to fight, and if necessary to die, for his King and Country. He felt sure that the young men of the parish would show the same loyalty and courage as had been shown by the young men of some of the neighbouring parishes.

He was followed by the Rector, whose speech was an echo of his war sermon on Sunday evening, and who finished up by telling the young people who were present that this meeting was a great event and a landmark in the history of the parish, and that they must, therefore, remember it as long as they lived, so that in days to come they might be able to tell people yet unborn how the young men of the parish came forward in answer to the call of duty at the time of the Great War.

In the course of the Rector's speech some one at the end of the lawn struck a match to light his pipe. The light of the match revealed a group of young men standing in the deep shadow of some trees, and some others looking over the lawn hedge close by. The young men of the parish were within hearing, after all, but shyness arising out of the consciousness that they were being discussed at the meeting, and uncertainty as to what they ought to believe or do, kept them in the background. A man is not necessarily a coward because he is shy and modest, as these same young men were eventually to prove.

When the addresses were finished, the chairman appealed to those who intended to join up to come forward. This was followed by a few moments of silence, which soon broke out into an animated conversation in which every one seemed to join. Then there was a sudden pause to listen and observe, for a young fellow had called out, " Here's one for this old village ! " and was already standing in front of the chairman. He was our first recruit for the Great War, and he was our only recruit that evening. The promoters of the meeting felt that their efforts had been a complete failure, and so the proceedings were quietly closed by singing " God save the King."

The meeting was no sooner ended than the audience broke up into small groups, loudly and vigorously discussing who ought to go, and who ought not to go, or whether it was necessary to go at all. And so they strolled away in the peaceful light of the same moon which on that very night was calmly looking down on the fateful combat at that moment opening on the banks of the Marne, where the sorely tried armies of the Allies were about to receive the first promise and foretaste of their final victory.

The call to arms had now been officially and earnestly sounded in our primitive parish, and it turned out to be no failure, after all, but a great success. The actual position and needs of the country had been clearly stated and explained. The path of duty had been pointed out, in a way which could not be mistaken, by men in whose truthfulness, honesty, and sincerity the whole parish had absolute confidence. The actual position having been once realized there was no longer any hesitation. The path of loyalty, honour, and duty was now clear, and within a week of our meeting quite half a dozen young men had joined up. Slowly but steadily the flow of recruits continued, and before the end of a month there was posted up in our church porch a " Roll of Honour " with more than forty names on it out of a population of little more than three hundred souls. This Roll of Honour became longer as the war went on, and in due time the fathers of two large families of boys received letters of congratulation from the King on the fine response to the call of duty made by so many of their sons. The whole parish felt highly honoured by these letters, which undoubtedly helped to stimulate still further the martial enthusiasm of the young men, and especially of the lads who were not yet old enough to join up, but whose turn was soon to come. Some of the young men who left our parish in answer to the call were not very soldierly to look at, but they were all full of lusty life, buoyant with hope, and not without some share of that cool and calm courage which has contributed so much to the greatness of our race and empire. Some months passed away, and they began to visit their homes again, on a very short furlough, before being sent to the Front. And what a transformation they had undergone in the meantime. There they were now, straightened, stretched, and scrupulously groomed in their smart khaki uniforms, with a cigarette jauntily stuck behind their ear to give, as it were, the finishing touch. Who would recognize them now for the hobbledehoys who had left the parish a few short months ago? There they were then, brave, true-hearted young fellows, proud of their uniform, proud to show themselves in their native village, joyful in their consciousness of courage and strength, happy for a brief space in the warm sympathetic company of those to whom they were very, very dear, and to whom some of them were to return no more.

ALEXANDER MACRAE

TANKS—AND THE NATIONAL GENIUS*

THE history of the development of Tanks and the fighting record of the Tank Corps has just been published for the first time. It is a book that will pay a good dividend on the time expended in reading it, for it gives not only an account of this, the outstanding development of modern warfare, but also a picture of those divergent characteristics which form the British nation. We see the problem set, the problem of how to break the deadlock which had been reached on the Western Front at the end of 1914. The cause of the deadlock was, of course, the enormous defensive power of the machine-gun (used in conjunction with trenches and wire entanglements) in the hands of such experts as were the great masses of German infantry. There were many who did not even realize that there was a problem to be solved. We hear of the early efforts to find a solution by the development of an armoured cross-country vehicle, which, by its weight, would crush down the wire, by its machine-guns kill or "keep down" the enemy, and, finally, by its armour-plate render its crew immune to the hail of hostile bullets. The idea is simple, and but a development along the lines that warfare has been following since its earliest history—along the lines of mechanicalization. There were, however, very great difficulties to be overcome, and delay and disfavour followed. Many of the authorities were too absorbed in the production of known and tried weapons of war to be able or willing to undertake the construction of unknown and, apparently, fantastic devices. A few individuals, possessing that most productive of all gifts—foresight—realized what the development of the machine must lead to, sooner or later, and a few individuals who were unhampered by too much routine work tried to organize the production of Tanks. The task, in war-time and amid the full pressure of other demands, was gigantic.

At last a start was made, and the construction of a few machines commenced in April 1916. Difficulties then arose over obtaining the necessary personnel to man the machines; it was stated that men could not be spared; and arrangements were started to enlist women! Then a certain number of men were made available, and the mechanical Amazon did not make her appearance in the van of battle. At long last, in September 1916, some fifty Tanks were ready to go into the Somme Battle. By this time, however, the artillery had developed enormously, and it was through a zone some four or five miles in depth which was literally covered with shell-holes that the Tanks had to try to struggle into action. The machine was yet very imperfect, and the conditions unfavourable; success, therefore, was but limited. In one matter only had success been complete, in the matter of secrecy. No information of the intended use of a new weapon of war had reached the Germans. The days of the great artillery preparations before each battle continued, and the new weapon inevitably had to struggle through its infancy in adverse conditions. The enthusiasts raged at the slowness of opinion to appreciate the value of the Tank idea, but with the advent of the Third Battle of Ypres, in 1917, things got even worse. There was now swampy ground to contend with, as well as shell-holes and mechanical defects. It is one of the most illuminating factors of this book that it contains many descriptions, written at the time by officers and men, of the varying conditions of the war. The following extract gives a wonderful impression of the conditions which existed during that terrible Third Battle of Ypres. It is written by a young engineer officer who went up the Poelcappelle road to clear away some derelict Tanks which were blocking it.

---

* *The Tank Corps*, by Major Clough Williams-Ellis, M.C., and A. Williams-Ellis, with an introduction by Major-General H. J. Elles, C.B., D.S.O. (*Country Life* Library, 10s. 6d. net.)

> I left St. Julien after dark and waded up the road, which was swimming in a foot or two of slush; frequently I would stumble into a shell-hole hidden by the mud. The road was a complete shambles, and strewn with debris, broken vehicles, dead and dying horses and men; I must have passed hundreds of them, as well as bits of men and animals littered everywhere. As I neared Poelcappelle our guns started to fire; at once the Germans replied, pouring shells on and around the road; the flashes of bursting shells were all around me. I cannot describe what it felt like; the nearest approach to a picture I can give is that it was like standing in the centre of the flame of a gigantic Primus stove. As I neared the derelict Tanks, the scene became truly appalling; wounded men lay drowned in the mud, others were stumbling and falling through exhaustion, others crawled and rested themselves up against the dead to raise themselves a little above the mud. On reaching the Tanks I found them surrounded by dead and dying. Men had crawled to them for what shelter they could afford. The sponson doors of the nearest Tank were open. Out of these protruded four pairs of legs; exhausted and wounded men had sought refuge in the machine, and the dead and dying lay in a jumbled heap inside.

Such were the conditions during the Third Battle of Ypres, the most terrible battle of the war, and the last of its type.

It must not be imagined, however, that the book is full of gloomy and terrible descriptions; on the contrary, the book abounds in that spirit of half-humorous determination which was, throughout the war, a characteristic of those who were in the thick of it. It need hardly be said that the prolonged bombardments, the slow rate of progress, and the naturally wet nature of the country, produced a state of ground which was the most unsuitable on the whole Western Front for the use of Tanks. A glance at the photographs which illustrate the book will make this clear to the least experienced reader.

Though the Tanks had a few minor successes during this period their failures were numerous. There were some in authority who stated that a modern battlefield never would be a suitable place for the use of Tanks. There was much talk of the abolition of the Tank Corps, and its expansion was, in fact, curtailed. In the meantime, in England neither the production of new Tanks nor the manufacture of spare parts had come up to expectations. Many difficulties had been encountered, the chief of which was probably the low "priority" given to the importance of the manufacture of Tanks. It had been laid down that the Tank construction should not be allowed to interfere with: (1) the output of aeroplanes; (2) the output of guns and ammunition; (3) the provision of mechanical transport, spare parts therefor, and petrol-tractors up to the scale demanded; and (4) the provision of locomotives up to the scale demanded. In addition, there was the feeling, which lasted throughout the war, that it was unwise to start upon any scheme that would only bear its full fruit a year later, "by which time the war will be over," they said. We read, too, of a series of crises, that of mud, then the collapse of rollers, followed by the failure of sprockets (the latter two being vital parts of the caterpillar track which carries the machine along). In England the production of Tanks appeared to be slow and unreliable, and at the Front it seemed that the Tanks were employed in the most unsuitable conditions, and that the authorities "alternately blew hot and cold, according as Tanks momentarily did well or ill in the field." A gloomy picture. Many harsh things were said, and are still being said, about our national capacity for muddling, our lack of initiative, and our red-tape-bound Departments. If all these hard criticisms were wholly true, what must have been the logical sequel to so much ineptitude? That our Allies would surpass us, and by superior intelligence rapidly not only produce efficient Tanks, but by suitable and far-sighted tactics use them to the best advantage. That our enemies would first find a means of effectively destroying our Tanks, and secondly build better ones themselves.

Did any of these things happen? No, not one. In the book which we are considering will be found chapters dealing with the French and American Tanks. The doings of our Allies are related with a generosity that borders on the inaccurate, and yet, accepting the authors' accounts, it is clear that the French were far behind us, not only mechanically, but tactically. In spite of the fact that their first Tanks went into action seven months after ours, they failed throughout to appreciate the idea, which was the corner-stone of the British Tank Corps. That is to say, that Tanks should, in the first place, form a shield for the infantry, and precede them, and by crushing down the wire, and silencing the hostile machine-gun fire, prepare the way for the infantry assault.

The French machines were only intended to accompany their attacking troops, and required the help of the infantry to dig them a way through the enemy's trenches. Neither the larger, or "Artillery Tanks," nor the smaller "Infantry Tanks" were able to cross, unaided, even a moderate-sized trench, much less trenches of the type of the Hindenburg Line. As for the American Tanks, the fact that there were only about twenty American-built Tanks in France at the time of the Armistice (though a great number were on order) is sufficient to indicate that, as far as this war is concerned, the American was no pioneer in mechanical warfare.

As for the Germans, their attitude towards mechanical warfare in general and Tanks in particular shows a truly remarkable lack of vision. Let us consider their anti-Tank measures first; in spite of the fact that the Germans had had a derelict Tank in their lines for about a fortnight in September 1916, it was not till the end of the Battle of Arras in April 1917 that they discovered that they possessed a very effective means of dealing with the first Tank. That was the armour-piercing bullet. By the time they made this discovery, however, the Mark I Tanks were used up, and never appeared in action again; the next Tank was not vulnerable, to any appreciable extent, to the armour-piercing bullet. Thus, when vulnerable Tanks were being used the Germans issued orders that rifle and machine-gun fire was useless against them. By the time that a machine which was proof against the armour-piercing bullet was in use, numerous German orders were captured which informed their troops that this bullet would penetrate the armour of the Tank. It need hardly be said that this very false start did not tend to give the German troops great faith in the anti-Tank measures recommended by their higher command. As far as the infantry were concerned, the advice given them, after these early episodes, was remarkably simple; they were told over and over again that all they had to do in the event of a Tank attack was "to see that they did not lose their heads." To the end of the war General Ludendorff referred to the moral effect of the Tank upon the German infantry by the very unsympathetic term of *Tankschrecken*—the Tank-funk.

Throughout the next phase the German command advocated long-range and indirect fire of artillery as a means of stopping our Tanks; these recommendations were continued in spite of the fact that dawn attacks and the use of smoke rendered the location of Tanks at a distance, during the first stages of an attack, quite impossible. It was not till the Battle of Cambrai, in November 1917, that the Germans began to realize the power of their ordinary field-guns, firing at short ranges. That the German field-guns did succeed in knocking out a certain number of the slow Tanks (particularly when support from our own artillery had been outrun) is not surprising ; it is far more surprising that the enemy did not knock out greater numbers. Vast numbers of German orders relating to anti-Tank defence were captured from time to time. In none of them is there any sign of preparation to meet a type of Tank in any way superior to that already in use. The nearest attempt at prevision occurs in an order of General Ludendorff which was issued after the new and greatly improved Mark V Tank had been used twice, though each time in comparatively small numbers.

> The utmost attention must now be paid to combating Tanks. Our earliest successes against Tanks lead to a certain contempt for this weapon of warfare. We must, however, now reckon with more dangerous Tanks.
>
> *July* 22, 1918. (Signed) LUDENDORFF

General Ludendorff did not have to wait long for a fulfilment of this prophecy ; sixteen days later came the " black day in German history," as Ludendorff called it, nor does he hesitate to attribute our success on August 8, in the first place, to the use of Tanks. General Ludendorff, in his capacity of Chief of Staff, has been much criticized in Germany for his under-estimation of the Tank idea. In his *Memoirs* he defends himself against these charges, but states: " The Director of Military Transport in the Field had had early orders to start building Tanks. The type he showed General Headquarters in the spring of 1917 did not meet requirements. I earnestly requested him to push on their construction energetically. Perhaps I ought to have made greater efforts."

The fact that, throughout the war, the Germans only produced fifteen very indifferent Tanks of their own, whereas at the time of the Armistice they had a very considerable number of Tanks on order is, in itself, sufficient criticism. General Ludendorff puts forward the lack of raw material as a reason for not developing mechanical warfare, but he makes no attempt to suggest that the Germans were in a better position with regard to raw material at the time of the Armistice than during the earlier years of the war ; on the contrary, the reverse was the position. It was foresight rather than raw material that the German military authorities lacked.

Enough has been written to indicate what other nations did not do ; it is of interest to turn to what we, a non-military nation, did achieve. The Battle of Cambrai, which is very well described by the authors, was an achievement rather in the sense of a great step forward in tactics than in the sense of a victory in which a thousand prisoners and a hundred guns were captured, with small losses to our troops. The German Army Commander concerned stated, in a special order, " By the use of masses of Tanks the British have gained a victory before Cambrai. . . ." The decision to launch an attack upon the great Hindenburg Line, without any preliminary bombardment, was one which will always hold a prominent place in history.

In the spring of 1918 came the real test of the British nation. The retreat of 1914 had only concerned a comparatively small class, the regular soldier, but now the whole nation was involved. There can have been but few, even of the most confident, who did not have some doubts during that period. Was the nation really equal to the strain ? Was the nation really all that one hoped it to be ? The troops were, in many cases, bewildered by the rapidity and weight of the German attack, and by the varied rumours that were everywhere current. The soldiers wanted the truth, the country wanted the truth. They got it. The Commander-in-Chief issued the following special order: "There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man, there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end." No account of victory inspired such spirit or stiffened resistence as did this, the most human special order of the war.

Later came our small but far-reaching success at Hamel. The authors' description of the relief which was felt when the tide began to turn is very well expressed. "The whole Allied Front rang with the news of victory. We had sent up our tentative *ballon d'essai*, and now it hung, a token in the sky. All men might know that though Apollyon had straddled across the way, we had beaten him, and were at last come out of the 'Valley of Humiliation.'" A few weeks later the victory before Amiens on August 8, 1918, settled the fate of Germany.

The authors are fortunate in being able to quote several captured German orders, which confirm their account of the great part played by Tanks in this and the subsequent actions. These German documents are, perhaps, the most convincing feature of the book, for they cannot be warped either by the enthusiasm for the Tank Corps, which it is clear that the authors themselves feel, or by the spirit of courtesy and encouragement which, at times, is apt to temper a dispatch on some indifferent performance. The authors have, however, made great efforts to judge events impartially ; it is probably this striving after an impartial judgment that makes them suggest, at the end of the book, that the war of the future will probably be waged solely in the air ; perhaps, too, it was made with the half-malicious hope that it would stir up the Tank enthusiasts to verbal battles. In any case, they ask General Elles, in his preface, to comment on this conclusion. But the General, however, is, in the language of the soldier, "not having any," and refuses to be drawn. General Elles's preface, however, gives insight into the two simple human factors which played so great a part in the production of Tanks and in the fighting spirit of the Tank Corps. We read of the steps that were taken to weld the Tank workers in England and the Tank soldiers at the Front into one co-operative whole. We hear, too, the secret which enabled the Tank Corps, a new formation, without traditions, and formed after many of the finest soldiers were already either killed or absorbed into other branches of the service, to develop a sufficiently high *moral* to carry them successfully through many trying battles. The General writes: "To General Swinton, too, is due the implanting into all ranks of the fundamental idea of the Tank as a weapon for saving the lives of infantry. This idea was, indeed, the foundation of the *moral* of the Tank Corps. . . . I have alluded to the *esprit de corps,* founded as it was upon the sentiment of saving life—a sentiment to which appeal has never failed."

The recent findings of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors showed that a type of Tank had been designed in 1912 which anticipated and, in some respects, surpassed that which was actually put into use in 1916. No use was made of this design, and many accusations of lack of foresight and obstruction have been made against various Departments. It must be admitted that "foresight" has not always been recognized, and that conditions have seldom been made sufficiently easy, for those possessed of this great gift, by freeing them from routine work in order to give them time to think ahead. A knowledge of detail and routine is often admired in heads of Departments, when ignorance of the unimportant would really be more admirable. Our national character, however, is such that we weigh ourselves in the balance with Perfection—and find ourselves wanting. But if we compare our achievements with those of other human beings, we find that our national genius can still turn the balance in our favour.

F. E. HOTBLACK

ARBITRATION IN EXTREMIS

AN AUSTRALIAN STUDY

SOME fifteen years ago it was loudly proclaimed that Australia and New Zealand had discovered a magnificent solution of their industrial troubles. Pamphlets were written by capable journalists and *littérateurs* (foremost among whom was William Pember Reeves of New Zealand) expatiating on the advantages of this new method, and prophesying that in a few years it would simply revolutionize the world's ways of dealing with labour questions. Commiseration was lavished on countries such as Britain and America that had not yet seen the Glad Light, and it was joyfully proclaimed that the day of their illumination and conversion would soon be at hand. Yet to-day neither Britain nor America has been convinced; Continental converts are few and far between, and Australia herself is apparently on the verge of wholly abjuring the homage it was supposed to be dutifully paying at the arbitration shrine. It may interest the English reader to follow out the operations of the Acts with intent to find out, if possible, how arbitration failed—and why.

Arbitration was begotten and conceived in the camp of Labour—and Ultra-Labour at that. Capital received the new-born bantling with a scoff, and predicted no good of its future. Australian Socialists hailed the birth with extravagant demonstrations of joy, and asseverated, with ludicrous cocksureness, that industrial strife was now a thing of the past and that reason had "come down to brutish beasts," etc. It was clearly *Astræa redux* over again. And in theory the thing was excellent. A tribunal was to be created; a judge appointed of unimpeachable impartiality; evidence was to be taken on both sides and a judgment to be given on the facts which no honest men or body of men would dream of contesting. Surely the reign of peace was at hand, and the days of strife and barbarism once and for all ended. For a while all was well. Arbitration had the luck to be tried in its early days "on a rising market." Things were good, business was booming, and when the judge awarded shorter hours, better conditions, or higher wages (as he almost invariably did) the flourishing state of Australasian industries enabled the burden to be borne without undue strain. True, here and there you might find a cynic who wanted to know what would happen when a judge awarded lower wages or slightly increased hours, but nobody took that kind of question seriously. It would be time enough to bid the Devil good day when you chanced to meet him.

Arbitration courts had not been running very long before it was discovered that the new system of settling industrial disputes had some notable blemishes to "mar the fair face of its still perfection." It came as a shock to the enthusiasts who had pinned their faith to the image to find that, in spite of the existence of the judicial machinery for settling disputes, the strike might still be resorted to. When complaints were made with regard to this egregious defect, Australia's leading arbitration judge elucidated the position in pithy phrase thus: "You may have a strike or you may have arbitration, but you cannot have strike and arbitration at the same time." But the Australian Labour Unions paid but scant respect to the judicial dicta, and it became no uncommon thing when a trade was discontented with a current award of the Court, instead of waiting for its legal expiry, to strike by way of compelling speedier attention to its particular grievances. Striking during the currency of an award was one offence against the law, but offences on the part of the unions were seldom, if ever, effectively punished, for it was one thing to inflict fines on a couple of thousand men and quite another thing to collect them. And if you couldn't collect them there were not gaols enough in the country to confine all the offenders who might be implicated. So it speedily became apparent that Australian arbitration was a very lopsided institution.

No better illustration of the essential defect of arbitration could be given than is afforded by the subjoined answer to a question in the New South Wales Parliament. Mr. Estelle, Minister for Labour, in answer to the then Leader of the Opposition, Mr. T. Waddell, gave the following remarkable statement:

Number of strikes in New South Wales . . .	300
Employees fined for breaches (of the Arbitration Act)	2909
Fines inflicted	£2013
Fines paid	£1987
Employees fined (including unions) . . .	66
Fines inflicted	Nil

Needless to remark, no employee was imprisoned for making default in the payment of his fine. All the punishments were inflicted on the one side while the other went off scot-free— doubtless *pour encourager les autres*. Is it to be wondered at that a law administered in this fashion has fallen into contempt? And the most extraordinary feature is that the working class, in whose favour the thing was working ninety per cent. of the time, was just the party that came to despise the Act most heartily and to clamour most vociferously for something to take its place. Had there been the paltriest modicum of courage in the Australian Governments (State and Federal) arbitration might possibly have succeeded, but time-serving politicians have been at their old game of emasculating the law, and the result has been pitiful beyond description.

To show how utterly arbitration has failed as a means of abolishing strikes, I cannot do better than quote from the last annual report of Mr. Knibbs, our Commonwealth statistician (July 1919), who gives the following suggestive table:

Year	Number of industrial disputes
1913	208
1914	337
1915	358
1916	508
1917	444
1918	298

The above statement certainly does not look as if Australia had attained her industrial millennium by any means. It is also worthy of note that the majority of these troubles were settled in the good old-fashioned way, by simple direct negotiations between employers and employees. In 1914, 73 per cent. were settled by direct negotiation; 71 per cent. in 1915; 63 per cent. in 1916; 53 per cent. in 1917; and 57 per cent. during 1918. The percentage settled by reference to State or Federal Arbitration Courts was comparatively small. There was a strange reluctance on the part of the industrial patient to swallow the medicine his own union industrial doctors had so carefully compounded and so assiduously prescribed. He would persist in "harking back" to the simpler methods of his earlier days.

It is, one must admit, quite possible that, with resolute Governments and statesmen worthy of the name, arbitration might have justified itself as an efficient institution. But the unspeakable truckling of Australia's public men, State and Federal, to the lawless element dominating the unions renders any attempt on the part of a judge at holding the scales of justice, even between conflicting parties, a pure futility. And in this matter the Nationals or anti-Labourites are just about as bad as their opponents. In the year 1917 the coal-miners, who were working under an award of the Court, broke it openly and brazenly and came out on strike. They were denounced as law-breakers by their critics, but that worried them not one iota. Thereupon the Federal Government, in defiance of the Arbitration Law, overrode the Court and appointed a "special tribunal" to adjudicate. The special tribunal promptly conceded every demand to the "law-breakers," who proclaimed their victory far and wide, and said, with perfect truth, that they had broken the law no more grossly than the Government. Towards the close of 1918 the coalmen, utterly regardless of the fact that the existing arrangement would not expire till 1920, came out again, and the acting Premier again swept the Arbitration Act into the gutter and gave the lawless unions all they demanded. Naturally these illuminating lessons were not wasted on the desert air. In 1919 the seamen determined to try their luck at law-smashing and humiliating Governments. Early in the campaign their secretary, Thomas Walsh, announced boldly that in coming out they "had flouted arbitration and intended to go on flouting it." The Federal Government with commendable promptitude took up the gage of battle, and declared their intention of upholding the Act and making no compromise with law-breakers. At the same time shrewd observers noted that no attempt was made to organize a body of strike-breakers, and that the Government was apparently quite content to see the merchant vessels which it had chartered lying idle in the Bay. The men put their case simply and directly. They wanted no arbitration. They would agree to submit their case to a round-table conference, and would waive any matters that could not there be agreed upon. The Arbitration Court might be graciously allowed to register the agreement when the conference had concluded. The Government talked on valiantly for weeks and months; professed it would never knuckle down to the brazen abrogation of law, and finally, like Byron's Donna Julia, "whispering she would ne'er consent, consented." And the result, as every one anticipated, was that the round-table conference decided that the battling unions should be accorded all they wanted, and that law-breaking should be exalted on the pedestal of heroism. The unions and the Federal Government between them dug the grave of arbitration, and jointly intoned its final *Requiescat.* No Labour Government could have handed in a more complete and abject submission. Australia is now waiting for a fresh outburst, fresh demands, and probably a fresh contemptible surrender.

Whatever may be said or thought of the broad principle of arbitration, it must be confessed that certain of the dicta laid down by judges of the Court, as governing their decisions and guiding their conclusions, were erroneous in the highest degree. Take, for instance, Judge Heydon's judgment containing this much-quoted passage: "The living wage is based, not on the value of a man's work, but on his requirements as a man in civilized society." A statement so startling fairly takes the breath away. Whether a man's daily output is 50 cents or 50 dollars we are told is practically immaterial when his wages are being considered. His needs in civilized society, which may vary from moleskin to broadcloth, from plain bread and butter to champagne and truffles, are to be the bases of his remuneration, and the ability of the industry to pay for those requirements is merely a negligible factor. It was marvellous that Arbitration Courts, built on such a quicksand foundation as this, lasted as long as they did. The Heydonic dogma—if I may so christen it—was highly popular among the Unionists, for it opened up before them such a vista of inexhaustible potentialities as they had never dreamed of in their wildest moments. To be told that neither industry nor energy nor skill mattered when wages were being determined, and that the employer had only to weigh what a man considered to be his "requirements"—surely here, if anywhere, were the portals of industrial joy and the gates of the millennium.

It is really dubious as to whether the unions in Australia ever loyally, as a body, accepted the principle of arbitration. When the matter would be discussed at their meetings and conventions, there were never wanting those among the more "advanced spirits" who boldly pronounced in favour of the "good old strike" methods and prophesied the speedy collapse of this new-fangled judicial system. And it must be remembered, as mentioned before, that for quite a number of years industries were so flourishing that the Courts had only to exercise the pleasing duty of granting the men the bulk of their demands on every possible occasion.

We come now to a phase of the arbitration question that casts a grave doubt on the practicability of the whole system. After the industrial problems of private firms and capitalistic bodies had been regulated for some time by the Courts, the happy idea occurred to certain public servants that recalcitrant or impecunious Governments, who were guilty of the enormity of not granting satisfactory increases to their employees, might be brought into line by having to toe the arbitration mark, and having to plead their case in the Judicial Court for Trades Disputations that they themselves had set up. The matter was broached, and certain Governments, foremost among whom was the Federal, anxious to dodge and escape their responsibilities, consented. Australia then enjoyed the spectacle of seeing her Government Departments "pulled up" before the tribunal by organizations of State employees, and compelled to plead that the financial necessities of the country, drought, civil calamities, falling revenue, would not allow of the granting of such rises as the public servants demanded. Hereupon the Court promptly told the Government that it had absolutely nothing to do with the condition of its revenue or the impossibility of raising the money by taxation. It was there to consider the justice or advisability of granting these subordinates their increases. Of course the increases were usually granted. It is so easy for a public servant to prove his right to a rise, especially if that right be based on his "requirements." It is also so easy for an Arbitration Court to grant men everything they want when the Court has not to fulfil the unpleasant duty of finding the money. And now the shrewder men among Australia's politicians are commencing to see that to be logical they ought to allow the Arbitration Court to decide on the taxation of the country, as the said body now settles how much the country shall spend. As an example of what may happen under this crazy system, let me quote a Queensland example. On one occasion, about three years ago, the railway employees decided to take the Department before the Court on the question of wages. The Queensland railways had lost in the preceding financial year, roughly, a million pounds—an enormous loss for a country with a population of only 670,000. Nevertheless the State Arbitration Court promptly raised wages and improved conditions to the extent of some £400,000—to the great joy of messieurs the appellants. As to the public, well, in the elegant language of a certain Vanderbilt, "The public be damned!"; the Arbitration Court was not instituted to consider the case of the public or the woes of the taxpayer. In this way constitutional Government has been completely undermined. If any outside body can settle the wages of the State's employees irrespective of the Treasurer and the state of the Treasury, then why worry about having a Treasurer at all? Why should a Minister trouble about effecting economies or reforms in a public Department when he knows quite well that an exterior power will fix the wages and allowances of the State's officials quite irrespective of the country's income or of its taxable potentialities.

In a word, then, arbitration in Australia has proved a gigantic failure. It has failed because the workers themselves have been disloyal to a great and noble principle. It has failed also because Australia's Governments, State and Federal, have been principally composed of peddling politicians who have never dared and never tried to enforce obedience to law on recalcitrant unions. And lastly it has failed, in a bigger sense, because it has been used as a bludgeon to break down Ministerial control of public expenditure. Arbitration was intended to be used as a weapon to protect the weak against the aggressions of greed; to obviate the need for the old barbarous redress of strikes; but it was never designed to be used as a machine to break up the whole fabric of responsible Government.

P. Airey

CORRESPONDENCE

THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT

To the Editor of the *National Review*

Sir,—I hope it will be possible for you to give space for the enclosed editorial article from the *New York Sun.* It states admirably the viewpoint of those of us who have deprecated the fact that other opponents of the League of Nations have lost sight of the real issue, and fought it on lines where we could not follow. We want England to understand our viewpoint. Suppose Mr. Lloyd George had been repudiated at your polls, and it were possible for him to retain the rank of Premier after you had set on him and his Government the seal of your disapproval. Suppose he had come to America and assured us that, in spite of his defeat, he represented practically all of England. Suppose we had entered into engagements with him in which he promised that your entire foreign policy would be changed to a pet scheme of internationalism he had evolved. Should we have any right to blame you if you did not enter eagerly into the engagements Mr. Lloyd George had made for you ?—if you refused to regard them as binding ? You would regret profoundly that we misunderstood and things were rather messed up in consequence, but I doubt if you would change your foreign policy or endanger your independence as a nation for that reason. At any rate, we dare not, all the more because we realize that there can be no longer a selfish isolation for any of the great nations of the earth. We hope that in being most ourself we shall be able to help most where help is needed. But we want you to understand.

Harriet Gaylord

New York City, *November* 17, 1919

AMERICA HAS " REPUDIATED " NOTHING

The *Daily News* of London is quoted as saying that : " It is quite certain that in the full tide of his activity, the President would never have stood by and watched the Senate enacting a repudiation of the implied pledges given by Mr. Wilson himself, with his country solidly acclaiming him in the months when the ideal of a League of Nations was first being laid before the world."

The one unfortunate and regrettable incident of the triumph of American nationalism over Wilson internationalism, of American independence over League of Nations supersovereignty, as that triumph is recorded in the Senate of the United States, is the fact that Mr. Wilson's advisers felt obliged to urge him to abandon his personal campaign in behalf of the Treaty and interwoven covenant. The *Daily News* intimates that Mr. Wilson, had he not abandoned the contest, might have stayed the rising tide of Americanism which obliterated the Wilson doctrine. Such is not the case. The Washington correspondent of a neighbour of the *Daily News,* the London *Times,* acknowledges this when he speaks of " the failure of his [Mr. Wilson's] tour," meaning Mr. Wilson's swing around the circle.

That failure was recognized by all impartial and informed observers of American affairs before Mr. Wilson had been on the road a week.

Not only is the intimation of the *Daily News* that Mr. Wilson might have saddled the obligations of the League of Nations Covenant on America without foundation, but the suggestion which is likely to be read into the words " with his country solidly acclaiming him in the months when the ideal of a League of Nations was first being laid before the world " is entirely unjustified. This suggestion is that at some time in the past Americans were solidly behind Mr. Wilson's project for a League of Nations, and that this nation, acting through the Senate, has now repudiated an enterprise to which it was previously in some formal or informal way bound or committed. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mr. Wilson's supporters did indeed seek to obtain for him, from the Senate, a blanket endorsement of his future acts when, in the autumn of 1918, Senator James Hamilton Lewis, one of their spokesmen in Congress, presented to the Senate a resolution approving, unseen, anything he might choose to do. That resolution never got beyond the introductory stage, because Mr. Wilson's friends recognized that if it were called up for serious discussion, it would bring a swift and stinging rebuke upon all who were concerned in advocacy of it.

Mr. Wilson himself appealed to the country for a vote of confidence in his policies at the Congress elections in November 1918. The overwhelming defeat then administered to him, resulting in the loss of both Houses of Congress by the Democratic Party, which he had made peculiarly his own, served to reveal American sentiment on Mr. Wilson's designs in a way sufficiently clear to enlighten all men, here and abroad, who sought enlightenment. Mr. Wilson refused to be guided by it. He ignored it. For that he is responsible. Any foreign statesman who chose to believe that Mr. Wilson spoke for America when he spoke in contradiction of what America itself had said at the polls, is responsible for the situation in which he now finds himself.

America has repudiated nothing, broken no pledges, explicit or implied, changed no policy, departed from no national tradition. America has stood firm for its national sovereignty, for its independence, for its unqualified freedom. America has remained true to Washington, to Jefferson, to Monroe, to Lincoln, to Roosevelt. America was never behind the novelties of statecraft Woodrow Wilson endeavoured to impose upon the nation.

If in 1918–19 there were men in Europe who deliberately blinded themselves to Mr. Wilson's real status, who accepted him at his own valuation as dictator of American policies, who deluded themselves into the belief that, because he treated the Senate with contempt and the people of the United States as pliant creatures of his will the Senate and the people of this country would submit to his every whim, they have to thank only themselves for their present disappointment. They should have asked if Mr. Wilson could deliver what he implied he could deliver, and if they had asked at headquarters they would have had no difficulty in finding out he couldn't. (*The New York Sun*, November 17, 1919.)

TREATY RESERVATIONS ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES SENATE, NOVEMBER 15

THE texts of the ten Reservations to the Peace Treaty, drawn by the Foreign Relations Committee and adopted to-day by the Senate, follow :

Mandates.—" No mandate shall be accepted by the United States under Article 22, Part 1, or any other provision of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, except by action of the Congress of the United States."

Domestic Questions.—" The United States reserves to itself exclusively the right to decide what questions are within its domestic jurisdiction, and declares that all domestic and political questions relating wholly or in part to its internal affairs, including immigration, labour, coastwise traffic, commerce, and the suppression of the traffic in women and children, opium, and other dangerous drugs, and all other domestic questions, and all questions affecting the present boundaries of the United States and its insular and other possessions are solely within the jurisdiction of the United States, and are not under this Treaty to be submitted in any way either to arbitration or the consideration of the Council or the Assembly of the League of Nations, or any agency thereof, or to the decision or recommendation of any other Power."

Monroe Doctrine.—" The United States will not submit to arbitration or inquiry by the Assembly or by the Council of the League of Nations provided for in said Treaty of Peace any questions which, in the judgment of the United States, depends upon or relates to its long-established policy commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine. Said Doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone, and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of said League of Nations, and entirely unaffected by any provision contained in the said Treaty of Peace with Germany."

Shantung.—" The United States withholds its assent to Articles 156, 157, and 158, and reserves full liberty of action with respect to any controversy which may arise under said Articles between the Republic of China and the Empire of Japan."

Participation in League.—" The Congress of the United States will provide by law for the appointment of the representatives of the United States in the Assembly and the Council of the League of Nations, and may, in its discretion, provide for the participation of the United States in any commission, committee, tribunal, court, council, or conference, or in the selection of any members thereof, and for the appointment of members of said commissions, committees, courts, councils, or conferences, or any other representatives under the Treaty of Peace, or in carrying out its provisions, and until such participation and appointment have been so provided for and the powers and duties of such representatives so defined, no person shall represent the United States under either said League of Nations or the Treaty, or be authorized to perform any act for or in behalf of the United States thereunder, and no representative of the United States shall be selected or appointed as a member of said commission, committees, courts, councils, or conferences, except with the approval of the Senate of the United States.

Trade Interference.—" The United States understands that the Reparation Commission will regulate or interfere with exports from the United

States to Germany, or from Germany to the United States, only when the United States by act or joint resolution of Congress approves such regulation or interference."

Contributions to Leagues.—" The United States shall not be obligated to contribute to any expenses of the League of Nations, or of the secretariat or of any commission or committee or conference or other agency organized under the League of Nations or under the Treaty, or for the purpose of carrying out the Treaty provisions, unless and until an appropriation of funds available for such expenses shall have been made by the Congress of the United States.

Armaments.—" If the United States shall at any time adopt any plan for the limitation of armaments proposed by the Council of the League of Nations under the provisions of Article 8, it reserves the right to increase such armament without the consent of the Council whenever the United States is threatened with invasion or engaged in war."

Boycott.—" The United States reserves the right to permit, in its discretion, the nationals of a covenant-breaking State, as defined in Article 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, residing within the United States or in countries other than that violating said Article 16, to continue their commercial, financial, and personal relations with the nationals of the United States."

Alien Property Rights.—" Nothing in Articles 296, 297, or in any of the annexes thereto, or in any other Article, provision, or annex to the Treaty of Peace with Germany, shall, as against citizens of the United States, be taken to mean any confirmation, ratification, or approval of any act otherwise illegal or in contravention of the rights of citizens of the United States."

The two remaining Reservations on the Foreign Relations Committee's programme, on which no action has yet been taken, read :

German Colonies.—" The United States declines to accept, as trustee or in her own right, any interest in or any responsibility for the Government or disposition of the overseas possessions of Germany, her rights, and titles to which Germany renounces to the Principal Allied and Associated Powers under Articles 119 to 127 inclusive."

Questions of Honour.—" The United States reserves to itself exclusively the right to decide what questions affect its honour or its vital interests, and declares that such questions are not under this Treaty to be submitted in any way either to arbitration or to the consideration of the Council or of the Assembly of the League of Nations or any agency thereof, or to the decision or recommendation of any other Power."

Three Reservations, including the preamble to the Committee's programme, had been adopted prior to to-day's session. They read :

Preamble to Reservations.—" The Committee also reports the following reservations and understandings to be made part and a condition of the resolution of ratification, which ratification is not to take effect or bind the United States until the following Reservations and understandings have been accepted as a part and condition of said instrument of ratification by at least three of the four Principal Allied and Associated Powers, to wit : Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan."

Withdrawal.—" The United States understands and construes Article 1, that in case of notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations, as provided in said Article, the United States shall be the sole judge as to whether all its international obligations, and all its obligations under the said Covenant, have been fulfilled, and notice of withdrawal by the United States may be given by a concurrent resolution of the Congress of the United States."

Article 10.—"The United States assumes no obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country, or to interfere in controversies between nations, whether Members of the League or not, under Article 10, or to employ the military and naval forces of the United States under any Article of the Treaty or for any purpose unless in any particular case the Congress, which under the Constitution has the sole power to declare war or authorize the employment of military or naval forces of the United States, shall by act or joint resolution so provide." (*New York Tribune*, Washington Bureau, November 15, 1919.)

EUROPE'S MISCONCEPTION

We append an extract from an admirable article in the *New York Tribune* (November 16), in which Mr. Frank H. Simonds analyses the fiasco of the League of Nations, and endeavours to impress on his compatriots that the Covenant owed its priority and predominance at the Peace Conference exclusively to the idea that it was an American ideal on which the American people were solid:

> "I have tried many times, in my letters from Paris and since I returned, to emphasize the fact that the League of Nations and all the details in the Treaty of Versailles, which were written in as natural consequences of the acceptance of the League of Nations idea, owed their existence to President Wilson and to the universal assumption in Europe that, in demanding the creation of a League of Nations, the President spoke for the United States, which was itself united in favour of such a world organization.
>
> "It is true that most of the actual machinery and the larger part of the form of the League of Nations were British contributions. Mr. Wilson carried to Europe not a complete system, but merely a fixed determination to bring about the creation of a League of Nations. Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts were, in fact, in a large measure, the authors of the provisions written into the Treaty of Versailles to create a League of Nations.
>
> "On the other hand, had President Wilson not championed the idea, the British would not have presented it at Paris. There was no spontaneous or widespread support of the idea in Britain before President Wilson went to Paris, nor was there ever a time when British support of the idea was not in the main the result of a well-defined policy to support American wishes in Paris, so far as these were not directly inimical to British interests, with the purpose of contributing to the extension of Anglo-American friendship and association.
>
> "The importance of the United States in the world which had been created by the war was nowhere so intelligently appreciated as in Britain, and the Paris Conference was recognized as providing the opportunity to clear the way for future intimate associations between the United States

and Great Britain in all world affairs. Thus, had we gone to Paris advocating, for example, a permanent alliance between Britain, France, and the United States, or any other form of world association compatible with British safety and legitimate self-interest, it would have had unhesitating support. The British were merely bound, in their own view, to stand with America and to support American desires at Paris. In this conception there was more than selfishness, and not a little honest gratitude for American aid, together with an extension of what had been British policy for several decades—namely, to foster American friendship and seek American association in world affairs.

" But it is a mistake to believe that for a League of Nations, for the idea or the principle, there was general or considerable support in Great Britain. The British Government officially supported, and the British nation, so far as it actually advocated a League of Nations, acted upon the settled conviction that the League of Nations represented the desire and the demand of the American people. Had Mr. Wilson at any stage of the proceedings abandoned the idea, it would have been discarded by the British without delay. In a word, it represented for them the demand of a nation which they desired to please, and constituted the sort of demand which they could support without difficulty.

" By contrast, neither the French nor the Italians—in point of fact, not one of the considerable nations allied with Great Britain and associated with the United States—had the smallest sympathy with the idea of a League of Nations. It was opposed by the French and the Italians because it immediately conflicted with what both peoples regarded as their own legitimate security—it deprived them of safeguards, territorial and otherwise, which the victory over Germany otherwise placed in their hands.

" But France was forced to surrender its opposition because of the support assured to Mr. Wilson from the outset by Great Britain, and Italy was temporarily dragged along, never, however, with the smallest real enthusiasm. Clemenceau, finding that Lloyd George purposed to back the President, was constrained to follow a similar policy, although he came to it far less readily than his British ally, and was never able to carry with him any large faction of his fellow-countrymen.

" Yet the ultimate French decision, like the immediate British resolve, was founded upon an appreciation of the new position occupied by the United States in the world, its tremendous power, its gigantic resources. Unless these resources were to be turned against France : unless France, wellnigh ruined by the war, was to be deprived of American aid, it was inevitable that French statesmen in the Paris Conference should accept American demands. And for the French, like the British, the League of Nations was accepted as the expression of the wellnigh unanimous will of the American people, as the President was welcomed as the unchallenged spokesman of his nation. " America be pleased," was the watchword of the Paris Conference ; and accepting the League of Nations was believed to be the sole method of satisfying the American people.

" I wish I could make clear the exact situation at Paris, because it is essential in order to understand the new situation in Europe to recognize the facts of last winter and spring. For the League of Nations idea there was practically no European support. Such support as there was came entirely from British sources, and it was, in the main, due to a recognition that any such League of Nations as had been outlined would in the end infallibly develop into an Anglo-American alliance. As far as France and Italy were concerned there was open hostility, honest, patriotic apprehension. Accepting the idea represented to Frenchmen one more sacrifice made necessary by the war, but accepted with bitterness and with profound apprehension.

" Since that time we have seen that Italy and Rumania have deliberately withdrawn from any but the most nominal relations with the Paris Conference, and have rejected for themselves the application of the essential principles of the League of Nations, while the Greeks, the Poles, and even the recently defeated Germans have calmly challenged the decisions of that Paris Conference which is the precursor of the League of Nations itself. We have seen, at the same time, an ever-growing protest in France.

" But all of this is incidental to the main fact. The strength of the League of Nations in Europe lay exclusively in the belief that it possessed the unqualified approval of the whole American people, and that if there were not established through the medium of the Paris Conference a League of Nations which would receive the approval of President Wilson, then the aid and co-operation of America would be withdrawn. Had Europe suspected that there was real division in America over the principle, the League of Nations idea would have been totally abandoned by the time the President had returned from his February visit to America."

CENTRAL LIBRARY
FEB 24 1920
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

February 1920

Episodes of the Month

The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire
I. By HEBER L. HART, K.C., LL.D. (the Hundred Guineas Prize Essay);
II. By R. R. GARDNER, Scholar of Repton (the Fifty Guineas Public Schools Prize Essay);
III. By Miss G. MARY JERRED (the Twenty Guineas Girls' Prize Essay)

Labour and a Capital Levy By the Right Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

Are the Irish Celts an Inferior Race? By Q. E. D.

Mr. Beckford in Portugal By G. H. VILLIERS

The Nivelle Affaire
By Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.M.G.

A Great Match By Newmarket

British Delusions concerning Americans
By OLIVER MADOX HEUFFER

Grievance in the Village By Miss EDITH SELLERS

Business and Government
By Lieut.-Colonel Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, Bart.

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR AT
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Registered at the G.P.O. for
transmission to Canada at
the special rate of 1½d.

Price 3s. net

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

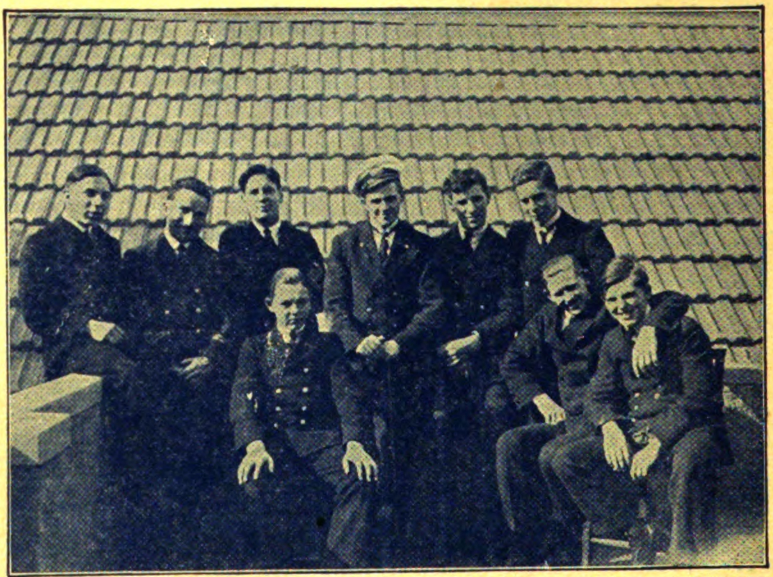
Founded 1856

Patrons:
Their Majesties the King and Queen

FOR GOD & OUR SAILORS

IN the hour of our peril it was the self-sacrifice and devotion of British Seamen which, by God's Mercy, Saved us from Starvation and made possible our Glorious Victory.

Now that the danger has passed we have the chance of proving our gratitude.



A jolly group of future Mercantile Marine Officers at the Melbourne Seamen's Institute

The Missions to Seamen is the greatest Agency in the World for providing real friends and attractive homes for Sailors in all the principal Ports of the World from London to Yokohama, and from Cardiff to Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Sydney, etc.

124 Ports Occupied

Funds urgently needed, especially for extensions in the great Ports Abroad, and to meet the increased expenses due to the rise in prices and to loss on exchange.

We shall not grudge our help, shall we? they have proved themselves worthy.

Stuart C. Knox, M.A., Secretary
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN, 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE
NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 444. FEBRUARY 1920

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Safety First

THE retirement of the great French Prime Minister who inspired the Allied and Associated Powers to victory in 1918, and who subsequently tried to save the Peace as he had saved the war, is a momentous and depressing event that gains nothing from any surrounding circumstance. Of the Big Four who settled down nearly a year ago to make a new earth and a new heaven, and who by common if not universal consent made an appalling mess of their titanic task, one only remains—Mr. Lloyd George, who is reported when contemplating the fate of his colleagues to have given himself but another "six months of power." The Peace Conference has undoubtedly exercised an unfavourable influence on the prestige of its principal participants, who have paid the inevitable penalty of attempting something altogether beyond their scope and capacity. Monsieur Clemenceau was the one and only great figure among them. He made a fine and sustained effort to retrieve an impossible situation, as even his bitterest enemies and most jealous detractors acknowledge and as France will increasingly recognize as the inner history of the Conference discloses the hopelessness of the heavy handicap on her great national leader. His whole mind and purpose were concentrated on the supreme problem of safeguarding France against the catastrophe which had brought her twice during his working life to death's door. This is not—as is suggested by our smug Bureaucracy and Whig Defeatists, who would have deserted France had they dared in 1914—because M. Clemenceau is "a narrow nationalist" indifferent to the interests of every nation but his own. It is that his instinctive intelligence enables him to realize, as "responsible statesmen" from overseas still fail to do, that civilization can only be assured provided France be secure. Were she blotted out with the connivance of British Liberalism—as was on the cards five and a half years ago—Great Britain's existence would be worth but a few years' purchase under the menace of the overwhelming Continental coalition which was the dream of Wilhelm II, as we always suspected and now know from his intimate letters to the Russian Emperor, the publication of which in the *Morning Post* has been the outstanding journalistic event of the New Year. It is obvious to every one with eyes to see, that with France safe Britain is safe, and the safety of Britain involves the safety of the British Empire and, though Americans won't see it, of the United States. M. Clemenceau, besides being a devout Frenchman whose country is his *grande passion*, is also the wisest friend of Great Britain and of U.S.A., who have a common stake in France, whose eastern frontier must be our frontier, as we have learnt during these hideous years, and as the Americans must also have learnt had the war lasted long enough to complete their education.

Dramatis Personæ

UNFORTUNATELY M. Clemenceau was utterly unable to communicate his own sound standpoint to the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied and Associated Powers, while the fatal form assumed by the Peace Conference as a gathering of heads of Governments deprived diplomacy of its customary safety-valve. There was nothing to appeal to, as would have been the case had more rational procedure been adopted and President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George had remained at home playing politics, leaving to Plenipotentiaries with some competence in international affairs the immense task for which they were both temperamentally and by training unfitted. Nor was there anything to appeal to on the ground. M. Clemenceau speaks excellent English and understands it perfectly. Neither President Wilson nor Mr. Lloyd George can string three words of French together nor do they understand that language. Mr. Balfour is better, not that that is saying much. Every sentence had to go through an interpreter, and though the interpreting throughout the Conference was a theme of universal admiration, the operation does not put dissonant minds *en rapport* or soften differences. The personality of the chief performers provided another insuperable obstacle to rational decisions. A bon mot "by or attributed to" the Tiger was regarded as hitting off the crisis. "What can I do—one of my colleagues believes that he is Napoleon Bonaparte, while another is convinced that he is Jesus Christ?" Our scatter-brained Premier was, so to speak, all over the shop, contemptuous of all professional and expert opinion; rejecting knowledge in every shape and form, and liable to reverse any wise decision as fancy prompted, while he was always accessible to any amateurish suggestion that was sufficiently sensational. President Wilson's *idée fixe* was that he was the Saviour of the World, and that nothing mattered beyond the Fourteen Points; his second delusion being that the United States had fought exclusively to create a League of Nations. There was little to be done with such confrères, though with infinite patience and persistence M. Clemenceau saved enough from ruin to give colour to Mugwumps who denounce the Treaty as "a French Peace," just as domestic critics of M. Clemenceau have a pretext for deriding it as "an overseas Peace." It was neither. It is no Peace.

If he had resigned?

M. Clemenceau cannot fairly be saddled with a document which evades the whole problem of Reparation by Germany—the United States is so disgusted with her President's handiwork that so far she has refused to touch the Treaty with a pair of tongs, while the Covenant of the League of Nations has simply been laughed out of court by the Senate. We cannot consent that the Treaty should be regarded as "a British Peace," because vital British interests were betrayed at every turn by the British Delegation, which steadily devoted itself to attenuating British claims upon Germany, succeeding to the point of preventing our getting any war costs. M. Clemenceau could not always conceal his chagrin at the attitude the Allies and Associates elected to adopt—which, be it remembered, was far worse behind the scenes, where they were immune from observation. He could do nothing with President Wilson, who had one test for every proposal that was made: "How does this accord with my utterances in Washington?" Any other man than the French Premier would have thrown up the sponge at the outset, and even he had moments of great discouragement in which he seriously thought of retiring from the Conference. He only remained at his post from sheer patriotism, rightly believing that he could do better for France than any successor, though one sometimes regrets that he did not leave such hopeless colleagues to stew in their own juice. The Tiger at large, backed as he would have been by an irresistible public opinion on both sides of the Channel, could have achieved much, and even had President Wilson gone home in the *George Washington* and the Conference broken up, we cannot see that the world would have been any worse off than it is to-day under the Ratification of a Peace Treaty which, in trying to settle everything, failed to settle anything, and in the hope of ending all war has not even made a certainty of ending the only war that concerned it, while it opens up limitless vistas of future and hitherto undreamt-of conflicts of which no man can foresee the end. The tragedy of the Peace is worse than any tragedy of the war.

The Rump

If these things were done in the green tree, how will it be in the dry? If with the penetrating intelligence, the strong common sense, the extraordinary force of character, and the incomparable prestige of *Père la Victoire* to aid the Amateurs of Diplomacy, the Peace Conference was, nevertheless, so miserable a fiasco, laying, as some cynic has observed, "the foundations of many a just and durable war," what hope is there of any wisdom from a mere Rump of which Mr. Lloyd George is the doyen and which he will try and boss? Signor Orlando has gone, President Wilson has followed his Italian victim and is even more completely out of it. Now Monsieur Clemenceau has shaken the dust of office off his feet and retired into private life—his enemies rendering him the inestimable service of saving him the exasperating existence of the Presidency. What is there left in the Conference that can either make the world safe for Democracy or tolerable for any other purpose? The sooner the curtain is rung down on this dangerous farce and the politicians are replaced by Commissions to execute the Treaty, such as it is, the better for everybody concerned. The world will then at least be spared these ceaseless and utterly futile alarums and excursions which perpetually arouse expectations without fulfilling them. The only hope now lies in demobilizing the Conference and in trying to build up something useful outside it, e.g. a Franco-Italian-British-Japanese Alliance into which should be invited all trustworthy Powers. With the breakdown of the League of Nations this remains the single hope of civilized mankind, and though, no doubt, it will be obstructed by all Pacifists, who time and again have proved themselves to be our most dangerous Jingoes through their love of playing with fire, there must be sufficient horse-sense in France, Italy, England, Japan, and other peace-loving nations to realize that unless they hang together they will assuredly hang separately.

Blunders

It is now generally recognized—not that "responsible statesmen" ever acknowledge their blunders—that whoever limited the guarantors of France's eastern frontier to Great Britain and U.S.A. was guilty of folly. It was part of the general misjudgment in Paris concerning the Presidential powers to enter into any such engagement without taking steps to sound the Senate, without whose approval, under the written American Constitution, any treaty remains a mere scrap of paper. There is too much reason to fear that this document—for the sake of which France made heavy sacrifices in the teeth of the advice of Marshal Foch, who has proved to be a better judge of a vital political problem than the leading politicians—will go the way of the Draft Covenant of the League of Nations, which there is now no hope of resurrecting in any serious form. So far the Senate—whose amour-propre was mortally wounded by being ignored at the Peace Conference—has refused even to discuss this pledge to France, despite the fact that President Wilson joined forces with Mr. Lloyd George to induce M. Clemenceau to take his stand on a promise of American-British support against future German aggression rather than on the strategic policy of Marshal Foch, which, leaving nothing to chance, would have provided France with a militarily invulnerable frontier. Yet another blunder was made in the drafting of the Franco-British Treaty by the insertion of the unfortunate proviso that it "will only come into force" on the ratification of the Franco-American Treaty. Our skin is involved in the integrity of France. Why should our pledge to defend her depend on apocryphal American action? If the draftsman imagined that he was thereby "gingering up" U.S.A., he only showed his ignorance of American psychology. The final blunder was the omission of Italy, who, now that she gets strategic security on land and at sea, could have no objection to joining in buttressing peace in the West. The policy of "deconsidering" Italy was carried so far in Paris under American auspices that this may have been another manifestation of the same spirit. Now that U.S.A. has withdrawn into her shell, we Europeans may perhaps be allowed to put our own house in order without outside interference. Our first duty is to consolidate the Entente.

No Daylight

THERE is no daylight on the international horizon. The only hope of permanent peace lies in the growing belief of thinking people in London, Paris, Rome, and we hope Tokio, that we four Powers must keep our horses together and allow no marplots to come between us. All else is seeming chaos, and the futile Bosses of the Peace Conference exhibit unbroken inability to compose any differences or to settle any question. The state of Russia is a lasting condemnation of European statesmanship, and unfortunately it is not the statesmen who will pay for the mess they have made, but, as always, the unfortunate peoples. Most to blame is admittedly the British Prime Minister, for whom Bolshevism has had an irresistible attraction ever since the "Peace of Brest-Litovsk." His hostility has been the great handicap on the anti-Bolshevist cause, in the wheel of which he invariably managed to put a spoke whenever there was any prospect of achievement. Thanks in no small measure to his actions and utterances, which have seemed to be inspired by the Russophobia of a bygone generation, the situation is now past praying for. Yudenitch, Kolchak, Denikin have been knocked out or are in process of being knocked out, and the whole resources of mighty Russia will be at the disposal of the Soviets. The sentiments of the anti-Bolshevik towards the Government of this country—we trust they distinguish between official and unofficial England—had best be left to the imagination. Nor does Soviet Russia love us, indeed it regards Britain as the objective, as have all tyrants from Philip of Spain to Wilhelm of Germany. No one with any appreciation of this explosive force supposes that Bolshevism will now remain quiescent, though it is uncertain whether its spring drive will be directed against Persia and Afghanistan with a view to shaking what little Mr. Montagu may have left of British rule in India, or whether the Bolshevik armies will join forces with the Germans in an attack upon Poland. Mr. Lloyd George, who appears to have relapsed into his pre-war Potsdam attitude, is relied upon by the enemy to prevent Poland from being defended, though we should hope that as this new nation is the creation of the Peace Conference, apart from its being the Eastern bulwark of civilization, our treacherous Welshman will be unable to persuade the Allied and Disassociated Powers into this dastardly desertion. It was recently stated that Marshal Foch was proceeding to Poland, where his presence would have been a great encouragement to a threatened nation, followed, as it must have been, by practical measures. Some malign influence intervened and prevented it. Who was the culprit ? We can guess, but we don't know. Among many other questions on which so far the Peace Conference has been utterly unable to pronounce is the destiny of Fiume and the fate of Constantinople. Talking Men regard delay as a substitute for decision. They always imagine that something will turn up to spare them the hateful necessity of reaching a conclusion.

The Presidency

ALTHOUGH M. Clemenceau had long made it plain that he would relinquish the French Premiership this month, resolutely refusing to reconsider his decision and insisting on retiring from the Senate, his elimination from the Councils of Europe came as a painful surprise to most Frenchmen and caused consternation abroad. It was assumed, although M. Clemenceau had remained purely passive in the matter, that France would refuse to be deprived of his sagacious guidance at this critical juncture, and that he would be carried into the Elysée by acclamation whether he liked it or no. He had gained a notable victory at the General Election, where a Chamber of Deputies was returned in which Patriotism was stronger and Socialism weaker than in any previous House this generation. This was followed by a lesser triumph in the Senate. The Defeatists had been smitten hip and thigh from Dan to Beersheba. But M. Clemenceau has always been more popular with the people than with the politicians, upon whose toes he has trodden heavily on all possible occasions. Now that the use of his name had enabled the politicians to get the necessary votes, intriguers, under the astute leadership of M. Briand, who had several old scores to pay off, saw and seized their opportunity. As the election of President is by ballot of Senators and Deputies, public opinion might be safely ignored (it was common ground that the great public desired M. Clemenceau to succeed President Poincaré), and the full strength of all malcontents could be relied upon. Being quite indifferent, M. Clemenceau took no steps whatsoever to further his candidature, which some of his friends promoted with rather more zeal than discretion. The Opposition had the advantage of a strong candidate who had few enemies, and was generally regarded as a born President—M. Paul Deschanel, the popular President of the Chamber of Deputies. On his re-election to that office by an overwhelming majority there was a great demonstration, M. Briand taking the lead, in favour of his candidature for the Presidency, and at a preliminary trial of strength M. Deschanel secured 408 votes to 389 for M. Clemenceau, whereupon the latter instantly withdrew his candidature, though experts averred that he would have gained the day at Versailles had he persisted. Why should he? He had never desired the Presidency, he had always regarded himself as in many ways unsuited to that conventional and ceremonial office, and only consented to allow his name to be put forward in deference to popular pressure. We can all most warmly congratulate President Deschanel, who is emphatically the right man in the right place, and no less congratulate M. Clemenceau on the escape he owes to his enemies. Many of his best friends and warmest admirers were convinced that he would have been "bored stiff" at the Elysée, and would not have stood it for a year. As a free man he will be immeasurably more useful to his country and to the Allies, and we cannot follow the prevailing fashion of writing valedictory articles. This marvellous old man, who is impervious to all shocks and all knocks, will, after a short holiday, return a much refreshed Tiger, and will play no small part in keeping politicians straight. He is still a boy in years compared with our own glorious veteran, Lord Halsbury, whose ninety-seventh birthday is being celebrated as we write.

FRANCE is indeed fortunate in being able to command the service of statesmen who equally inspire confidence at home and abroad. We have only to note, for example, the attitude towards M. Poincaré—the retiring President—of our own anti-Ally and pro-enemy Press. British "Progressives" have never forgiven this eminent French statesman for refusing to run away when Germany threw down the glove. Had M. Poincaré, who had played a most honourable and conspicuous part in reviving the self-confidence of his compatriots, been "too proud to fight" in 1914, our own scuttlers, who dominated the Cabinet as well as the Progressive Party in Parliament and the Progressive Press, could likewise have scuttled and Europe would have been Pan-Germanized. The President's rôle is always difficult—he neither reigns nor governs—but a man of M. Poincaré's intellectual attainments always counts. He counted in July–August 1914. He has counted ever since. He should count more than ever when he returns to practical politics, as is generally expected, and for which the way has been prepared by his almost unanimous election to the Senate. Of M. Deschanel we need say no more except that his unimpeachable record makes his succession to the Elysée a universally gratifying event. The Clemenceau Cabinet—which it must be admitted was apart from its chief anything but a great Government—has been succeeded by a Millerand Cabinet, whose head has incurred some unpopularity among Parliamentarians by going for his Ministers off the beaten path, which caused the Ministerial debut in the Chamber to be anything but triumphant, and there are already rumours of "reconstruction" and even "resignation." It must be admitted that M. Millerand has gratuitously increased his own difficulties by including M. Steeg, who was associated with M. Malvy, who was near the heart of a dangerous defeatist movement in 1917, for which he was subsequently tried, condemned, and exiled. Patriotic France is naturally disinclined to tolerate any one suspected of weakness in the national cause when the national life was in danger. We sincerely hope M. Millerand will get through his difficulties—minus M. Steeg—as he is an able man of resolute character who will know how to assert himself on the key-question of Reparation, in which he will get little or no help from Mr. Lloyd George. French Governments should, however,

Poincaré and Millerand

realize that the British Government has no mandate from this country to sacrifice Allied interests to enemy interests. M. Millerand will have the support of British public opinion against Mr. Lloyd George in keeping a stiff upper lip on all Franco-German questions.

Reparation

AFTER all the concessions France made at the Peace Conference in the vain hope of securing American support for the Treaty and backing in the future, and to meet the vagaries of "the Chameleon of the Rue Nitot," * it is incredible that she should yield further. As the Peace Conference passes off the stage the Reparation Commission emerges into view. It was one of the most ingenious devices of the International Jew, who wirepulled finance in Paris. Being both irresponsible and omnipotent under the Treaty, this body would permit limitless backstairs work on behalf of Germany, without involving the British Government in Parliamentary difficulties. A recent reply of Mr. Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons indicated that the odium of unpopular decisions would be transferred from "Responsible Ministers" to this secret international tribunal. It would thus only be necessary to pack it with Keyneses and the trick would be done. It is not now so certain that this plan or plot will work. France is not prepared to be fooled—she has too much at stake—and M. Millerand is among the last Frenchmen to be pliable in such a matter. We earnestly appeal to him on behalf of the British public and the British Dominions, who have no one looking after their interests in Paris, to exact the uttermost farthing from the wily Boche, who is laughing in his sleeve at his success in humbugging President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George. The British representative on the Reparation Commission is Sir John Bradbury—of whom we know nothing—he may be another Keynes and on the "magnanimous" tack. But we derive solid satisfaction from the appointment of M. Jonnart as President, who, though described by the *Daily News* as "a man of large and temperate views," is unlikely to buy a pig in a poke. Unless we are mistaken, M. Jonnart lives near Arras, and realizes what the devastated area signifies and what is due, so far as material compensation can atone for irreparable injury. Englishmen, having made common cause with France, look to men like M. Jonnart to see justice done and to act as our trustees and discharge the duty which our own Ministers have shirked after obtaining power by false pretences.

---

* Mr. Lloyd George lodged in Lord Michelham's flat in the Rue Nitot throughout the Peace Conference, which prompted an article under this title in the *National Review* of May 1919.

Escape of ex-Kaiser

The Associated and Allied Powers have steadily courted a rebuff from the pseudo-German Government of Holland in the matter of the trial of the ex-Kaiser, over which they have never meant business. They must feel relieved that the Dutch have now afforded them the opportunity of dropping a demand exceedingly distasteful to "responsible statesmen." If one Government could be brought to book for its high crimes and misdemeanours, why not another? If ex-Kaiser Wilhelm could be arraigned for his countless sins of commission, why not other rulers for their sins of omission? Perish the thought. Such a hateful precedent as the indictment of an Emperor might be followed by the indictment of a President for failing to prepare his country for an inevitable and impending war, or even of a Prime Minister for a like offence, or for measures calculated to lose a war, or for selling the pass at the Peace. We have steadily and strenuously advocated the trial and punishment of Wilhelm II as the arch-criminal of the greatest crime ever perpetrated against humanity—if only because the immunity of the arch-criminal involves the immunity of the lesser criminals acting "by order," but we have never entertained any illusions on the question, having always known that in the eyes of statesmen "the hanging of the Kaiser"—with which some of them have made much play—was mere eyewash for the beguilement of the electors and to enable them to "vote straight." Nor were we moved by Mr. Lloyd George's characteristic statement made at a moment it was deemed necessary to "raise the wind" in Parliament—that this country would be the venue of the Imperial malefactor's trial. Such assertions by the head of the Government mean nothing nowadays. They do not even bring discredit upon their author when they are subsequently discovered to be camouflage. We have no means of knowing whether The Hague Government received a hint through the usual channels that a *non possumus* would be agreeable to the Allies, whose seemingly stern note demanding the extradition of the fugitive of Amerongen was not taken at its face value. In any case they could draw their own conclusions from the general attitude of the invertebrate Peace Conference, and within a very few days of receiving the request, the Dutch Government gave a cool and curt refusal on the ground that, as Holland was not a party to the Treaty of Peace, its provisions were nothing to her. This public rebuff to the Entente is all the more gratifying to a small Power which has played a peculiarly contemptible part while the civilized world has suffered, secure in the knowledge that the Allies are incapable of taking offence. There may be a further flow of Notes, but there is a general consensus of opinion that on one pretext or another nothing will happen. Crime will gain its most conspicuous victory in the escape of the arch-criminal, and the Allies will become involved in a series of embarrassments which can only end in corresponding humiliations over all the other criminals. It is a bright beginning for the League of Nations.

"Some" Correspondence

COMPLETE sets of the issues of the *Morning Post* containing the ex-Kaiser's letters to the Tsar can be obtained by sending 5s. to the Publisher of the *Morning Post,* 346 Strand, W.C.2. This is the most wonderful and valuable of all the war revelations that have tumbled over one another during many weeks in daily or Sunday newspapers. The whole plot that culminated in 1914 stands revealed. We shall not dwell on the fact that "the uncharitable view" of Wilhelm's character, with which we belaboured our readers month by month and year by year from about 1900 onwards—to the scandal of all good Mugwumps—is strikingly verified by the private letters in which this black and treacherous soul revealed itself to his Imperial kinsman, a mighty monarch whose support was necessary to the realization of the German megalomania. Note that no attempt has been made to asperse the authenticity of the correspondence which the world is understood to owe to the enterprise of an American journalist, who obtained Lenin's leave to photograph it. The ex-Kaiser's only grievance is that the letters have been published, not that they are forgeries. So now we really do know where we are and what we have been "up against" all these years, and how narrow was our escape from a catastrophe which was cunningly contrived and elaborately planned by an unscrupulous scoundrel and expert liar working on interior diplomatic lines, and able, by his relationship, to distort every action of France and England to the Russian autocrat, just as in his private propaganda in the West he was for ever vilifying "the Russian Barbarian." Wilhelm wished equally ill to all his neighbours, whom he sought to set by the ears in order that Germany might boss the world, and those are vindicated who consistently urged that the only hope of counteracting the grand international *agent provocateur*—the pre-war name of the *National Review* for the Kaiser—was for the objects of his intrigue to form a Triple Entente of which the foundations were laid by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey in 1904–1907. The bright spot in the correspondence is the evident reluctance of Nicholas to respond to Wilhelm's empoisoned overtures. But a very dark spot is that so malignant an Anglophobe as the Hohenzollern should have been able to persuade many eminent and some obscure Englishmen that he was an Anglophil whose goodwill we could rely upon. This we take it was the view of Lord Haldane and the *Daily Telegraph* among others—their comments on the Kaiser's correspondence are still awaited.

Letting the Cat out of the Bag

Now that the well-worked legend of starving, stricken, and utterly impotent Germany, a prey to Bolshevism and despair, and therefore an object of commiseration to the Allies, has served its purpose it is being discarded by those who capitalized it for Germany's benefit. No newspaper has been more lachrymose over the sorrows and sufferings of the Fatherland than the *Daily News*, unless it be the *Manchester Guardian*. Our contemporaries may now cheer up. Beloved Germany is nothing like so miserable as they tried to make us believe. We have never pretended to sympathize with the enemy's woes, because she brought everything on herself, and deliberately inflicted hideous suffering on the Allies, who are the real victims of the war. Now the cat is let out of the bag by the very "Special Correspondent" of the *Daily News* in Berlin. Germany is no longer shamming dead, nor does this sympathetic observer pretend that she is any longer dying. On the contrary (the *Daily News* of January 12) "the will to live has succeeded what a year ago *looked* [our italics] perilously like the will to die." The writer artlessly adds:

> Investigation into the condition of Germany, essential as it is, is rendered difficult by the fact that, when questioned, the average German feels it his duty to fence, to evade, to be vague, or if he ceases to be vague, to dwell on the dark side—and it can be made uncommonly dark—and not on the bright side of the picture.

But according to Mr. Keynes—the British Treasury "expert" at the Peace Conference—there is no bright side, it is all unrelieved gloom which makes it sheer cruelty to seek reparation from a destitute enemy unless we lend him the wherewithal to pay us. We are actually told by the *Westminster Gazette*, which is apparently Mr. Lloyd George's latest confidant, that our Prime Minister now shares this view, and will shortly send the hat round. Nothing would surprise us from that quarter. The *Daily News* Correspondent supplies the key to the "Pauper Germany" stunt, indicating how and why unwary British tourists beyond the Rhine, whether journalists, officials, sailors or soldiers, have been humbugged by the artful Boche. "The average German, from the standpoint of his country, is assuredly right. Allied Commissions have still to fix the figure of the Indemnity, and in the meantime one can hardly expect the debtor in bankruptcy to overestimate his assets." In other words, this nation of propagandists affect poverty to keep down the Indemnities—a plot in which they have been substantially assisted by British Ministers and their advisers. The attention of the Reparation Commission might usefully be drawn to this further statement by a correspondent of a "Be-kind-to-Germany" journal:

> This difficulty admitted, the broad consideration may justly be advanced that, politically and economically, the future of Germany is more hopeful than at any time during the past year.

Then we have this photograph of unchanging, because unchangeable, Germany:

> Thanks largely to the bureaucracy and the police, the torrent which, a year ago, seriously threatened to alter the face of Germany has become a canal. One encounters more frequently than before the steady grip of officialism in the details of everyday life. It is irritating to find oneself debarred from going on to a station platform by a porter resolute in the face of threats and tips; of being driven back abruptly by firemen from a good point of observation at a fire; of being unable to hire a cab at the Anhalter

Bahnhof without the authority of the police; but such incidents serve to show how well the vast administration is working, and how little likely in the face of this iron authority *is a revolution from Right or from Left* [our italics]. The working classes are, in effect, reverting gradually in some districts and trades, rapidly in others, to the old spirit of discipline and submission to authority, to which successive emperors pointed with so much satisfaction. There is order again in Germany.

Smooth Waters

ALL this should serve to reassure Mr. Lloyd George, his Kindergarten, and his colleagues who were haunted by the spectre of "a Bolshevik Germany," which was largely responsible for the premature Armistice that saved Germany from military annihilation in November 1918, while it constrained the Allies to swallow President Wilson's Fourteen Points. It now looks as though the Bolshevik bogy was expressly invented by the formidable Potsdam Party inside our Government as a pretext for "selling the pass"—an operation that has occupied the entire interval. It is surely unnecessary even for a Coalition to continue this process in the face of the *Daily News* witness, that Germany is now in "smooth waters"—which is more than can be said of the "victorious Allies," who were robbed of the legitimate fruits of victory by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George.

Germany, unless Peace Treaty complications occur, should soon pass, so far as politics are concerned, into smooth, almost stagnant waters. Economically, too, her future, as already indicated, has hopeful aspects. Naturally, German business men, when questioned on the prospects of a commercial revival, are as reticent as the Lancashire cotton man when he is amassing millions. The future, they will unanimously declare, has never appeared so hopeless. American business men who are touring Germany are inclined to supply the brighter colours in the picture. One of them who has just arrived here says that at Frankfort, where he spent several weeks, many factories are working three shifts. Another American who was lately at Leipzig reports that the book and music publishers there are busy to distraction. . . . One's own experience confirms the impressions of the American business men referred to. An improved train service, for instance, is facilitating passenger traffic. Hardly a day passes without the official announcement of the addition of express trains on the Berlin-provincial services. Extra trains now run between Berlin and Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg, and Berlin and Frankfort. In spite of much newspaper talk of a "coal crisis," the coal output has increased. A bank director, in discussing the German labour question, said: "There has been a marked change in the temper of the men. It is not nearly as revolutionary as it was."

What a suggestive comment on the legends circulated by our pro-Germans that Germany is annihilated by the Peace Terms, and that she has been so stripped of railway rolling stock as to be completely paralysed!

Sailor *v.* Politician

We should never hesitate whom to believe in any difference of opinion on a matter of fact between a British Sailor and a British Politician. If, for example, Lord Beatty said one thing and any Cabinet Minister said the opposite, there would be little room for two opinions as to where credit should be given. Sailors are brought up to speak the truth—politicians to acquire a different art. Presumably the same conditions prevail in U.S.A. At any rate we all know and respect Admiral Sims as a man as incapable of lying as the late George Washington. We are not concerned in any American domestic controversy, nor have we any desire to take a hand in the perennial conflict between the sea-going section of the American Navy and the American Admiralty, called the Navy Department. We have had only too much similar controversy in this country, and have every reason to side against " mud Admirals " enmeshed in red tape, and in immediate contact with Politics. But as Britons we are intensely interested in the illuminating instruction which the Navy Department of Washington gave Admiral Sims, on the latter's dispatch on a confidential mission to London in March 1917, when at last Mr. Daniels (Secretary of the Navy) and other " Too-Proud-to-Fight " Washingtonians were being kicked into the Great War by a combination of American patriotism and Prussian truculence. According to Admiral Sims—i.e. according to the truth—he was told officially, " Don't let the British pull the wool over your eyes. It is none of our business pulling their chestnuts out of the fire. We would as soon fight the British as the Germans." We can almost hear this being said, and we may discount the denial of Mr. Daniels because it is common form among politicians on both sides of the Atlantic to repudiate the inconvenient. Indeed, Mr. Daniels had much better leave it alone, as the tone of his repudiation makes matters worse and only serves to confirm Admiral Sims. Let us hope that this incident may not be wholly lost on Lord Reading, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Lord Curzon, Mr. Winston Churchill, and other of our public men, who, in conjunction with leading journals and animated by unimpeachable intentions, habitually mislead British opinion about American sentiment towards this country, making a not dissimilar blunder as Lord Haldane and Co. made concerning pre-war Germany—*absit omen.*

The Daniels' *Gaffe*

THE Pilgrims, the English-Speaking Union, and other busybodies who exploit Anglo-American relations, should put Mr. Daniels' "explanation" in their pipes and smoke it. It would be all to the good if it stopped the rot of banqueteers. While denying that he had told Admiral Sims, "We would as soon fight the British as the Germans," he informed Senator Page, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate, that he had instructed Admiral Sims to go to London as the confidential representative of the Navy Department in the spring of 1917, "to visit the American Ambassador in London, to get in touch with the British Admiralty, to investigate the sinkings by submarines, and the situation generally, and to inform the Navy Department fully. Of course, his mission was confidential, as the United States was then neutral." Moreover, "Rear-Admiral Sims was cautioned to perform no act and to make no public statement that could commit this country to any course pending the declaration of the country's policy by the President and Congress." It is fortunate for Great Britain that so delicate, not to say invidious, a task was entrusted to a man as honourable and high-minded as Admiral Sims, who was apparently instructed by a "neutral" Government to acquire information that could only with safety be given to an Ally. Also, Admiral Sims was suspect in Washington—suspect even in the eyes of President Wilson's Secretary of the Navy—for the very reason that assured his success in London. In the words of Mr. Daniels:

> I reminded him of the statement in his Guildhall speech in England when he was a younger man, for which he was reprimanded by President Taft; "If the time ever comes when the British Empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy it is my opinion that you can count upon every man, every dollar, and every drop of blood of your kinsmen across the seas." *I told him that he was selected, not because of this speech, but in spite of it* [our italics], believing that he would exercise that discretion and diplomacy which the confidential nature of his mission necessitated, and that *his wide acquaintance with naval leaders abroad would facilitate his obtaining for the Navy Department, at first hand, information desired by the Government* [our italics].

A Senator's Comment

IT is not surprising that Mr. Daniels' *gaffe*—incomparably worse than any indiscretion imputed to Admiral Sims—should have made a bad impression in British and American naval circles. In a word, Mr. Daniels desired to exploit Admiral Sims' reputation as a friend of England to acquire information to which Mr. Daniels, who is anything but a friend of England, was not entitled. It is unnecessary for us to "rub it in," because it is so obvious to Americans, one of whose Senators is quoted by the *Morning Post* Washington correspondent as making this scathing comment:

> Look at the despicable position in which we are placed before the world. Admiral Sims is sent to London with these instructions ringing in his ears. He does not receive them from a subordinate. That is certain, because only the Secretary of the Navy himself, or some man possessing the full confidence of the Secretary and occupying a position of the highest importance, was competent to give him instructions. He has been told that he is to get every scrap of information that the British Admiralty is willing to let him have. He has been told, in effect, that he is to make the Admiralty believe that the United States is on the verge of coming into the war, as an ally of England, and then he is told that it is a toss-up whether we shall fight Germany or England—that we are quite indifferent about it and would as soon fight England as we would Germany. What is he to believe? In what capacity does he go to England? Is he an honest man or a spy? One can have some respect for a spy, for he at least risks his life; but a man who goes as a friend to betray a friend—good God!

The Senator broke off passionately.

> I believe implicitly every word Admiral Sims says, I know he is telling the truth, but I would give everything I have if it should be proved to the satisfaction of the world that Admiral Sims is a liar and that those instructions were never given to him.

That, remember, is American and not British comment. We may leave the matter there, save to express our dissent from the Senator's preference to have Admiral Sims proved a liar rather than the Navy Department convicted of such an act. On that we differ. The repute of such a man as Admiral Sims is infinitely more valuable than that of any Government Department, because it is the Simses who save their country from their politicians.

The Daft Covenant

It was always idle to warn our Anglo-Germanizers in pre-war days against their folly, or to emphasize the penalty this country would have to pay for their misjudgment. They were too conceited to learn the A B C of the international situation without a war, and even the war has taught them so little that they are rapidly returning like the dog to his vomit. It is equally idle to argue with their present folly. Our Mandarins and ex-Mandarins are omniscient, and every one who is not a Mandarin is a fool, even though the course of events has convicted the Mandarin world of a greater proportion of folly than any other class of the community. British Ministers and ex-Ministers have already inflicted incalculable harm on

Anglo-American relations—which can never be anything but difficult—by the insensate League of Nations which they swallowed, holus-bolus, from President Wilson, and which they proceeded to advocate with such intemperance as to disgust the vast mass of Americans with the whole Treaty of Versailles, and to cause them to regard the Covenant as nothing less than a European trap. As a result the United States stands aside from the Settlement, rejecting all responsibilities, either in peace or war, after her President was allowed to dictate the principal and most objectionable provisions of the Peace. Such is the wisdom of our rulers. Such is their judgment in foreign affairs. Such was their appreciation of the political trend in the United States, which they profess to understand because many Americans, though by no means all, speak the same language as ourselves. If responsible Statesmen could only get into their facile brains the elementary fact that so far from being an immediate objective " Anglo-American cooperation " is an unobtainable ideal—year by year receding owing to the efforts of " Anglo-Saxon " gushers—there might be some hope of the two countries, at any rate, appreciating each other's standpoint, instead of being habitually at cross-purposes. There are an immense, and by no means decreasing, number of Americans who share the view ascribed by Admiral Sims to the Navy Department in Washington—" We would as soon fight the British as the Germans." The Americans are, however, a practical people, and if once our Slobber Press would face the facts, however disagreeable, we need not utterly despair of an unhopeful future. Americans talk sentimentally but they act otherwise. They naturally wipe their boots on any doormats that present themselves, just as the Germans wiped their boots on Downing Street during the Haldane regime of 1912 to 1914; but directly Americans realized that the destruction of the British doormat would cost more than the operation was worth, they would revise their attitude, which can, however, only occur when we cultivate self-respect, and realize that the United States is a Power to whom any form of Anglo-American alliance is anathema. The League of Nations would never have been rejected by the Senate but for the capital made by President Wilson's opponents out of the fatuous backing it received in Paris from British statesmen, who had no visible mandate from this country to sign the Daft Covenant.

How not to do it

The *Daily Mail* pertinently inquires "Who's Paish?"—the question was at one moment on the tip of many tongues. The Americans have taken this busybody as seriously as he has taken himself during his self-constituted "mission" to the United States, in the course of which he appears to have avoided few mistakes that an Englishman could make just now. We may assume that Sir George Paish was well-meaning, but that is all that can be said for him, and the single effect of his misplaced zeal has been to provide fresh material for Mr. Hearst's perennial Anglophobe campaign. Indeed, we thought at first that the Paish episode must be an invention of the Yellow Press, had not a sensational headline of the *Daily News* described "Sir George Paish's important mission to the United States," which brought further grist to the Hearst mill, while a cablegram of the *Daily News* New York correspondent (P. W. Wilson) stated:

> The arrival of Sir George Paish, as Viscount Grey departs, has aroused rumours of a colossal American loan to Britain as a financial clearing-house for Europe. Sir George (who was Adviser to the British Treasury from 1914 to 1916) himself announces that his aim is to secure this loan, which the Hearst Press, in a bitter denunciation, puts at thirteen billion dollars.

This was followed up by an equally mischievous interview with Sir George Paish—there really is such a personage—with the United Press of America, in which "Britain's foremost financial expert," as he was dubbed by Hearst journalism, asserted, "Only the United States can save Europe from financial ruin and havoc."

> He was in America [he said] to solve the problem of obtaining American industrial and financial assistance for Europe. The financial aid needed was so great he did not believe private bankers could provide it. He had made no plans with regard to obtaining a loan for Great Britain. When the amount of money which Europe required became known it would "stagger the world."

According to the *Daily News*, which apparently admired Paish diplomacy:

> Sir George, *as one of the champions of the League of Nations* [our italics], has consistently urged that its creation, involving a greater community of credit, provides the means of accomplishing everything required by the financial situation of Europe. This fact, of course, considerably enhances the importance of his visit to the States at the present juncture.

If there has been one more fatal argument against the League of Nations in the States than another it was the allegation that it had a financial background, and would involve a big "international," *alias* American, loan. And here was one of its apostles proclaiming as much. Needless to say, the Paish tour was a fiasco, but it was worse, because it exacerbated Anglo-American relations.

Our Prize Essays

We have much pleasure in announcing that our Prize Essays on "The Disadvantages and Dangers of the League of Nations to the British Empire" have been awarded as follows: The Hundred Guineas Prize, open to all British born subjects of the King, has been won by Dr. Heber L. Hart, K.C.; the Public Schools Prize of Fifty Guineas, confined to those now *in statu pupillari* at any recognized British Public School, by Mr. R. R. Gardner, scholar of Repton; and the Twenty Guineas Prize for British girls under eighteen by Miss Mary G. Jerred. The winning essays are published in this number and our readers will, we feel sure, share our appreciation of the amount of thought, knowledge, and ability which the respective writers evince on the difficult question they discuss. It is perhaps no compliment to them to say that they have handled the League of Nations problem in incomparably more masterly fashion than our public men, because in neither House of Parliament has there so far been one serious attempt to set forth either the pros or the cons. We cannot but think that such constructive criticism as, for instance, that of Dr. Heber Hart, who, by the way, is anything but "a Tory," will carry real weight with the intelligent part of the public; and if Mr. Gardner's brilliant analysis and Miss Jerred's sympathetic diagnosis are fairly representative of the standpoint of the younger generation, there is at any rate some hope that something more will be demanded of British statesmanship hereafter than the miserable standard our easygoing generation has consented to tolerate. We congratulate these writers, and must also express our indebtedness to others who contributed valuable papers, some of which we hope to be able to publish in future numbers of the *National Review.* The Editor had no hesitation or doubt in awarding each of the three prizes. All the essays sent in were most carefully read—some three and four times—the sealed envelopes being only opened after decision had been reached.

Tantalizing

We will confess that our curiosity was stimulated on hearing that an able and independent young Liberal—whose capacity to cope with facts had been established by the Dardanelles Commission—was writing a book entitled *Mr. Lloyd George and the War*. At last we should get a reliable and impartial inside history of many extraordinary crises on which the general public remains misinformed, and the mask would be stripped from a huge imposture. Mr. Walter Roch (for ten years a Radical M.P.) has, however, severely restrained himself in this portly volume (*Mr. Lloyd George and the War*, Chatto and Windus, 16s. net), possibly postponing more sensational revelations to some future occasion, conceivably realizing that the whole truth would be irretrievably damning to all sections of the Liberal Party. It is a well-written dispassionate book, setting forth public facts conveniently and lucidly, but the historian will need much more intimate knowledge before forming a full and final opinion on the respective rôles of "the great, wise, and eminent." There is little in Mr. Roch's narrative that will be new to the readers of the *National Review*, who are very familiar with most of his quotations from pre-war speeches little creditable to the speakers. We had anticipated a detailed account of the pregnant part of the present Prime Minister during the palpitating hours of July 31 to August 2, 1914, when he was Mr. Asquith's First Lieutenant and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The fate of civilization literally trembled in the balance, and Mr. Lloyd George's dangerous influence was whole-heartedly cast on what he would admit to-day was the wrong side. He immeasurably increased the difficulties of a hesitating chief. We looked for an authentic account of the panic-stricken harangues of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer to his colleagues in Cabinet Council, whom he passionately adjured to keep out of a conflict which spelt bankruptcy for every belligerent. The same argument simultaneously appeared in every organ of light and leading of the Progressive Press. It is alleged that in order to enforce these exhortations, Mr. Lloyd George actually brought Lord Rothschild to Downing Street on August 2—his lordship and his brother, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, having constituted themselves the mouthpieces of City Pacifism, which embraced every alien influence, notably the German garrison strongly entrenched in our midst, more than one of whom had the private *entrée* to No. 10 Downing Street. Mr. Roch throws little light on these comings and goings as on other equally illuminating, if not more edifying, episodes. One of the many leisured Wee Frees now occupying positions of greater freedom and less responsibility than formerly should fill the vacant gap. These things cannot be indefinitely bottled. The Democracy is entitled to know how our leading democrats comported themselves in its hour of need. Is it or is it not the fact that Mr. Asquith only succeeded on August 2 in extorting a reluctant consent from his Pacifist Cabinet to support France on the understanding that such support should be exclusively naval ?

Ignoring Sir Henry

THERE is one conspicuous lacuna in all pre-war history from Liberal pens, whether they be Liberal Imperialists, exclusively concerned to vindicate themselves, or Independent Liberals, like Mr. Roch, not above "strafing" Liberal Imperialists and their secretive methods. They equally ignore Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, either through prejudice or ignorance. No reader of back numbers of the *National Review* will suspect us of admiring the statesmanship of an inveterate Little-Englander who gloried in his dislike of the British Empire. But Sir Henry had one saving grace painfully absent from many of his devout followers, who erroneously imagine that in obstructing our French friends, or in helping our German enemies, they are fulfilling the glorious traditions of their Party, of which their late Leader was the embodiment. Men are not always consistent, and it so happens that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a very warm corner in his heart for France. He hailed the Entente with enthusiasm in 1904, not only on its own account, but also because it liberated us from the Anglo-German yoke, which he regarded as a mistaken policy. Unlike his followers, he had no weakness for Prussianism, and regarded Prussianized Germany as a menace to the peace of the world—so much so that one of his very first acts on coming into power in 1905–1906 was to adopt the identical attitude of the preceding Unionist Government a few months before, thus leaving no doubt in the mind of the astounded German Ambassador in London, and his equally astonished sovereign, that in the event of unprovoked German aggression on France—at the time of the Algeciras Conference—

Radical policy would in no whit differ from " Tory policy " as displayed during " the Delcassé crisis." The change of Government in London had tempted Berlin to test the solidarity of the Anglo-French Entente, and the result left nothing to be desired from the French point of view. Lord Loreburn and Mr. Roch, judging by their treatment of this incident, which they turn into a reflection upon Sir Edward Grey's " secret diplomacy," ought to be aware that Sir Edward Grey, who is the soul of loyalty, took no step and gave no pledge without the cognizance and approval of his Prime Minister.

A Staunch Friend

IT was the late Liberal Leader who took the initiative in Foreign policy at the grave crisis that confronted him directly he became Prime Minister, never wavering in his realization that British backing of France was the key to the peace of Europe, and subsequently in Paris he made it plain to the French Government of the day that the British Fleet could be relied upon against German aggression, though at that moment he thought that " public opinion " in this country would be averse to dispatching a British Expeditionary Force to the Continent. He allowed no shadow of doubt to remain among those he conversed with as to where his sympathies lay. Germany got no change whatsoever out of him, and he declined all the customary traps, and had he lived there would have been less Haldane diplomacy, which was among the most unfortunate features of our pre-war relations with Germany. It was to mark the Republic's respect for the memory of a staunch friend that M. Clemenceau—who otherwise had little in common with the Liberal Prime Minister—then at the head of the French Government, came to London to pay public homage at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's funeral in 1908. These facts have been repeatedly pointed out in former numbers of the *National Review*, but it was useless—the " wild men " of the Radical Party, to whom Sir Henry was a demigod, insisted that he must be as pro-German as themselves, and debited " the French policy " to the sinister influence of " Liberal Imperialists." As a matter of fact, our Foreign policy weakened when Mr. Asquith became Premier—not that he was pro-German, but because he was suspect in the eyes of " advanced men " as " an Imperialist " and consequently had less authority than his predecessor over the Potsdam Party in the Cabinet, which, headed by that restless intriguer, Mr. L. V. Harcourt, gradually embraced the large majority of the Ministry, the Parliamentary rank and file, and practically the entire Radical Press. This was made obvious when the storm burst in July 1914, and every London and provincial Liberal journal declared for the old Gladstonian policy of deserting France.

Name!

WHILE we are about it we may as well tell our imperfectly instructed pundits something else they don't know and should investigate. Sir Edward Grey, to whom we have always tried to be fair because he had a most appalling burden to carry—in the shape of his colleagues and a Press that included the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily News*, and the *Nation*, which, though priding themselves on their independence, wrote as though they were continually inspired from the German Embassy—at one crucial moment of the twelve days preceding August 4 solemnly warned Prince Lichnowsky (German Ambassador in London) that Great Britain's neutrality must not be counted upon in the event of Germany and France being at war. The British Foreign Minister spoke with deliberation and directness in a manner that could not fail to impress the Ambassador, who was duly impressed. But the reason this solemn warning did not produce a greater effect on the German Government—it was not too late for the Kaiser to pause in his mad career—was, according to competent contemporary testimony, because some emissary went to the German Embassy, either "on his own" or at the instigation of one or other member of the powerful Potsdam Party in the Cabinet, and informed the enemy that no attention need be paid to Sir Edward Grey's "bluff," because he would be unable to carry the Cabinet with him in any war policy. Such was the story told the present writer at the time—it was thought to be some Pacifist journalist who had perpetrated this unspeakable crime, which, be it said, would be entirely in accordance with Pacifist conceptions of honour. Von Kühlmann was on intimate terms with several Ministers, and hand in glove with many Progressive journals. If our politicians took a serious interest in politics there would long since have been a searching inquiry into the pre-war crisis, so that the country might have a chance of avoiding similar scandals in the future. Some surprise has been expressed that the flood of German revelations has not compromised more of our pre-war Potsdam Politicians. This is doubtless because their services are desired and expected in securing relaxation of the Peace Terms, which are ridiculously indulgent to the Fatherland—the only Continental belligerent substantially untouched by the war.

Fair Play for General Dyer

It devolves on public opinion to see that General Dyer gets justice over the Amritsar affair, in which he has been condemned untried by the Montagu Press of London, and needless to say by all the shining lights of "Progressive" journalism. A deplorable impression has been made in India by this anxiety to throw to the wolves a British soldier who, according to many unprejudiced men on the ground, saved India from a repetition of the Mutiny with all its hideous consequences to our women and children. That such a man as Mr. Montagu, who is accused of having concealed a perilous crisis from the country in order to promote his "Perish India" policy, should be arbiter in such a business only serves to show to what humiliating depths we have reacted since the mighty effort of 1918 brought victory to a British Government wholly unworthy of it. The main points made against General Dyer by his journalistic assailants, who conveniently forget that the matter is *sub judice*, are thus summarized by an able correspondent of the *Morning Post* (December 30)—one of the few organs that has kept its head on Indian affairs:

> (1) That he fired without authority from the Deputy Commissioner and District Magistrate, the head of the civil administration; (2) that he fired without giving the crowd a chance of dispersing; (3) that he continued to fire longer than was actually necessary for the dispersal of the crowd; (4) that he made no attempt to pick up the dead and wounded.

As regards (1), we have General Dyer's statement before the Hunter Commission that there was no Deputy Commissioner present, and that he had been told by the Deputy Commissioner two days before that the situation was beyond him, and that the General must deal with it. Subsequently General Dyer received this official endorsement: "Your action correct. Lieutenant-Governor approves." As regards (2), we must bear in mind that a proclamation had announced "meetings would be liable to be fired on straight away." When the general reached this threatening assembly an orator was haranguing the crowd, whom he was presumably inciting to further outrages upon Europeans. There was no time for a Parliamentary debate. Had he waited ten minutes General Dyer's traducers, as the contributor to the *Morning Post* observes, would probably have denounced him as "a cold-blooded assassin." The whole Punjab was in danger, and by killing a few, it is the opinion of men qualified to judge that he saved many lives. It was not a case of shooting down one meeting, but of stopping impending rebellion. The effect was electrical all over the Punjab of an action which the General himself described as "horrible," and others call "heroic." As to (4), his little force of 100 rifles was in no position to render surgical aid, which would have involved losing themselves in a vast mob. They had to be kept together. We ask our readers not to jump to hasty conclusions, but to suspend their judgment in accordance with what used to be the British tradition of fair play to the man on the spot, who was once entitled to be tried before being condemned.

The "Coalition Touch"

NOT a few shrewd observers who have little sympathy with Labour policies are of opinion that there is no reasonable hope of improving our political plight except through the advent to power of a Labour Government, and they argue that the sooner this country takes its medicine, the sooner will it recover. There is no health or virtue in the Lloyd George-Bonar Law-Balfour-Curzon-Churchill-Birkenhead-Montagu Coalition, whose very members publicly pronounce it to be inept and invertebrate—a conclusion from which there is no dissent. No Government once fairly on the down-grade ever pulls itself together. Our monumental blunderers are only going from bad to worse. They are merely piling up a mountain of exasperation among all classes of the community by their ruinous record at home and abroad. Wherever we look we see the same thing—cowardice and capitulation to the wrong people. The Sinn-Fein movement is a British rather than an Irish creation—owing its origin to the shilly-shallying of Downing Street—and similar manifestations present themselves wherever the "Coalition touch" is found, whether in the industrial world, in Egypt, India, Russia, or elsewhere. If the object of His Majesty's Ministers be to strengthen the hands of all Extremists and to kill all Moderates, they are succeeding admirably. But if they seek anything else they are failing miserably. The continuance of the Coalition blister for another two years is, to use a favourite phrase among politicians, "unthinkable." "We are the only alternative to revolution" is the private parrot-cry of Ministers and their henchmen. We have heard the same thing too often before to be impressed by it. It is our old friend "the Indispensables," which served the last Coalition so well and the country so ill. It was then Mr. Asquith, whose departure was "unthinkable" because there was no one big enough to fill his boots; to-day Mr. Lloyd George is the happy man. The great moral harm of the present situation is that the predominant Conservative wing of the Coalition merely acts as decoys for a Prime Minister, who is a man of chaos, and enables him to perpetrate outrages that would be impossible were he in his proper place, i.e. at the head of a Radical or Labour Cabinet, and the Unionists in their proper place—namely, in opposition to Mr. Lloyd George.

"Fed up"

THERE is no hope of any Conservative revival or of any Liberal revival under present misleadership, and the only prospect of clearing out the Front Bench "duds" who cumber the ground is for this Government to get out of office, and the only Party commanding enough votes to take their place is the Labour Party. It is not a pleasant remedy, but beggars can't be choosers, and in the bankrupt state of British public life no other practical proposition suggests itself. Our chief anxiety is lest the Coalition should hang on, like Mr. Balfour's ill-starred Government of 1905, until it becomes so execrated that a tidal wave of "wild men" may surge into Westminster, commanding such a majority as would enable them to inflict some mortal injury on the national vitals from which Great Britain would be unable to recover. This catastrophe could hardly occur in 1920. The Labour majority would be more or less manageable from the Opposition point of view, and the Labour Moderates should still be able to assert themselves. As Mr. Lloyd

George's only political conception is to pay blackmail to "organized Labour," no matter at what cost to what industries, it would be preferable that he should make way for the latter, so that Labour might have the sobering responsibility of power and the discipline of keeping order, which is essential to all Governments, rather than that the Prime Minister should set his friends—Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Churchill, and other pushful personages—to make artificial efforts to bolster up a doomed Coalition that would not smell more sweet by any other name. In truth the country is completely "fed up" with all its pre-war politicians, who saw nothing, foresaw nothing, prepared nothing, and only escaped disaster in war because Allied Generalship, Allied troops, and Allied nations were superior to their opposite numbers—not because British statesmanship was more capable than German statesmanship. Our Talking Men gave us their measure at the Peace Conference, from which the Fighting Men were eliminated. Had Sir Douglas Haig and Admiral Beatty done their respective jobs in war no better than Mr. Lloyd George did his job in Paris we should have been vanquished ere we started. The British public at last understands this and only asks that our Foozles and Boozles should give us a holiday. They have made a Labour Government inevitable. The only doubt is the date of its arrival in Downing Street. Englishmen living abroad, and naturally anxious about the situation at home, must not imagine that the end of the world has come when this occurs. Labour in power would compel Conservatism to put its house in order, to cleanse the Augean stables of the Party caucuses, and to start a new life minus the deadheads and duds, who regard the whole duty of the Unionist Party as consisting in providing its most eloquent but most incapable members of endless opportunities of exhibiting their failings.

A Sign of the Times

ANOTHER sign of the times, of which note should be taken by all "duds" in and around Downing Street, is the decline of Mr. Asquith. For more than a year the Wee Frees have been unavailingly seeking a safe seat for their great leader, and time and again the *Westminster Gazette* has allowed the world to know that the golden moment was approaching when his sonorous eloquence would once more arouse the echoes of Westminster. Local Liberal Associations have been permitted to know that the ex-Prime Minister was ready and even eager to respond to any impending call, but not a single call has been heard until by frantic efforts the reluctant Liberals of Paisley were persuaded to do the needful. The amount of enthusiasm nowadays aroused in Scotland, where for a quarter of a century Asquith was a veritable name to conjure with, may be gathered from the total inability of the Executive Council of the Paisley Liberal Association to arrive at any decision concerning his candidature without submitting the issue to the rank and file, while the demeanour of the rank and file was demonstrated by Mr. Asquith's adoption by a narrow majority despite abundant Coalition wirepulling on his behalf. In view of the extraordinary deference habitually paid by all Caucuses to the titular chief of their Party, who is equally the controller of the Secret Party Funds and the dispenser of all Party patronage, such an incident, whatever the sequel, can only be regarded as a portent. In truth, Mr. Asquith is felt to be an Old Man of the Sea by all that is vital among the Wee Frees, who realize, in the face of recent humiliating reverses, notably Sir John Simon's defeat in the Spen Valley following poor Radical polls elsewhere, that there is no hope for them under present auspices. Without some dramatic change of leadership, "Liberalism" will wander long in the wilderness of Opposition, and there will be a stampede of "Liberals" towards Labour, which attracts the disgruntled of all Parties. These observations are not inspired by any personal or Party prejudice. Mr. Asquith is not disliked, nor is he a dislikeable man, but he has become, in a political sense, a "back number" who has been left behind by events beyond his control. The Unionists of Paisley wisely rejected the bad advice of Downing Street newspapers, which exhorted them to support the ex-Prime Minister's candidature, in which case Labour would have deserved to win. We may watch this dog-fight with equanimity. Should Mr. Asquith fulfil the expectations of his followers by winning, it will not strengthen the Coalition. If he is beaten, as we sincerely hope he may be, it will be a deadly defeat for the Front Benches and a hint that Unionist Mandarins can hardly ignore.

We misconceive a peculiar political situation if we imagine our Labour Party to be a band of brothers. Antagonisms are probably more acute and personal dislikes keener among Labour Leaders than in any other Party. There is, as already noted, a serious cleavage between the Party of "Direct Action," embracing all the "wild men," who are frankly out for "an upset," believing, as they do, that they can never effectively capture the Government through parliamentarism. They are revolutionaries, some of whom would doubtless prefer a bloodless triumph, while others are anxious to imitate Lenin and Trotsky at the expense of the hated bourgeoisie. The Moderates of the Labour world, on the other hand, seek power by constitutional means, and are naturally encouraged by recent by-elections to believe that they will "get home" within a reasonable time and find themselves in a position to carry out the full Labour programme in which the longer heads of the Party believe, such as Nationalization and a Capital Levy. We are likely to learn, in the course of this month, which of these two schools, i.e. the "wild men" or the Moderates, controls "organized Labour." Apart from this division on strategy, the Labour Party is handicapped by internecine hostilities from which that *enfant terrible* Mr. Philip Snowden has recently lifted a corner of the veil. Smarting under his rebuff in Lancashire, where a local Labour Party declined to adopt such a Jonah as Parliamentary Candidate, Mr. Snowden, in addressing the Bolshevists of Glasgow (January 18), comprehensively indicted those who had turned him down, apparently including Labour organizations generally. In his own words: "The main weakness of the Labour Party was that it adopted the Soviet form of government in selecting its Parliamentary candidates," who were chosen from the workshops, "and selected by the industrial organizations. . . . The impression appeared to have got abroad that a seat in the House of Commons was the crowning glory of a successful trade-union secretary. I tell you frankly if that is going to continue to be the method of selecting Labour candidates, the Labour Party is doomed."

"Doomed"

IN other words, unless the Trade Unions place themselves at the disposal of revolutionary intellectuals, few of whom have ever done a day's manual labour in their lives, and most of whom despise it, such as Messrs. Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald, etc., the Labour movement would come to grief. We rather doubt this. Wherever there is a

Defeatist Propaganda

sufficiency of votes there will never be lacking astute politicians willing to place their service at the disposal of any Party obtaining power. If we may believe a sympathetic Press, Viscount Haldane is prepared to place his services as Lord Chancellor at the disposal of any Labour Government that would take him, and he is working overtime to qualify for Labour statesmanship by his public strictures on the Liberal Party as lacking ideals. Again, Lord Robert Cecil is being seriously canvassed in Labour circles, and is openly indicated on Labour platforms by persons so conspicuous as Mr. Arthur Henderson, as a potential Leader of the Labour Party, for whom he is regarded, by his propaganda for the League of Nations and freedom from national prejudice generally, as capable of providing a foreign policy after the heart of the Internationale. Indeed, this strange boom has reached such a pitch that Lord Robert Cecil is constrained to repudiate all intention of joining the Labour Party. We have previously called attention to the anxiety of Defeatist journals to nominate him to the Unionist Leadership, which, even though it may have ceased to be in any effective sense "Unionist," is not yet entirely in Radical keeping. Unionists would never dream of attempting to dictate to any Defeatist Party the choice of their Leader, and they must claim similar immunity. This persistent pushing of Lord Robert by a Press that wishes ill to everything for which Conservatism has hitherto stood, can but prejudice whatever prospects he may enjoy. In our humble opinion every apostle of internationalism, whether he wishes, like Mr. Winston Churchill, to embrace the Boche and to give the Boche control of Russia, or with Lord Robert Cecil to bring the Boche into the League of Nations, which would enable him to wreck and ruin every other nation, or, like Mr. Lloyd George, to hobnob with the Bolshevists, is infinitely more suitable for Radical or Labour Premierships than for the Leadership of any Party with any pretensions to Conservatism, which, in every essential, is the opposite of Cobdenism and Cosmopolitanism. If one, or even two, of our political Parties are to be frankly International, i.e. unpatriotic, the third must remain national and patriotic, if it is to remain at all. Englishmen can't all become Ramsay Macdonalds merely because England has won a great war and the British Government has lost a great peace.

"A Capital Levy"

OUR readers may be surprised to find an article in favour of a Capital Levy in the *National Review.* But as they prefer to face realities rather than hug illusions and delusions, and as the achievements of the Coalition are preparing the way for Labour Government, we have deemed it advisable to place before them a plain unvarnished exposition of the so-called "Conscription of Wealth" by one of its most authoritative and responsible advocates. It is common knowledge that Mr. Clynes, who has held high office in the Coalition—from which, fortunately for himself, he is now free—would occupy a leading place, if not the leading place in any Labour Cabinet that may be formed in the near future. It is by no means improbable that he would be the first Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer. His views on the financial problem are therefore of special interest just now, and we are much obliged to him for the candour with which he has taken the readers of the *National Review* into his confidence. There will be no excuse for any one hereafter to affect ignorance of the meaning of "a Capital Levy," or surprise that it should form part of the serious Labour programme. In a word, it involves the appropriation by the State, without any compensation whatsoever, of a certain proportion of the property of every one possessing, say, more than £1000 for the ostensible purpose of paying off the National Debt, and, as we understand the scheme, of relieving the taxation of every one with less than £1000. We do not propose to stop and argue a question which will be thoroughly thrashed out before it is finally settled, but we note two lions in the path of this policy—namely, the enormous shrinkage in values that must occur the moment any such scheme became practical politics, and the absence of any guarantee that though levied expressly to reduce the National Debt, the appropriation would be so expended, rather than frittered away on those dazzling schemes so dear to politicians of all Parties.

Coalition Finance

WE do not propose to belabour the Labour Party for recommending this drastic remedy, which is consistent with their creed. Moreover, we agree with Mr. Clynes that the present situation is intolerable. We had our own solution, which would have been simple, effective, and popular, but it was summarily rejected by all Parties, especially the Coalition, which came into power on the pretence that they would make Germany pay our War Bill, though, as a matter of fact, neither Mr. Lloyd George nor any of his colleagues ever had the faintest intention of doing anything of the kind, nor, indeed, of making any serious attempt in that direction, for the simple reason that they were already committed to President Wilson's fatal Fourteen Points. Ministers, however, resolutely concealed this vital fact from the Electorate until after the votes were counted. They strenuously resisted every effort of men like Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister—one of the very few British politicians who meant business in Paris—to impose serious indemnities on Germany, and the entire resources of the British bureaucracy were mobilized under Treasury officials of the type of Mr. Keynes to prevent the actual and potential wealth of the enemy from being so much as ascertained. The manner in which our precious Treasury served British interests may be inferred from the circulation of official memoranda at the Peace Conference, protesting the inability of Germany to pay more than £2,000,000,000 sterling, though the German Government itself estimated the capacity of Germany at £5,000,000,000 sterling. Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and their colleagues expended themselves in minimizing enemy wealth, with the result that Great Britain emerges from the Great War saddled with a debt of £8,000,000,000 sterling, not one penny of which they have any intention of obtaining from Germany, who, thanks to the tenderness of her friends in Whitehall and Downing Street, will recover immeasurably more quickly from the war than any other European belligerent. Recovery in her case necessarily means reconquest. Having rejected the policy of indemnities, it is now "up to" the Coalition to devise alternatives. All they have done so far has been to reject Premium Bonds—which would have brought in an immense amount of new and wasted money—and to raise the death duties to 40 per cent.! If that be not "a Capital Levy" nor "Conscription of Wealth," words have lost all meaning. It affords a fresh illustration of the old saying that one man may steal a horse while another may not look over the hedge.

Present "Conscription of Wealth"

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as "a Unionist Chancellor of the Exchequer," may confiscate 40 per cent. of all fortunes above a certain figure—he might confiscate 40 per cent. twice over of the same fortune in one year, should there happen to be two deaths in the family—and squander the proceeds on pensions, while remaining in the odour of sanctity. But he "sees red" the moment any rival practitioner so much as hints at "Conscription of Wealth." Mr. Bonar Law, on the other hand—another Unionist—is understood to favour the Labour policy. In fact, the Coalition is as chaotic on finance as upon Russia. We might wake up any morning to learn that one of Mr. Lloyd George's assistant extra unpaid private secretaries had committed the Cabinet to "a Capital Levy" in order to placate Labour, without the Chancellor of the Exchequer being so much as consulted. Such is the regime under which we live. Its vagaries will deter many of us from taking off our coats to fight Mr. Clynes's programme under the auspices of men who are liable at any moment to steal Mr. Clynes's thunder. We need not waste time over ethics, as nothing could be more unethical or oppressive than Coalition finance, which conscripts 6s. of every pound of income, a figure that with super-tax can rise above 12s. in the £ (while the purchasing power of the odd 8s. has been halved), and death duties, as already noted, rising to 40 per cent. Everything in the shape of taxation, or even confiscation, was permissible in war, but these are peace conditions, and they are *permanent*, with no hope of betterment, though there may be worsement. Mr. Clynes brings out the interesting fact that Mr. Bonar Law, while still Chancellor of the Exchequer, informed a trade-union deputation: "My own feeling is that it would be better both for the wealthy classes and the country to have this levy on capital, and reduce the burden of the National Debt." His article closes with a table, giving the scale of this levy, rising from 11 per cent. of all fortunes between £10,000 and £15,000, to 20 per cent. of fortunes of £300,000 to £500,000, and so on. It is no question of morals but of expediency. If it be right of Mr. Bonar Law to approve of a Capital Levy, it cannot be wicked in Mr. Clynes to advocate it. Nothing could be more odious than the present system of income-tax, super-tax, and death duties, or more paralysing to enterprise. Does Labour propose any alleviation of this, or is the Levy to be additional to present taxes ? Is Labour prepared to offer Capital an opportunity of compounding for income-tax by paying up a lump sum in reduction of the National Debt ? There is much to be said, from every point of view, for some such policy, if it be feasible. Many businesses would be willing to strain their credit in order to ease present exactions.

Richesse oblige

SELF-SACRIFICE is so splendid and so rare—example is far more stimulating than precept—that it is with the utmost reluctance that we pour cold water on the heroic movement *Richesse oblige*, of which the *Times* has already published two demonstrations. Last summer "F. S. T." announced his intention of surrendering 20 per cent. of his fortune to the national Exchequer *pour encourager les autres*. We admired and grieved, but said nothing, hoping that this new crusade might remain with its author. Recently, "A. M." wrote to the *Times* feeling "rather disappointed, and even surprised, that this patriotic example has not produced a general response," which he ascribed to the "mad orgy of extravagance" in Government Departments and Labour unrest making the prospect "so gloomy and hopeless" that "anything any mere individual could do would be as a drop in a bottomless pit." Nevertheless, "A. M." had decided "to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to permit me to contribute towards the reduction of the National Debt a substantial portion of my fortune—the fruit of over fifty years' unremitting industry." In emulation of "F. S. T." "A. M." proposes "to hand over for cancellation £120,000 of the Funding Loan." It is a noble deed, which we only regret for prosaic reasons. Such men as "F. S. T." and "A. M." are shining patriots who obviously would and should make infinitely better use of their fortunes than a spendthrift Government that will simply throw their savings down their "bottomless pit." One hundred thousand pounds judiciously expended might in a few years raise the low standards now prevailing in public life and make the sale of Honours and other forms of corruption odious. If good citizens such as "F. S. T." and "A. M." part with their wealth, they not only to that extent weaken the cause of right, but they set an example which if generally followed by other good citizens would ultimately leave wealth, *alias* power, in worthless hands. What England stands most urgently in need of to-day is clean and competent government—the quixotry of " F. S. T." and " A. M.," respect it as we may, will not bring it one hour nearer.

A New Nest-egg

Although there may not be the faintest prospect of our suggestion appealing to a corrupt Coalition founded on " the cohesive power of public plunder," of which unearned " honours " are the corner-stone, we will none the less make the Chancellor of the Exchequer a present of a popular and successful method of " raising the wind." At present titles are secretly sold by Government Whips or their agents on behalf of the Secret Party Fund devoted to secret Party purposes. The price varies according to the state of the market and the condition of the Party banking account. Probably £100,000 can at any moment secure a peerage, while, judging by the multiplication of baronetcies, £20,000 will always fetch one of these. The Honours Lists demonstrate that money is almost the only qualification for Hereditary Honours, and the inference that in many cases where no public service has been rendered money passes, is irresistible. Toadyism of the Prime Minister of the day by a Press magnate is, however, another sure passport to the House of Lords. Our suggestion is that instead of being privately exploited for the benefit of the Party Fund, titles should be openly sold by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is the country and not any Party that gives value to these baubles. It is therefore the country that is entitled to the profit. Let Mr. Austen Chamberlain announce in his next Budget Speech that any reputable person who will buy up War Bonds for cancellation at the following rates can obtain the following Honours :

Dukedom	£1,000,000	Barony	£100,000
Marquisate	£500,000	Baronetcy	£50,000
Earldom	£250,000	Privy Councillorship	£25,000
Viscounty	£150,000	Knighthood	£10,000

These need not be final figures, but on a moderate estimate this tariff would bring in £100,000,000 to the Exchequer while the plan could not be objected to by Treasury Chadbands, as were Premium Bonds, on the ground that it would encourage gambling. It may be objected that the House of Lords is too small to accommodate the new peerage, but it is notorious that neither new nor old peers ever go near our Second Chamber, which is "petering out" from sheer absenteeism.

Coming "Revolution"

THERE have been so many rumours of "Revolution" all ending in smoke, and usually originating with interested parties intent on intimidating our timid rulers, that people have become thoroughly sceptical. They dismiss all disagreeable anticipation as "scaremongering." We find it hard to believe that the Soviet section of "organized labour" will achieve its purpose, but it were idle to ignore that the hands and the schemes of Anarchists have been immensely strengthened by the knowledge that at any moment they can run to 10 Downing Street and extort from a pliable Premier anything that stiffer colleagues may have refused. Such conditions do not make for peace but for war. Blackmail, as a policy, can only have one end. It is common knowledge that, profiting by the lessons of the abortive railway strike in the autumn, the Extremists have developed and perfected their staff work, and have completed all preparations for a general strike during the next few weeks. On this occasion the initiative will lie with the miners, whose leaders were furious with Messrs. Cramp and Thomas for engineering the last strike behind their backs and monopolizing the limelight. This time Messrs. Smillie and Hodges —with the aid of Mr. Williams—are to get going, the issue being the nationalization of the mines, which the Triple Alliance will be called upon and are expected to support, though, as Messrs. Cramp and Thomas have now had two "big shows," so to speak, "on their own," and have recently secured vast concessions for the railwaymen, it is not absolutely certain that they will "toe the line." We must remember, however, that no concessions will buy off revolutions, and it is not "a living wage" but "the Government" that is the objective of the "wild men," the demand for shorter hours and higher wages being merely useful levers for securing the support of the rank and file. The Post Office, which, although "a State service" and therefore, *ipso facto*, superior, on Collectivist theories, to private employment, is notoriously seething with discontent—largely on account of the maladministration of politicians, whose gift for ignoring what stares them in the face puts them " in a class by themselves." It is relied upon by the agitators to join the Triple Alliance. There may even be efforts to set up Soviets in certain districts. We have great confidence in the common sense of all classes, but there are some black patches. There are some bad men exploiting the reaction after a great national effort, there are undoubtedly Bolshevik " secret funds " not all coming from Bolsheviks. We are not alarmists, and we make no prophecy, but the menace is active and persistent—all things are possible when chameleons masquerade as statesmen--and we should not like our readers to reproach us hereafter with having failed to warn them against " the revolution," for which the authorities have no excuse for being unprepared. We therefore close our political chronicle on a note of apprehension. February and March will be anxious months.

A Splendid Souvenir

THAT there is always room for a really first-class book on any subject is proved anew by the great interest of wide circles in the splendid souvenir of the war which has been a labour of love to one of its most distinguished Staff officers. " Tim " Harrington and " Archie " Montgomery are usually bracketed together by the Army as the two younger generals of most promise. General Harrington was Chief of the Staff of General Plumer's army during its most brilliant phase. General Montgomery remained until the Armistice Chief of the Staff of the Fourth Army, so ably commanded by General Rawlinson, which played a conspicuous and decisive rôle in winning the war in 1918. General Montgomery has since devoted himself, with the assistance of his chief, to writing the history made by the Fourth Army. This monumental work—it may without any suspicion of exaggeration be so described—contains the best photographs and the most elaborate maps yet published, and will, we feel sure, be a valued heirloom in the homes of the British, Canadian, Australian, and American soldiers of all ranks who came under General Rawlinson's command. It is called *The Story of the Fourth Army in the Battles of the Hundred Days, August* 8 *to November* 11, 1918, by Major-General Sir Archibald Montgomery, K.C.M.G., C.B., General Staff, Fourth Army (publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton). Lord Rawlinson has contributed a Foreword. It has been prepared regardless of expense, which would have been prohibitive but for the generous devotion of those who have combined to make it a worthy record of imperishable events, and although an expensive book, is not dear. The Fourth Army was at all times a singularly happy family, the relations between its Staff and the combatants being free from patronage on one side or suspicion on the other. General Montgomery adds to his many military services by a book that will be equally attractive to the student of war and the amateur of literature.

"The Roman Mischief-maker"

MR. STUTFIELD's powerful indictment of Roman Catholicism (*The Roman Mischief-maker*, by Hugh E. M. Stutfield, price 7s. 6d. net; *National Review* Office, 43 Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1) is bound to exercise considerable influence on public opinion, appearing, as it does, at the psychological moment. The British people, who are the most tolerant in the world, were amazed and bewildered by the devious policy pursued by the Papacy throughout the war, and its failure at any stage to exercise any influence on behalf of Right against Might. On the contrary, the Vatican helped the Central Empires and embarrassed the Allies with peace proposals directly it believed the Kaisers were likely to be beaten. Despite the loyalty of British Catholics to our national cause, the Powers-that-Be in Rome antagonize the British Empire wherever they dare, and while professing to oppose Bolshevism elsewhere, in Ireland and Australia the heads of the Romish Church are such bitter Anglophobes that they do not stop at co-operation with anarchists in order to injure Britain. Mr. Stutfield's courageous and luminous study of the defects of Romanism, of which we hear too little because Romish influences are too strongly entrenched in many British newspapers, enables us to understand the hostility of the Papal system to our country. It was evidently hoped to sterilize his campaign of education by ignoring it, but the boycott is rapidly breaking down, and the other side will be constrained to come out in the open and attempt some sort of reply to the most formidable attack since Mr. Gladstone fluttered Roman dovecots nearly fifty years ago.

THE DISADVANTAGES AND DANGERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

I

In this essay the writer is not directly concerned with the general conception of a League of Nations for the maintenance of peace, nor with the arguments by which many distinguished men have sought to recommend it to the favourable attention of the public. Whether the advantages of such a League, if constituted in the wisest way possible, would be likely to justify its existence is not for the time being the question which specially demands consideration. It is the particular League of Nations, the Covenant of which forms part of the Treaty of Versailles, and this only, that has now to be examined in its bearing upon the future of the Empire to which we belong.

In considering this subject we must, of course, keep in mind the unique character and position of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Its citizens constitute a quarter of the entire population of the globe. They are distributed over all the continents; and many of the keys of the earth are in their possession. Their wealth and resources, actual or potential, are so vast that they cannot be estimated adequately. The strength of the Empire, indeed, is in due proportion to its extent, and this strength is buttressed by the prestige which attaches to the invincible spirit of the British race and the leading part which they have taken in extending the bounds of human freedom and good government. Moreover, while the *pax Britannica* has prevailed within its own borders, the Empire has, at the same time, been the main pillar of order and peace throughout the world at large. Its policy and power have long presented the principal obstacles in the path of the warlike ambitions of great military States; and the chief disturbers of mankind in modern times have eventually been defeated by coalitions which have been held together by the steady will and unfailing resources of Great Britain.

The Empire has hitherto continued to be a single sovereign State. Its constituent communities, widely as they are separated and various as are their forms and methods of government, have been recognized by foreigners as together forming one great political entity, or, as it is technically expressed, one "international person." As a single Great Power the whole Empire has spoken with one voice through the central government, which, in its relations with other States, has been the common organ of all the divers peoples subject to the authority of the Imperial Crown.

Now the Covenant of the League of Nations, both in form and in substance, is inconsistent with the integrity of this Empire, and substitutes, as between its constituent parts, the authority of the new League for that of the British League of Nations which at present exists. It provides that the original members of the League shall be the British Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India, together with twenty-six other States: and it enumerates thirteen more States which are "invited to accede to the Covenant" as members of the League (Article 1). All the members are to have representatives on the Assembly of the League, and at the meetings of this body each member of the League is to have one vote (Article 3). By Article 13 the members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration, and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration. By Article 15, if there should arise between members of the League any dispute likely to lead to a rupture which is not submitted to arbitration in accordance with Article 13, the members agree that they will submit the matter to the Council (which is to consist of representatives of the United States, the British Empire, France, Italy, and Japan, together with representatives of four other members of the League to be selected by the Assembly from time to time). But the Council may refer the dispute to the Assembly, and must do so at the request of either party thereto. Article 22, in dealing with the tutelage of "peoples not yet able to stand by themselves," provides that the degree of authority which is to be exercised by a Mandatory of the League, if not previously agreed upon by the members of the League, is to be explicitly defined in each case by the Council, and that a Mandatory is to render to the Council an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge. In this connexion it will be remembered that certain of the Dominions are to become Mandatories on behalf of the League in respect of former possessions of the German Empire.

The Dominions and India are thus separately recognized as members of the League side by side with the Great Powers and the other States enumerated in the Annex to the Covenant. As such they respectively become directly and immediately responsible to the League of Nations. If a dispute arises between two of the Dominions, or between one of them and India, or between any of the Dominions or India on the one part and the British Government on the other, this is to be settled, not by the Imperial Conference, but by the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations. A Dominion which becomes a Mandatory of the League will not be obliged to act in this capacity in consultation with the United Kingdom or the other Dominions, or to defer to their views in the matter. The opinion which the Mandatory Dominion will have to consult and the authority to which it will be accountable will be those of the League and the League alone. It is, therefore, apparent that, in the new era of international life, the relations of the several Dominions and of India to the League are to supersede the relations which now subsist between each of them and the British Empire of which it forms part.

If it had not been intended that the integrity of the British Union should be impaired, the statesmen of the Dominions would have been given a place in the councils of the League only in the capacity of representatives of the Empire as a whole. Disputes between different parts of the British Commonwealth would have been left for adjustment by its own representative Conference and excluded from the jurisdiction of the League. If the authority of the League is to prevail in South-West Africa, or in certain islands of the Pacific, and it is convenient that the administration of these territories should be carried on by the particular Dominions which are respectively nearest at hand, the British Empire should be the Mandatory of the League and accountable as such, while the Dominions in question should become in turn responsible to the Empire itself for the fulfilment of the conditions of the Mandates. What, indeed, would be the attitude of the citizens of America if it were proposed that one of the States of the Union should be made directly accountable in respect of any of its actions to the League of Nations and not to the authority of the United States only ?

The bonds which connect the constituent parts of an Empire or Commonwealth may be loose or tightly drawn, strong or weak ; but unity in its relations with the outside world is an essential condition of its continued integrity. The British Empire is often spoken of as a partnership of sister-nations. But partners, whether in government or trade, must owe undivided allegiance in matters of common concern to their own partnership. They must speak with one voice in their relations with the outside world. They must settle their policy together and must not individually take their instructions from strangers. Still less must they invoke the assistance of others for the purpose of defeating the wishes of one another. If the primary obligation of the members to their own partnership be superseded by an overriding loyalty to another authority—if the partners are obliged to act as individual members of a larger firm—dissolution is inevitable.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies tells us that he does not share the fear that the position of the Dominions and India as independent members of the League of Nations " will tend to the disruption of the tie between the United Kingdom and the Dominions," but he makes the important admission " that it is not wholly groundless." At the same time he draws a significant comparison which seems eminently calculated to increase this fear on the part of others. " The League," he says, " has this great advantage over the Commonwealth [i.e. the British Empire]. It has a regular constitution. It has in its Covenant a fundamental law, a *Grondwet*, and it has certain organic institutions with definite functions—the Assembly, the Council, the Secretariat. But the Commonwealth has no such regular constitution. With the one great exception of the Crown, a bond of priceless value, it has no common organ of any kind. It is surely a most strange anomaly that the self-governing States of the British Empire in joining the League should have bound themselves by formal ties to a number of foreign nations, when they have never hitherto been willing to enter into similar obligations to one another." *

Probably many patriotic people firmly believe that the Crown in itself will always prove a sufficient link between Great Britain and the Dominions. It is, therefore, necessary to point out—loyalty requires that it should be done—that this belief has no foundation whatever in reason. A union between two or more States which consists only of their allegiance to the same throne—called by writers on international law a " personal union "—is in its nature unstable and precarious. Many such unions have existed in the past. Not one of them has endured. The weakness inherent in any union of the kind is increased indefinitely where it connects two or more countries in each of which representative government prevails. At the first approach of a serious conflict of opinion between the responsible ministries of two States which are so united, the authority of the Crown in one or the other is necessarily imperilled. It cannot, indeed, be too strongly emphasized that it is only while the Crown, in its relations with foreign States, acts in respect of every part of the Empire upon the advice of an Imperial Ministry, that the advantages of the exercise of its true functions can be securely enjoyed by all the communities which acknowledge its sway. This constitutional course will be rendered impracticable if the Covenant of the League of Nations endures in its present form.

---

* Lord Milner's "Inaugural Address to the Oxford Summer School," *Times*, August 2, 1919.

Some, however, may feel that, throughout the foregoing criticism, too much stress is laid on matters which are technical or formal rather than substantial. It is no doubt likely that racial feeling and Imperial loyalty will delay the practical realization of the natural effects of the tendency which is set up by the new organization. Many years may elapse before any Dominion acts in disregard of the opinion of the rest of the Empire, or any two of our communities dispute with one another before the tribunal of the League. But the fact of cardinal importance is that the Imperial sentiment of the race—the very spirit which now animates the whole commonwealth—is itself threatened. At the present time when any one says " I am a British subject," he has some perception, however vague, of the true implications of this declaration. He recognizes that he is the fellow-citizen of all other British subjects. He knows that the ægis of the might of the whole Empire is over him and that reciprocally his own loyal assistance is due to the great commonwealth of which he is a free but responsible member; and so his heart burns within him.

But the realities on which these inspiring thoughts are based will be destroyed by the Covenant. The citizens of each Dominion, constitutionally segregated from the rest of the British race, will enjoy no rights and owe no duties by virtue of an Imperial allegiance, while they will acquire the habit of looking directly to the League of Nations as the sole authority by which their national action can be regulated, and the exclusive source of their protection against the possible attacks of other States. It is difficult to see what community of feeling will then be sufficiently strong and active to secure the continuance of a true union, or indeed of any special connexion whatever, between the United Kingdom and the great Dominions with which she is now so gloriously associated.

It is clear, then, that the constitution of the League of Nations involves a tendency to the disintegration of the British Empire. Independently, however, of this fundamental flaw in the Covenant, it seems probable, in view of the nature and scope of the functions conferred upon the Assembly, that, so long as the Empire continues to exist in anything like its present extent, the proceedings of this body will prove a constant source of difficulties and dangers within our own borders as well as in our relations with neighbouring peoples.

Some of the clauses of the Covenant relating to the Assembly have already been mentioned. In the present connexion two others must also be noted. Article 3 provides that " The Assembly may deal at its meetings with any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world " ; and in Article 14 it is stated that the Permanent Court of International Justice to be established by the League may give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Assembly. Thus the Assembly will apparently be competent to entertain motions containing proposals with regard to affairs in any part of the world, provided they comprise either an allegation that, by reason of the matters in question, danger to peace is involved, or a suggestion that they shall be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice for their advisory opinion thereon. Such an allegation or suggestion will probably very soon become recognized as what lawyers call " common form." President Wilson, indeed, has explained the words cited above from Article 3 by saying that " every people in the world that have not got what they think they ought to have is thereby given a world-forum in which to bring the thing to the bar of mankind." *

Most of the States which are to be represented on the Assembly have no considerable colonies or overseas possessions. Their main national interests are confined within the borders of continuous territories inhabited by more or less homogeneous populations. So long as they respect the generally recognized rights of other States there are no special reasons why they should be likely to draw down upon themselves the animadversions of foreigners. For the most part, therefore, they may well be, comparatively speaking, indifferent to the functions of the Assembly. On the other hand, nearly nine-tenths of the subjects of the British Crown are widely separated from the United Kingdom; and amongst them are races in almost every stage of development. Nowhere is government a more delicate or difficult task than it is in some parts of the Empire, and causes of unrest are only too likely to be present in one or other of these regions at any given time. The probability of differences arising with foreign States is also considerable, notwithstanding the notoriously pacific policy of Britain and her habitual deference to the accepted standards of right conduct.

Accordingly it is easy to foresee that matters concerning one or other part of the British Empire will not infrequently occupy the attention of the Assembly. Politicians claiming to speak for native Indians will naturally raise the point that, inasmuch as India is entitled, as a member of the League, to representation in the Assembly, it ought to be represented by those who are qualified by racial sympathy to express the national will and opinion of Indians, and not by Ministers or officials of the British Empire. The demand which will consequently be made that Indians shall dictate the policy of India in the League will be pressed with steadily increasing force, and will probably soon be adopted by an advocate who himself enjoys a seat in the Assembly. Moreover, speaking generally, it seems likely that any considerable section of discontented people in the Empire would find some member of the League willing to voice their grievances and maintain their claims. At the same time the complaints of peoples

---

* Address delivered at Kansas City on September 6, 1919, the *National Review*, November 1919, p. 393.

outside the Empire against the Government in any part of His Majesty's dominions could, of course, be brought before this body by their own representatives. Indeed, it would seem that any community or group, whether within or outside the Empire, which, for any reason, desired to weaken the British Commonwealth or embarrass its Ministers, would ordinarily find their opportunity in the meetings of the Assembly of the League.

Englishmen know that hitherto their government has secured as high a degree of welfare to the inhabitants of the Empire as any foreign critic could reasonably demand, and it is long since any civilized State made war upon Great Britain on the ground of alleged wrongdoing on its part. But will it not be more difficult for us to manage our internal affairs and avoid embroilment with other Powers under the new system than it has proved under the old ? It is one thing for an Imperial Government to be responsible to the opinion of the representatives of its own peoples. It is another and a very different thing for such a Government to be directly responsible to the opinion of the representatives of foreign States also. To manage the affairs of every part of the Empire, and from time to time to adjust its borders to the satisfaction of the Assembly of the League, may, indeed, well prove impracticable. It is true that, in most cases, the debates of this body will probably not result in a unanimous or binding decision. But the effect on international opinion and feeling and the attitude of Governments produced by the speeches delivered, and the votes of majorities recorded at its meetings, cannot prudently be disregarded.

Passing now from the bearing of the League of Nations upon the position of the British Empire regarded as a single Great Power, it is necessary to consider the effect of the existence of the League upon the security of the United Kingdom and the other communities which have hitherto been comprised within the Imperial union.

Article 8 provides that the Council shall formulate, for the consideration and action of the several Governments, plans for the reduction of armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations ; and after these plans have been adopted by the Governments the limits of armaments therein fixed are not to be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council. Naturally the Governments of the United Kingdom and the Dominions will be constrained to adopt plans which will reflect not only the normally pacific temper of their electorates, but the confidence which they have been induced by their leaders to repose in the League of Nations as a safeguard against attacks by other Powers. Before, however, these plans can be altered danger may arise, and not improbably in consequence of the very fact that the armaments for which they provide are known to be insufficient.

It is, therefore, a question of supreme importance whether the League in itself affords a satisfactory substitute for the security which we have enjoyed hitherto by virtue of our Imperial unity and the readiness to defend ourselves which has been the natural accompaniment of the racial self-reliance of the British people.

By Article 11 any war or threat of war is declared to be a matter of concern to the whole League; and it is provided that the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. By Article 16 it is declared that, if any member of the League resorts to war in disregard of its covenants under preceding Articles, it shall be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, and they undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations and to prevent intercourse between its nationals and the nationals of other States. It will also be the duty of the Council to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval, or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League. The members agree further that they will mutually support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this Article and in resisting any special measures aimed at one of their number by the covenant-breaking State, and that they will take the necessary steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the members of the League which are co-operating to protect the covenants of the League.

We have, therefore, the assurance that if London were being destroyed by a hostile air force, or if our Australian kinsmen were being overwhelmed by an invading horde, it would be a "matter of concern" to the whole League, and it would be incumbent on the League to take such action as might be deemed, after due consideration, wise and effectual in the circumstances. The proposed boycotting and ostracism of the enemy may also be taken into account. It is, perhaps, of more consequence still to know that the members of the League would be under an obligation to support the British or Australian people, as the case might be, in resisting the " special measures " aimed at them by the offending State. But that any of the Powers, in pursuance of this general obligation, would sooner or later take the field can be regarded as probable only if the League were in full vigour and cohesion at the critical time and it were generally held by the members that the enemy was clearly in the wrong. In any case, it seems only too likely that irreparable disaster would have occurred before effective intervention took place by forces operating on behalf of the League. Can it then reasonably be thought that this prospect is sufficiently favourable to justify the various communities which now form the British Empire in severally and independently placing their main reliance for the future upon the organization by which it is offered? Certainly the proposed treaties providing for the assistance of France by Great Britain and the United States of America, in the event of an attack by Germany, are cogent evidence that, in the view of many responsible statesmen, the League in itself ought not to be regarded as affording an adequate security against aggression in the case of our great neighbour.

The fundamental weakness of the League, regarded from the standpoint of practical men, appears, indeed, in the preamble of the Covenant. It is there set forth that the parties agree to the Covenant " in order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war," and " by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments " (as well as by certain other means which are immaterial in the present connexion).

It is, of course, clear that the consensual " acceptance of obligations " does not render it by any means certain that they will be fulfilled; for treaties have been violated frequently from the earliest times in which they were made down to the present day. Nor would international law secure peace even if the

Covenant in fact achieved "the firm establishment" of its understandings. For, quite apart from the difficulty as to the provision of an adequate sanction for its observance, there is little in this vague and very largely illusory system which can reasonably be expected to have any material effect in preserving peace. The title which Grotius gave to his famous treatise on the subject, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, correctly suggests that it is concerned primarily with the conduct of war. The so-called "laws of war" —the body of customs, principles, and conventions by which the prosecution of hostilities is to some extent regulated and certain forms of violence are proscribed—have doubtless had, on the whole, a beneficent effect in mitigating the sufferings incident to the armed conflicts of nations. The development of the principles applicable to the conduct of States professing to maintain an attitude of neutrality as between belligerents has also probably tended to restrict the area of hostilities. But the department of international law which relates to peace is largely an artificial product of only theoretical interest. In so far as it consists of the attempts made by jurists to apply the principles of private law to the relations of States, it assumes that the *status quo* in respect of territorial boundaries is permanent. Nations, however, are living organisms and, as such, they are involved in continual changes: some increasing in numbers and strength or racial spirit while others decline. Owing to these changes the States in which nations are comprised are also constantly varying in population and power or stability, and the necessity for territorial readjustments from time to time ensues. Accordingly, the political geography of the world has been continually changing ever since States were first founded; and further alterations, though perhaps on a diminishing scale, will still be necessary in the maps of the future. But international law does not even purport to provide any rules or principles by the application of which such changes may be effected peaceably. It therefore fails to meet the exigencies and difficulties which have been among the chief causes from which wars have arisen.

The task which lay before the founders of a League of Peace was not the creation of a negative moral obligation not to resort to war or the establishment of the understandings of international law. Civilized people, whether they occupy the positions of ordinary citizens or of statesmen, are already conscious of the duty incumbent upon them, individually and collectively, to refrain from unprovoked and aggressive violence against others. The constraining force of this obligation develops *pari passu* with the progress of mankind. The real difficulty is to provide a sanction against the waging of unjust wars. This difficulty the Covenant does not satisfactorily overcome, inasmuch as it does not establish a probability of prompt and effective action against a State which commences hostilities. By purporting to place the obligation to repel the belligerent indifferently upon some forty or fifty other States it renders the obligation upon any particular Government correspondingly weak. By leaving the nature of the forcible means to be taken, by all or any of the members of the League, for determination after the emergency shall have arisen, it consigns to vagueness and uncertainty the one matter as to which precision is absolutely essential for the attainment of the object in view.

In the present stage of development of the society of nations, the most effectual means by which provision may be made for the exercise of overwhelming power against offending States, and peace as far as possible maintained, is the establishment of a firm alliance, based on reciprocal interests and obligations, between such a number of Great Powers as are together capable of defeating any attack from outside. All else is comparatively speaking of secondary importance, although it may well be that, on an alliance of this kind as the foundation, it will be practicable hereafter to raise a more comprehensive international structure. In such an alliance the British Empire should naturally bear a leading part. But it will be unable to do this if it does not preserve its own unity and strength and at the same time retain its proper freedom of action.

On the whole, then, it would seem that the League of Nations, as constituted by the Covenant, can become an effective reality only at the cost of disadvantages and dangers to the British Empire which threaten alike its unity and the security of its constituent nations. Men of British race throughout the world are, indeed, confronted with the necessity of making a momentous choice between two alternative courses. Will they decide that their citizenship shall be restricted to one or other of the independent units into which their Empire must be divided if the new system is allowed to become practically operative—will Australians, for example, surrender their heritage as Britons—and so commit their future into the uncertain hands of foreign nations ? Or will they not rather determine that nothing shall separate them from the living and substantial reality of their own League of Nations which has been formed by the labours and sacrifices of a thousand years and is still the greatest social union which the world has ever known ?

Heber L. Hart

II

The conception of the brotherhood of man is more ancient than is generally realized; it has been successively the aim of religion, the sport of philosophy, and the goal of politics. But as a political conception its growth has been stunted by a series of external considerations, paramount amongst which is the idea of sovereignty. Although, indeed, there has been in Europe since mediæval times, and, as a philosophical statement of fact, for the last three hundred years, a distinct feeling for the need for some super-national authority, yet the inauguration of such an authority has been rendered inherently improbable, if only for the reason that it would of necessity divest the nations of the ultimate allegiance of their subjects. For this reason the initiation of any League of Nations must cause grave apprehensions amongst thinking men, and it is with this in mind that the statesmen of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers have drafted so weak a Covenant. No State, least of all the British Empire, can afford to part with its sovereign rights, yet this is in effect what the League of Nations demands of its members. The ability to declare war, which it is not unjust to regard with Clausewitz as merely "the continuation of a policy," the right to maintain a fleet of preponderating dimensions, the privilege of regulating labour of certain types as a purely national concern—these, above all, must not be sacrificed by the British Empire for the whims of a few misguided idealists.

Since, therefore, any League of Nations, and particularly the one embodied in the present Covenant, must necessarily strip the British Empire and all its members of just that part which is the most essential to them, greater good would be obtained from its abandonment than from any form of its continuance. For in like degree as it damages the British Empire, it would damage the world, since it would discourage what has been the characteristic contribution of the British nation to the advancement of the world, the tutelage of the "backward races." And it is significant on this head that Germany, which realizes so much more clearly than this country the nature of the proposed League, is the only Power in Europe that has any real enthusiasm for its inauguration.

Its chief reason can scarcely be other than antagonism to the British Empire.

But, whether or not the League of Nations may be considered to be justified, it is necessary to consider it as an operative concern. It will then be seen to contain for the British Empire four great intrinsic disadvantages, three of which would also be, or might at any moment become, positive dangers.

First, the superimposition of the League of Nations on the politics of Europe would necessitate the precise definition of the Constitution of the British Empire. It would be unwise and, indeed, even criminal to enter a League which could only embitter feeling between the several parts of the Empire, and produce eventually a disruption which no one wants and which would be injurious to all. An Australian, enthusiastic about the idea of a League of Nations, states nothing but the truth when, in considering its practical application to the British Empire, he says, " It is difficult to see how the British and Dominion Governments will stand towards each other in anything but the relation of separate sovereign States, unless the formal admission of the Dominions into the family of nations is qualified by some understanding—to which in the circumstances it is hardly possible that the British and Dominion Governments can be the only parties." What such an understanding might be is not even vaguely hinted at, but presumably it would be analogous to the one by which Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India all signed the Peace Treaty separately, but are to be represented on the League of Nations by one man. On the Council of the League the British Empire ranks with Japan or Italy as a single unity, and on each question must, therefore, register a single vote. That is to say, on the first occasion when a question under debate provokes divergent opinions from Great Britain and Canada or Australia, a principle will have to be established: whether the League will coerce the British Empire as a whole, and whether the British Empire can in turn coerce her sister-nations. But the settlement of this principle, even, in fact, its very provocation, would effect the Empire's ruin. The Constitution of the British Empire is necessarily elastic ; an Empire, loosely but indissolubly bound together by tradition and a sense of corporate utility, cannot afford to be introspective ; its practical efficiency must not be baulked by a flaw in its theoretical form. And, therefore, it would be suicidal to enter a League which must be the very antithesis of the British Empire in aim and form. How can Australia or Canada, much less Ireland or Ulster, feel themselves represented by a vote registered by a Minister who is responsible only to the British electorate? No amount of discussion or arrangement can get rid of the primal absurdity of allowing a number of sister-nations a single vote in which to guide their international destiny.

Secondly, the existence of the League will be a challenge to the whole theory of majority rule. It raises the insoluble problem of how large or how wealthy a body of individuals must be in order to have the right of determining the methods by which it shall be governed. If South Africa be allowed autonomy, why not Ireland? If Ireland, why not Ulster? If Ulster, why should not Manchester have a Free Trade Government and Birmingham a Protectionist? That is to say, it fosters national discontent, since, whenever the minority in a country is dissatisfied—which means, of course, always—they may appeal to a tribunal higher than national for redress against their own countrymen. This must obviously constitute an effective denial of the sovereignty of States, which is most dangerous and impolitic. Indeed, the League will prove an abiding joy to the world's disgruntled. Nationalists throughout the Empire will appeal to it to recognize them as a nation; and the League will be in the dilemma of having either to refuse the right of self-determination or to commit the absurdity of granting it to any body which cares to appeal. And whichever course it adopts, the moral effect of the official countenance of an act of appeal above the heads of national Governments will be disastrous.

Thirdly, the existence of the League will result almost immediately in the demand for the non-recognition of the colour bar. Japan is represented in the Council of the League exactly on an equal footing with the British Empire, and it is highly significant that she is more enthusiastic about the League than any country on earth. Politically, socially, and morally she is admitted to be the equal of any white Power; superficially, then, the yellow man has as much right to live and work in Australia as the Australian has in Japan. But, in fact, he is carefully barred from coming into Australia at all. This, from the viewpoint of the League of Nations, is a gross injustice, but it is a point on which the League will have to adjudicate soon after its inception. For Japan, an admitted equal of any Power on earth, will put before the Court of the League claims, for example, to import yellow labour into Queensland. Queensland, it will urge, is a more natural home for yellow labour than white, it is a country full of possibilities which the inability and paucity of the white population has of necessity ignored, and the protective laws against the entrance into the country of yellow men are vicious and unjust, for the yellow man is the equal of the white man. Australia will be unable, owing to Article 13 of the Covenant, to refuse to submit the matter to arbitration on the grounds of its being a "domestic affair," and can only defend itself by denying that the climate is unsuited to white labour, by assuring the Court that the protective laws do not imply a notion that yellow men are in any way inferior to white, but merely ensure that native labour is not ousted by cheaper imported labour, and by asserting that the vast potential wealth of the country is being more and more exploited on the scale which it deserves. Directly, that is to say, the question arises as a principle at all, the League will have to recognize the abolition of the colour bar, as a social injustice to the non-white races, and once the League has done that, Australia must either accept its decision or withdraw from the British Empire.

In New Zealand, similarly, where a poll-tax of £50 per head annually is levied from all those who have Asiatic parents, the colour bar will be raised as a principle; this special tax will be recognized as a grave injustice, it will be repudiated, and New Zealand will have before it the same unpleasant option as Australia—of acquiescence or secession.

Fourthly, the League of Nations will so far belie the intentions of its founders as to retard the advancement of the "backward races." The British Empire, as is well known, was never deliberately projected and methodically carved out; it grew largely by accident, and largely by the fact that the British race possesses an inherent quality of managing colonies and dependencies which has been denied in anything approaching the same degree to other people. That being so, it is matter for little surprise that the contribution of Great Britain to the history of the world has been her power of colonization and her adaptability to an ill-defined but highly efficient overseas government. The reason, for instance, that she is to this day the paramount Power in Egypt is her efficiency in the management of alien and backward peoples. The first need of a Power entrusted with the care of less developed races than itself is discipline, and up till 1914 that was a faculty in which the British Empire was pre-eminent. But now the League of Nations seeks to destroy that priceless tradition of an efficient discipline answerable to no other Power on earth than its own, and to substitute a system of Mandatories. "In every case of mandate," says the Covenant, "the Mandatory shall render to the Council an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge." The idea of the British Empire solemnly presenting each year a report of the sums spent and the work done in any province for which it had been granted a mandate to the Council of the League is entirely out of keeping with the practice of colonial government as conducted since the first germs of empire were sown. It destroys all the respect and wholesome fear of the subject races for the Mandatory; he is what the League call a trustee, a manager, who cannot take a first-class interest in the land he administers because there is above him a higher authority from which he obtains his "imperium" and to which he is answerable. The idea of trusteeship is good, so long as it be realized that the final authority is not the League of Nations: it is not to be supposed that a conclave of deeply interested Powers will be more just than the conscience of the British Empire has proved itself during the last hundred years. And this being so, it is essential to the interest of the "backward races" that the British Empire be not trammelled by any burdensome mandate, but be left to that system which has proved its efficacy with such notable conclusiveness.

Nor is the incompatibility of the League of Nations with the British Empire proved by these four points alone. Besides them there is one great extrinsic danger to the British Empire, which by itself would be enough to condemn any but an anti-League policy. And that is the United States of America. America has declined to ratify the Peace Treaty, and this refusal carries with it immense significance. For until she ratifies the Peace Treaty she cannot be bound by any of the obligations to which members of the League are to be pledged. She may violate any of the articles of the Covenant with impunity, since it is neither in the power or the rights of any nation to demand her adherence thereto. She may build an immense fleet, she may raise a huge standing army, she may aggrandize herself in any or all of a hundred ways denied to members of the League, while the British Empire is constrained to watch with as much philosophy as she may the filching of her greatness at the hands of her own ungrateful offspring. The United States is now the wealthiest nation on earth; for the years during which the British Empire was being bled white on the fields of Flanders and Mesopotamia it accumulated a vast store of gold and became full of a wealth derived from a stricken continent, which it refused for three years to enter save through the medium of its bankers. By means of this wealth it would not be difficult for it in ten years to build a navy surpassing our own in size, and to concentrate in its own hands the merchant traffic of the world. Its resources are practically limitless both in men and national products, adequate exploitation of the minerals in its land is only just beginning, and the census of white men in its dominions is larger than that of the British Empire. And withal this huge Power must be reckoned with as potentially hostile; no Monroe Doctrine on earth is sufficient guarantee that fifty years hence the United States will not be able to dictate to the statesmen of a British Empire emaciated by half a century of subservience to the League of Nations and inadequately protected by an exiguous navy, which can only move by express permission of the Council of the League in whose interest it must be kept inoperative. On any one of countless grounds, therefore, the British Empire cannot afford to enter the League, if the United States stays outside it. Even so apparently harmless a provision as that contained in Section A, Article 23, of the Covenant might be the means of producing a gross injustice in international commercial competition; if the British Empire agrees that labour should be regulated by some international organization, America will be free to undersell it in the world's market, since no minimum standard of decent conditions can be extracted from her.

But the cataloguing of the disadvantages and dangers—and they are much the same thing in the world of politics—of the League of Nations to the British Empire is an unnecessary task, for directly a few have been stated it becomes clear that the two are incompatible. The Covenant of the League, for all it contains to the contrary, might well have been written with the express purpose of rendering the British Empire an impossibility. In almost every Article there is some clause which could not be put into force without the Empire's disruption. In one of the later paragraphs of Article 15, for instance, we can see the seed of all future European wars. "If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them, and is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement." What is international law, and how is a Council, which must vote unanimously, to come to an agreement on the exact nature of its application? If the British Empire likes to maintain that the Japanese labour question in Queensland is a purely domestic affair, and vetoes any agreement to the contrary which may be arrived at on the Council, either the League must give way or else the British Empire must be coerced. Furthermore, it is little or no safeguard to the peace of the world that every affair, other than those proved purely domestic, should be subject to the ruling of the League; for wars are usually, almost invariably even, the result of some affair which one nation could rightly claim as domestic. Under Article 13 of the Covenant certain probable bones of contention are enumerated as being pre-eminently matter for the arbitration of the League, but the Japanese labour problem in Queensland may not in the opinion of the British Empire come under the provision of this or any other Article in the Covenant, and, as this is only one of a hundred equally important cases where the matter may be regarded by one nation as domestic and by another as international, the League will be seen to fail just at that point which some, indeed most, people have regarded as its main *raison d'être.*

Senator Lodge, in his capacity as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, not long ago made the following announcement: "This Covenant of the League of Nations is an alliance and not a League. The Committee believes that the League as it stands will breed wars instead of securing peace, and that it demands sacrifices of American sovereignty and independence which would in no way promote the world's peace, but which are fraught with the greatest danger to the United States." He thus expresses the opinion of the whole American people; the idealist nonsense which we are taught to believe is the real opinion of Americans is as foreign to them as it is to us. And it is quite natural: Americans are very careful of themselves when any question of taking a pig in a poke is concerned; the League of Nations is a danger to them, because they have an unknown amount to lose by it and nothing to gain; so that they see and say that it is a trap into which they must be careful not to fall. Such is the American view; the English counterpart may be taken from the pithy statement of Lord Fisher: "Leagues of Nations and Freedoms of the Seas are all damned nonsense. The Essence of War is Violence, Moderation in War is Imbecility. It should be Ruthless, Remorseless, Relentless. There is no such thing as Civilized Warfare. It is like talking about Heavenly Hell."

There would be greater reason for thinking the future of the British Empire assured if the essence of this view were more generally approved in this country. If the League is "fraught with the greatest danger to the United States," so much the more is it to the British Empire, sorely stricken by the most terrible war in history and temporarily stripped of the pre-eminence which it has not ceased to merit.

Indeed, the further one looks into the question of the League the more strongly one is impressed by two thoughts: first, that it will never work; secondly, that, unless the British Empire takes care to disavow its adherence thereto forthwith, it will be gradually and unnaturally weakened, till at no very distant date it will fall an easy prey to lesser but more circumspect Powers. With the first of these thoughts we are not concerned here: but the second is alarmingly relevant. Article 11 of the Covenant declares it "to be the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace, or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends." With that in view it would be difficult to keep our hold on Gibraltar unchallenged; Spain feels very strongly about it, and would be only too glad to make use of its "friendly right."

Article 12 says: "The members of the League agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or inquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three weeks after the award by the arbitrators or the report of the Council." This is an invitation to weaken ourselves voluntarily; if some question cannot be settled peaceably, then both or all the nations concerned must wait three weeks before declaring war. One of the chief arts of war is surprise; but we are asked to forgo that, we are asked to take the honest course, and watch our more practical and less scrupulous enemy prepare for a sudden declaration of war at any moment which may suit his convenience.

The whole conception of the League of Nations, in short, is necessarily antagonistic to the existence of the British Empire. But it is not enough to express our disapproval half-heartedly; it is not enough to watch the League being formed and then decline to become a member; we must actively repudiate the League. A lazy acquiescence in it will be suicidal. From its very apparent weakness it can effect incalculable harm. It is on grounds, above all, of sanity that appeal should be made to face the situation squarely. It may or may not be that a League of Nations is ultimately desirable; but that does not matter. What does matter is to realize that the League of Nations, as expressed in the Covenant of the Peace Treaty, means death to the British Empire, and that, as the British Empire has been in the past the greatest single political force in the history of man, it must on no account be sacrificed for the establishment of a League to which one can sanely prophesy no beneficial force at all. Self-interest, as far as in this case the British Empire is concerned, is world-interest; and not until we realize this more widely and more fully will the League of Nations be regarded—and repudiated—in its true light.

R. R. Gardner

III

WHATEVER effects the League of Nations may have on the British Empire, or however impracticable the League may be under its present system of organization, there can be no doubt that the underlying motive which prompted its establishment is not only for the benefit of mankind, but the only solution of the problem that confronts civilization. The horrors of the war have given us a glimpse into the future. By the terrors of the sky and the unseen monsters of the deep, the war has brought the progress of scientific invention during the past thirty years to a definite and living reality. If science makes similar progress in the next thirty years, another war between highly civilized nations would be unthinkable, unless the principles on which war is conducted be entirely revolutionized. The last era in scientific invention has formed the basis on which the coming generation is to work; the foundations have been laid; the building has to be finished and perfected.

Considering that thirty years ago the motor, aeroplane, submarine, and telephone were unknown, and that the desire for further progress seems not to be diminishing but increasing, it is probable that if we were miraculously to obtain a glimpse of England as it will be in another thirty years' time we should behold a world scarcely recognizable. Whether or not civilization conduces to the well-being of mankind, and it certainly does not seem to be doing so at present, a future war, after a reasonable lapse of time, between two highly civilized nations, would undoubtedly be such that even if one nation were able to gain an advantage, it would leave an immovable mark on mankind. The spirit of nationality, stimulating the desire for national superiority, is too great and clearly defined for men ever to be deterred from war by the possibilities of the horrors in which they may be involved. There must always be some nations stronger than others; we know that "westward the course of empire takes its sway," and it is almost inevitable that conflict will arise one day between America and Japan. There seems no sign or even likelihood of the nations being so overcome by the thoughts of another war that they will relinquish all attempts at progress in the future, and progress inevitably means conflict between one nation and another.

The obvious solution is the establishment of some organization through which nations can settle their disputes without reference to force. It must be, then, the judgment of an organized body of men before whom the disputed question must be brought for arbitration; it must be impartial, therefore it must contain representatives from all parties concerned. It must be an organization which has for its chief object the promotion of international peace; and, as the most important point of all, the nations must take upon themselves definite obligations of membership so that they must of necessity submit their grievances to arbitration, even although they might prefer more forceful measures. Thus we have the theory of the League of Nations in its original form. In the abstract it seems the hope of the world, but the bringing of it to a practical result may involve the nations, and not least the British Empire, in more dangers, difficulties, and quarrels than would ever have arisen without its assistance. It is inevitable that the smaller and weaker States will reap the individual benefits. The League was established with thoughts of Belgium still fresh in the minds of men, and in one sense its aim is to protect the weakness of small nations against the aggression of greater ones.

To estimate the effects that the League of Nations will have, in all probability, on the British Empire, it is necessary to trace in outline the growth of the Empire, and to consider its present position, in order that we may understand and realize on what foundations it is built, and how the League is likely to affect its unity. The question of the problems with which the Empire must inevitably be confronted through the direct application of the League is a subject on which it is not easy to speak with definite assurance, but which must, nevertheless, be considered later.

The characteristic of the growth of the British Empire is the gradual process by which the different parts of the Empire have been acquired, preserved, and finally united under the present system of organization and administration. No modern Power has undergone such a slow growth, and it is in a great measure the slowness of its consolidation that has contributed to its power. The sixteenth century, the first great age of commercial and colonial enterprise, which saw the rise and the beginning of the decay of the Spanish Empire, saw also the failure of Raleigh's attempt to colonize Virginia in 1583. The sixteenth century was for England a time of personal adventure and private overseas enterprise, when our seamen were not so much laying the material foundations of an Empire as supplying the spirit on which their successors were to work. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher did not lay material foundations, nevertheless they were founders in spirit.

The seventeenth century laid the real foundation of our Empire, although our colonial territory at the end of the period was practically confined to various islands of the West Indies. The great unrest at home, fortunately, prevented our statesmen attempting more extensive territorial expansion abroad until our power at home was more consolidated. The century was the greatest in our constitutional history. In its early years a Scotsman was on the throne; at the end a Dutchman. In the interval there was a civil war; one king was beheaded, another was driven out of England; a republic was set up and then overthrown; a Puritan and a Roman Catholic ruled consecutively. It is surprising that any benefit at all was gained for the future Empire during a period of such unrest and perpetually changing authority. It was during the seventeenth century that the foundations were laid of that power which preserves the Empire to-day, the dominion of the seas. The naval wars with Holland and France usually fade into insignificance beside the more stirring events happening in Whitehall, yet they formed the basis of our free trade and commercial and naval prosperity. It is true that the same century presents the two most shameful pages in our naval history, the Dutch attack on Chatham in 1667 and our ignominious defeat off Beachy Head in 1690, yet it records the greatest naval victory between 1558 and 1805, the overthrow and complete destruction of the French Navy at La Hogue in 1692, a defeat which checked the French sea-power for nearly a century. Sea supremacy was not obtained at a later date as the only means of consolidating an enormous Empire and preserving its unity, but it was gained more as a necessary precursor to successful colonial administration. The seventeenth century also witnessed the inauguration of the several companies which were important in developing trade, the very backbone of all British colonial enterprise. The East India, Virginia, and Hudson Bay Companies received their charters respectively in 1601, 1606, and 1690.

The eighteenth century was the greatest age of territorial expansion. At its close England had gained India, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. A very small part was yet gained by actual conquest; private enterprise and initiative, annexation by treaty, and gradual extension of frontiers gave us the greater part of our dominions. The nineteenth century combined, to a certain extent, the characteristics of the two preceding centuries. It consolidated the power of the Empire and witnessed the extension of frontiers in various parts of the globe.

As gradual as the territorial growth of the Empire was the evolution of the system by which it came to be governed. Until the reign of Charles I the King's Council alone dealt with affairs abroad, and the nearest approach to a Colonial Office was the Spanish Council of the Indies, which was founded in 1511, and established as a permanent organization by Charles V in 1524. This was the first attempt in the history of nations at a separate system of colonial administration, at an agency supreme in judicial, legislative, and executive functions. A Commission for Foreign Plantations was, however, established by Charles I in 1634, and although it was abolished in 1641, a similar organization was constructed a few years later under the title of the Board of Trade and Plantations. The system had no continuity or strength, and grew up independent of the powers of the various Secretaries of State, who, in turn, took upon themselves the powers of a Colonial Secretary of State. In 1858, at the appointment of a Secretary of State for India, a Colonial Secretary was also appointed head of the existing Board of Trade and Plantations, henceforward the Colonial Office. Since Canada, India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand are now self-governing dominions, the powers of the Colonial Office are naturally only exercised over the so-called Crown colonies, of which not any two systems of government are alike.

A strong spirit of unity is absolutely necessary to an empire which has widely dissevered and self-governing dominions: it is more imperative still in the case of the British Empire, which contains peoples springing from entirely different races and holding no interests in common. The unity of the British Empire depends, first, on the corporate spirit which binds the colonies to each other, and the fact that they are pledged to render mutual assistance and to support each other against a common enemy. Above all, there is the spirit of allegiance to the Crown, and the realization of each part of the dominions of the necessity of its own personal support to the Mother Country. The spirit of the League of Nations is detrimental to the loyalty of the King's dominions. A spirit of common defence holds the colonies, but if the need for defence is removed, if the dominions need no longer look either to each other or to the Crown for support, if each has its peace practically guaranteed and its welfare assured, why look to another country for support? What need is there for unity? The sense of being part of one great fabric, and the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, which, to a certain extent, can only be preserved through a realization of common trials and dangers, will have absolutely disappeared. The system on which the British Empire is represented in the League of Nations is obviously weakening. The distribution of one vote each to Canada, India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand makes each independent of the other, and destroys all practical unity. A hundred years ago the situation would have been worse, it is true; science has, fortunately, done much to eliminate distance. Nevertheless, the main parts of our Empire belong to the League not as parts of a whole, but as independent States. The Crown no longer needs the material support of the Colonies; the Colonies, on their part, can receive very little benefit from being a part of the British Empire. We have seen how the Empire has slowly evolved, how it has slowly yet surely been moulded into the one great fabric; we have seen that the characteristic of its present condition and organization is the self-government of each part in marked contrast to the unity of the whole. The unity gained by the sense of mutual support and the realization of the necessity of common defence against a common foe will be utterly destroyed when the necessity of mutual support and common defence no longer exists.

Secondly, the unity of the Empire depends on sea supremacy. By considering the growth of the Empire it is not difficult to realize that the foundation-stone is trade. Owing to dominions in all parts of the globe, the whole is entirely self-supporting and self-preserving. Trade is, therefore, foremost in importance, and to preserve trade, sea supremacy is indispensable. Under the arbitration of the League of Nations competition between one nation and another will be impossible. The obligatory reduction of armaments exterminates freedom and fixes, once and for all, the position of a nation's power. If our Navy, for example, is to be kept at "the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement of international obligations," how are we to retain our predominancy in trade ?

Two characteristics closely allied to the British Empire are progress and freedom. Progress has already been mentioned in connexion with the future of the nations. For a nation to progress in power—that is, in trade, industrial prosperity, efficiency in self-defence, and in the development and patronage of scientific invention—it must be free. One is the complement of the other, and it applies equally to the British Empire as to any other State. The idea of further national progress is inconsistent with the League of Nations. One of the principal objects of the League is to promote the strict observance of international law, and international law fully recognizes the right of one nation to make war upon another. The project is absolutely inconsistent with that of the prevention of war. An independent State ceases to be independent if it can no longer settle its own disputes in its own way. Nor is there more freedom for States who are not members of the League. It offers the obligations of membership to any State which is apparently taking part in any dispute likely to menace the peace of the world, and if the offer is by any chance refused, and the State in question resorts to a war involving a member of the League, that State becomes subject to the provisions of Article 16 against recalcitrant members of the League. Thus no State escapes the enforced jurisdiction. A non-member has no choice when engaged in a quarrel but to accept temporary membership, which, according to the particular dispute, may or may not bestow any benefit, or to retire from the conflict without having a chance of its grievances being redressed. There is no doubt that the coming into operation of the League of Nations will seriously threaten the freedom, not only of the British Empire, but of the world.

It would be impossible to attempt to enumerate or to foretell the many quarrels and difficulties in which the League of Nations must inevitably involve Great Britain. The present situation with regard to the United States is alone difficult enough, without the increased hostility which the League is bound to develop. The constant and personal contact between one nation and another is bound to lead to more trouble than if the two States had nothing in common.

The present international situation altogether changes the political outlook of the world. Ten years ago the possibility of the United States of America occupying a prominent place in the calculations of European politicians would never have been contemplated, either on their side of the Atlantic or on this. It is, moreover, impossible now for America ever to back out of European affairs and retire into her shell again. Whatever theories may be held about America's intervention in the war, it is obvious that the question that was being fought out in Europe—namely, freedom or despotism—was not merely a quarrel between two nations fighting for national supremacy, it was a question involving the future of humanity, and consequently America not less than any other nation of the world. Whether the States did or did not help us materially to win the war is a side question. The fact remains that America played such an important part, not so much during the war as in the settlement of peace, that it is impossible for her no longer to influence European affairs.

The question of Germany and Russia and their relations to the League is not the least difficult of the questions which are at present disturbing the civilized nations of the world. The very essence of the League demands the membership of Germany, yet it is scarcely possible to do anything while she still remains in her present disordered condition. Germany has not at present the remotest intention of joining a League whose ostensible object is the prevention of war; and certainly she never will, as long as Alsace-Lorraine belongs to France. It is, of course, difficult to estimate the feelings of a nation in a condition such as Germany is now, yet it is almost certain that if she were offered another chance in five years' time she would take it. She was beaten in material, but not in spirit. Militarism is now no less prevalent in Germany than it was before the war. The people are morally what they were five years ago, and they have no realization of their present international condition. Germany can never enter into the spirit of the League of Nations, and even if she nominally became a member, she would never have the slightest regard for the fulfilment of her obligations of membership. Nothing but armed resistance can ever be offered to the threats of such a Power as Germany; if under the League of Nations, England and France are to have all their armaments reduced, they will never be able to offer any formidable resistance to the aggressions of Central Europe, and in thirty years' time we may find a second Great War looming in the distance.

The only solution of the problem of Eastern Europe is to leave Russia to right herself. As long as other nations interfere forcibly and materially in a country with which they have neither sympathy nor understanding, there can never be peace. In a similar way, America does not understand Europe. What does it matter to the United States whether Italy has Trieste, or whether France has Alsace-Lorraine? The attitude of America towards Germany is anything but reassuring, and the continuation of American interference in Continental European affairs will involve Great Britain in difficulties on both sides of the Atlantic. It may be a selfish attitude to take, considering the events of the last two years, but Europe no longer needs America, and it will conduce much to the peace of the world if America retires from the drama of European politics. The League of Nations deliberately invites America to take a share in European concerns, and quarrels such as the question of the relative number of votes to be had by Great Britain and the United States must inevitably arise, and, indeed, have already arisen. The League is bound to develop a veritable hotbed of endless disputes and quarrels.

The old maxim, "If you want peace, prepare for war," is no paradox, but an exceptionally true proverb that might well be put into practice to-day. The world will never be safe while Germany remains as she is now, and the only way to safeguard the nations is to preserve the balance of power and to make adequate and corresponding preparations for defence. What is the good of trying to deceive ourselves into believing that Germany wishes for peace, and would keep the obligations of League membership? If England continues to produce statesmen of the same capabilities as she has hitherto done, we shall find them admitting Germany into the League of Nations, shutting their eyes to obvious indications of popular feeling in Germany, conducting their diplomacy in true imitation of their predecessors, and finally placing England in the same position as she occupied in 1914, except that she will have neither a navy nor any army worthy of consideration. Above all, there would be no United States to come to our assistance, for even if relations are sufficiently friendly between us and America, the condition of affairs between America and Japan will, in all probability, be such that would render it impossible for the United States to interfere materially again in Europe, or at any rate to interfere with any chance of effect.

Although the world is at present almost in too chaotic a condition for such a revolution as the League of Nations to be introduced, yet, if it is to be introduced at all, it must be done while the minds of men are fresh from the events of the last six years, and while the condition of man is as ripe for change as it has ever been. If the nations of the world were, one and all, sincerely desirous of peace, if they could all be trusted to fulfil their obligations, if every nation would realize that the only way to prevent war is to desist from suspicion and love of power for its own sake, then only would the League of Nations be possible. But is there any reason to believe that because the League may be from first to last a product of Utopia, or an advanced theory of idealistic pacifism, it is absolutely without chance of future success ? It is surely right to make an attempt to bring into operation a scheme the object of which is purely for the increased well-being and the relief of mankind. Some attempt at the reconstruction of international conditions must be made, and if no new venture were ever attempted, what would be achieved ? The League of Nations may now be impracticable and apparently impossible, but the same conditions may not exist in fifty years' time. Under its struggles for effect the world may yet have to endure much, but that does not imply that the future is without a ray of light. Let us hope not.

G. Mary Jerred

LABOUR AND A CAPITAL LEVY

EVEN great questions of finance cannot be left altogether in the keeping of financiers, bankers, economists, or business men. Others who on occasion are described as theorists or politicians must come in to take a hand in the settlement of a taxation and finance problem involving the national welfare in a degree as great as any question which Parliament in recent years has had to consider. To share in a discussion of this question a first-hand knowledge of our financial system is a special advantage, but is not absolutely essential, because a settlement must be reached upon many other grounds as well as those of finance. If conclusions had to be reached only by specialists the proposal of the Labour Party can find some backing from economists and business men who, in addition to their knowledge of finance, keep an eye upon the probable fate of their country if the situation with regard to taxes and prices is not greatly improved.

Some time before Mr. Bonar Law concluded his duties as Chancellor, he said, speaking to a trade-union deputation, " My own feeling is that it would be better both for the wealthy classes and the country to have this Levy on Capital, and reduce the burden of the National Debt." Mr. Bonar Law cannot be ruled out as having no knowledge of business or finance, and like some others of his colleagues in Parliament he has avoided offering opposition to the Levy on such grounds as other partisans have formulated. Financial problems in relation to extraordinary debt must always be considered from the point of view of raising the necessary funds to cancel the debt. In principle the underlying difference between a Levy on Capital as proposed by the Labour Party and the imposition on income of taxes equal to the needs of our alarming obligations, is a difference not of amount, but of period. The money must be found. It can come only from one place. It can come only from where it is. If the incomes and profits which are the yield of labour and energy cannot within a reasonable period bear the burden which in the national interests must be imposed, the State will be driven to draw on our individual reserves. The reserves are our capital. Capital is the wealth which has been accumulated as the result of brain labour and service. It is the material out of which with the aid of labour of every form further wealth is produced. It is to this reserve material that we shall be driven in order to meet an emergency situation by emergency means.

The Levy would not, of course, reduce the total quantity or reproductive power of capital. It would convey some part of it from one set of hands to another set. The State is always doing that, and legislation in recent years with fairly general consent has tended more and more in that direction. We are not now scared by the "thin-end-of-the-wedge" fears which possessed those who years ago resisted all efforts in the direction of State help for the needy. So long as the Government is using money for national productive purposes and for carrying on the business of the State, the Government will require to be well supplied with the means for doing its work. Its work is another word for policy. It rests largely with those who provide the money to settle what that policy shall be. Beyond these needs of a Government, it does not want money except to wipe out indebtedness, and to transfer the ownership of a portion of capital from one place to another will not reduce the net worth of that capital. One result of the transaction, should it occasion a transference of some wealth from private hands to the State, would be to make the State the owner of more property than it now possesses, and that property could be used for national and not personal benefit.

Some time ago the newspapers reported an interesting case from Manchester bearing upon this question of national finance. I give the case, well knowing that some items in the list may appear to be excessive. These are balanced by many other items of necessary expenditure not named in the list at all. The case illustrates the strong and growing feeling on the part of those whose income keeps them at a bare subsistence level, and who not only resent further imposts, but are organizing to rid themselves of direct taxation on earnings which now are far below the pre-war value of ordinary wages.

WHY HE REFUSED TAX

A miner who resisted paying income tax and was inclined to give practical expression of the miners' policy of the £250 limit, appeared before the Manchester County Magistrates to-day for refusing to pay the tax which had been levied upon him. When the prosecution said he was a married man earning £209 a year, defendant pulled from his pocket a paper and read the items of his annual expenditure, amounting to nearly the total of his income. The items were:

	£	s.	d.
Food, at 35s. weekly	91	0	0
Rent, at 5s. weekly	13	0	0
Coal, at 4s. weekly	10	8	0
Clothing for two	24	0	0
Insurance	6	14	0
Colliery Union	3	11	0
3 pairs of clogs	1	16	0
Repairs to clogs	1	16	0
1 pair of boots	1	15	0
Tools	2	14	0
For old age and sickness	26	0	0

The chairman said it was a very interesting sum, but many people had to live on much less.

DEFENDANT: They don't live, they exist.

THE CHAIRMAN: Unfortunately we can do nothing. You have a quarrel. It is with the State.

DEFENDANT: I have to go down the pit and work my inside out, and sweat myself to death, and yet when I pick up the Sunday paper I read that Lady this, and Lady that, and Lady some one else, can pay four hundred guineas for a dress to go to Ascot.

THE CHAIRMAN: That's nothing to do with your case.

DEFENDANT: It has a very great deal to do with the working man's point of view.

THE CHAIRMAN: We make an order for payment.

A special Levy on Capital is not proposed by the Labour Party merely to buy off the anger of miners, or millions of others who sweat and toil in pit and factory in the production of the national wealth. A higher purpose is in view. But a special Levy on Capital would indubitably be the greatest contribution we could make to secure insurance against tendencies not merely to unrest, but towards a deepening discontent which keeps the minds of masses of people in an unsettled if not threatening condition. Within these masses there must now be included a considerable number of men and women not formerly graded as within the working class. Indeed, social and financial questions have undergone a rearrangement in the past few years, and the privations suffered by a considerable number of the lower middle class have added to the dissatisfaction traceable in great degree to the financial position of the nation. This position is not really eased by the temporary cheerfulness of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, shortly after the most solemn appeals for personal sacrifice and retrenchment in order to save the nation from impending bankruptcy and ruin, airily assures us that we can get along by ordinary methods of taxation, or that at worst we can eke out our immediate needs by borrowing more money—if people will lend it.

This is the plan of getting out of the difficulties of debt by increasing it and hoping that the difficulties will fade away. It is a method which one day implores us to save in order to save ourselves, and the next cancels the appeal by lively assurances that, after all, things could be worse. If others do not take a serious view of the situation, the Labour Party does. Its apprehension may be derived somewhat from the close personal touch of most of its leaders with masses of people now looking at the subject from the standpoint of the miner who pulled the paper from his pocket to show that with a year's hard work, even in a coal-pit, he could only earn half as much as he was told was paid by a lady for a dress for Ascot. The Party cannot with composure contemplate the continuance of the unbearable burden of taxation still further to be increased in view of the continued heavy expenditure. By some such device as a Levy on the capital resources of the country, relief urgently required must be brought to the millions of people who are far below the line where the weight of taxation is not felt at all. The ultimate acceptance of this device is assured by the absence of any possible alternative policy in the realm of finance. Here is the debt; here are the creditors; and here also is the capital by which the creditor must, in whole or part, be paid off to bring us back to something like the pre-war level of taxation.

If there is an alternative policy it has yet to be propounded. Financiers and Chancellors have reputations for exceptional resource and inventiveness. They never had a greater opportunity than the national necessity now offers to them. If they have no remedy other than that of further taxation and further borrowing, they are doomed, and however desperate the plan of the Labour Party may appear to be it will be accepted, because it is the only plan which offers an effective release from intolerable suffering.

Any number of reasons for not applying this plan can be cited, but that is saying no more than has been said in relation to almost every tax, whether as regards degree or kind. There may be valid objections and real difficulties in the practical application of the Levy. These are not insuperable difficulties. It is worth while to try and overcome them to rescue the country from the danger which continued and increasing indebtedness involves. A Levy on Capital may not be equitable. No tax ever was. When recently, not taxes, but men had to be collected to save the life of the country by offering their own, human beings had to fight, not for themselves, but for all of us. The sacrifice was theirs, but the security fell to those of us who could not be called upon to make the sacrifices and face the ordeal of the soldier. We talked of equality of sacrifice, but we knew that for reasons of age and physical fitness and sex it was impossible. The thrifty have always been penalized in the sense that they have always been able to do more for their country than the thriftless, and those who have squandered their money and failed to build up capital reserves would in relation to a Capital Levy stand only in the same position as they have always stood in relation to other State demands.

If it be urged that there are people who could not in cash raise the money which the State would demand, it does not mean that the plan of the Capital Levy would thereby break down. In the vast majority of cases money would immediately be procurable, though capital is not necessarily cash. The State could devise a way of accepting such substantial credit as would adequately represent the amount to be exacted from us. It need not be in one payment, and provided a limited period were fixed, we could arrange our instalments as we have always done to meet our other obligations. Capital in the main comes under the head of stocks and securities, war-loan holdings, shares in companies and trading concerns, factories, railways, mines, lands, buildings, docks, wharfs, warehouses, machinery, works of art, and household property. The possessors of all these forms of property above a level representing a total sum which Parliament would fix could more easily find their portion of the Levy than they found themselves, to the number of millions of men, able to leave all these things to the care of others and march out to foreign lands when the country called upon them to fill the armies. To fill the coffers of the State will not turn out to be a greater task than many tasks already performed. To save the country physically, millions of men had to offer their lives. To save the country financially, those who have substantial capital must now offer a share of it. The most which the rich man could give to save the life of his country was his own life, and that was the least that the poor man had to give. These facts have gone far to recast a sense of State responsibility. Now that the war is through, the relations of the State to the individual should, it is felt, be of a different order from pre-war days. A question like a Capital Levy will not be settled solely with reference to financial and property considerations. Psychological factors have entered into this as into other questions of public interest, and men will refuse to carry for a generation a burden which could be lifted off their backs in the course of a few years. We are aware that this is only one of many questions which are interrelated. The relation of production of goods, exchange values, and prices of commodities, to subjects of taxation and a Capital Levy is a very close relation. A Capital Levy is part of a plan which when applied would greatly reduce the difficulties in respect to all the other questions.

One of the writers on commercial subjects in the special issue of the *Glasgow Herald* has, for instance, shown how serious is the continuance of high taxation in the case of companies directed from London, or from other parts of this country. In supporting a Levy on Capital he says:

> To begin with it would do away with the necessity of employing large numbers of people in collecting hundreds of millions a year in taxation and another set of people in distributing these hundreds of millions in interest on war debt. It would also get rid of some portion of the depreciation in the pound. Every pound of income is subject to 6s. deduction for income tax, making the real value of the nominal pound 14s. Thus the trade and commerce of the country is based on the assumption that every pound is worth only 14s. This is a serious hindrance to the trade of the country as the recent sale of the Arauco Company to Chilian capitalists demonstrated. What the Chilian capitalists said to the Arauco Company, in effect, was this: "Out of £100,000 of profits you have to pay £30,000 to the British Government for income tax, consequently your real profit is only £70,000. Now, we are not subject to any income tax, and therefore, if we owned your company we could retain the whole of your £100,000 of profit. We are, therefore, prepared to purchase your business at a price based on the assumption that your profits are £100,000, though they are really to you

only £70,000." The English company agreed, for it perceived that the Chilian company would make a larger profit out of the undertaking than it could do itself, because of the burden of war debt. This reasoning applies to all British undertakings operating abroad, and the tendency will be for the British companies to be bought out by foreign capitalists so long as taxation remains so high as greatly to reduce the amount of its retainable profits. The war debt is a great menace to our trade and commerce, for the sale of British undertakings abroad not only reduces employment, but involves a loss of orders to British industry. The Arauco Company, while it was a British company directed from London, gave orders for equipment to British firms. Now that it is a Chilian company its orders may go to the United States, or Japan, or some other foreign country. The Arauco case is not an isolated one; there have been a number of similar transfers during the past year or two.

Ministers are trifling with Parliament when they argue, as some of them have done, that there is no need for alarm because the debt is an internal one, and that internal indebtedness merely means that we possess what we owe. If any comfort could be extracted from this view, we could enrich ourselves by still larger borrowings. We should soon, however, be arrested by the shock of the increased interest to be found. Already the interest amounts to four hundred millions a year, or about four times the total annual payment which we now make through the Ministry of Pensions in support of over two million persons who physically suffered to win the war for us. The national indebtedness amounts to about £165 per head of the population. Taxation to meet this debt placed on the necessities of life and on hard-earned wages, is a burden which fine phrases do not lessen. It is a more real burden than the fear of "confiscation" exhibited by those who, strangely enough, consider that it is legal and moral to give up as much as the State may think proper to take from profits and income, but gross maltreatment to touch the capital which very largely labour has made and from which profits are now derived.

Big as other domestic problems are, they hinge upon this, and even some of our international questions are bound up with the question of finance. If our financial problem is not satisfactorily solved, no other internal problem can be. There are four lines upon which we can proceed. We can borrow, tax, take, and produce. Common sense bars the first two of these devices. We are driven to the others. We cannot wait for greater production in the hope of altogether avoiding the plan of taxing the reserve wealth in order speedily to straighten things out. Labour does not face this problem from a class standpoint. Its purpose is patriotic and national. Its proposal is founded upon a principle—namely, the principle of making those meet the needs of the nation who are well able to do so. It is founded further upon our national necessities. The difficult problems thrown up for solution by the war cannot in all respects be determined upon nice points, of whether proposals discriminate unfairly between one class and another. Such precise objections were swept aside while the war was on, and we may be said to live still in the region of war, so far as many personal and domestic questions are concerned. Whether a Levy on Capital is practicable from the standpoint of administration can only be proved when we try it. It could inflict no serious harm, not to say ruin, upon either persons or business, for only those whose capital made them strong enough to shoulder the burden would be asked to carry it.

For the victors in the Great War to be left with a crushing debt will not do. Millions of those who won the war are now being asked to pay for it in terms which mean handing over to the revenue a substantial portion of the weekly earnings secured by their labour. Do not be surprised if they resist. This debt will pull its full weight not only in revenue exactions, but in all branches of trade and enterprise into which considerations of heavy taxation inevitably enter. Rich business men would have their tasks lessened if so much of their profits were not "confiscated" to pay for the war, and large numbers of poor people would be a lot better off if the revenue did not take, for instance, 1s. out of the money paid for every pound of tea, and nearly a million per day out of other articles in common use.

Sheer ignorance is the cause of people saying that most workers are better off than they were before the war. They are not. Official figures prove that the cost of living has risen much higher than the advance in the wages of the average wage-earner. This perhaps more than any other factor foments unrest, and provides a theme seeming to justify the advocates of methods leading to further unrest and disturbance. If Parliament knew that the workers are as well off as some assert, it would long before this have stopped the costly subsidies which have had to be paid to enable poor people to live at all. A million pounds a week are still being paid by the State mainly to offer to wage-earners a loaf of bread cheap enough to enable them to buy it.

Taxation of war profits, though highly desirable, is not a remedy, and admittedly is beset with difficulties more numerous and complex than those which may face a Levy on Capital. An effort to tax war fortunes would necessitate a valuation of a man's possessions as they were before the war, and as they have varied during the war, and since its termination. Prosperous as many people became, through the war itself, the yield from a War Profits Levy alone would not be worth the effort in comparison with the solution offered by a special Levy on Capital Reserves. It would not necessarily mean that war profits would escape, for these profits have already passed very largely into the reserves of capital which would become subject to the Levy.

Existing conditions of private ownership in a capitalist system, or the present apportionment of the national wealth, is not the cause for the Labour Party advocating a Levy on Capital, but that apportionment, if it proceeds along the lines of previous generations, will become even a greater cause of discontent and social disorder than it has been. We cannot improve the people in regard to one side of their lives and leave other sides alone. That is, we cannot improve facilities for education and give greater opportunity for leisure, recreation, the cultivation of better tastes, and the inculcation of greater knowledge of the purpose of life, and yet expect millions of these people to remain content without a larger share of property, opportunities, and the sense of security which they see other people enjoying. Again, I say, a Capital Levy is not the thin edge of the wedge which so many are trying to drive in a Socialist direction. Some Socialists oppose it. It is merely a common-sense and first-aid idea for restoring the balance and relieving millions of people who, through no fault of their own, feel the oppressiveness of State taxation while other people do not feel it at all. Those who do not feel it are a comparatively small section of the community whose families form but a tiny percentage of the total population. In the main the Levy would have to be borne by them. They would bear it only in the degree of their ability to do so.

All those persons and associations, organizations, and bodies usually exempt from ordinary income tax for well-understood and commonly accepted reasons would no doubt remain exempt from a Levy on Capital. But clearly all individuals with, say, capital of a value above £2000 could fairly be called upon to bear their share. At this figure the percentage to be demanded would be small. It could begin at 5 per cent., and ascend, say, at the rate of 1 per cent. for every additional £1000, until in the case of considerable capital possessions, running into hundreds of thousands, the Levy would be quite substantial. On this basis a capital of £10,000 would be at the rate of 10 per cent., and as proposed by the Labour Party the rate would travel according to the following table:

	£		£	per cent.
Part of capital between	10,000	and	15,000	11
" " "	15,000	and	20,000	12
" " "	20,000	and	30,000	13
" " "	30,000	and	50,000	14
" " "	50,000	and	75,000	15
" " "	75,000	and	100,000	16
" " "	100,000	and	150,000	17
" " "	150,000	and	200,000	18
" " "	200,000	and	300,000	19
" " "	300,000	and	500,000	20

and so on at increasing rates.

Very big fortunes would have to pay more in proportion to small ones. That is now done in the case of big estates. On the other hand, provision could be made for exemptions where it would be both just and advisable to provide for very exceptional personal circumstances. To ascertain the facts for the purpose of a Levy a return would have to be secured, and a valuation obtained, complete enough to enable the State to determine on whom the Levy should fall and in what proportions. In view of the existing machinery with respect to income tax and revenue information, and the labour and costs which have had to be incurred in trying to meet our needs by organized loans, the labour and expense for organizing the Capital Levy should frighten no one. Those who fear the Levy itself should fear more the probable consequences of not imposing it.

J. R. Clynes

ARE THE IRISH CELTS AN INFERIOR RACE?

WHAT constitutes racial superiority would be hard indeed to define. One European race differs radically from another in the qualities which characterize them. I do not propose to institute comparisons or to follow the lines on which Mr. Houston Chamberlain sought to demonstrate the preposterous proposition that the Teutonic race has alone been prolific of great men. Every great nation has produced a great civilization, and such a civilization could only be developed by the greatness of individual members. The Jewish, Greek, and Roman civilizations developed along different lines—each was unrivalled in its own peculiar sphere—and it must always depend on the individual point of view which one regards as the greatest.

It is far more easy to arrive at a good working definition of what constitutes racial inferiority. If in the course of centuries a race has proved prolific in criminals and degenerates, and at the same time has been markedly deficient in persons of distinction, few, I think, would dispute that such a race must be regarded as an inferior race. Some of the coloured races may be taken as extreme illustrations. Left to themselves for thousands of years they failed to emerge from a state of primitive barbarism, and even after centuries of contact with higher civilizations have remained unaffected except in the most superficial way. None of their number rise to great intellectual eminence whether in literature, art, or science—they do not enter the learned professions, nor do they even become superlatively skilled as craftsmen. They are capable at best of attaining proficiency in the simpler forms of manual labour, and then only under skilled tuition and supervision. In a note appended to a letter in the *Spectator* of May 10, 1919, the Editor remarks: "We cannot help feeling ourselves that the races of Ireland are too closely mingled to be distinguished with mathematical accuracy." This statement embodies the view of the Man in the Street who has never studied Irish history, and is as far from the truth as at first sight it may appear to be plausible. Whatever may have been the races that originally peopled Ireland, whether Iberian or Cymric, or both, the population that existed at the time of the Norman Conquest in the twelfth century has been regarded as predominantly Celtic. No doubt Norse kings had held continuous sway in Dublin for three centuries before that, and their blood can still be traced amongst the population of Munster. But, taken as a whole, the race that peopled Ireland when Strongbow and Fitzstephen landed on the invitation of the Irish Prince of Leinster was singularly homogeneous and possessed the same characteristics as we note in their descendants to-day. One of these is an inveterate detestation of order and rule. The Norman Conquest, however, was not accompanied by colonization on a large scale. The Norman element constituted a military aristocracy who took possession of the land and from their feudal strongholds governed the inhabitants of their estates. Their names still survive in the Fitzgeralds, De Burghs (Burkes), Blakes, Butlers, Fitzurzes, and many others. As the dominant class they intermarried little with the native population, although there is evidence that their surnames were adopted in some cases by their vassals. Thus there are, no doubt, Burkes in Ireland who are Celtic in everything but their surname. The vast majority, however, of the names were then, as they still are in all the provinces of Ireland except Ulster, distinctively Irish-Celtic, and for the most part easily distinguishable from the names that prevail in the Celtic Highlands of Scotland or Wales.

During the Wars of the Roses a large part of the English barons and their followers returned to England, and the native chiefs resumed possession of the land of which they had been dispossessed. Only in the four counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, and Kildare did the English law prevail, and the rest of the country was left to itself, and relapsed into a condition of tribal anarchy. On the accession of Elizabeth, the whole population of Ireland was Catholic, having refused to adopt the reformed religion introduced by Henry VIII, and with the slight admixture of blood derived from the Norman families it remained still Celtic. Its reconquest by England in her reign was rendered necessary for political reasons. An Ireland that was in rebellion and conspiring with Philip of Spain could not be tolerated, for it was a standing menace to England. When the conquest was completed, however, the land was left in the hands of the rebel owners, who consented to receive it from the English Crown on the tenure applicable to English freeholds.

Further rebellions followed, the most formidable being that of O'Neill in Ulster. After its suppression a policy of colonization was determined on, and half a million acres in Ulster were settled, with families of English and Scots Protestants. Their descendants constitute the larger part of the Protestant minority of to-day, which, roughly speaking, is in the same (or perhaps somewhat larger) proportion now to the Irish Celtic population as it was then. In 1580 the inhabitants of Ireland were estimated at half a million—practically all Catholics. In 1640 the population had risen, during a period in which prosperity had followed the establishment of English law and order, to nearly one and a half millions, of whom 260,000, or, roughly, one-fifth, were Protestants. That these latter were all of English or Scottish descent, and of a different race to the native inhabitants, is self-evident. Since then the races have kept apart, mainly because of their religious differences. Protestants and Catholics were alike fanatical, and intermarriage was of rare occurrence. Racial animosity also played its part in preventing amalgamation. The Protestant settlers were looked upon with hatred by the Irish population as aliens who had dispossessed the native gentry. They, in their turn, despised the natives. The qualities that characterized the two races were radically distinct. The result is that the Ireland of to-day is peopled by two races—the one which I have called Irish-Celtic, which clung to the religion of Rome, and the other composed of English Churchmen and Scottish Presbyterians. If the surname of an Irishman is common in England, Wales, or Scotland, and he is himself a Protestant, you have convincing proof that he is not of Irish-Celtic extraction. Quite a number of West Highlanders and Welshmen were amongst the original colonists, or subsequently emigrated to Ireland, but, broadly speaking, these (who may be said to be mainly Celtic or Norse-Celtic by origin) were all Protestant, and as such came under the same ban as the settlers of Teutonic or Nordic race.

Hence in Ireland we have at the present time two entirely different nationalities. But for the religious difference they might have amalgamated, as the Celts have done in Scotland and Wales, where they have always been amongst the most extreme Protestants. The Irish-Celtic race has thus remained unmixed since the days of Elizabeth, and whatever may have been the ancient stocks of which it was compounded, has remained a homogeneous race. It does so even when it has emigrated to the larger isle. There are Irish colonies in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large towns, which remain Irish although many are descended from immigrants of a hundred years ago. They form by far the largest part of the Roman Catholic population of Scotland. Without them the following of that Church would be practically negligible in numbers.

How, then, do these Irish Celts respond to my first test? Are they prolific in criminals and degenerates who constantly lapse into crime? Every one knows the revolting crimes on a colossal scale of which the Irish Catholics have been guilty since the massacre of forty thousand Protestants in 1641 down to the present day. But these may be said to be more or less inspired by political motives, and I am anxious to proceed on non-controversial lines. What is their record in normal times and in ordinary social intercourse? Here the prison statistics would be useful if the Irish were a law-abiding people and juries and witnesses alike desirous of bringing criminals to justice. We know that the contrary is the case—prosecutions are rare in proportion to the offences committed—convictions still rarer. The unwillingness of witnesses to appear is notorious and easily explained. The sympathy of Irish juries is generally with the accused. Statistics of crime are useless as an index of a nation's comparative criminality. The more law-abiding a people is, the more offences will be successfully prosecuted, for such a disposition on their part is essential to the efficient administration of justice. Courts can only proceed on evidence. Only where witnesses have no reason to fear public opinion and are protected against private revenge will they testify to injuries of which they have been the victims, and denounce the wrongdoers. The relative criminality of the Irish Celts can best be ascertained where they form a minority of a generally law-abiding population. Such a country is Scotland, and one would therefore expect that some instructive information might be obtained by studying the statistics of crime in that country, and ascertaining the proportion of offenders for which the Irish-Celtic race is responsible there.

Before dealing with these statistics let me premise that there never has been any hostility to the Irish as such among Scotsmen. The great majority of the people are, of course, Presbyterian, but except in a few isolated districts where Orangemen have been present in some force, collisions have never occurred between the Presbyterians and the Roman Catholic Irish. They have been unknown in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Leith, where there are considerable colonies of Irish—some of long standing. A considerable majority of Scotch electors supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and have since supported successive Liberal Ministries, notably that of Mr. Asquith. Again, all prosecutions for breaches of the criminal law are conducted by public prosecutors acting under the Lord Advocate, entirely impartial officials who have nothing to gain by obtaining convictions, and in whose hands the question of whether there is to be a prosecution or not is absolutely left. In the last twenty years there has only been one private prosecution, and that in a very special case, where the Crown refused to prosecute. It would, therefore, seem that there is no factor which would tend to vitiate the conclusions that may be drawn from criminal statistics in Scotland.

The Prison Commissioners of Scotland annually publish a report on the number and classes of crime committed in Scotland. Before the war one of the tables so published was headed "Return of Religious Persuasion and Nationality of all Prisoners in Confinement on the last day of each year." I have taken the last three complete years before the war—partly because ordinary crime during the war has greatly decreased and has been ab-normally low, but mainly because for some reason, perhaps not unconnected with political pressure by Irish Members of Parliament, this useful table has been recently omitted from the Report. The total number of prisoners at the end of 1911 was 2500, of whom 2058 were males and 442 females. Of these the Presbyterians contributed 1311 males and 269 females, or a total of 1580—the Roman Catholics 608 males and 144 females, or a total of 752. The nationalities of the total number of prisoners were: Scottish, 1581; Irish, 728. There would thus appear to have been one Presbyterian criminal who was not Scottish, and 24 Roman Catholics who were not Irish. As there is a not inconsiderable number of Scotch and English Roman Catholics in Scotland, this small number shows that ordinary criminality does not depend on religion. The Presbyterians are, on the whole, hardly dealt with, because, as the Established religion of Scotland is Presbyterian, a criminal who has no Church connexion at all is so dubbed, if as an infant he was baptized by the parish minister, whose offices can be demanded free of charge. The difference between the figures 2309 and 2500 is represented mainly by Episcopalians—the only other large sect in Scotland.

The corresponding figures for December 31, 1912, are as follows:

Total number of prisoners in confinement		2732
Presbyterians	1308 males and 258 females	1566
Roman Catholics	608 males and 167 females	775
	NATIONALITIES	
Scottish	1267 males and 253 females	1520
Irish	640 males and 171 females	811

And for December 31, 1913:

Total number in confinement		2573
Presbyterians	1337 males and 272 females	1609
Roman Catholics	619 males and 149 females	768
	NATIONALITIES	
Scottish	1329 males and 279 females	1628
Irish	599 males and 150 females	749

In the first of these two years, accordingly, there were 46 prisoners who were Presbyterians but not Scottish, and 36 Irish who were not Roman Catholics; and in the second, 19 prisoners who were Presbyterians but not Scottish, and 19 Roman Catholics who were not Irish. As the Irish Presbyterians are probably originally of Scotch descent, they are left out of the comparison, as they would not belong to the Irish-Celtic race with which I am alone dealing.

The total number of criminals at the end of the three years referred to was thus 7805, of whom 2288 were of Irish nationality. The next matter to ascertain is what proportion does the number of persons professing an Irish nationality bear to the population of Scotland? This cannot be ascertained from the census returns with complete accuracy, but a sufficiently close approximation may be made by considering the number of Roman Catholic marriages compared with the total number of marriages in Scotland. During the year 1913 these were 3960, and constituted 11·76 per cent. of the total. Taking that ratio as a fair test of the ratio of Roman Catholics in the total population of 4,728,132, the number of Roman Catholics in Scotland may be estimated at 556,000. All Roman Catholics in Scotland are, however, not of Irish extraction, but I do not think I do them any injustice when I suggest that of the 11·76 per cent., 1·76 per cent. may be treated as of Scotch or English race. Thus, not more than 10 per cent. of the whole population of Scotland is of Irish nationality; yet their contribution to the crime of the country works out at 29·3 per cent. In other words, the Irish in Scotland produce nearly three times as many criminals as the native population.

The statistics also bear testimony to the greater prevalence of crime among women of Irish descent, as compared with Scotchwomen. The ratio of Presbyterian female criminals to males is a little over one-sixth—the percentage of Irish female criminals to males is just over one-fourth. The Irishman in Scotland thus abundantly bears out the general characteristics of the Irish Celts for lawlessness. If the Irish element were eliminated there would be no more law-abiding population in the world than that of Scotland, and that would be equally true of the non-Irish Roman Catholics, who contribute an insignificant part of the total criminality.

In the absence of precise statistics as to the number of Irish Roman Catholics and the number of criminals who were both Irish and Roman Catholic, the above results cannot claim to be scientifically accurate, but are only close approximations. They are not, however, calculated to do injustice to the Irish-Celtic race, for the marriages amongst the lower classes of the people are notoriously more numerous than amongst the people as a whole, and the overwhelming proportion of Irish in Scotland belong to these classes. It does not, however, necessarily follow that a race is inferior simply because it produces an abnormal number of criminals, although, generally speaking, the test of a highly civilized community is its respect for law and order. Conceivably there may be races who are too dull and poor-spirited ever to lapse into crime, and emotional and impulsive peoples are more apt to do so than those of a more phlegmatic temperament. I, therefore, proceed to consider what I regard as the more important criterion of inferiority of a race—namely, its incapacity to produce men of the highest genius. In dealing with this aspect I have not prepared lists of distinguished men for myself, I have been content to accept the data which Mr. Havelock Ellis provides in *A Study of British Genius*. Mr. Ellis, in classifying these as English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish, had regard less to the actual place of birth than to the birthplace of the parents and grandparents of the distinguished persons in his list, but the results derived from birthplace alone, as by Mr. A. H. Maclean (*Where we get our Best Men*), do not differ very widely. According to both writers, Ireland holds a respectable place in the matter of percentage in proportion to population, although considerably less than England, and markedly less than Scotland. He does not, however, deal with the question which I propose to consider—namely, What proportion of the men of genius that Ireland has produced belonged to the Irish-Celtic race, and what to descendants of English and Scotch settlers in that country ?

Of the 1030 persons selected by Mr. Ellis as of the first rank, the following are said by him to be Irish. It is necessary to give the names in full in order that the point which I wish to make may be brought out. They are as follows :

Balfe
Banim
Becher
Berkeley
Black
Blake, W.
Bowen
Boyle
Boyle, A.
Bradshaw
Burke
Cade
Cadogan
Canning, C.
Canning, G.
Canning, S.
Carleton
Danby
Farquhar
Fitzgerald
Fitzgibbon
Flood
Francis
Garrick
Godwin, M.
Goldsmith
Grattan
Hamilton
Hazlitt
Hemans
Hort
Hutton
Jameson
Kean
Kelly
Kemble, F.
Kemble, J.
Knowles
Lawrence, H.
Lawrence, J.
Leech
Lover
Lucas
Macklin
Macnaghtan
Macready
Maginn
Malone
Moore, T.
Mulready
Napier, Sir J.
Napier, J. P.
Nicholson
O'Connell
O'Leary
O'Neill
Parnell
Quin
Robinson
Ross, R.
Russell
Scotus
Sheil
Sheridan
Steele
Sullivan
Toland
Tone
Tyndall
Ussher
White, J. B.
Wilde
Wiseman
Wolfe
Wyse

Now, the first thing that is noteworthy is that nearly all the names of the distinguished men who have been born in Ireland are of English or Scotch origin, and therefore are presumably descended from English or Scotch settlers. Of the distinctive Irish names—that is to say, the names which are not ordinarily to be found in Great Britain—I think the following alone may be so classed : Grattan, Macklin, Macready, Maginn, Malone, Mulready, O'Connell, O'Leary, O'Neill, Sullivan—and possibly Quin, Toland, and Tone; and it is notable that these are mainly the names of persons who have become distinguished as orators or actors. Indeed, outside of these two professions, it may be said that the Irish Celt has contributed nothing to the long list of men of genius that Ireland has produced. Maginn and Malone were journalists and authors, but their talents were somewhat similar to those possessed by men who have been conspicuous for eloquence. Not one of the offspring of the Irish Celt can be said to have contributed anything of permanent value. There are no great authors, statesmen, artists, musicians, or men of science who bear distinctively Irish-Celtic names—at all events, so far as the list which I have examined is concerned: these abound amongst the remainder. Another general observation also tends to corroborate the conclusion that, apart from the few that I have mentioned as bearing Irish-Celtic names, none of the distinguished persons enumerated were of Irish-Celtic origin, for with very few exceptions they professed the Protestant faith. Burke came, no doubt, of an Irish family which had long been settled in Ireland, but it is quite an accepted fact that the name is just a variant of the Norman name De Burgh, which still exists in that form, and Edmund Burke, who was not merely an orator, but a statesman, was a Protestant owning an estate in Ireland which, in the time of his forbears from whom he derived it, could only be held by a Protestant. Even Goldsmith, who possessed some of the characteristics that are especially associated with the Irish, such as improvidence and extravagance, coupled with much personal amiability, was the son of a curate of the Church of England, and his name shows very clearly that, on the father's side at least, he must have been of English descent. Many of the names are distinctly Scottish, such as Farquhar, Hamilton, Jameson, Macnaghtan, Napier, Nicholson, and (perhaps) Russell. Others are the names of noble families in England, offshoots from which had settled in Ireland, and one or two are distinctly of foreign origin. Two—Fitzgerald and Fitzgibbon—point to a Norman descent. There is a common delusion that Ireland has been prolific in great generals, and it is the case that a number of our most distinguished soldiers have had their birthplace there. It was the Duke of Wellington, however, who was himself born in Ireland, to whom is attributed the remark that a man is not a horse because he is born in a stable, and of recent generals who are enumerated in a list compiled by Conan Doyle, in an article on the distribution of British intellect, he mentions Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir H. Gough, and General Butler as amongst the distinguished men who were Irish. Obviously none of them were of Irish-Celtic descent, and all of them, so far as I know, were Protestants. Maclise, the only great painter who is mentioned in Mr. Conan Doyle's list, which, to a large extent, overlaps the more exhaustive one compiled by Mr. Ellis, is a name that would at first suggest an Irish origin. In point of fact, however, Maclise was descended from a Scottish soldier called Macdonald, who made Ireland his home, and who was the artist's grandfather. The name was changed at first to Macleish, and ultimately became Maclise. Of the distinctively English names, a few were borne by men who professed the Catholic faith, such as the poet Thomas Moore. Even the leaders of the Irish Party have sometimes been men who bore English names, although they led Irish politicians. Of these Parnell is, perhaps, the best-known example, and Parnell himself was a Protestant, or at least never professed the Catholic faith.

The result of my analysis, therefore, is that only an insignificant percentage of the men of genius who have hailed from Ireland as the country of their birth, were Irish Celtic by name and Roman Catholic by religion, and of these the great majority attained their distinction only in the arts which have no permanent value for humanity. The orator or the actor may please the audiences of the time in which he lives—the orator may even play a considerable part in political history, but he is as often an instrument of evil as of good; everything depends upon the particular cause which he espouses. So far as posterity is concerned, they might as well never have existed, because they have done nothing to develop or improve humanity. They are in contrast with those whose works remain behind them and constitute a permanent contribution to the literature, the arts, or the sciences by which civilization has gradually been built up. It is a curious feature of the Irish-Celtic character that it claims as its own all men of distinction who have been born in Ireland, and yet, with the few exceptions which I have named, most of whom attained their distinction as leaders of revolt, or as Parliamentarians, and whose power lay in their appeal to the passions which tend to disintegrate civilizing forces, the vast majority belonged to the hated Protestant minority that the politicians for the past hundred years or so have maintained should be forcibly ejected from Ireland. Yet without these Ireland would practically be in the same position, so far as its production of men of genius is concerned, as the savage races amongst whom gifts of oratory and of acting—certainly the former—are probably as highly developed as amongst the Irish.

That the soil and climate of Ireland are not in themselves inimical to genius may be gathered from the very large number of Irish-born persons of English or Scottish descent who figure in Mr. Ellis's list. Relatively to population, Scotland is easily at the top of the tree in its production of distinguished men, but it must take a second place when one keeps in view the large number of geniuses who were not of Irish-Celtic origin, but claimed Ireland as their native country. The Protestant element of Ireland is not more than one-fourth or one-fifth of the total population, and yet it appears to have produced relatively to its numbers a greater proportion of men of genius than even Scotland. It is worth observing that in just the qualities which are most prominent amongst the Irish Celts—namely, gifts of oratory and acting—Scotland is most deficient. Few, if any, great actors have been of Scottish origin, and not many orators, that I can recall, except Gladstone, who, although born and brought up in England, had grandparents who hailed from Leith, where their tombs may still be seen in a deserted graveyard on the banks of the Water of Leith. It is exactly in the gifts which the Irish Celts do not possess that the Scotch have attained eminence—poetry, literature, art, and, most of all, science; to these Scotland has contributed far more than its share of the men of genius of British origin. This fact alone tends to show the complete difference in the racial characteristics, and emphasizes the fact on which most ethnologists are agreed, that the great majority of the people of Scotland are of Nordic descent.

What I have deduced from a study of the men of outstanding distinction is borne out by the facts of everyday life. Although one-tenth of the population of Scotland is of Irish descent, it is rare to find any of them in the learned professions. Few attain even to considerable wealth, and those who acquire fortunes generally do so in such spheres as pawnbrokers, publicans, and the like, where they have their own countrymen as their chief customers. Even at the Bar, where the art of oratory, of which the Irishman has a natural gift, is practised, there are in England and Scotland very few who bear Irish-Celtic names who have attained to any leading position in their profession. This can scarcely be due to the fact that the immigrants from Ireland were originally in humble circumstances, for many of the most distinguished Scotsmen have been brought up in circumstances of poverty. Millionaires like Mr. Carnegie, Lord Strathcona, and others were entirely the architects of their own fortunes, and owed little to the circumstances of their birth except the fact that they received a good education. It may be that in this respect a Protestant child is more favourably situated than one of Catholic parents, as the professors of the latter faith have never set the same store by education as Protestant England, and especially Presbyterian Scotland, but in proportion to their numbers, distinguished men of British origin belonging to the Catholic Church have probably been as numerous in Great Britain as those of distinctly Protestant traditions.

I summarize accordingly the results which I have arrived at thus: (1) The Irish-Celtic race has produced hardly any men of genius—certainly not one-tenth of the proportion produced by the English and Scotch; (2) such contributions as they have made have been mainly, if not entirely, as actors or orators whose talents have been of no permanent service to the human race; (3) that the Irish Celts have no capacity for greatness in art, literature, or science, and have, in the course of their whole history, not produced a single person of pre-eminent gifts; (4) that while the Irish Celt is a good fighting man when properly led, he has no capacity for leadership, and the race has never produced a great master of strategy; (5) that as a race they are characteristically lawless, and in a well-ordered country like Scotland they produce three times as much of the crime of the country as the rest of the population. These conclusions, I am aware, are opposed to the popular and uninstructed view of the Irish Celts, which credits them with gifts of imagination and an appreciation of art and poetry that is denied to the less volatile Teuton. The remarkable thing is that if these gifts exist they are still without exponents of a high order, and it is the men of Nordic names who have, in the main, been productive of the greatness of the British Empire. This sterility of the Irish Celts, although apparently possessed of great gifts in some directions, is, I believe, mainly due to an entire incapacity for concentrated and continuous effort which characterizes them as a whole.

Q. E. D.

MR. BECKFORD IN PORTUGAL

THE sale at Christie's in November last of pictures from Hamilton Palace has directed public attention once more to that romantic figure, Mr. William Beckford of Fonthill. We may be sure that he does not object. From his earliest youth he was in the full glare of the limelight, and from his place among the heavenly host he must have nodded encouragement and approval to Messrs. Duveen when, for the *Daughters of William Beckford, Esquire*, by Romney, they bid the sum of no less than 52,000 guineas, the largest price ever given for a single picture at a public auction.

Beckford's fame rests on two things—the Oriental romance called *Vathek*, which he wrote at a single sitting of three days and two nights, and the mad extravagance with which he dissipated in building and in collecting the vast fortune which he inherited at the age of nine from his father. The latter worthy, who was a West India planter, has his own niche in the Temple of Fame. He was Lord Mayor of London in 1763, the year which witnessed the publication of the celebrated No. 45 of the *North Briton*, and during the long struggle with the Court which ensued he supported Wilkes through thick and thin. Incidentally he found time to give public banquets which were reputed to be more elaborate than any since the days of Henry VIII. In 1770 Beckford *père* was again Lord Mayor, and it was as the leading citizen of the metropolis that he bearded George III in the impromptu speech which has since become historical—a speech, to quote the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which "when it was being uttered made the King's countenance flush with anger, while the Court surrounding him listened to it with something like consternation." To modern ears the speech sounds almost servile, not to say abject, towards the monarch himself: but even to-day it would arouse some comment were my Lord Mayor and Common Council to proceed in state to Buckingham Palace and inform King George that his Cabinet was "an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary Revolution."

Vathek is not to be found in every library, and it may be asserted with some confidence that the book is not familiar except by name to the majority of readers of the *National Review*. We doubt whether Beckford's *Italy; with sketches of Spain and Portugal* and *Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha* are known even by name to any but actual students of eighteenth-century literature. They are none the less well worth reading. While Beckford was abroad he met every one worth knowing, and he describes his experiences with a light and facile pen. The two books have long been out of print, but they can still be picked up at second-hand booksellers.

After the death of his wife, Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, to whom he had been married only three years, Beckford sought consolation and distraction in foreign travel. In 1794 he visited Portugal for the second time, and in June of that year we find him setting out in the company of his two friends, the Grand Prior of Aviz and the Prior of St. Vincent, to say nothing of a vast army of servants and retainers, for the monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha. The first night they lay at the monastery of St. Vincent, and among the guests there was a missionary from China, who related some of his experiences. " 'I have seen in the depth of winter,' he said, 'a whole extent of garden warmed by a deliciously mild and scented vapour, and all the trees covered with silken leaves and artificial flowers, and on a pool of water hundreds of gaily enamelled ducks formed of metal, swimming by mechanism and by mechanism opening all their bills and uttering their accustomed sound with their usual volubility and swallowing the food the eunuchs of the palace cast to them—ay, and returning it again, to all appearance most happily digested, the Emperor standing by all the while, laughing at my surprise, and believing himself neither more nor less, I am entirely convinced, than an incarnation of the god Fo.' —'Dreadful! exclaimed the Grand Prior, 'I wonder he has not shared the fate of Nebuchadnezzar!'—'He should have been sent to grass at once,' observed the Prior of St. Vincent's.— 'That would have been a pity,' rejoined the ex-missionary; 'for notwithstanding the impossibility I experienced of making him comprehend our own ineffable mysteries, I must declare him to be a wise monarch and an excellent man.'—'That is more difficult to believe than all you have told us,' observed the Grand Prior, 'when we reflect upon the horrid impiety of believing oneself Fo.'—'There is no lie in the world people will not believe,' said the missionary."

Country roads in Portugal are bad enough now, but they were even worse in 1794. The lumbering carriages of the party stuck fast in the mud or laboured and rolled like vessels on a swelling sea after a storm. Three miles in two hours was the rate of progress. But the royal monastery of Alcobaça was reached at last, and the Grand Prior received his illustrious guests with peculiar graciousness.

While the "three graces of holiness" were performing devout prostrations before the High Altar, Beckford stole off to visit the chapel where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. Just as he was giving way to the affecting reveries such a subject could not fail to inspire in the least romantic bosom, in came the Grand Priors hand in hand, all three together. " 'To the kitchen,' said they in perfect unison, 'to the kitchen and that immediately.' Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a cornfield. My servants and those of their reverend excellencies, the two Priors, were standing by in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations, as well pleased, and as much flushed as if they had been just returned from assisting at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. 'There,' said the Lord Abbot, 'we shall not starve: God's bounties are great, it is fit we should enjoy them.' "

Before the secularization of all the religious establishments in Portugal in 1833, the Cistercian Abbey of Alcobaça was one of the richest and largest convents in the world. The low white buildings, erected in the latter half of the twelfth century in the form of a huge square, have no architectural pretensions. In the centre stands the church, with an ugly baroque façade of later date. The chapel where Beckford's "affecting reveries" were so rudely interrupted by the greedy prelates, opens off the south transept and still contains the tombs of King Pedro I and Inez de Castro. Their story is one of the most romantic in the annals of Portugal. The beautiful Inez came from Spain as lady-in-waiting to the Infante Pedro's bride. He fell violently in love with her, made her his mistress, and on the death of his wife was secretly married to her. The Portuguese nobles, fearing her influence, conspired against her, persuaded King Alfonso IV to consent to her death, and murdered her at Coimbra in 1355.

Pedro, mad with rage, rebelled against his father, and a reconciliation was only with difficulty effected. As soon as he ascended the throne his first care was to seize the murderers and torture them to death. He then summoned his nobles and openly declared his marriage to Inez. Her body was disinterred at Coimbra, solemnly crowned and placed on a throne. After receiving the homage of the Court, the corpse was borne in state to Alcobaça and buried there. The two effigies lie feet to feet, in order that the first object seen by Pedro on his resurrection may be his beloved Inez.

The convent buildings are now used as barracks. The kitchen is untouched—an immensely high room with a huge conical chimney supported on iron pillars. The stream still flows through the centre, but alas, soldiers now wash their plates in the waters where the "finest river fish" used to wait the pleasure of my Lord Abbot! The cloisters resound to the tramp of armed men, and in the very rooms where formerly the fat and idle monks wasted their days in sloth and gluttony may now be seen artillery from Krupps and Creusot.

The next day the travellers drove over to Batalha, some fourteen miles distant, taking with them an immense quantity of food and wine. Beckford passed a disturbed night. He was gazing out of the window when, suddenly, a loud and melancholy voice echoed through the garden saying, "Judgment! judgment! tremble at the anger of an offended God! Woe to Portugal! woe! woe!" His blood ran cold as he watched emerging from the thicket a majestic, deadly pale old man, who neither looked about nor above him, but moved slowly on, sighing profoundly and from time to time renewing his doleful cry. The Prior of Batalha came to apologize in the morning, and explained that it was not a ghost, but a near relative of the Duke of Aveiro, who had been tortured and executed with most of his family by the great Pombal. These events had unhinged the poor man's mind, and he had become a monk. But he could not forget what had passed, and believed himself commissioned by God to predict the desolation of Portugal and the doom of its royal house.

The beautiful monastery of Batalha commemorates the victory of Aljubarrota, where in 1385 King John I, aided by five hundred English archers, defeated the Spanish forces and secured the independence of Portugal. King John's wife was Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and the church shows traces of English influence—in fact the ground plan and the masons are said to have been brought from England. But the elaborate and intricate tracery in the arches of the cloisters, the characteristic floreated cones ornamenting the roof and parapets, and the exquisite lace-like carving in the Founder's Chapel and over the doorways are purely Portuguese. The gardens in the cloisters, gleaming in the bright sun, the vaulting of the chapter-house, the views from the terraced roof over the pine-woods and fields, the unfinished "Capellas Imperfeitas" with the strange towers built after Indian models in the form of bundles of reeds, form a series of pictures which no one fortunate enough to have seen them is likely to forget.

Their Holinesses of Aviz and St. Vincent had not jolted for so many miles without a definite object. But it was not till the very moment of departure, when the carriages and horses were at the door, that they retired with their brother of Alcobaça into a private room, whence issued the sounds of loud and angry words approaching to tempest. The subject of this animated controversy was certain grotto-like communications between the sacred asylum and another not less monastic, but tenanted by the fairer portion of holy communities, the daughters of prayer and penitence. His reverence of Alcobaça was furious, and sped his parting guests, not with the sunny smiles that had greeted their arrival, but with a sullen, sulky gloom.

On the way home, as the travellers were passing through a pine forest, the career of the caravan was suddenly arrested by a most imposing cock-hatted personage, booted up to the chin, and decked out in all the pride of burnished pistol and gold-laced holster. This gentleman was the bearer of an invitation from his mistress, the owner of a *quinta* hard by, and the offered hospitality was gladly accepted. The *quinta* into which the party now entered presented a strange scene. On the outside was a dense wall of myrtle, bay, and ilex. Within were large square plats of curious flowers, and in the midst of each rose a fountain enclosed within a richly gilded cage, containing birds of every variety of size, song, and plumage; parakeets with pretty little flesh-coloured beaks, parrots of the largest species, looking arch and cunning, as they kept cracking and grinding walnuts and filberts between their bills as black as ebony, and conclaves of araras and cockatoos. Their united screechings and screamings on the approach of the party gave the alarm to a multitude of smaller birds, which issued forth in clouds from every leaf and spray of the walls of verdure. "The strange green light which faintly pervaded the closely bowered alleys," Beckford continues, "the aromatic odour universally diffused—the rustle of wings, the chirping and twittering above my head on every side of me, was so completely bewildering and magical that I doubted whether ever again I should be permitted to emerge into common life or common daylight. The soft, perfumed, voluptuous atmosphere of this seemingly enchanted garden induced a languor and listlessness to creep over me I scarcely ever felt before."

Beckford's languor was abruptly interrupted by the pompous equerry, who had been dispatched to summon him to the presence of the bird-queen. The house was a rambling building one story high with large verandas, under which were offices innumerable, not unlike rabbit-burrows, out of and into which were continually creeping a great number of tawny-coloured menials, very slightly clothed, all busily engaged in tending the feathered race committed to their charge; for half of these burrows were closed with light trellises of wire, forming no very pleasant aviaries. Most horribly discordant screechings indeed seemed to indicate that the birds of the establishment were not so happy or so judiciously governed as their sovereign mistress imagined. On the steps leading up to the principal veranda stood the three nephews of the great lady; all just alike, sleek, smooth, and sallow; all dressed in obsolete court dresses of blue and silver tissue, each with powdered hair in a silken bag, each with his little cut-steel-hilted sword; and each with a little abdominal bulge that promised, in the course of a very few years, to become a paunch of considerable dignity. In close attendance upon these hopeful youths were a stripling page, a half-crazed buffoon, an ex-Jesuit, and a dwarf, personages indispensable to a noble and well-constituted Portuguese establishment. Beckford was ushered into the great lady's presence, and after some refreshments a prolonged silence ensued, broken only by the whirring and whizzing of enormous cockchafers. At last Her Excellency broke silence by asking Beckford whether there were any birds in England, to which he replied with a low obeisance that, thanks be to God, his country was blessed with an immense number.

"'Indeed,' she rejoined, 'I thought your country too cold to allow them, sweet dears, to build their nests and enjoy themselves.'—'Yes,' observed the Jesuit, 'the climate of your island must be very bitter. Camoens, whose authority none can dispute, calls it

A grande Inglaterra che de neve
Boreal sempre abunda.'

"'Which, being undoubtedly the case,' continued the bird-queen, 'that great number you boast of must be imported: indeed, I understood as much from an old servant of my father's, who made a fortune by dealing in canary-birds, and taking them to your great town, where you can hardly distinguish night from day, as he told me. He was continually resorting to that black place with his living wares (how I pity them!) and he gained sufficient, though he almost coughed his lungs out, to buy a nice *quinta* in my neighbourhood. He is an excellent judge of everything that concerns birds; and for the sagacity with which he discovers an incipient pip and stops its progress I may venture to affirm, from long experience, he has no equal. But tell me fairly, most estimable Englishman, have you any native birds in your island?'—'Yes, madam,' was my triumphant reply, ‘ we have ; one in particular—seldom seen but often heard, the cuckoo.’ ” A few months later the old lady died and her feathered dependents were dispersed and destroyed. The pine forest was cut down by the French armies attacking the lines of Torres Vedras, and they even grubbed up the very roots for fuel.

Travellers’ tales are proverbial, and a certain licence may fairly be allowed in the recital of adventures ; but Beckford goes too far in his descriptions of the wealth and prosperity of Portugal. It is incredible that a country now so poor and backward should have been a very Canaan so comparatively recently. What has happened to the magnificent fruits on which he dilates so fondly ? Better oranges can be bought in London than in Lisbon, and all Portugal cannot produce a peach equal to those on sale at Covent Garden throughout the summer. From the windows of the train between Lisbon and Vallado, and during the drive from there to Alcobaça and Batalha, the traveller sees tracts of moor covered with cistus, low scrub and heather and gorse in full bloom, sandy wastes, and range upon range of barren hills. Much of the land is covered with pine forests, and the patches of cultivation only accentuate the impression of poverty. The crops look bad and the ground tilled in a primitive way. Villages are few and far between and consist of a few whitewashed hovels.

According to Beckford every rood of this same land was employed to advantage in 1794. Each cottage, the abode of industrious contentment, had its well-fenced garden richly embossed with gourds and melons, its abundant waterspout, its vine, its fig-tree, and its espalier of pomegranate. The peasantry, comfortably clad in substantial garments, looked at the travellers without envy because their hearts were expanded by good treatment, their granaries amply stored, and their flocks numerous and healthy. Certainly such a description cannot be applied to the Portuguese peasantry of to-day, whose condition is notoriously deplorable.

Much to the disgust of the two prelates, they were not allowed to go straight home. While still on the way to Lisbon they were summoned to the Royal Palace of Queluz to furnish a report on their visit to the monasteries. Beckford was invited to go too. The village of Queluz lies half-way between Lisbon and Cintra, and the palace of Queluz de Baixo still remains a monument to the folly and extravagance of King Peter III. The grey building, attractive enough externally when gleaming under the bright sun, is of great size. The interior is dreary beyond words ; room after room with peeling walls, dilapidated painted ceilings, cracked and tarnished mirrors, while the gloom inseparable from buildings long uninhabited hangs like a pall over the place. The gardens, however, laid out in imitation of those at Versailles, are charming and well kept. Formal beds of flowers, edged with a broad border of box, blaze with colour in the spring. Marble statues are placed at every point of vantage. Groves of orange-trees line a series of water-tanks, gay with coloured tiles. Beyond the gardens is a small wood, at the end of which is a large stone grotto and fountain. The whole Royal Family were in residence at the moment—the mad Queen, the Prince Regent and his wife, the Princess of Brazil, whose reputation was no better than it should be. Beckford was wandering alone in the gardens admiring their many beauties when he met the young Marquis of Marialva. "'Come with me,' said the latter. 'The Princess, who has learnt that you are here, and who has heard that you run like a greyhound, wishes to be convinced herself of the truth of a report she thinks so extraordinary.'"

The two young men penetrated into an amphitheatre of verdure concealed in the deepest recess of the odoriferous thickets, where, seated in the Oriental fashion on a rich velvet carpet spread on the grass, they beheld the Princess, surrounded by thirty or forty young women, every one far superior in loveliness of feature and fascination of smile to their august mistress. A race was arranged between Beckford, Marialva, and two Indian-looking girls of fourteen or fifteen, and though, as Beckford is careful to state, the two latter ran "with amazing swiftness," he won the race easily in spite of the start of ten paces which he conceded. The Englishman was then called upon to dance a *bolero* to the music of a low, soft-flowing choir of female voices. Nothing daunted, he arose and glided along in a delirium of romantic delight, while the odoriferous thickets were filled with harmony, well tuned and perfectly melodious. The dance was in full swing when it was suddenly interrupted by a messenger summoning Beckford to an audience with the Prince Regent. No wonder he found the palace dark and dull after this lively scene! His audience with the Prince consisted of an exchange of banalities respecting Alcobaça and the journey, broken at intervals by terrible and agonizing shrieks of "Ai Jesous! Ai Jesous!" It was the mad Queen, beside herself with horror at the vision which haunted her day and night of her father's image in the midst of raging flame being dragged by a crowd of ghastly phantoms from a pedestal of molten iron.

Beckford did not remain in Portugal much longer. In 1796 he returned to Fonthill and began the wild extravagances with which his name is associated. While not engaged in building huge mansions and towers only to be pulled down to make way for something more sumptuous and lofty, he collected books, furniture, pictures, china, etc., with frenzied zeal. At last even his enormous fortune gave out, and he was obliged in 1822 to sell Fonthill and many of its treasures. The others were left to his daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, and they have now been dispersed, some at the great Hamilton sale in 1882 and the pictures in November last. Beckford retired to Bath and died there in 1844, at the ripe age of eighty-five.

G. H. Villiers

THE NIVELLE AFFAIRE

THE electoral campaign which preceded the recent General Election in France gave rise to a heated controversy over what has become known as the Nivelle affair. General Nivelle's friends, equipped by him with a large number of official documents, which had, till then, been secret, accused M. Painlevé, who at the time of General Nivelle's campaign was War Minister in M. Ribot's Cabinet, of having interfered with General Nivelle's plans, and of having stopped his offensive at a time when it had every prospect of achieving a great success. M. Painlevé has vigorously replied, and has produced still more documents to prove that it was not he but the Germans who stopped General Nivelle's attacks. We are in no way concerned with the quarrels of French soldiers and Ministers, but the controversy has brought to light much that affects us very intimately, and it is with this aspect of the question that I propose to deal.

The plans for the Allied campaign of 1917 were considered and approved at a conference of Allied commanders-in-chief and chiefs of staff which assembled at Chantilly on November 16, 1916, under the presidency of General Joffre. Great Britain was represented at this conference by Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson, and Italy, Russia, Rumania, Serbia, and Belgium were also represented. The plan of campaign for the Western Front was as follows:

> '(a) During the winter 1916–1917 the offensive operations now in progress will be continued with all activity compatible with the climatic conditions on each front.
>
> (b) In order to be in a position to meet any fresh development of the situation, and especially in order to be able to prevent the enemy from regaining the initiative, the armies of the Coalition will be ready to undertake combined offensive operations with all the means at their disposal after the first fortnight of February 1917.

After some further discussion with Sir Douglas Haig, Joffre issued, on December 27, general instructions for the opening phase of the campaign. These prescribed an offensive by the British armies between Bapaume and the Vimy Ridge, combined with an offensive by the French northern group of armies between the Oise and the Somme. These two attacks were to be ready by February 1, 1917, and were to be followed at an interval of not less than a fortnight by an attack by the centre group of French armies on the Aisne. As we know, from Ludendorff's memoirs, the German Army was, at the time when these plans were drawn up, in a very critical position, and Ludendorff says he was then much occupied with the problem of how to prevent "the progressive falling off of our fighting powers." Joffre's plan was to take advantage of the hard-won successes of the Somme campaign, first by maintaining the pressure on the Germans on the Somme Front, and next by attacking them early in the year, on as large a front as possible, before they had had time to recover from their difficulties. He was, however, aware that the heavy losses which the French Army had sustained in the first two years of the war, and the consequent depletion of the man-power of France, would prevent him from conducting long-sustained offensive operations with his own troops. He therefore arranged with Sir Douglas Haig that the brunt of the year's campaign should gradually be more and more borne by the British armies, which he knew would increase during the early part of the year, and that it should culminate in a great British offensive in Flanders. These proposals came to the knowledge of certain of the politicians in Paris, who looked coldly upon Joffre. These gentlemen had for some time been dreading that the very thing which Joffre appeared to be deliberately planning would happen—that is, that the honour of delivering the final blow in the Great War would fall to the British Army, and this they held to be an unendurable stigma upon the military power and pride of France; Joffre was said to be a tired old man who was past his work. The defences of the Verdun Front were reported to have been neglected, and to this cause was attributed the fact that that pivot of the French defensive system had been so nearly lost. By removing General Sarrail from his command on the Western Front, he had made enemies, for Sarrail, the one "Republican" general, had many political friends. Joffre was held to have been to blame for the collapse of Rumania, while the methods of the Somme were held to have been slow, cumbrous, and costly. Search was made for a successor who would have a bolder conception of the part to be played by the French armies, and would find a speedier road to victory. That successor was found in General Nivelle, who took Joffre's place on December 16, 1916. Nivelle had won great distinction during the Battle of Verdun, in which he had gained promotion, first to the command of a corps and then of an army, and he had been responsible for the French counter-attacks, which recaptured the forts of Douaumont and Vaux and relieved the French fortress from all danger. After an interview with Sir Douglas Haig on December 20, he, the next day, sent the British Commander-in-Chief a statement of his plans. This contained important modifications of those accepted by Joffre and the Allied generals. As before, there were to be two preparatory attacks, the British attack on the front Arras–Bapaume, and a French attack between the Oise and the Somme, but on a considerably shorter front than that envisaged by Joffre. These attacks were to be followed by a great attempt to break through by a force of twenty-seven French divisions attacking on the Aisne Front. In order to obtain these twenty-seven divisions, Nivelle asked Haig to extend the British Front from a point some miles north of the Somme, as far south as the Roye road, thus relieving eight French divisions, and in return for this extension he suggested that the British Army should limit the offensive operations on the Somme battle-front, which it had been decided at the Chantilly Conference should be carried out during the course of the winter. The effect of these decisions was to postpone materially the date of the opening of the combined offensive campaign, because Haig could not carry out such a considerable extension of his front until reinforcements which he was expecting had arrived, and, secondly, it diminished the power of the British Army to press the enemy on the Somme Front during the winter. It made the prosecution of Joffre's idea of an early attack, which would prevent the enemy from taking the initiative, impossible, but, on the other hand, it made it possible for Nivelle to do what his friends wanted—namely, to increase the weight of the French blow—while his plan gave promise of a short, sharp, and decisive campaign.

In the meantime a change of Government had taken place in England, and Mr. Lloyd George had succeeded Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George came into office very much influenced by the events of the Battle of the Somme. He naturally could not be as aware, as we are now, of the effect of that battle upon the Germans, but he was very conscious of the horrible length of our casualty lists; he regarded the "bloody assaults of the Somme" as a grim failure from our point of view, and was determined to have no more such battles. All his instincts were in favour of attacking some other enemy than the Germans, and he believed that the war could best be won by, as he termed it, knocking down Germany's props. Soon after he became Prime Minister, early in January 1917, he attended a conference in Rome of Allied statesmen and generals, which had special reference to the situation in the Mediterranean and in Salonika. At that conference he produced a plan of his own. He does not appear to have regarded the proposals of the Allied generals at Chantilly with any favour; indeed, in his famous Paris speech of November 1917 he spoke of them with contempt. He said:

> Conferences have been annually held to concert united action for the campaign of the coming year. Great generals came from many lands to Paris with carefully and skilfully prepared plans for their own fronts. In the absence of a genuine Inter-Allied Council of men responsible as much for one part of the battlefield as for another, there was a sensitiveness, a delicacy about even tendering advice, letting alone support for any sector other than that for which the generals were themselves directly responsible. But there had to be an appearance of a strategic whole, so they all sat at the same table, metaphorically took thread and needle, sewed those plans together, and produced them to a subsequent civilian conference as one great strategic piece; and it was solemnly proclaimed to the world the following morning that the unity of the Allies was complete.

At Rome he took an independent line, and proposed a great transfer of troops from the Western Front to Italy, and for an offensive against Austria, aiming at Laibach. This plan, which had not been seen by the soldiers till the conference met, was not received with the enthusiasm which Mr. Lloyd George hoped it would evoke, and it was referred by the statesmen to the soldiers for consideration. General Nivelle was rather rude about it.

> It is only with great difficulty [he wrote] that we are able to obtain the forces that we require, and it is suggested that we should weaken our front to undertake some adventure or other on the Italian Front. What is to be our objective? Trieste? Pola? perhaps Vienna? geographical objectives the conquest of which will have no influence upon the war. The destruction of the principal mass of the enemy's forces can alone bring about a decision. Now the principal mass of the enemy's forces, the only forces which count, are on the Western Front, where the Germans have one hundred and thirty divisions out of two hundred, and those their best. In order to beat them it is necessary, as a preliminary, to break through the trench barrier. Is this possible? To this question the army of Verdun on October 24 and December 15 answered formally in the affirmative. We shall break through the German frontier when we wish, provided that we do not attack at the strongest point, that we effect a surprise, and carry through the operation in twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

It is improbable that Mr. Lloyd George was aware of General Nivelle's criticism of his proposal, but on his way back from Rome he heard that the new French Commander-in-Chief had a plan for breaking through the trench barrier, a plan which would not involve another battle of the Somme, but a battle which would be over one way or the other within a short space of time, and he was disposed to give such a plan favourable consideration. Accordingly, General Nivelle was invited to London, where he arrived on January 15, and explained his proposals to the War Cabinet. In the words of M. Painlevé :

> The prospect of gaining an early and decisive victory, the obvious dangers entailed by a prolongation of the war, the anxiety which submarine warfare had aroused in England, together with the personal impression produced by General Nivelle and his impressive confidence in the success of his plans, won the support of the British War Cabinet. Thenceforward the British and French Staffs collaborated closely in the preparation of the great enterprise, although Sir Douglas Haig made some reservations as to its scope and as to the duration of the preliminary operations, which he estimated must be long.

Both Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson, in fact, pointed out that before a break-through, on any such scale as General Nivelle contemplated, could take place, the enemy's resistance must be worn down by preparatory attacks on a great scale, and that it was not possible to foresee how long such attacks would take to produce the required effect. The two Governments, however, agreed to back the new man with the new idea. The next development was that the Party in Paris which had removed Joffre, pleased with the measure of success which they had so far achieved, now began to negotiate to get the British Army placed under the orders of General Nivelle. On February 15 Major Bertier de Sauvigny, who was the French liaison officer at the War Office, had an interview with Mr. Lloyd George, in which the latter expressed his complete confidence in General Nivelle and said that, although the prestige which Sir Douglas Haig enjoyed with the British Army and the British people might cause difficulties, the British War Cabinet would not hesitate to give secret instructions placing Sir Douglas Haig under the orders of General Nivelle. He asked for a conference with the French Government on this question of command at the end of February, as the matter was urgent. The conference was held at Calais on February 26 and 27, 1917, and the essential paragraph in the agreement which was reached at that conference ran as follows :

> The British War Cabinet undertakes to give the Field-Marshal commanding the British Expeditionary Army the following instructions: From the date on which the forthcoming operations on the Western Front begin until their termination he will

execute the orders given by the French Commander-in-Chief in all that concerns the conduct of the operations, it being agreed that the Commander-in-Chief of the British armies shall be free to choose his own methods and the manner of utilizing the troops in the zone of operations allotted to him by the French Commander-in-Chief in the original plan of operations.

While the conference was actually in progress Sir Douglas Haig's Chief of the Staff arrived at Calais, and reported to him that in consequence of the capture of the heights above Miraumont, which dominate the Ancre valley, by Gough's Fifth Army, the enemy had begun to evacuate the awkward salient in which he was placed, and there were signs that the retreat was extending. This was the first indication of Ludendorff's famous retreat into the Hindenburg Line.

As soon as the Calais Conference terminated, on February 27, General Nivelle addressed some instructions to Sir Douglas Haig which were neither very tactful in form nor applicable to the military situation as it actually was on the British Front. These instructions fixed Cambrai as the first objective of the British armies. Now it had become evident by the time these orders were received by Sir Douglas Haig that the Germans were preparing to retreat on the Cambrai Front, and that by attacking there he would not only run the risk of striking a blow in the air, but of involving himself in a dangerous salient flanked on the north by the Hindenburg Line, the northern arm of which ran from the Vimy Ridge east of Arras to Quéant, and thence west of Cambrai and Saint-Quentin. General Nivelle's instructions, in fact, required Haig to thrust his head into the loop of the Hindenburg system, instead of attacking the northern hinge at Vimy, as he wished to do, and as he had agreed with Joffre to do. They also called for detailed information as to the disposition of Haig's armies, and concerned themselves with other matters clearly left to the British Commander-in-Chief's discretion by the decision of the Calais Conference that he should be free to choose his own methods and the manner of employing his troops. Sir Douglas Haig replied to General Nivelle on March 2, pointing out the difficulties in which a German retreat would place the British armies, but General Nivelle appears not to have grasped the situation on the British Front, and he referred the matter to his Government, with the result that on March 6 M. Briand telegraphed to Mr. Lloyd George, roundly accusing Sir Douglas Haig of endeavouring to evade the decisions of the Calais Conference, and of questioning the plan of the French Commander-in-Chief which had been approved by the two Governments. A further conference was held in London on March 13, when the difficulties which had arisen were adjusted and Sir Douglas Haig signed a statement of which the following is the essential portion. "I accept the attached convention on the understanding that while I agree to apply the Calais agreement, both in spirit and in letter, the British Army and its Commander-in-Chief will be considered by General Nivelle as Allies and not as subordinates, except during the particular operations which he explained at the Calais Conference." These "particular operations" were the combined attacks of the French and British Armies, then in preparation.

The reports spread to the effect that Sir Douglas Haig was unwilling to act under the orders of General Nivelle, and was opposed to unity of command, had their origin in these incidents. It is evident that General Nivelle, at the beginning of March, believed these to be Haig's views, and that M. Briand, acting on information received from General Nivelle, was of the same opinion, but it is equally evident that both soldier and statesman had failed to grasp the military situation on the British Front, and had jumped to a conclusion for which there was no warrant. At the time when General Nivelle's instructions reached British Headquarters the situation was different from that envisaged by the French Commander-in-Chief, and his plan required considerable modification. He was opposed to an attack upon the Vimy Ridge, partly because, remembering the costly French failures of 1915 to capture the Ridge, he believed that position to be one of great strength, partly because, without taking the local conditions on the British Front sufficiently into consideration, he wished the axis of our attack to be farther to the south, on the general ground that it would then combine better with the French effort. He was convinced that he was about to achieve such a measure of success as would compel the Germans to withdraw their whole front, and that the Vimy Ridge, the Flanders coast, and other desirable objectives would fall to us as the result of the victory won by his main attack. He was therefore inclined to be impatient of reference to what he held to be secondary considerations. He did not believe in the German retreat to the

Hindenburg Line, and the effect of this state of mind was to produce exactly the same difference of opinion between himself and his generals as existed between himself and Sir Douglas Haig. On March 4 General Franchet d'Esperey, who then commanded the French northern group of armies on the British right, sent him a memoradum in which he pointed out that the information recently obtained indicated that the Germans were actively preparing a withdrawal on a wide front to a new position some twelve miles in rear. To this General Nivelle replied, on March 7, that "There is no reliable evidence that the German withdrawal will extend to the front of the northern group of armies. It seems highly improbable that the enemy will abandon without a struggle or even without resisting to the last, one of the chief prizes which he at present holds—namely, the nearest part of his front to Paris, which runs through Roye, Noyon, and Soissons. In any case, it is not possible to base a decision upon mere hypotheses. I therefore decide to make no change in the general lines of the plan of campaign for 1917."

This being the state of General Nivelle's mind, it was clearly Sir Douglas Haig's right and duty to recall him to realities, and it was to this end that his correspondence with French Headquarters was directed, and not to call in question the decision of the French and British Governments at Calais. The whole incident brings very clearly into light the weak point in the policy of the two Governments. Owing to the haste and secrecy with which the proposal to place the British Army under the control of General Nivelle was rushed through there was no opportunity for due insistence on its military aspects. There were obvious weaknesses in a plan which placed the general direction of the operations under a French Commander-in-Chief who was directly responsible for a great stretch of the front, and was actively engaged in preparing for a great attack on that front. It was inevitable, in such circumstances, that General Nivelle's mind should be concentrated on his own problems and difficulties, and that he would not be equipped with the knowledge of the situation on the British Front to enable him to issue detailed instructions to the British Commander-in-Chief. There was, in fact, no military half-way house between such a system of co-operation as existed in the days of Joffre, when the broad lines of a combined plan were agreed upon, and the details were left to the respective commanders-in-chief, and that which prevailed when the supreme control was in the hands of Foch—that is to say, when it was vested in a headquarters which was not directly responsible for any one part of the front, but could take a general view of the whole problem. Both the British and French Governments were attracted to General Nivelle by the weakest part of his plan. He promised them a speedy victory without that long and costly preparation which they dreaded, and they were willing to give him complete control without considering adequately the form which that control could best take, on the understanding that the plan was carried through as promised. The gravamen of M. Briand's charge against Sir Douglas Haig was that the British Commander-in-Chief proposed changes in General Nivelle's plan. The French Prime Minister, who left office a few days after dispatching his telegram of March 6 to Mr. Lloyd George, evidently believed that a military plan, once agreed upon, should be as a law of the Medes and Persians, irrespective of any action which the enemy might take. He and not a few of our own Ministers belonged to that class of whom Foch speaks in his *Principles of War*: " They believe that they can deposit military plans at a solicitor's. They believe any combination to be valid of itself, independent of circumstances of time, place, and objective to be reached. It reminds me of a lawyer preparing what is called an omnibus speech, a speech suitable to any possible occasion."

At the London Conference of March 13, Sir Douglas Haig obtained the modification which he desired as regards his own part in the combined plan—he was to attack on the Arras-Vimy Front, and his general line of advance was to be towards Douai instead of towards Cambrai. In other aspects, however, General Nivelle adhered to his plan, with such changes only as were forced upon him by the enemy's action. Franchet d'Esperey's northern group of armies was still to attack, but to attack, not Germans embarrassed by their precarious position on the Somme battlefields, but Germans established in the Hindenburg defensive system around Saint-Quentin. Thus, of the two preliminary attacks, that of the British Army had been somewhat curtailed by the German retreat, while that of the French northern group was to be delivered with very inadequate preparation against the strongest German positions. The original weakness of General Nivelle's plan—namely, the comparatively small importance which he attached to wearing down the enemy's resistance before attempting to break through—was therefore intensified. Yet the arrangements for the break-through went on without essential change. The sequel is well known. Haig attacked on April 9, carried the Vimy Ridge, and rolled up a considerable portion of the northern arm of the Hindenburg Line, east of Arras. The attack of the French northern group of armies against the Hindenburg Line near Saint-Quentin took place on April 14 and failed completely, and on April 16 General Nivelle's main attack began. It produced results which were altogether insignificant in comparison with the hopes which the French Commander-in-Chief had held out.

On April 11, 1917, M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions, passed through London on his way to Russia on a special mission analogous to that of Mr. Arthur Henderson. On that day he had an interview with Mr. Lloyd George, and in discussing the coming French offensive, he said to him: "It will be a matter of twenty-four hours, forty-eight at the most. If we do not break through in that time, we shall never do so. We shall stop and the losses will not be heavy. We must not have another Battle of the Somme." On April 18, when the news made it certain that General Nivelle would not break through, the Prime Minister informed me of this conversation, and in view of an approaching conference with the French Government, asked me to obtain Sir Douglas Haig's view of the effect of a cessation of the French attacks. The correspondence, which has been published in France, was as follows:

LONDON, *April* 18, 1917

The Prime Minister informed me to-day, April 18, that he had had an interview with M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions, and that the latter had told him that the French War Cabinet was determined not to engage in a prolonged struggle with the enemy such as took place during the Battle of the Somme, unless the present French operations promise, during the first few days of the battle, important material results at an early date.

The Prime Minister gave me to understand that the views of the French Government were that the state of the French man-power would not allow of heavy losses, and that time was now on the side of the Allies, since it would allow the Russians to recover from the effects of the Revolution and America to put large forces into the field. The Prime Minister expects to meet the French War Cabinet on April 20, and he would like to know beforehand what, in your opinion, would be the effect if the French War Cabinet ordered General Nivelle to break off his offensive at an early date.

F. MAURICE, D.M.O. For C.I.G.S.

To this Sir Douglas Haig replied on the 19th, in a letter of which the following were the opening paragraphs :

> My answer to the question put to me is as follows : In my opinion the decision to stop offensive operations now until Russia and America are able to join us, which would probably not be before next spring, would be very unwise.
>
> The struggle is following a normal course. Great results are never obtained in war until the enemy's power of resistance has been worn down, and against a powerful and determined enemy operating with large forces on a wide front, this is a matter of time and of hard fighting.

Sir Douglas Haig then went on to give in more detail his reasons for the continuance of the Allied attacks.

This correspondence has been freely cited by General Nivelle's friends as evidence that the French Government did stop his operations. M. Painlevé has shown that this was not the case, and we may leave the matter there. The interest to us in this correspondence lies chiefly in the evidence which it affords of the prevalence of what I may call " the no-more-Sommes theory," and of Sir Douglas Haig's insistence that victory could not be won without prolonged preparation.

The political interference which did take place occurred, not in April 1917, but several months earlier, and its consequences were far more disastrous than was the cessation of General Nivelle's offensive. Both French and British statesmen formed a theory of war of their own, and then proceeded to try and find a general who would put that theory into practice. That is not a legitimate exercise of political power in war. Statesmen have the right and duty of deciding upon the theatre in which war is to be waged, and upon the resources in men, money, and material which they are prepared to devote to the prosecution of the war. It is their duty to select their commanders-in-chief, to dictate to their commanders-in-chief the general policy they are to pursue, and to replace them by others whenever they consider it desirable to do so, but they have not the right to decide upon the military methods by which war is to be won, because that is beyond their competence. The whole of the campaign of 1917 was disastrously affected by the fact that the statesmen were obsessed by the belief that the Battle of the Somme had been a costly failure. In his dispatch of December 23, 1916, on the Battle of the Somme, Sir Douglas Haig said :

> The third great object of the Allied operations on the Somme was the wearing down of the enemy's power of resistance. Any statement of the extent to which this has been

> attained must depend in some degree on estimates. There is nevertheless sufficient evidence to place it beyond doubt that the enemy's losses in men and material have been very considerably higher than those of the Allies, while morally the balance of advantage on our side is still greater. During the period under review a steady deterioration took place in the *moral* of large numbers of the enemy's troops. Many of them, it is true, fought with great determination, even in the latest encounters, but the resistance of still larger numbers became latterly decidedly feebler than it had been in the earlier stages of the battle.

And in the concluding passage of the dispatch he says:

> The enemy's power has not yet been broken, nor is it possible to form an estimate of time during which the war may last before the objects for which the Allies are fighting have been attained. But the Somme battle has placed beyond doubt the ability of the Allies to obtain those objects.

Sir Douglas Haig's estimates of the German losses were disbelieved, and he was accused of being unduly optimistic in his estimates of the future prospects, yet in the light of Ludendorff's disclosures what he said at the end of 1916 now appears to err on the side of moderation. We now know that that which Ludendorff most feared in January 1917 was an early renewal of the Somme battle.

> I was greatly impressed [he says] with the seriousness of the situation, by a tour which I took of the Western Front in the middle of December with a view to reviewing the whole situation. . . . G.H.Q. had to bear in mind that the enemy's great superiority in men and material will be even more painfully felt in 1917 than in 1916. They had to face the danger that Somme fighting would soon break out at various points on our front, and that even our troops would not be able to withstand such attacks indefinitely, especially if the enemy gave us no time for rest or for the accumulation of material.

He tells us also that he was in trepidation throughout the month of February 1917 lest he should be attacked before his preparations for retreat into the Hindenburg Line were completed. Alas, owing to political interference with the plan of campaign, he did get both time for rest and for the accumulation of material, and was able to make good his retreat. In certain quarters Sir Douglas Haig was charged with incompetence because the Germans were able to get away from his front without material loss. But it is now possible to say what could not be said in 1917, that during the first weeks of that year the attention of our G.H.Q. was concentrated upon the arrangements for the extension of our front and upon the incessant discussions and conferences which the new plan of campaign involved, instead of being devoted, as Joffre and Haig had agreed at Chantilly that it should be, to keeping the enemy on the Somme Front hard pressed during the winter, and to preparing to attack him as early in the year as possible. It is only possible to speculate now upon the effect of the change of policy which scrapped the Chantilly plan for the Nivelle plan, but it is by no means beyond the bounds of probability that had the Germans been attacked before they made good their retreat victory might have been ours in 1917, and the whole aspect of the situation in Russia have been vastly different to that which prevails to-day. It is at least certain that the events of the year would have been antedated by some two months, that we should not have had to fling our troops into the mud of Flanders, that the carefully planned landing on the Belgian coast, which had to be abandoned in consequence of bad weather and of the slow progress of the Passchendaele operations, could have taken place, and almost certain that Italy would have been saved from Caporetto. The plain fact is that the fruits of the Somme victory were lost because the politicians believed that there were no fruits to reap. The slow and costly work of preparation for the decisive blow had to be resumed, and the politicians, by interfering with things they did not understand, increased those casualty lists which it was their aim and object to reduce.

F. MAURICE

A GREAT MATCH

A young racehorse of old pedigree
Match'd for the Spring, whom several went to see
BYRON, *Don Juan*

Sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis.
HORACE, *Sat.*

THE Scottish peer whose familiar reputation rests upon the romantic tournament which bears his name, and whose popularity was proverbial in Scotland as a princely host, and in Ireland as a genial Viceroy in two of Lord Derby's administrations, figures prominently in the annals of the Turf at a most interesting period. A sketch, masterly but fanciful, is given of him in a classic work of political romance, in which reference is made to " his horses that were entered for all the great races of the kingdom." The thirteenth Earl of Eglinton at the age of nineteen won the Ayr Plate with his grey mare Bathsheba. Encouraged by this success, three years later he had ten horses in training under the care of old George Dawson. Among them was St. Benet, who achieved a notable victory in the Liverpool Cup of 1838. Irishmen in numbers had crossed the Channel to witness the success of their invincible Harkaway: but, great horse as he was, he failed to give 15 lb. to St. Benet, who won a desperate race for Lord Eglinton by a neck.

Three years after the celebration of the historic tournament at Eglinton Castle his lordship won his first classical race. He owned a mare named Blue Bonnet, a daughter of Touchstone and Maid of Melrose. As a two-year-old she had broken down more than once. Engagements at Goodwood, Liverpool, and other places had all been sacrificed. She had travelled hundreds of miles, but had never been saddled for a race, and her owner had long lost any faith in her. It was the Saturday before the races when Lord Eglinton arrived at Doncaster. In the course of the afternoon he and a friend looked in at Dawson's stables, when the trainer proudly led the way to a box where stood a fine lengthy bay mare in brilliant condition. He introduced this maiden three-year-old to his visitors as the winner of the forthcoming St. Leger. It was then explained to Lord Eglinton that the mare was his despised Blue Bonnet, and that she had been so tried as to make the great race a certainty for her. Her trial had been remarkable, although in these days the argument drawn from it would perhaps be not so confident. The trainer reported that he had twice tried the mare with the six-year-old Charles XII, winner of the St. Leger of 1839, and at that time one of the best horses in England. In receipt of 2 stone she had beaten the horse on each occasion, and the trainer declared that no other three-year-old in the country was capable of such a performance. Lord Eglinton was so impressed with this account that he repaired to the betting-rooms after dinner to back his St. Leger candidate. From the notorious Crockford * he took £10,000 to £150, and before he left the rooms he booked another wager of £10,000 to £200. His confidence in the filly's prospects increased, and the following day he took another bet of £10,000 to £300. The turf market was strong in those times, for, despite these large wagers made openly by the owner, the mare started at the remunerative price of 8 to 1. The Derby winner of that year, Attila—the hero of a famous midnight trial—was favourite, but Blue Bonnet beat him out of a place, and won cleverly by a length from Seahorse. She was cruelly and unnecessarily punished by her jockey, Lye, who had backed her heavily, and after this treatment she was useless on the race-course. Lye was never again employed by Dawson.

In 1844 Lord Eglinton removed his horses from Dawson and entrusted their training to Fobert. Fortune continued to smile on the tartan colours, and at this date Lord Eglinton's career on the Turf was made by an extraordinarily lucky accident. A mare named Barbelle had bred to the famous Lanercost a brown colt. When a yearling Lord Eglinton took it on trust, leaving its value to be settled subsequently by Colonel Anson and Mr. Charles Greville. These eminent stable authorities of Whitewall and Danebury valued the colt at £300, with a proviso that the purchaser should pay £500 in addition if it won the Derby. Lord Eglinton called his purchase Van Tromp. The colt soon became a celebrity. He was an idle horse requiring much work, but he had a fine turn of speed. As a two-year-old he won valuable races at Liverpool, Goodwood, and Doncaster. In the Derby of 1847—the last run over the old course—for which he was heavily supported by Lord George Bentinck, who stood upwards of £20,000 at flag fall, he was third to Cossack and War Eagle. After the race it was con-

---

* Crockford ("Old Crocky") started in life as a fishmonger in a shop next door to Temple Bar Without, which he quitted for play in St. James's. He began by taking Walier's old club-house, where he set up a hazard bank and won a great deal of money. Crockford then removed to St. James's Street, had a good year, and built in 1827 the club-house which bore his name, and of which the decorations are said to have cost £94,000. Ude was engaged as *maître d'hôtel*, and Crockford's was high fashion. There were cards, but the main business was the hazard bank at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. He retired in 1840, much as an Indian chief retires from a fine hunting country where there is not game enough left for his tribe. He then went in heavily for racing, but a Turf conspiracy killed him. His disappointment over his horse, Ratan, who with fair play must have won the Derby of 1844, proved fatal, and on the Friday in Epsom week he died in his magnificent mansion in Carlton House Terrace within a week of his seventieth year.

sidered that Job Marson, a jockey of experience and repute, had not done his best for his mount, and both Bentinck and Greville declared that fairly ridden the horse must have won. Another version on record is that early in the race Van Tromp was struck into, and, swerving in consequence, lost several lengths. Be this as it may, Marson at the end of the season was dismissed from Lord Eglinton's service, though he lived to have signal success in the colours of a rival stable; while it is more than likely that if he had remained in Lord Eglinton's employment he would have spared his master his greatest disappointment on the Turf. The jockey always protested his innocence, and with some justice in the opinion of persons less interested than those who had much at stake, for Van Tromp was not nearly so well adapted to the Epsom gradients as Cossack, who moved freely and easily down the hill.

In the St. Leger, Van Tromp, well suited by the Doncaster course, achieved an easy victory over his Derby conqueror, and in the following year beat him by a hundred yards at Goodwood. In 1849 Van Tromp again beat Cossack in the Emperor's Plate at Ascot in the style of a great horse, and with this race to his credit he quitted the Turf. During his last year in training he developed a very bad temper, and was ridden in a muzzle. Subsequently he was bought by the Tsar's agent, Colonel Schreider, and was exported to Russia, where he became a great favourite.

But Van Tromp's dam, Barbelle, was to breed a yet better son. The mare rather lacked power, but she was neat, short-legged, and lengthy, standing not more than 15·2. Her stud value having been established by the early successes of Van Tromp, Lord Eglinton made a bargain with her owner, Colonel Vansittart, to pay a thousand guineas for every foal she should produce. It was a very fortunate contract, for in 1846 the mare foaled the Flying Dutchman, one of the best horses that ever ran on an English racecourse, and destined to confer on Lord Eglinton a higher title to fame than he ever gained from tournament in Scotland or from political service in Ireland. The Flying Dutchman was a brown colt by Bay Middleton, winner of the Derby in 1836, a sire held in the highest esteem by all good judges of the thoroughbred. The pedigree of the Flying Dutchman shows the excellent judgment of the breeder who, in common with the best stud masters of the time, believed in close in-breeding to Eclipse, Herod, and Matchem. The colt was of a very irritable temperament and a hard puller. He required very little work, and in his gallops was generally unaccompanied. The first time he was mounted by a jockey, his rider on dismounting exclaimed, "I have never been on such a one before." As a two-year-old he won the July Stakes with 7 to 4 betted on him, and the Champagne at Doncaster without being extended. In all he won five races in his first year. The next year he won the Derby, beating Nunnykirk, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. It was a desperate race, for the downs at Epsom were very sticky, owing to recent rains, and the horse did not show to advantage in heavy going. He easily mastered his conspicuous opponents, but an outsider, Hotspur, stuck to him with desperate tenacity, and at one moment it appeared as if the unbeaten champion would at last have to own defeat. Marlow struck him twice, and in the last few strides he shook off his game antagonist and won by a bare half length. The St. Leger he won easily, and at Ascot in the following year he carried off the Emperor of Russia's Plate by no less than eight lengths. At the Royal meeting he was the cynosure of all eyes. His condition was absolutely dazzling. An admiring trainer from Newmarket was heard to say, "He looks like a picture of a racehorse, coloured and varnished." But the sensational period of his career was now approaching. His title to pre-eminence was to be challenged by a younger rival, who had become the idol of all Yorkshire, and whose history is one of the most interesting in the records of the Turf.

In 1847 a mare by Mulatto foaled a dark brown colt with a white hind foot. He was a grandson of Blacklock from the union of his sire Voltaire with Martha Lynn, her dam Leda by Filho-da-Puta. The pedigree of this colt shows the name of Eclipse in no less than fifteen of its thirty-two quarterings, the name of Herod in eighteen, and Matchem in eleven, thus exhibiting more close inbreeding to these distinguished old sires than any animal of his date. Curiously enough, the Voltaire colts were not highly valued. They were generally heavy-necked and fleshy, and when Hill, Lord Zetland's trainer, marked the yearling at the Doncaster sales, his lordship would have none of him. He was quickly passed out of the sale ring as no one would bid a hundred for him, and he was returned to his breeder, Mr. Stephenson of Hart. But the trainer adhered to his favourable opinion of the unpopular yearling with his too massive forehand, and at last Lord Zetland reluctantly gave permission for him to be sent to Aske. To the amazement of the Aske stable the brown colt won two trials with consummate ease, and in a third, in which Ellen Middleton and Castenette * were engaged, he came in alone. Lord Zetland was now only too anxious to buy the animal he had once so contemptuously declined, and gladly gave £1500 for him with a £500 contingency on every classic race he should win. The horse was named Voltigeur. He brought imperishable lustre to his owner, and engaged the love and adoration of every sportsman in the Northern shire.

---

* Both these mares became famous at the stud. Ellen Middleton bred Wild Dayrell, who won the Derby in 1855, and Castenette the renowned Cup horse, Fandango

Voltigeur only ran twice as a two-year-old, when he won a small race at Richmond. For the Derby he underwent the careful and old-fashioned preparation of those days, and the thick-set three-year-old, with legs and feet like iron, throve under the heavy sweats which were then in vogue. In due course he was sent to Epsom; but through some mischance of the journey he was delayed in his box for many hours, and he had evidently suffered greatly by the prolonged confinement. The *cognoscenti* in the paddock passed an unfavourable judgment on him, and he started at the long odds of 16 to 1. Davis the bookmaker perambulated the ring offering any odds against him. On this Derby and the two following, when Teddington and Daniel O'Rourke won, the Leviathan operator was said to have lost over a quarter of a million. Ridden by Job Marson, Voltigeur, although in running he nearly gave himself an overreach, won the race easily by a length from Pitsford, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, a victory of no little satisfaction to the jockey, who thus handsomely justified the confidence of a new master.

The horse was then reserved for the St. Leger, and for the Doncaster race he was a hot favourite, 13 to 8 being laid on his chance. His victory was regarded as so certain that only eight horses came to the post to oppose him. But the crack had a very different task to that set him on Epsom Downs. In the race, when he had apparently settled all his English opponents, a despised outsider, against whom 20 to 1 had been laid at the start, was seen to be gaining on him yard by yard, and sticking gallantly to him refused to be shaken off. Head to head they came thundering on amid the roar of the multitude, and head to head the brown and the chestnut passed the judge's chair. The suspense was breathless, the anxiety overwhelming. At length the verdict was given. The judge had been unable to separate the two horses: it was a dead heat. An Irish horse, Russborough, the property of Mr. Mangan, who had been backed by the Irish division to win a great stake, and who was a grandson of Voltigeur's sire, had had—with the brilliant assistance of Robinson, his jockey—the presumption to assert equality with the idol of all Yorkshire. Before the excitement had died down it was decided to take issue again. The dead heat was to be run off. Hill, the trainer of the favourite, was by this time quite unnerved. He allowed Voltigeur to be led towards his stable, there to be rubbed down and to rest before renewing the contest with his doughty Irish rival, who, of the two, was the better trained. Fortunately, some shrewd sportsmen interested in the fortunes of the Zetland stable realized that if suffered to stand still for two hours the horse would then be unable to raise a gallop; but the trainer would not heed their remonstrances. At that critical moment John Scott was seen talking to Sir William Milner. At once an appeal was addressed to the oracle of Whitewall. "If," said he, "you put Voltigeur into a stable and allow him to get stiff you might as well shoot him through the head. You must keep him walking the whole time till he runs for the deciding heat. That is what I did with Charles XII."* Such authority could not be questioned. *Roma locuta est.* After these words of sagacity and ripe experience, Voltigeur was led about until the supreme moment arrived for the deciding encounter.

Soon after five o'clock, when the other races on the card were over, the two heroes of the day were seen approaching the enclosure. A whisper went round that Russborough would set a severe pace to the Zetland horse. Voltigeur was mounted on the course. The canter followed the parade. When the flag fell the Irish horse was first away, making strong running. Up the hill the pace quickened, and two lengths separated the horses at the Red House. Into the straight Russborough came, still keeping the lead, his jockey glancing over his shoulder at Marson, who rode with hands well down on Voltigeur's withers. The vast crowd, as the horses passed, closed in upon them. Half-way within the distance Marson gave his horse a sharp reminder with the spurs. In the next three strides he was alongside the other, and ran home a clever winner by a length. Spotted handkerchiefs—the Zetland colours—flew in the air, the police went down like thistledown before a hurricane, and the winner was mobbed by his frantic admirers.

But the climax of the week's excitement was yet to come. Voltigeur on the Friday threw down the gauntlet to the mighty Dutchman in the Cup. Never had there been such a Cup day on the historic Town Moor. It was a battle *à outrance* between North and South. The four-year-old was a hot favourite—11 to 2 and 6 to 1 being betted on him—and by the talent he was fully expected to beat his younger rival, who, it was thought, would be feeling the effect of his two severe races only two days before. Voltigeur, however, was in reality all the better for his exertions. On the Wednesday he was undoubtedly short of a gallop: but the following day, when he walked over for the Scarborough Stakes, he seemed as if he had never run a race the day before, and when he came to the post for the Cup he showed a significant improvement on his form in the St. Leger. In the race Marlow rode the Dutchman and Nat (Flatman) displaced Job Marson as the Zetland jockey. Lord Eglinton's horse had been rather upset by his journey to Doncaster, and was more fretful than usual. Marlow had strict injunctions to wait on the three-year-old, who was in receipt of 19 lb.* from his horse (there were no other runners), until they were round the Red House corner—some six furlongs from the winning-post; but to the consternation of owner and trainer the Dutchman, on passing the stand for the first time, was seen to be making the running at a rate without parallel in a long-distance race. Round the turn and up the hill the pace was maintained, the Dutchman still leading, and as they descended the hill the tartan jacket was ten lengths in front. At the Red House Voltigeur drew up within two lengths of the other, and Nat challenged just before the distance was reached. Then, to his horror, Marlow on the Dutchman found that he had driven his great horse to a standstill, and that there was not an ounce of extra power left in him for a final effort. Voltigeur, ridden with fine judgment throughout, passed the post with an advantage of half a length, and the Yorkshiremen roared themselves hoarse with delight.†

---

* Charles XII ran a dead heat for the St. Leger with Euclid in 1839, and won the deciding heat.

A contemporary writer relates that the vast crowd seemed quite stunned by the result, and were hardly able to realize that such a giant as the Flying Dutchman had fallen at last. His backers moved about pale and silent, and the unhappy jockey stood by the weighing-room in a flood of tears, while Lord Eglinton endeavoured to soothe his disappointment with some kindly words. On the other hand, the Voltigeur idolaters were absolutely demoralized by the wonder of their champion's victory. That night it was high revel at the Salutation and at every crammed hostelry in the old town. Yorkshire ale foamed in the glasses. Farmers, graziers, and clothiers ate, drank, and danced with the inn servants. To an inquiry whether he was going to bed, a stout Yorkshireman shouted back indignantly in the rich vernacular, "Go to bed, indeed! Who'd go to bed when Voltigeur's won the Leger and the Cup?"

"After Calais," as a wise wit once said, "nothing surprises." The racing world that autumn and winter talked of little but the Doncaster battle of the giants, and of their respective merits. It had been so even a contest that sporting opinion was keenly divided. At length Lord Zetland and Lord Eglinton agreed to a match. The venue was to be York, for a thousand guineas aside, two miles over the old course, at the Spring Meeting on May 13. The handicapping was entrusted to Captain Rous. This was the gallant sailor's first notable handicap. He had been in 1841 elected Member for Westminster, but, doubtless regarding Sir Robert Peel as a shifty performer, had wisely retired from politics. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the stewardship of the Jockey Club, and to the extrication of that institution from its financial embarrassment—a task which he accomplished with complete success. In 1850 he published his work on the *Laws and Practice of Horse-racing*, and was with universal approval appointed the first official handicapper by the Jockey Club in 1855. Captain Rous (he became Rear-Admiral of the Blue in 1852), after infinite consideration, allotted the Flying Dutchman 8 st. 8½ lb. and Voltigeur 8 st. The result of the race, as will be seen, was a fine compliment to the handicapper.

---

* The Flying Dutchman carried 8st. 12 lb. and Voltigeur 7 st. 7 lb.

† The writer of this article had the account of this race, as also that of the match at York in the following spring, from a relative, a Yorkshire squire, who was an eye-witness of both races. This authority stated that it was evident that when Marlow got up on the Flying Dutchman for the Doncaster Cup he was not sober, and that his riding of the horse was flagrantly contrary to the orders he had received.

No better theatre for the contest could have been chosen. York as a race-course has always been beloved of Yorkshiremen. Its racing history goes back to a remote past. In Camden's *Britannia* horse-racing is spoken of as being practised on the east side of the City of York in the year 1590, at which a gold or silver bell * was the winning prize, and large sums were wagered upon the horses. Sylvanus writes that in his days there were many retail shops in York wherein "you might get pepper to a pony," on any great race that was pending, from the sedate old gentleman who was serving behind the counter in drab garments and flaxen wig, and who would have derived his information from some Malton stable-lad at that moment in the little back parlour discussing a plate of corned beef and a horn of October ale. The present race-course is situate about a mile from the city on the Tadcaster Road, and is known as the Knavesmire. Here were established races as far back as 1709, in which year the citizens made a collection with which they purchased five plates for competition, while, according to the historian Drake, four years later "the King's Gold Cup was procured to be run for." † The course is a mile and six furlongs and rather over fifty yards round; and, being in the form of a horseshoe, is considered one of the best in England, as the spectators can stand and witness the horses running round them.

Throughout the winter and early spring tongues wagged and pens wrote concerning the probable issue of the great match and the manner in which it would be run. Match riding in those days was understood; in recent years it has been a lost art. One prophetic scribe opined that the Dutchman would go away and run the four-year-old down as soon as they reached the turn—

---

* Hence the proverb "to bear the bell."

> Jockey and his horse were by their masters sent
> To put in for the bell.—NORTH, *Forest of Varieties.*

† Strictly, Drake should have called it the Queen's Cup, as at that date Queen Anne was on the throne.

the famous spot where an Archbishop of York, having stolen from his adjoining palace of Bishopthorpe, is said to have been discovered by his chaplain on a race day slyly peeping through the hedge at the horses running on the Knavesmire; the chaplain, be it said, being equally interested in the proceedings. From that point it was anticipated that Voltigeur would make his effort and win the match. On the other hand, there were sound judges who, having regard to the races in which the Zetland horse had taken part, doubted whether he was of as good class as the Dutchman. Among these was the famous sporting Baronet of Sledmere, whose opinion is thus quoted in a medley commemorating the event:

Of victory for Voltigeur
The masses never doubt,
But thus outspoke Sir Tatton,
He cannot win this bout.

Indeed, the poet was right, Voltigeur was the horse of the million. The miners, the hardware youths from Sheffield, the factory hands from Leeds, the farmers from every quarter of Yorkshire drove, rode, or tramped along the roads leading to York. From Leeds to Tadcaster and onwards hundreds slept on the wayside, resuming their walk betimes in order to get a place on the course near the rails. There were then some limited railway facilities; but trains announced to start at 10 A.M. were packed full at 6 o'clock by crowds who sang and cheered the name of Voltigeur and the Zetland spots.

"Pompeius before Pharsalia, Harold before Hastings, Napoleon before Waterloo, might afford some striking contrasts to the immediate catastrophe of their fortunes. And yet the Before and After of a first-rate English race in the degree of its excitement, and sometimes in the tragic emotions of its close, may vie even with these." Thus wrote Disraeli of the Derby of 1837 when Phosphorus prevailed. Certainly no "before" and "after" ever aroused more interest on an English race-course than did this match of the century. The two horses were at even betting almost from the day when it was announced that the match had been made, and when they went to the post there was not a shade of odds on the one side or the other. The match was the third event on the card. At the fall of the flag Nat on Voltigeur made the running at the top of his speed, and was soon three lengths ahead of his rival, the pace being very fast, having regard to the state of the ground. No change took place until they rounded the last turn, when Marlow called on the Flying Dutchman to go up to his antagonist with a request very pointedly urged. As the two horses passed the stands it was stride for stride, and it was seen by the breathless spectators to be a struggle of desperate effort.

It proved too much for the younger horse, and he tired first, the Dutchman with his relentless reach passing the post first by a short length. Marlow appeared to be nervous before the start, but throughout he rode a confident and well-judged race. He was a jockey with good hands, very patient, and a most resolute finisher.

The next day Lord Eglinton announced that the Flying Dutchman would forthwith be withdrawn from the Turf, having lost only one of the sixteen races in which he had been engaged.

And for Yorkshire, too, it was all over. The Richmond men had their long journey home before them. It was no more the rollicking roystering crowd that had shouted over the successes of their favourite at Doncaster, and who in their hearts had believed that he would never know defeat. As they plodded along they had to relate the story of their disappointment in the sanded kitchen of many an alehouse on village greens, and to listen to old greybeards who, in their turn, told of their memory of another North-country champion, Hambletonian of the County of Durham, who fifty-two years before had vanquished Diamond in a match for three thousand guineas over the Beacon Course. They told how Sir Harry Vane Tempest's horse only won by a head, and how before the race Sir Harry took the cool hand of his jockey, Frank Buckle, in his own hot grasp, exclaiming that he would give much to possess such nerve, and how Buckle's judgment in making up his ground between the Ditch and the Turn of the Lands had gained him his narrow victory.

Voltigeur's picture by Landseer hangs at Aske, with the horse's favourite companion, the kitten, which would curl up contentedly on his clothing but would never sit upon his bare back. At the stud the progeny of Voltigeur and his great rival met and loved—a union of the family of Eclipse with that of Herod, and one of significant contrast, if the *concetto* may be forgiven, to the tragedy of the children of Montague and Capulet. Voltigeur's son Vedette was mated with Flying Duchess, a daughter of the Flying Dutchman. The offspring of this union was the famous Galopin, winner of the Derby of 1875, and the immediate founder of the St. Simon line, which for many years has dominated the Racing Peerage of England.

NEWMARKET

BRITISH DELUSIONS CONCERNING AMERICANS

THERE are few subjects upon which more misapprehension exists among us than that of American feeling towards Ireland and the problem of Irish Government. If you believed the writings of well-meaning English journalists, who have either paid New York a flying visit or intend to do so in the future, you might imagine that America was seething with anti-English feeling and perfectly ready to start on a crusade to place Señor de Valera upon the Presidential chair of the Irish Republic. You might even think so if you read specially selected extracts from certain American newspapers. But if you live in America and remember certain facts about the American people which people in England are too polite to realize, you know that America as an entity—if it be possible so to speak of America—is profoundly bored about the whole thing, and would remain profoundly unmoved if England after massacring the Irish people, were to sink the comic-opera island thirty feet below the level of the sea. It is true that there are millions of perfectly good Americans who do not know this and would deny it vehemently, calling upon the names of Humanity, Christianity, Idealism, and what not; just as there are millions of perfectly good Englishmen who allow themselves to be profoundly annoyed at what they consider impertinent American criticism. That is, of course, because they know nothing whatever about the great American people. And unfortunately, before you can understand anything of what is called public opinion in America, you must know something of that American people upon which it is fathered.

To begin with, you must dispossess your mind of the idea that there is an American people at all, as we understand a people in Europe. To be a " people " is the dominant ideal of the Americans, an ideal which they claim with all appropriate fierceness to have realized, knowing all the while that they have done nothing of the sort, and that their only hope of realizing anything of the kind is to stop immigration, do away with their present social system, and then wait five centuries for events to develop. If you took the whole population of Europe, mixed it roughly in a mortar, added a certain flavouring of Africans, Asiatics, and the like, crushed it with your pestle and scattered the result thinly over the Continent, you would have something approximating to America. It would, however, more closely approximate to a " people " than do the Americans at present, for instead of being properly mixed, they are divided into ethnographic strata, which only touch at the edges. America tries to forget this, and succeeds by vigorous newspaper propaganda in making Europe forget it, because in these stirring times it is well to belong to a "united people." Also she is not at all proud of certain kinds of "Americans," and does her best to forget them. In just the same way, she proclaims valiantly that the class system is unknown within her marches, being all the time painfully aware that in no other country in the world are class distinctions more inevitable or more obvious or more rigidly drawn. Only, they are not quite the same class distinctions that we have in England.

The most obvious, and that which is most vehemently denied, is drawn between the "white" American and the "foreign." Sentimental dramatists have assured us that America, and more particularly New York, is a melting-pot through which the dregs of the world being passed, emerge as the purest American metal. Unfortunately the hottest flames of patriotism cannot bring this about. The only result of the melting process is that the immigrant ceases to be recognizable; he does not become any the more American. The "white" American may be roughly defined as any one of British, French, German, or Dutch extraction, who has been settled in the country for more than two generations. They have a supreme contempt, very far transcending that proper to dukes, for any one outside the charmed circle. There are, of course, classes within this class. The same prejudice against retail traders, for instance, that you find in England, flourishes in America. But broadly speaking, these are the only real Americans, in their own eyes at least, and, as such, form the aristocracy of the country. They regard with a bored benevolence attempts at "Americanizing" their inferiors; they even profess for outworld consumption that this Americanizing is a success, and that every inhabitant of the United States is one of a united band of brothers. But if you ask them to dinner, to meet, say, a Jewish Delicatessen storekeeper you will learn quite a lot of things. The lower limits of the aristocracy are not very clearly defined. Thus, a man of immediate Dutch descent is not an aristocrat, though if his family have lived in Manhattan for, say, six generations he is of the purest ray serene. The Scandinavian for some reason, though admittedly "white," ranks socially a shade below the rest. The definite social line begins to be drawn at the "Dago,' and below him come various shades, each carefully defined, leading to the lowest depths of all, the foreign Jew. It is customary in England to believe that the only aristocracy in America is that of dollars. This may have been so thirty years ago, but recent events have made dollars so common that they cease to have any real value as a class guide. There are several billionaires who are not received socially. There are very many millionaires who are not received at all. A large proportion of these, of course, are Jews.

Perhaps the most striking portent of recent American life has been the growth of Anti-Semitism. This is largely due to the financial successes of the war-time Jew. If he were not very prominent in the fighting-line, he was not the least active of American war-workers, so that of twenty-four thousand new millionaires who owe their fortunes to the recent cataclysm, nineteen thousand are Jews, many of them of German descent. It has come to be realized again, from a very actual object-lesson, that a preponderance of Jewish ideals does not make for the *moral* of a city. New York is, of course, the object-lesson. New York is in no sense an American city; it is financially in the hands of the Ghetto. Retail commerce, the stage, the Press, "Little Business" as apart from "Big Business," all are under Jewish control; so is "real estate." The houses and flats in which New York exists uncomfortably are owned by Jews; the estate agents are Jews; from his getting up in the morning until he goes to bed at night the New-Yorker is continually confronted by the Jewish problem—and he does not like it at all. Incidentally he believes, quite unfairly, that Bolshevism, which is regarded very much more seriously in America than in England, is a Jewish Trust, invented, engineered, financed, and manned by Jews as a weapon against the hated Gentile. It is unfortunate for the "white" Jew, of whom there are, of course, as many in America as elsewhere, that the manners and customs of the Russian, Polish, and other East European Jews who have selected New York as their Earthly Paradise are not inspiring.

Having again emphasized that every one of the statements above would be denied by millions of good Americans, let us see how they bear upon the Sinn-Feiner and his sympathizers. He belongs, of course, to the lowest class, socially. Irish history in America has been the history of the saloon-keeper, the politician, the janitor, and similar useful but obscure functionaries. In the days before Prohibition, his influence as saloon-keeper, barman, chucker-out, and ward politician was very considerable. As it was to the interests of many "white" Americans—topers, politicians, and the like—to seek his suffrage, he was able to consider himself a very important branch of the American people. Now that the liquor trade is in the mud, and likely to stop there, he finds a very different state of affairs—and he does not like it. It is true that he can still find sympathizers, even those of "white" blood. In America, as elsewhere, many people find it to their interest to range themselves beneath the banners of the "oppressed." They include such men as Mr. Hearst, whose immense revenues are largely built up on the greasy coppers of the East

Side. Let me interpolate that Mr. Hearst is not really as anti-English as he is supposed to be. He would be as pro-British as you like, if only he could make money out of it, but as it is only among the lower classes that he has a following, he finds his present pose more profitable. There are, again, the smaller politicians, who find that the more ignorant a class so much the more easily can its vote be manipulated. There are, lastly, the perfectly sincere middle-class "reformers" of the type familiarized to us by the once prominent Fabian Society, here known as "parlour-Bolshevists," who out of their real indignation at capitalistic exploitation of the foreign-born illiterates are led to support "progress" in many ways quite foreign to them. The Sinn-Feiner then, having lost the support of strong drink, has been driven to seek new strength elsewhere. In so doing he has been led into a strategic error which must mean his ultimate ruin. He has allied himself with the "Reds." So far as respectable America is concerned, he has thus declared himself an outcast and an Ishmaelite. For a "Red" here has a reputation only equalled by that of an "atheist" in mid-Victorian England. He is the bogy-man of modern America, and to confess to the slightest sympathy with him means not only social ostracism but probable trouble with the police. America has, indeed, got "Bolshevist" on the brain almost as badly as had England "German spy" during the early days of the war.

On the evening of the attempted assassination of Lord French, Mr. de Valera addressed a meeting of sympathizers at the Lexington Theatre in New York. Mr. de Valera had just returned from a money-raising tour in the West. He had returned full of gratifying promises, if without much actual cash, and one might have expected a certain enthusiasm on the part of the Dublin assassin's brothers in blood. The one thing noticeable about the meeting was the preponderance of Jewish faces among the audience and the orderliness, amounting almost to depression, of the proceedings—partly, I honestly believe, because there were no Yiddish or Russian interpreters present. "White" America was conspicuous by its absence, and even the Irish policemen in charge displayed a total lack of sympathy. If now you are told by some English journalist mildly indignant thereat, that American feeling is becoming strongly anti-British and that the Sinn-Feiners are the heroes of the hour, there are several questions you should ask him. First, what does he mean by "American feeling"? If he replies the Bolshevik, the Jew, and the foreign born, you may let his statement pass. Ask him next, whence he derives his information? If he replies from an item in the Hearst Press, detailing how at a meeting in Tombstone, Arizona, sixteen million Americans passed a unanimous vote in favour of the immediate dispatch of an A.E.F. to Dublin, you may let his statement pass. Ask him next, how long he has been in America ?—at which point the discussion will end.

It is a curious fact that not only the German but also the Russian Jew is strongly Anglophobe. This is partly, of course, because, on his arrival in America, he moves among the lowest class, and gains his opinions from them, but also, I think, because he believes that English operations against Bolshevist Russia have for their aim the eventual kidnapping of Muscovy into the British Empire. He thus forms an ideal comrade for the Sinn-Feiner, and it is not his fault if their union sounds the death-knell of Irish Republican hopes. A number of irresponsible politicians have recently been wasting the time of the United States Senate by bringing forward proposals that an ambassador be accredited to the " Irish Republic." I can well understand that an Englishman who does not happen to possess a sense of humour might be seriously annoyed at this, just as I recently met an American friend, similarly unendowed, who was very angry indeed because some one had told him that a League of Friends of American Freedom was being founded in England to help unhappy Americans to repel attacks on their personal freedom under the name of Prohibition. Nobody in America would think of paying the slightest attention to such a political ebullition. Everybody knows that the politicians in question are not thinking for a moment about American relations with Great Britain, but purely and simply of the Irish vote at the coming Presidential elections.

It must be remembered that " white " America is also governing, thinking, organizing, and acting America. American policy, internal and foreign, is controlled by " Big Business," and " Big Business " is not controlled by the Jew. " Big Business " is on the whole favourable to the British Empire, because the British Empire makes for the peace of the world. So, for that matter, is the Jewish controlled " Little Business," so far as it takes any interest in the matter at all. Fundamentally though, it is too deeply engaged in money-making to care anything whatever about America, England, or all the other nations of the world put together. If " Little Business " heard that America had decided to become a British colony again to-morrow, the news would affect him only so far as it would affect the money-market. The American Jew is not really in sympathy with the Bolsheviks—except as were his compatriots who engineered the Bolshevik regime in Hungary on a money-making basis, and cleared a satisfactory return before they went out of business. At present he scents money in supporting the Irishry, but as soon as he finds that Irish Republican loans are good romance but bad business, he will drop out ; Mr. Hearst, who lives only to register his opinions, will follow his example, and America will forget that such a country as Ireland exists.

Apart from finance, "white" America has forgotten it already except as a vague annoyance. "White" America is horribly sensitive about its appearance in the eyes of the older nations, horribly sensitive that the antics of the lower classes have brought America to be regarded rather in the light of the Fat Boy of Peckham than as that youthful Jove-cum-Apollo which is his ideal. He has, if anything, a lively sympathy with England in her dealings with Ireland, because he knows by bitter experience what it means to govern alien people of a lesser breed, while at the same time protesting that they are his brothers. It causes him innumerable petty annoyances. It means that he must submit to absurd grandmotherly laws, perfectly unnecessary for him, but inevitable for the proper policing of his brother "Americans." He must earn a reputation for brutality which is not rightly his that he may keep in order the weird throw-outs which the wise old nations have foisted upon him as the raw material for an American people. He is at heart envious of those English qualities in which he knows himself lacking. He hates to think that British conceit is based upon historic fact, while his own is only assumed to hide deficiencies in his armour. But if he does not like the English he admires their personal freedom, their equality before the law, the smooth running of the great machine which is called the Empire, the fact that an Englishman is an Englishman *tout court*, without the need of either adjective or hyphen to qualify him. The great need for America is to be let alone; she wants to put her own house in order, and not to run about the world interfering in the houses of other people. That is why she is not interested in the League of Nations. That is why she is not interested in Ireland. If only England would realize this, what a lot of acid ink might be saved.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

GRIEVANCE IN THE VILLAGE

"It don't seem much for ten shilling, now does it ?" a poor old woman remarked disconsolately, the other day, pointing, as she spoke, to the contents of her basket, in which lay her week's supplies. "Ten shilling for them bits of things," she continued, with a mournfully derisive ring in her voice. "Why, they're just naught. I could eat the lot myself in a couple of days; and they've got to do for my old man and me for seven. And they cost me ten shilling! Just think of it now. And when ten shilling's gone out of what we've got, and the rent's paid, it ain't much that's left for aught else, I can tell you; naught at all for baccy, naught even for shoes."

Ten shillings certainly seemed a high price to pay for what was in that basket. Nor was it a case of seeming; the price was high, too high, higher by far than it would have been had the old dame been rich instead of poor; or had she lived in a town instead of in a little village. For, in spite of all the fixing of prices we have had, the poorer one is, the more one still must pay for many of the things one must buy; and the smaller the place where one lives the dearer, for the most part, is what is bought there. The poor, it must not be forgotten, do their buying bit by bit, not as the rich by the stone, but by the pound, perhaps even by the ounce; and the smaller the quantity the greater, comparatively, the cost. They, therefore, almost inevitably pay higher prices than the rich; and, if they live in a little village, they pay higher prices still, as a rule, much higher, for goods of inferior quality too. For they cannot send to the great London stores for what they need, as their wealthy neighbours are wont to do. Why, for the most part, they cannot even go to the nearest town to fetch it. It is the women who do the buying; and, in a village, most of the women are too heavily shackled—are too old or feeble, or have too many young children—to go far from home; or else they go out to work. Thus they must buy at the little shop, the only shop in the village the chances are; and the keeper of it may be, and often is, an expert profiteerer. For profiteering is not a difficult art to acquire. Within a week of the declaration of war many small shopkeepers were already past masters; some of them, indeed, were past masters long before the war began.

At a time when in towns a dozen boxes of matches were being sold for 1½d., a gallon of paraffin for 8d., and a mutton chop for 3d., there were villages in which the charge for one box of matches was 1d., for a gallon of paraffin 1s. 6d., and for a chop 9d. or 10d. And as it was with these things so was it with other things, food-stuffs of all kinds, indeed, and much besides. A pair of shoes that in Tottenham Court Road could be bought for 7s. 6d. cost 12s. or 15s. if bought in a village; while a bit of serge to make a child's frock cost twice as much at least in a village as in a large town. That, in spite of rents, rates, and taxes being much lower in villages than in towns. When in London a quart of Parrish's Food for infants cost 2s. 6d., and a gallon of cod liver oil 4s. 6d., in a small town that I know little more than a noggin of the food cost 1s.; and a gallon of the oil, if sold in doctor-bottle quantities, cost considerably more than a sovereign. And that was before the peace of the world was even ruffled.

When war was declared prices, of course, went up with a rush everywhere; but nowhere did they go up with quite such a rush, so openly, so barefacedly, as in certain rural districts. There many a small shopkeeper, in his—or her—zeal for all-round equality, promptly raised the price of everything. It was the time of his life so far as money-making went: never before had he cleared such profits. Little wonder he shook the very heavens with his indignant protests when a meddlesome Government took to fixing prices. For the fixing of prices is, in his eyes, the veriest abomination: it outrages every principle laid down in Magna Charta, he is firmly convinced, and is, in itself, enough to turn every true lover of liberty into a Bolshevik. He regarded it, therefore, almost as a duty to try to evade it; and, as he soon found, the evading was no difficult matter. For, as there were many things that had not a fixed price for every one thing that had, he had only to raise the price of the unfixed things, when forced to lower that of the fixed, to compensate himself richly for the lowering. And if, as often happens, his is the only shop in the village, he had practically a free hand to raise unfixed prices as high as he chose; and, to make matters worse, having raised them, he is now under no temptation to lower them. For most of his customers, although they grumble and growl, and hurl unpleasant epithets, still go on dealing with him, let his prices be almost what they may. Deal with him, indeed, they must, many of them, things being as they are, and they themselves being the sort of folk they are; for they must do their buying close at hand, and there is nowhere else where do it they can.

Nor is the little shopkeeper the only village profiteerer; the cobbler, as a rule, runs him hard. Only the other day a woman told me, with tears in her eyes, that she had just paid her cobbler 6s. for nailing pieces of leather on the soles and heels of a pair of shoes. That same cobbler, when one of the heels he had nailed on to a shoe came off, refused to nail it on again until the owner of the shoe had paid him 2s. for doing the renailing.

Now that is the sort of thing that rankles. These village women are fully alive to the fact that their men-folk earn much lower wages than the men-folk of their sisters who live in towns. They, therefore, knowing nothing of the dismal science, bitterly resent being forced to pay higher prices than these sisters for the bits of things they buy, the bits of work they have done. Among many of them this is a real grievance, and one of long standing: it was there years before the war began; and, unless something be done, it will be there when they who fought and won the war are gone. It is but a domestic grievance, of course; none the less it is one that works havoc, as it makes women prone to stir up their husbands to flit into towns. And it is one that will certainly have to be removed, if many of the soldiers who are now anxious to settle on the land are ever to induce their town-bred wives to settle with them there contentedly. Fortunately it is one that can be removed, of that there is proof in God-forsaken Russia, of all lands, in Belgium too, and elsewhere. It can be removed speedily and fairly easily, indeed, in the villages where there is some man or woman able and willing to take thought for neighbours who have never been taught to take thought for themselves, to carry on a lively propaganda among them, stir them up to do a little organizing, and give them a helping hand in the work.

In Russia there are villages by the legion where there is not a shop at all, not one within fifty miles perhaps; and the only retailer ever seen is the Jew pedlar, a profiteerer by instinct as well as by training, more often than not. On him the peasants would be quite dependent for their supplies were it not that, already centuries ago, they devised for themselves a sort of collective shopping system. All the people in a village joined together, formed what they called an *artel*, and elected one of themselves as caterer. To him each villager gave a list of the things he or she wished him to buy, gave him, too, the money wherewith to pay for them. Then, at fixed intervals, the length of which depended on the distance of the village from a town, the caterer went forth in search of what he was commissioned to buy. His expenses were paid for him; he received some small remuneration for his trouble; and if he did his work well, many thanks to boot. He was regarded, indeed, as a public benefactor.

Now, could all the women in an English village be induced to follow the example of these Russian peasants, and do their catering collectively, at some large store, instead of at the little shop just round the corner, each one of them, together with her family, would undoubtedly be better fed than now, better shod too, better clad and much more cheaply, as cheaply, indeed, as if she lived in a town. Thus their profiteering grievance would speedily vanish, the profiteerer himself, indeed, would have either to vanish or change his ways. They might elect a permanent caterer, who would go to the nearest good shopping centre once at least every week, and buy there whatever was required and there was money enough to pay for. The rest of the villagers would have to defray the caterer's expenses and compensate her in some way for her trouble—do her work for her while she was away, and take care of her children, if she had any. They would also have to undertake to let her do the whole of their buying; not to run off to the little shop, when the fancy seized them, to do some of it for themselves.

This arrangement worked quite smoothly in Russia, right up to the day when the Bolsheviks began their work of woe; and it would work smoothly here, if only our village women could be persuaded, cajoled, or bullied into overcoming certain of their pet weaknesses, into being more practical, showing more foresight, more common sense.

The average English villager, if a woman, has an almost morbid dread of her neighbour knowing how much money she has, or how she spends it; and the poorer she is the more intense is this dread. Why, when funds are running low, she will wait by the hour in the rain, outside the shop door, rather than make her meagre purchases while her better-off neighbours are standing by. And this little weakness is, in itself, a formidable bar to collective catering, as the caterer must know what each of her clients spends, and she might perhaps object to being muzzled. Nor is this the only bar. Very few of these women are really good marketers; very few know how to turn money to the best possible account. They "swatter" much of it away through sheer heedlessness, buying what they do not need—bits of ribbon or tulle, sauces, or even scents—with the result that what they do need must be left unbought. None the less, I hardly know one who is not firmly convinced that, let it be as it may with her neighbours, she herself is an expert in the art. "Why, I can make sixpence go as far as she makes a shilling," is a common saying among them. Thus the chances are they would start by looking askance on any scheme that entailed their deputing any one to do their marketing for them. Then they most of them live from hand to mouth, and that more from custom than from necessity. The canister must be quite empty before they even think of buying tea; and, if they rush off for a new box of matches, it is because there is not a single match in the old one. They would have to be taught, therefore, to look ahead, to order all they need for a whole week on one day, before any collective catering scheme could be worked with success. They would have to be taught, too, to pay ready money; and that would be a hard lesson for them to learn. For many a woman, even when she has money in her pocket, dearly loves to run up a bill, if only that her neighbours may know she is held trustworthy. There is nothing in all this, however, that they might not be taught, might not be persuaded into learning, if some one with patience, tact, and discretion would play the teacher, some one keenly interested in the uprooting of grievances, and prepared to devote a fair amount of time to the work. There are villages, of course, where there is no such some one. Even there, however, the profiteering grievance might be done away with, just as it was done away with in Belgian villages years ago.

The working classes in Belgium, even in rural districts, pin their faith to co-operation. Before the war—and as it was then it will no doubt soon be again—there was hardly a town or large village but had its own co-operative society, its own co-operative store, at which all the members of the society bought their supplies, and which itself bought its supplies at a wholesale co-operative store. Even in the villages where there was no store, there was, as a rule, a society that was affiliated to some neighbouring society and store; and its members were supplied with what they required by that store. As everywhere the store was worked under the surveillance of a committee of the members, profiteering was, of course, out of the question. The manager, indeed, was under no inducement either to profiteer or to sell goods of inferior quality, as any money left over when expenses were defrayed was returned as a bonus to his customers. Thus they obtained not only good value for the money they spent at the store, but also a share of any profits that might incidentally be made there. And that was to them a source of great satisfaction, quite apart from the money they thus gained, as it made them feel that the store was their own, and take a personal interest in it, a real pride.

I never heard a Belgian woman complain of the goods sold at her store, unless, indeed, they were articles of dress—then I have heard cavilling. One woman took exception to the taste of the manager of her store. He had no taste at all, she assured me, or never would he buy things of the colours he did, greys and drabs when he might buy blues and greens and reds. Another woman was convinced that the store's hats would be much smarter than they were had she a hand in the trimming of them. Still, even the cavillers admitted that things bought at the store were, if not prettier, better and very much cheaper than things bought elsewhere. Some of their faces beamed with delight, indeed, as they told how specially good were the store's groceries, clogs, and shoes. They all admitted frankly that life would be much harder for them than it was, had they no store, were they dependent on some little shop for their supplies.

Now, what has been done in Belgium might be done here. There is no reason why there should not be, in every town or large village, a co-operative society with an affiliated society in every smaller village within its hail. The larger society would, of course, have a store, where not only its own members, but also the members of the affiliated societies, would obtain their supplies, the former at the store itself, the latter from the store's van, which would go round from village to village on fixed days. Not only might this be done, but it might be done speedily; for there is no great difficulty in either founding a society or organizing a store. It would have been done, indeed, long ago, had co-operation ever been preached in rural districts with the fervent enthusiasm that it has been preached in mining districts and some towns here, and everywhere in Belgium. There every co-operative society is a propagandist society: its members regard co-operation as a sort of general panacea, the solution, *par excellence*, of social problems; and they go forth proclaiming the fact with the earnest zeal of the Hot Gospeller. And that is what is needed here. If the members of our great co-operative societies would take to preaching in rural districts the doctrines they profess, take to teaching the people there all that is to be gained by co-operation, showing them how to co-operate, helping them to found societies, to organize stores, there would soon be no profiteering grievance in any English village.

Then profiteering is not the villager's only food grievance; nor is it, from the national point of view, by any means the most serious. There is one which touches men much more closely, and which rankles more sorely among women, especially when illness comes. It rankles among them now that they have the ravages influenza has wrought fresh in their minds, as it never rankled before. There is hardly a village in England where a decent meal can be had at a price a land-worker can afford to pay; or where even a cup of beef tea, a basin of soup, a milk pudding, anything, indeed, that gives strength, can be bought ready-made at any price. And rightly or wrongly, many a village woman firmly believes that, had it been otherwise during the influenza epidemic, had nourishing food all ready to eat been within the reach of her and her kind, many a man who now lies dead would still be alive, many a woman and child. And she knows—this is what now adds to the sting—that with her sisters who live in towns it is otherwise; for even she has heard of municipal kitchens, national restaurants.

During the influenza epidemic there was undoubtedly, in many villages, a pitiable state of things, especially among the respectable poor, those who keep themselves to themselves and shrink from alms; and among those who are fairly well-to-do, but alone-standing. I met a young girl returning from work in a perfect panic one day. She was sure she had influenza, and her one cry was : " I shall die, I know I shall. Where am I even to get food ? " She was living in lodgings where there was no one who could or would cook for her, she declared.

A few days later I came across a woman who looked more dead than alive ; and when I asked her why she was not in bed, she replied, with an oddly mirthless laugh, " If I go to bed we shall all have to starve." Her husband and four children were in bed, suffering, as she was, from influenza ; and she had come out to buy food. " And now that I've got it, I haven't the strength to cook it ; I'm fair beat," she said.

" I must come out. There wasn't a bite to eat in the house," another woman exclaimed, when attacked for being out when she manifestly ought to have been in bed. " And as it is I've got nothing worth having," she added. " What's the good of these tinned things ? "

That same day, in one cottage, a soldier's wife and six children were all in bed, stricken with influenza ; and a young lad, who knew no more than a cat of cooking or catering, had to cater and cook for the lot, after his day's work was done too. In another, a man was lying dead—was found dead in bed. He had had no one to cater and cook for him when overtaken by influenza. In some villages whole families were stricken, every member at the same time ; and some of them died, a fair section because, as proper food was not within their reach, they either went without it, thus losing strength, or went out in search of it, carrying their lives in their hands.

Although it has always been impossible to buy ready-cooked food in villages, it is only since the women there have begun to go out to work that the fact has come to be regarded as a grievance. Now, however, it is a crying grievance, in health as well as in illness, among women who have children and yet must go out to work, and among men who have no wives, or whose wives go out to work.

" How can I have something warm for them when they come from school ? I'm never home myself until after one, often, indeed, not before five ; and then I've the fire to light." That is the sort of answer one often receives, if one ventures to remonstrate with a mother who provides for dinner nothing but bread and jam ; bread without jam, indeed, as often as not in recent days.

" Yes, I know, soup or porridge would be a sight better for them, cheaper too," she goes on ; " but they can't have them cold, and I daren't let them go messing about with the fire. It's all very well for them as lives in towns. Their children gets their dinner at school, but what can I do here ? "

So bread with or without jam goes on, for what can the woman do ? And bread, even with jam, even with something tinned, if the father be about, spells weakly, rickety children, undersized, anæmic boys and girls, men and women of the sort that bring neither credit nor yet profit to the nation to which they belong. There are already many such children, many such boys and girls, men and women, in our villages; and the number is increasing year by year. It would be a marvel, indeed, were it otherwise; for more and more women are going out to work, more and more have no time to cook, no notion of cooking; more and more children, therefore, hardly know what it is to have a good midday meal; more and more men, too, even though they work near their own homes. As for the men who live in one village and work in another, and there are many such now that there is a dearth of cottages, they fare worse still, as they have not much chance of even a good breakfast or tea. I know men who, winter and summer alike, trudge off in a morning after a breakfast of bread, margarine, and a cup of tea, if they are lucky enough to get the kettle to boil in time. They take their dinners with them; bread and margarine with a morsel of cheese, if they manage to secure it; and for weeks together, sometimes, they don't. That is the food they have until they come home at night; and then it is only the exceptionally lucky among them who find a good hot meal awaiting them. All that many can count upon securely is a bit of cold boiled bacon, with the eternal bread, margarine, and tea. Little wonder they wait about anxiously for the public-house to open, for beer has an irresistible attraction for the underfed.

Now this state of things is almost as bad as bad can be for the nation, as well as the villagers. For the underfed, or the badly fed, are not of the stuff of which good citizens are made. Not only are they weaklings, as a rule, "neither strong i' th' arm nor yet i' th' 'ead," but they are prone to discontent, to thinking themselves ill-used. And very many of our villagers are both underfed and badly fed, worse fed even than they used to be, thanks to more women going out to work, thanks also to the high price of cheese and bacon. And they have just wakened up to the fact, and they resent it, cherish it as a grievance. Village men are not as they were before the war, we must remember. Never again will they be content to trudge off in a morning with their food for the day in a handkerchief; for they know, many of them, what it is to be well catered for now—that they have learnt in France. Moreover, they can afford to pay now for being well catered for; for having, at any rate, a decent hot dinner every day; and they are bent on having it. They must have it indeed, they feel, working hard as they do, if life is to be worth living. And as things are they cannot have it; it is not there to have. This will certainly have to be changed if the more energetic of villagers are to be kept from drifting into towns; if the town-bred soldiers who are now eager to go on the land are to settle there; if, in fact, our villages are ever again to prosper and thrive.

It might be changed at once, in a measure at least, could women with husbands and children, who need not go out to work, be induced not to go. Could they be made to realize the importance of their staying at home and providing their families with proper food; made to realize, too, the importance of learning how to cook. Unfortunately that would be hard to do. In this our day there are so many women who go out to work, not because they must go, but because they wish to go, they like going. They find it pleasanter to go about from house to house charring, or even to work on the land, than to stay in their cottages. Moreover, they keenly enjoy having money—money of their very own; it gives them a delightful feeling of independence; and by going out to work they earn high wages now, even in villages. That they will give up going out is, therefore, almost past praying for. Then there are many women, wives with delicate husbands, widows with children, who must go out to work whether they wish it or not. Thus means will have to be devised of enabling the women who go out, to provide their families, themselves too, with proper food in sickness as in health, of enabling also the alone-standing, both men and women, to obtain it for themselves. This has been done, to a certain extent, in London and other large towns; and it might be done, without any great expense, in almost every village. That we know; for already twenty years ago, in Austria, there was devised and worked with marked success a scheme, under which the dwellers in epidemic-stricken villages were promptly provided with food of the sort they required, all ready to eat. It was sent day by day, so long as the epidemic lasted, from the nearest town which had a large restaurant; sent in air-tight, felt-lined vessels, and by horse or motor wagons. And that same scheme might easily be adapted to supplying dwellers in English villages with the food they so sorely need, not only when there are epidemics about, but when their wives or mothers are out at work.

Austria is, of course, an enemy country; but there is no reason why we should not learn even from our enemies; why, if they solve a problem, we should not adapt to our own uses their solution. And this Austrian solution of the emergency-catering problem might easily be adapted to solving the very problem it behoves us to solve, that of providing in villages good hot dinners for women who go out to work, their husbands and children; for alone-standing workers, too, men and women, in sickness and health alike. Many of these people are now, as we have seen, underfed or badly fed, although many of them have money enough to buy good food, and would buy it gladly if they could. It is only by going to a restaurant, however, or having it brought from a restaurant to them, that they can buy it; and there are no restaurants in villages. Nor is there any chance that there ever will be; for restaurants are too costly institutions for villages. It must, therefore, be brought to them if they are to have it, and the Austrian experiment shows how this could be done, how, in fact, a wagon could be made to serve the purpose of a restaurant. And fortunately wagons are plentiful now. The Ministry of Munitions must have hundreds of them with which it would part gladly.

Almost every large town in England has, or soon will have, a working-class restaurant—national, municipal, co-operative, or private—where good wholesome dinners are served at a cheap rate; and almost every village is within a motor drive of a town. Now the larger the scale on which a restaurant works, the cheaper and better the food it can offer; the more dinners it provides, the more money it clears by providing them. If, therefore, every town restaurant were to start providing dinners, not only for the workers in towns, but also for the workers in the villages around, it would be doing a good stroke of business for itself, while giving a helping hand to the villagers. It would have to send them their dinners in felt-covered vessels, but these could easily be procured; and the wagons in which to send them are ready to hand. The dinners for the children might be deposited at the school, in one large vessel, and dealt out there; while the dinners for families, or individuals, might be left in small vessels, of the sort that are divided into compartments, at the doors of those who had ordered and paid for them. If good dinners were thus brought within the reach of those who live or work in rural districts—and they might be brought without any one being the poorer—there would be some chance of our villages being once again peopled by a sturdy, vigorous, contented race.

EDITH SELLERS

BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT

Most people outside the legal profession have had for years an uneasy feeling that there are too many lawyers in the House of Commons; that Parliament needs a larger proportion of practical men, possessing the knack of getting things done, and accustomed to the management of affairs. "Give us a Business Government," they cry; "these lawyers think that a persuasive tongue is all that a politician needs; we want a Government composed of men who know that it is deeds, not words, that count."

Quite right. But were we very successful with our recent experiments in putting experts and business men into big positions in the Government? The first quality which the average, plain citizen expects to find in a business man is a knowledge of the value of money. When John Bull, beginning to grow a little short of cash, heard that Napoleons from every walk in life were at length taking over the management of the war, he heaved a sigh of relief and cheerfully reopened his purse. "Now," he said, "*now*, at last, I shall get value for my money!" Did he? I *don't* think. Read the scare headlines in any newspaper this autumn, one year after the Armistice. With a very few exceptions our business men and experts seem to have made just as big a hash of things as the lawyers. We are now learning that, instead of the expected economy, there was a perfect orgy, potlatch, corroboree of waste.

Why have our business men so failed us?

John Bull must be pardoned if, seeing no explanation, he begins to mutter: "Fraud! Fraud!" Let me make a digression in an endeavour to offer a part solution of the mystery.

We have moved since Pope wrote the lines:

> Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
> She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.

Nowadays a good press-agent is essential to any one who wishes for fame. Yet in the performance of public duty, the test of good work is that it shall never be noticed. When your car is running properly you hear nothing but a musical hum; as soon as one part begins to make itself heard above the rest, you may be sure that there is something wrong with the part that is making the noise.

A knock in his engine is worse than toothache to a good mechanic, but the engines of the Ship of State do more than knock: they progress only by a series of epileptic convulsions. When they threaten to kick themselves to pieces the Chief Engineer pays them a visit, and after much tinkering and copious lubrication, the clattering machinery once more jerks itself into movement. "Another triumph," shout the Chief Engineer's press-agents, and a proportion of the public is bluffed into thinking that the man really knows something of his work, whereas the exact reverse is the truth. A Chief must know his trade thoroughly or his assistants will not have confidence in him, but it is not his business to do the dirty work himself: he must possess the knack of selecting or training subordinates whom he can trust to forestall trouble and attend to all details. His functions are organization and general supervision, combined with co-ordination, which implies a tactful smoothing down of the rivalries which must inevitably arise amongst his staff if they have any ambition. Wherever you see a man doing the work of his subordinates while they quarrel among themselves, you know that he is not fit for his post. Get rid of him! Pension him if all else fails, but get rid of him!

It is quite a common thing to hear some one assert that in the Army the best men do not come to the top; it was said of the old Regular Army in peace, and also of the Nation-in-arms during the war, and to a certain extent it is true. It is not so true as to imply that those in authority had no business to be there, but it is true in that plenty of really good men never got a chance, before 1914, of showing what they could do. The war gave some of them their opportunity; others earned only a little wooden cross; but had there not arisen a desperate need for men, none of them would ever have been heard of. And the reason for it is this. During the years before the war, the vast majority of the Army found it had plenty of work to do, and was content to do it—contrary to popular belief, after the Boer War the Army *did* work; it worked hard from 1903 to 1914 inclusive. But there is a talent without which the best of work will go unrewarded, and only a few are fortunate enough to possess it: it is the knack of attracting the attention of one's superiors—favourably, of course; lots of us have a faculty for doing it the other way. This art of attracting favourable notice is known to the irreverent as "Chloroforming the General," and a first-class anæsthetist can play upon an inspecting officer as Paderewski plays on a piano: the instrument grumbles or sings at the will of the performer. In parentheses I should like to remark, although I know nothing about the Navy, that it appears, from words which naval officers occasionally let fall, as though the operation were not unknown in that Service also. Those in authority naturally prefer to have about them pleasant men who are easy to get on with; nobody can be blamed for that; it is unfortunate, but unalterable. And therefore the chloroformers, having once got away from barracks, from Staff to Staff go on, in spite of regulations to the contrary, until one sees, even in the very highest positions, officers who have had no experience at all in command—charming, unpractical men, quite out of touch with troops. To this lack of touch must be attributed a great deal of the dislike which the Army, unfortunately, felt for the Staff during the war. No one denied that most of the Staff had brains, but as a body they did not seem able to hit it off with the regimental officers. Clearly one is no better for acquiring the knack of pleasing important people, if thereby one loses the power of influencing and getting on with men as a whole. Yet that is the effect which chloroform has upon those who employ it habitually. It might, with justice, be asked: "What has the Staff to do with a Business Government?" I asked leave to make a digression; let us go back.

A soldier who composes a mental picture of a business man from works of fiction, especially American fiction, will probably figure him as an exceptionally fine fellow, practical, terse in speech, ruthlessly determined. But let the soldier spend a few years —months will be enough—among business men, and he will find that they divide themselves into two classes, almost exactly as did the officers in the Army he has left. There is a large class of undistinguished men who can carry out the rough work, but do not come to the front, and a smaller number who depend for their success upon being persuasive talkers. These last are our old friends who chloroformed the General, but under a new name. Their talent is now called "salesmanship."

It is easy to see that there is no use in making things unless you can sell them. A great exploiter of inventions is credited with having said that in the time he took to sell one article he could make five thousand. In business everybody has something to sell. It may be either tangible or intangible. Whether you are a manufacturer of hairpins, a builder of battleships, a financier with a company to float, or a half-commission man on the Stock Exchange trying to make your friends speculate through your firm, you can never make much of a success of it unless you have the ability to present your proposition in an attractive form. Hairpins to the ladies, battleships to some Power or other, shares to the investor, speculation to anybody you can rope in; all must be made to look attractive—that is salesmanship. When you reach a position of importance you employ others to do your minor selling for you, but unless you are a good salesman you will never reach that position; to the end of your career you will still handle your big propositions for yourself. To many business men, salesmanship is the be-all and end-all of existence. The ability to control men has become to them a thing of no account: the head of one of the best advertised houses in London once said to me that he considered it of little use in business. Yet it is the highest test of character, and when there is a question of selecting a

Government, one would think that it was an essential quality. But if you wish to succeed in business, the most important thing is to make your propositions attractive; that is what matters—salesmanship; and it is only chloroform under another name, administered to the public and to other business men instead of to the General.

Enough of business; now for Government. Under our Parliamentary system, Government is supposed to be vested in a Cabinet selected from among the members of both Houses. A proportion of hereditary peers is usually found, but the majority comes from the elected House of Commons. Now a Cabinet Minister who cannot speak easily, who is not above the average in debate, is at a terrible disadvantage. His character and ability will go for nothing if he is vanquished in debate, or fails to please the audience at an important meeting. Therefore, he must be a persuasive talker, with the ability to present in an attractive form any measure which he is trying to pass. Persuasiveness! Salesmanship! Chloroform! Everywhere it is the same! We are back where we started.

Another digression. There is no getting away from the fact that if we elect our representatives, the most persuasive talkers *must* come to the front, and, unfortunately, they are almost invariably those who have learned to trust to words instead of actions. Therefore, although actions alone count in the long run, we may as well resign ourselves cheerfully to Government by words, because nothing else is possible without some form of revolution.

To return once more to our business men. In the hour of the country's need they were summoned in their thousands to help by their deeds to extricate from the mud a Government whose words, like the tracks of a ditched tank, were only digging it deeper and deeper into the mire the harder it talked. There can be no possible doubt that every business man arrived full of sound ideas as to efficiency and economy. Let us try to follow the career of one of them.

He takes up his duties, and almost at once meets with obstruction from vested interests disturbed by his advent. A little persuasiveness, a little salesmanship, the difficulty is smoothed away, and he proceeds along his path, apparently victorious. But in his veins a virus is working: he has been infected with the word-bacillus. One day he notices that a neighbouring department is more freely staffed than his own. He applies for more assistance. It is refused on the ground of expense. Being a clever salesman he puts his proposal forward in a more attractive form. It is granted, and he is a lost man. From now onwards, instead of practising economy, instead of devising plans for greater efficiency, he uses his talent to coax money from the public purse for any scheme which catches his fancy; and when objection is taken to his extravagance: Puff! A whiff of the chloroform, and the objector is pacified. The rest is human nature. Nobody can endure watching some one being treated more liberally than himself, and before long our business man's department is engaged in a fierce competition with its neighbours to see who can extract most money. There is no power to check him, because everywhere at the top are men who have reached their prominent positions through persuasiveness, salesmanship, or chloroform; men who, whatever their principles may have been once upon a time, have now grasped the mighty truth that the first duty of those in power is to avoid unpleasantness, and therefore prefer to explain away extravagance in fluent phrases, instead of throwing the money-wasters neck and crop out of their offices into the street.

So there we are! Thirty-six thousand useless air engines! "At a total cost of £25,000,000, every penny of which will have to be found by the wretched taxpayer."* The war has been over for a year. We are only just beginning to realize what our business men did in the Government.

A. BANNERMAN

---

* *Daily Mail*, October 23, 1919.

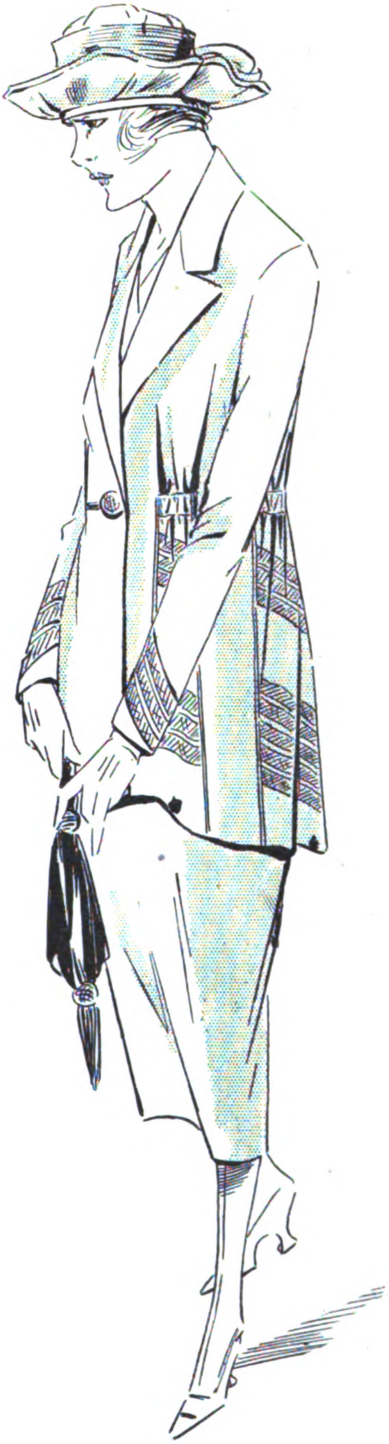
BRAIDED SUITS

For Early Spring Wear

We have designed for the coming Spring a number of attractive and practical Tailor Suits, similar in character to the illustration. The Suits are made in navy, black, and soft coloured suitings of reliable quality, and a new feature is introduced by the short tailor-made coats being attractively finished with silk braid to tone.

TAILOR SUIT in fine-quality corded suiting. Coat cut on entirely new lines with becoming gaugings at sides, and cuffs and flounce of coat daintily finished with silk braid to tone. Plain well-cut skirt. In navy, black, and a few good colours.

Price: $10\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.



Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste. for Quality. for Value

Subscription Form

PLEASE send me the NATIONAL REVIEW (post free to any part of the World) for one year, commencing with the issue for............... 1920, for which I enclose 36s. made payable to the NATIONAL REVIEW.

Name ....

Address ....

....

This Form is intended for new Subscribers. If used for renewing an existing Subscription please underline the word RENEWAL here

MANAGER, NATIONAL REVIEW
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S
LONDON, S.W.1

Always Players
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking"
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
HERO
REGD NO 154011
May be obtained from all Tobacconists and Stores.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

After Golf —a Mustard Bath

A HOT bath after steady exercise in the open is always good, but it is nothing to be compared with the luxurious comfort of a Mustard-all-over-Bath

The smoothness of the water, the warm glow of renewed circulation, the suppling effect to limb and joint, and the invigorating tonic to the whole system, make it a real beneficial pleasure.

A couple of tablespoonfuls of Table Mustard mixed with a little cold water and stirred round in the Bath, or one of Colman's Bath Mustard Cartons emptied straight in, is all that is required.

Colman's Bath Mustard

Use Colman's Bath Mustard especially put up for the bath. Or simply take two or three tablespoonfuls of Colman's Mustard, mix it with a little cold water and stir it round in your bath.

An interesting booklet, by Raymond Blathwayt, will be sent free of charge on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.

"Let Muster Mustard prepare your bath."

First impression sold out

Second impression ready

A leading Statesman writes:

"I was very much interested in

THE ROMAN MISCHIEF-MAKER

All that is in it wanted saying, and it is well said."

"Mr. Stutfield, writing as one whose religious views are 'broad' and not 'inspired by Protestant prejudice or partisan bias of any kind,' here enters upon a comprehensive attack on Romanism—that is, not on the ideal Catholicism of Father Tyrrell, whose works, the writer thinks, indicate the lines on which, shorn of its 'selfish and godless bureaucracy,' it may ultimately develop, but on 'the concrete embodiment of Christian doctrine, in a perverted and degraded form, which is offered us by a Jesuit-controlled Church."—*The Times.*

Some chapters are "The Sower of Disunion"; The Roman Church and the War"; "The Tragi-Comedy of Ireland"; "Quebec: A Study in Mediævalism"; "The Priest and the Family: The Confessional"; "The Making of Cripples"; "Rome's Moral Failure: i. The Facts: ii. The Cause.

"Yet if we have a few more utterances like that sent forth from Killaloe it will be necessary, for the Protestant will have to refurbish his history and study afresh the political creed of the Roman hierarchy. In that case Mr. Stutfield will prove a useful as he is certainly an emphatic teacher."
Glasgow Herald.

"This is a book the vigour and trenchancy of which will be acknowledged even by those whose hostility it will most deeply arouse. It presents an indictment of the Vatican, to the influence of which there are attributed many of the worst excesses of the war."—*The Aberdeen Journal.*

"The author has undoubtedly chosen a topic of surpassing contemporary interest as the subject of his investigations. The precise trend of their results must be decided by the careful reader for himself. Writing outside the range of theological and quasi-theological controversy, it would be invidious for us to express any opinion. But we can say that the book bears thoughout the stamp of careful and scholarly work, and that Mr. Stutfield's list of authorities at the end demonstrates both the wideness of his range and the exhaustiveness of his search."—*Financial News.*

THE ROMAN MISCHIEF-MAKER

By Hugh E. M. Stutfield

THIS BOOK SHOULD MOST CERTAINLY NOT BE OVERLOOKED BY ANY SERIOUS STUDENT OF AFFAIRS

Price 7s. 6d. net

NATIONAL REVIEW OFFICE
43 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1

Traffic congestion

BCGA

THE congestion of traffic in our large towns and cities is becoming a very serious matter.

Thousands of business and professional people, whose time is money, are daily forced to spend valuable hours waiting for the vehicle in front to move on.

To save this gross waste of valuable time the traffic must be speeded up and slow-moving vehicles will have to go.

The most cumbersome traffic-obstructing contrivance of to-day is the coal-waggon which carries the coal from the railway siding to the house of the consumer.

The burning of crude coal in our houses is entirely unnecessary; its essence—gas—can be conveyed direct by means of underground pipes.

It is cleaner, more efficient, and in every way more desirable form of fuel, therefore—

USE GAS

For information as to the best means of utilizing gas fuel, write to the Secretary—

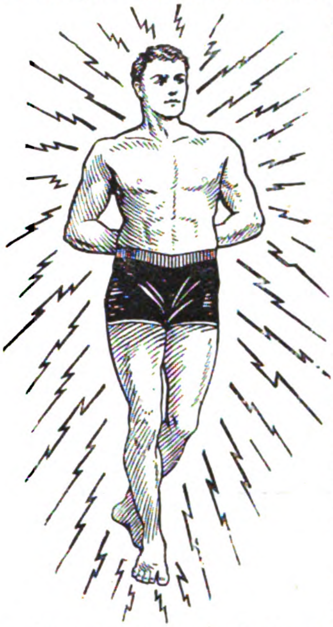
THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1

ELECTRICITY VICTORIOUS

Amazing Results with Electric Treatment in the Home

INFINITE JOY OF HEALTH



Although universally accepted as being the most powerful curative agent in existence, many sufferers have yet to learn of the extraordinary powers of the New Treatment, by which curative, life giving, and revitalizing Electricity can now be applied in the home by means of simple appliances which even a child can manipulate.

The wonderful "AJAX" Dry-Cell Body Batteries infuse new life and energy into your weakened body; they drive out pains and aches, and restore your bodily functions to a perfectly healthy condition.

A SCIENTIFIC FEAT

The reason why is very simple; the motive power of the human machinery is Electricity, and when, through excessive strain, overwork, or chronic complaints, this natural strength has been overdrawn upon, the functions get out of gear, and suffering is the result; you become but a shadow of your former self, weak and debilitated; BUT give back to your body what it has lost, and so surely as an electric bell starts ringing immediately you press the button, IF THE CURRENT IS THERE, so will you recover health, strength, and well-being if you will but renew your store of Electricity to its proper level. If you overdraw your account at the bank the matter is remedied by supplying fresh funds. That is exactly the point—refill your overdrawn system with its life power and all will be well again.

All the greatest scientists endorse our contention that Electricity is the very life of the human body, and, therefore, you must investigate this unfailing means of regaining the infinite joy of vigorous, robust health.

80 PAGES BRIMFUL OF KNOWLEDGE

That is our booklet, entitled "Electricity, the Road to Health." Write for it at once, TO-DAY, and you will learn how a host of complaints are successfully overcome; Weakness in all its forms is banished; Rheumatic, Neuralgia, and every other pain dispelled for ever; Indigestion, Constipation, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder troubles cured never to return; Brain Fag and all nervous complaints completely eliminated. This small book will cost you nothing, but may be worth a fortune to you. Write for it now whilst you have it in mind, or call if possible at the Institute, when in a personal consultation you will be told exactly what can be done for you, free of charge, and get a free test and examination of the appliances. Do not "put off"; call or write at once for full particulars. AJAX LD.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE

(Dept. 250), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

IN 1652 most of old Glasgow was devastated by fire. On its site arose the modern City, which, since tobacco was introduced, has imported and manufactured the choicest blends. Its name is perpetuated in the world-famed "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE"

F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow,
Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"**
High-Class Virginian Cigarettes.

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 10½d. oz.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

S 330

Convalescence

Food Must be Right.
WEAK digestion and restricted activity render ordinary meals intolerable. The food must be light and nourishing if normal health is to be regained.

A Sure Help.
All that is needed for the support of life is contained in the 'Allenburys' DIET, and in such form that the digestive powers are encouraged and strengthened and a feeling of well-being is promoted throughout the entire system. The flavour is most acceptable.

Trouble Spared.
The 'Allenburys' DIET is prepared by adding *Boiling Water Only* to the required quantity.

A DOCTOR *writes*:
"*Gentlemen*—I used it with a patient I had under close observation, and the result was so marvellous that it has been continued. She has not been so well for some years." ——L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

The 'Allenburys' DIET
For Adults
Obtainable of all Chemists
D80
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

BERMALINE BREAD

A Wholesome——and Nourishing Food for Family Use, delicious to eat————and——
ALWAYS FRESH

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE OF CHARGES

May be obtained on application to

THE MANAGER
NATIONAL REVIEW
43 Duke Street, St. James's
London, S.W.1

TATCHO
The **HAIR GROWER**

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing — and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims, "Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist, and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho? Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9, and 4/6

MR. G. R. SIMS
Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS

THE SAFETY OF THE NATION
Showing how our security rests upon our industries. By IAN D. COLVIN, Author of "The Germans in England," "The Unseen Hand in English History." "It is impossible to read this summary on the grounds of a true and tried National Policy without feeling the writer's moral earnestness. With books, as with men, character is destiny. Mr. Colvin's book is destined to achieve its high object, we hope and believe."—*Morning Post.* **6s.** net

RUSSIA IN RULE AND MISRULE
By BRIG.-GEN. C. R. BALLARD, C.B., C.M.G. With a Foreword by GEN. SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.V.O. A clear and concise view of Russian history from early times up to and including the present Bolshevik régime. **6s.** net.

ECONOMIC STATESMANSHIP
THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCIAL PROBLEMS ARISING FROM THE WAR. By J. ELLIS BARKER, Author of "Modern Germany," etc., Second Edition, Revised and very greatly enlarged. **16s.** net.

RED TERROR AND GREEN
By RICHARD DAWSON. The author brings out many startling facts of the alliance between Sinn Fein and Germany, and of the Irish Revolutionaries with the Bolsheviki, relying on the words of the Revolutionary leaders and avoiding speculative theories. **6s.** net.

THE PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF TAXATION
By G. ARMITAGE-SMITH, M.A., D. Litt. The object of this work is to present in a clear and concise form an account of the British system of taxation and the principles on which it is based. New (7th) Edition, Revised and Enlarged. **5s.** net.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON W.1

ORDER THE NATIONAL REVIEW

**The March Issue
Commences a
New Volume**

North British & Mercantile

INSURANCE COMPANY **Funds, £24,650,000**

FIRE LIFE
ACCIDENT ANNUITIES
BURGLARY MARINE

CHIEF OFFICES:

61 *Threadneedle St.*, LONDON, E.C.2
64 *Princes St.*, EDINBURGH

DURING THE WINTER

and at all other times, the many branches of

THE CHURCH ARMY

give important help to

MEN STILL SERVING

and to

EX-SERVICE MEN

and their dependents,
as well as combating

HUNGER, COLD, AND SUFFERING

among the very poor

FUNDS are urgently needed. Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.2

SWAN VESTAS

The Smoker's Match

THE LEADING LIGHT OF
THE SMOKERS' WORLD

THE SMOKERS MATCH
SWAN
VESTAS
BRYANT & MAY LTD
LONDON, LIVERPOOL & GLASGOW.

BRYANT & MAY LTD.

The Outlook

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

Politics, Reconstruction, Literature, Drama, and Art

(NEW SERIES)

"THE OUTLOOK" has recently come under new direction and control, and has been completly reconstructed.

IN POLITICS it is entirely independent, but special attention is paid to doings and sayings in Parliament.

PROMINENCE is also given to the current problems of RECONSTRUCTION, and signed articles on these subjects, by leading authorities, appear every week.

EXCLUSIVE WEEKLY FEATURE. CHARACTER SKETCHES by E. T. RAYMOND (author of "Uncensored Celebrities.")

CARTOON by EDMUND DULAC, on Prominent Public Men and Current Events.

OTHER regular features of "THE OUTLOOK" are:

WEEKLY NOTES on American, French, Italian, and current affairs;
Critical Articles on ART and the DRAMA;
LITERARY ESSAYS and BOOK REVIEWS;
FINANCE of the Week;
INSURANCE, AVIATION, & MOTOR NOTES.

AMONGST recent and future contributors to "THE OUTLOOK" are:

E. V. LUCAS, SYDNEY BROOKS, A. A. MILNE, SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, "BARTIMEUS," CHARLES MARRIOTT, SYLVIA LYND, W. H. MALLOCK, ARTHUR MACHEN, REBECCA WEST, and CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

SIXPENCE WEEKLY
At all Bookstalls and Newsagents
Specimen copy on request
OFFICES: 1 TUDOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
Telephone: City 5410

The White Horse Cellar
ESTD. 1742

Whisky Supplies

By Appointment

If the Great Age and High-Class quality of the "WHITE HORSE" Brand is to be maintained, there can be no increase in the quantity sold to the public, notwithstanding the Government release of additional spirits from bond.

Both in the interests of the public and the reputation of the "WHITE HORSE" Whisky, Messrs. Mackie & Co. Distillers Ltd. have decided, much as they regret disappointing the public, to maintain the high-class quality and age of their brand by continuing the present limited sales.

It would be short-sighted policy to supply the full demands now and have to give a younger whisky a few years hence owing to the cessation of distilling for two years during the war.

It is to be hoped, for the credit and the good name of the trade, that dealers will refrain from refilling our "WHITE HORSE" bottles with Canadian or American Spirits, but sell these spirits on their own merits.

The removal of the restrictions is a questionable move in the public interests, and it is to be hoped that the statistics for drunkenness will not show an increase, otherwise the Government will be giving a weapon to Prohibitionists to further attack our trade.

Members of the retail trade in the general interests should exercise great care in order to prevent such disastrous consequences.

We ask the supporters of "WHITE HORSE" to be content with a less supply and have it good—quality is preferable to quantity.

WHITE HORSE

WHISKY

MACKIE & CO. DISTILLERS LIMITED

Glasgow, Island of Islay, Campbeltown, Craigellachie, and London

PRINTED AT THE COMPLETE PRESS, WEST NORWOOD, LONDON

BOUND
NOV 9 1920
UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRAR

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 07863 1374